This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

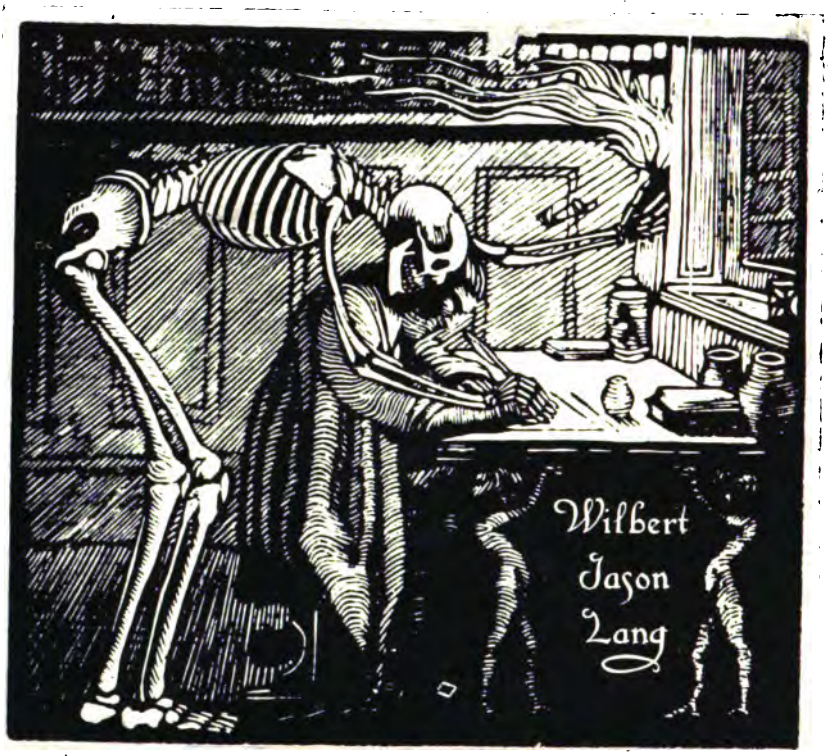
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

June 1- 1926

P 281.12



HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM

W. J. Lang

NATIONAL REPOSITORY,

DEVOTED TO

GENERAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE,

CRITICISM, AND ART.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

VOLUME IV.

CINCINNATI:
HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN.
NEW YORK:
NELSON AND PHILLIPS.
1878.

1

P9.81.12

V

HARVARD COLLEGE
Jun. 15, 1926
LIBRARY

W. J. Lang
Chicago

Contents of Volume IV.

PAGE.

Along the Riviera (*illustrated*), By an Old Traveler, 401
Among the Thorns, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, 47, 138, 238, 337, 433, 529.

ART.
July—The Bed of the Tiber—Art and Religion—Art News, ... 79
August—Hegel on Classic Art—Woman's Art College in Rome—Cheap Decorative Art, . . 177
September—Munich as an Art Center—Art News, 272
October—Mural Decorations in Churches—Architectural Museum—Music at the Paris Exhibition, ... 366
November—House Decoration—Theodore Thomas and the Cincinnati Musical College—Opera a hundred Years Ago, ... 463
December—The Morality of Art—Open Fire-place Decorations—New Art Works, ... 558
Ayr, A Day at (*illustrated*), Editor, ... 289

Bulgaria and Its People, W. H. Larrabee, . . 219
Burning of Kingston, New York, Henry B. Dawson, ... 318

Christian Lyric Poetry, Professor F. D. Hemenway, 446
Como and the Cornice (*illustrated*), By an Old Traveler, ... 305
Cornwall (*illustrated*), Professor James H. Worman, 500
Country Sounds, Jenny Burr, ... 452
CURIOUS AND USEFUL.
July—King George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert—Tobacco Monopoly—Hair-dress in the Last Century—A Paper Canoe—Hazing—How Voltaire Criticised—Empty Writers of Travel—Pure Saxon—The Boers, ... 87
August—Paradoxes—Seal Hunters of Greenland—Garibaldi's Candle Factory on Staten Island—Pyramid of Cheops, ... 184
September—Marketing in Tahiti—Jornalism in Ancient Days—Law Reigns Supreme in Prussia—Early Rising—The Alexandrian Library—How we Supply the English, ... 279
October—Air Travel—Tea and Coffee—Ingenious Foiling of Highway Robbers—An Old Defender of the Faith, ... 375
November—Wager of Battel—A Pulpit Stimulus—Podoscaphe, ... 471
December—The First Steamboat—Good at a Bargain—Shakespeare's Slang—Ingenious Ruses, . 564

Death of Gustavus Adolphus, Quiver, . . . 167
Delights of Winter, ... 548
Dum Vivimus, Vivamus, ... 430

EDITOR'S STUDY.
Future Retribution, ... 71
The Baptism of the Holy Spirit, . . . 169
Prayer: its Nature and Potency, . . . 263
The Science of Missions, ... 359
The Life and Words of Christ, ... 455
The Vision of Faith, ... 551
Egypt in 1878, Rev. George C. Jones, ... 428
Elizabeth of Hungary (*illustrated*), Mary A. Lathbury, ... 207
EX CATHEDRA.
July—Our "Invalides"—The New Theology, . 93
August—Death of Earl Russell, ... 190
September—William C. Bryant—"Formal Fraternity"—The Investigation—Decline in the British Nobility, ... 284
October—The "Sick Man" of European Politics—The Berlin Conference: Results, . . . 382
November—The "Heathen Chinee" and his Persecutors—How it was Done—A Friendly Critique, 476
December—The Age of "Strange Doctrines"—Ministers in Politics, ... 573
Fables and Fabulists, Harrington Putnam, . . 227

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
July—San Stefano—The Newspaper in India—Japanese Customs—Italy—Holland, ... 76
August—France—South America—Lapland—Air Travel at the Paris Exposition—Foreign Items, 175
September—Barbary Nations—Cuba—Foreign Items, ... 270
October—Assassination of Princes—New Elections in the Academy of France—Philip Veit—Young Princes Fifty Years Ago, ... 363
November—American Art in Italy—Art Applied to Industry—A Modern Church Father Remembered—The Eastern Question—Spain, . . 461
December—An Italian Fanatic—Profits at the Paris Exhibition—Educational Progress in Spain, . 556
Fur-bearing Animals (*illustrated*), Lillie R. Gracey, 481

Ice-Bridge, The, ... 399

Knickerbocker Literature (*illustrated*), General James Grant Wilson, ... 385

Last Days of Mary, Queen of Scots, Alfred H. Guernsey, ... 129
LITERATURE.
July—Voyage of the Challenger—Elements of Rhetoric—Principles of Rhetoric and their Application—The School and the Family—The Valley of the Shadow—Keramos and Other Poems—Books Received, ... 91
August—Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Cyclopædia of Methodism—History of the English People—Modern Dwellings—At Eventide—Endless Punishment—The Seven Words from the Cross—Miscellaneous, . . 186
September—Visions: A Study of False Sight—The Atlantic Islands—Hooker's Natural Philoso-

PAGE.

phy—Annual Record of Science and Industry—Shakespeare's Comedy of "As You Like It"—A Legacy—Student's French Grammar—Miscellaneous, ... 281

October—Outlines of the History of Art—Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Tunes—Life in Other Worlds—China Hunters' Club—Ida Norton—Our South American Cousins—English Men of Letters: Samuel Johnson, Gibbon. . 377

November—Through the Dark Continent—Student's Ecclesiastical History—New Testament Idea of Hell—Life and Times of John Knox—Memoirs of John Howard—English Men of Letters—Library of American Fiction—Half-hour Series—Villages and Village Life—From Different Standpoints, ... 473

December—The Foreknowledge of God, and Cognate Themes in Theology and Philosophy—Manual of Universal Church History—A Treatise on Justification—The Roman Conflict—Deterioration and Race Education—The Doctrinal Integrity of Methodism—Studies in Luke—Scientific Memoirs—Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical—The Ceramic Art, 568

Little Nell, in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., ... 233

Logan, the Mingo Chief, Henry B. Dawson, . . . 413

Massacre of Ipsara, Edward M'Clure, ... 545

Morton, Oliver P., Rev. F. C. Iglehart, . . . 524

Mount Desert (*illustrated*), B. F. De Costa, . . 97

NATURE,—

July—Near-sightedness—Flour Mill Explosions—Sound—The Death of a Generation—Novelties in Paper—Solar Steam Power—A Magnetized Spider—An Odd Use for Eucalyptus—Ascent of Mount Ararat—Color of Birds' Eggs, . . . 82

August—Means by which Plants are Protected from Animals and Weather—Time and Longitude—A Sheep's Sense of Hearing—The Nerves—"Tea-pot Spinning." 180

September—Sunrise in Brazil—Phosphorescence—Oxygen in the Sun—An Imprisoned Owl—Another Acoustic Wonder, ... 274

October—Influence of Light on Plants and Animals—The Common Angle-worm—Physiological Action of Glycerine—Glacial Ice—Electric Light in Farming—The Air and Sea-bathing—Theories of Color in Nature—The Ingenuity of Bees—A New Application of Electricity—The Telephone for the Deaf, ... 369

November—Beyond the Range of Vision—The Sparrow Question—Organized Particles in the Atmosphere—Photography and the Sun—Density of Population and Health—Artificial Indigo—How Grapes Ripen—The Seed Crop of Weeds—Length of Roots—A Strange Suicide, . . . 466

PAGE.

December—Death in the Pot—Periodicity of Crises in Business—Gelatine as a Food Preserver, . 561

Peck, Rev. George, D. D., Bishop Jesse T. Peck, . 28

Precious Stones, About, ... 420

Priestley, Joseph, Professor James H. Worman, . 328

Recluses of Port-Royal, Professor J. H. Worman, . 68

RELIGIOUS,—

July—The Quakers and Higher Education—A Woman Philanthropist—An Interesting Discovery—The Russian Church—Church of England—Missionary, ... 85

August—German Reformed Church of the United States—United Brethren—Work of the American Board—Seats in the Protestant Episcopal Church, ... 182

September—Protestantism in Mexico—Dr. Charles Hodge—Protestantism a Failure—Modern Infidelity—Andover in Luck, ... 277

October—Christian Unity—Aggressive Movement of the "Disciples"—Origin of Fetichism—A Novel Way of Treating of Evolution—Intemperance—Anecdote of Moody—Gutenberg's Bible—Dogma of Eternal Punishment—Miscellanea, ... 372

November—Methodist Statistics—Irish Methodism—Professor Smith's Trial—Congregationalism in Kansas—Reformed Episcopal Church—Sunday-school Work—Israelitish Alliance—Miscellaneous, ... 469

December—Home Missions—The Late Dr. Bartlett—Lay Representation in Methodism—A Curious Case of Religious Enthusiasm—Dull Preaching Made Lively—Miscellanea, . . 566

Remarkable Brotherhood, A, W. M. Metcalfe, in Good Words, ... 32

Rogers, Henry (*illustrated*), ... 121

Shakespearean Criticism, Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., . 351

Sister of the Southern Deep, Our, Rev. W. Kelynack, ... 37

Stoke-Pogis (*illustrated*), Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, . 193

Swiss Lakes and Mountains (*illustrated*), Professor William Wells, ... 111

Syracuse University (*illustrated*), Chancellor E. O. Haven, ... 1

Three Eras in a Woman's Life, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Martin, ... 162, 212

Tiffany's, A walk Through (*illustrated*), Edwin C. Taylor, ... 11

Wesley and the American Revolution, Rev. John Noon, ... 517

Wichern and the Rauhe Haus, Mrs. C. S. Nourse, . 511

Winding Tangled Skeins, ... 126

Witnesses, About, ... 157

POETRY.

Cloud, The, ... 412

Fig-tree, The, ... 528

Harvest Hymn, ... 237

Heavenly Anticipations, ... 161

Our Father, ... 211

St. Anders and the Cross on Hvilhöi: A Legend of Denmark, Miss M. E. Winslow, ... 356

Sonnet, ... 226

Starless Crown, The, Myra A Goodwin, ... 70

Strength, ... 46

Strength of Home, ... 10

Tam O'Shanter; A Tale of Scottish Life (*illustrated*), Robert Burns, ... 297

Tears, from the Dutch of Madame Von Streek, . 110

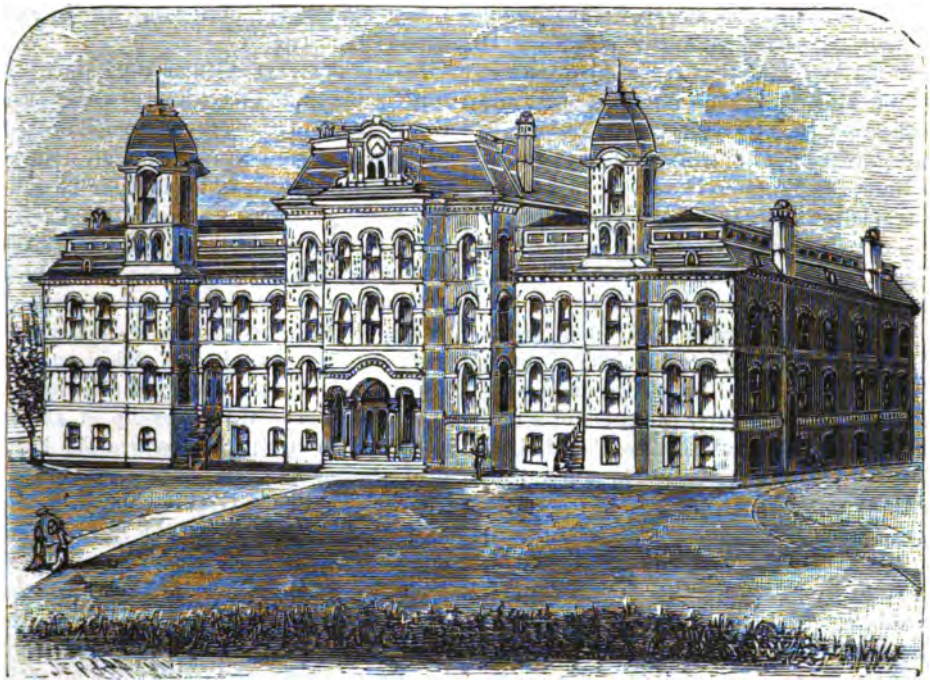
Thou Lovedst Me, ... 137

Voices of Summer (*illustrated*), ... 261

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1878.

THE SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.



SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

THE public-schools and all the colleges of the State are under the supervision of a body of twenty-three men, called the Regents of the University of New York. This Board of Regents, elected by the Legislature for life, conduct annual examinations in all the school districts of the State, and issue certificates to all pupils who pass them. They are also maturing a plan for academies and college preparatory examinations of a similar character; and it is likely will also provide for still higher examinations and the issuing of appropriate degrees. This was suggested to the Board of Regents by a committee of college officers, of which Dr. Haven, of the Syracuse University, was chairman, last year, and the Legislature granted to the Regents the special authority required for carrying out the recommendation. Indeed, in this board of Regents of the University of New York is the nucleus of an agency which may solidify and harmonize the education of this great State into a system as compact and vigorous as that of Prussia.

The people of New York have also established many academies and colleges. As usual, the most of these are under denomi-

national control, the product of the benevolence of Christian contributors. The list of them is large, and among them are some of the strongest in the country.

The Methodists of the State were foremost for many years in their attention to what is now technically called secondary institutions, or academies. Some of these were directly owned by the conferences, and many of them were held by independent bodies of trustees, but so managed as to meet with the favor of the Church. A part of these, formerly so owned and managed, have passed out of all denominational control, and it can not be denied that the relative interest of the Methodists of the State in academic education is not so great as it once was; though most of the annual conferences within the State have one or more such institutions under their care or patronage, of which the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima and the Cazenovia Seminary are well-known examples.

In all these academies, and in the various high-schools of the State, hundreds of young persons are prepared for college, and evolve a desire for the maturer education of a university. Evidently, therefore, the Methodist Episcopal Church should have a university at somewhere near the center of the Empire State.

We deem it unnecessary to discuss the propriety of denominational religious universities. That policy is settled. All the leading denominations have such institutions in New York, a State about as large as all New England, and almost exactly of the same size as old England. The absurdity of supposing that the Methodists of this great State should compel its students who wish to study in schools of any grade under the watch-care of their Church to emigrate elsewhere to do so is too manifest to need refutation. As early as 1854 the Methodists in the western part of the State were compelled by the demand to seek university powers, and organize a college faculty at the seat of, and in connection with, the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. The result was Genesee College, which offered all its privileges alike to men and women. It graduated classes regularly down to 1872; and a more useful or prosperous body of educated young persons can not be found than its alumni. In the mean time, in the eastern part of the State the ill-fated Troy University was founded, and, after a few years of checkered history, was sacrificed for a small debt. It seemed then that the Methodists of New York, like those of some other States, would fall into the error of establishing a large number of feeble colleges, instead of one grand and noble institution appropriate to the magnitude and fame of the State.

About the year 1869 a tidal wave of "Methodist State Conventions" swept over the United States. The eloquence evoked by these conventions,—is it not all written in several pamphlets which it would be difficult to gather, and which proved about as fugitive as the "vox et præterea nihil" which they propose to embalm? Only two of those conventions, so far as we remember, aimed at any thing more than emotion and eloquence,—the Convention of Michigan and that of New York. The former led to an enterprise, under the leadership of David Preston, of Detroit, that secured one hundred thousand dollars for Albion College. The New York Convention gave being to SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY. The gathering in a large public hall in the "central city," on February 22, 1870, was indeed second in importance to none in that city of conventions. There were found more than four hundred delegates, embracing the most eminent ministers and laymen of the denomination in that great State. Able papers were read and eloquent speeches were delivered on Progress, Missions, Temperance, Religious Literature, and kindred themes, so often ventilated in such assemblies. Only the last-named subject was treated with an earnest purpose to reach a practical end. It seemed as though the great convention was determined to concentrate its power, and insist that if it talked little it would act much, and that something permanent should be accomplished. Rev. Dr. J. E. King, of Fort Edward Institute, showed in a few well chosen words that there were in

the State twenty-five academies, whose officers and teachers were Methodists, continually preparing students for some university. Professor J. E. Latimer, D. D., now of the Boston University, made a compact address, insisting that the Church should establish a central university, and demanded that the Methodists of the whole State should unite in the project. The address was followed by others, and unanimously approved. Rev. J. E. Crawford started the movement, practically, by offering several acres of land, and promising to devote all he had to the enterprise; Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., then President of the Convention, pledged, in behalf of himself and wife, $25,000. The key-note was struck, and soon the sum of $199,245 was pledged. This was the beginning of the University. The city of Syracuse pledged and paid $100,000. Nearly one-half of the money pledged at the convention has been collected, and, better, perhaps, than the money, the sanction and pledged honor of the denomination were given to the enterprise. A similar convention was held in the same city the next year, December 5–8, 1871, attended by about the same number of delegates, and presided over by Rev. W. L. Harris, D. D., then one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society. It is noticeable that both of the Presidents of these conventions, Rev. Drs. Peck and Harris, were elected bishops at the ensuing General Conference. This convention discussed particularly the subjects of Political Reform and Education. Elaborate addresses were made; the Syracuse University was once more unanimously approved and adopted as the common interest of New York Methodists; and additional subscriptions, amounting to $67,400, were made. No literary institution in the Church has had so imposing a beginning. It did not arise in obscurity and force itself gradually into notice; it was the creation of the two greatest religious State conventions ever held in this country.

If the origin of this University is more largely indebted to the influence of one man than to any other, he is certainly the President of the first Methodist State Convention of New York, now one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D. He was at its first organization elected President of the Board of Trustees, and, though he was never a member of the Board of Instruction, was the prime mover in the organization of the University. His plans were judicious and comprehensive; and though it has been found impossible, for want of means, to execute some of them, yet an impress has been made by them that will always be felt. He was influential in the councils that determined the selection of the site for the University, and the character of the first building erected, and in the choice of the Faculty. Like many of our most eminent men, especially in the earlier days of our history, he had not the advantages of a collegiate education. Still, he enjoyed the personal instruction of his older brother, Rev. Dr. George Peck, and was for some years a student at the Cazenovia Seminary. Nature has been lavish of her gifts to him. Large

BISHOP JESSE T. PECK.

and imposing in appearance, capable of bearing almost any amount of labor, active in temperament and quick to perceive details and comprehensive in his views, ready in expression and fervent in feeling, he was born to be a leader among men. Probably his peculiar talents never shone more conspicuously than when at the head of the great New York State Methodist Convention. His life has been a busy one, and his fields of operation large. He has spent nearly twelve years as an educator, having been principal of two conference seminaries, and for some years President of Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Penn. He has been a member of several General Conferences, and always a busy member, some of his speeches in stormy debates having passed into the *memorabilia* of the Church. He also held for some years the office of General Secretary of the Tract Society, and addressed many conferences on that subject. The rest of his life, till he was elected bishop, was spent in the pastorate, in charge of Churches of all grades, from the humble rural circuit to the strongest societies in our largest cities, East and West. He has also found time to write numerous articles for the Church periodicals, and several books that have been widely read. Elected bishop when he was fifty-seven years of age, he brought a sound judgment, unabated zeal, and unquestioned piety to bear on his new duties, and would be unanimously adjudged not to be behind the foremost of his colleagues in efficiency and usefulness. His portrait, of course, will always be preserved in the galleries of Syracuse University.

The late lamented D. D. Lore, D. D., was especially active in the establishment of this University. As editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate* he gave to it all of his influence. By his death the University lost a true and able friend.

It is also necessary to such an institution that some one shall be found of peculiar qualifications to perform the duties of a financial agent. This University was peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of a popular and successful minister, Rev. E. C. Curtis, a member of the Central New York Conference. He has been eminently successful as a preacher and pastor, and has exhibited extraordinary talent in all financial matters committed to his trust. He was a member of the General Conference of 1872. From the foundation of the Syracuse University he has been its financial agent, and to him the institution is largely indebted.

When this institution was organized one of the first things desired was a suitable person to act as its Chancellor. Some of the ablest scholars in the Church were selected as professors, and it was deemed necessary to find a man whose scholarship, experience, and talents would fit him for so difficult and arduous a place. It is noteworthy that but few men succeed well at the head of our universities. It requires a rare combination of faculties, and the failures outnumber the successes. The position was offered to and accepted by Alexander Winchell, LL. D., then Professor of Geology, Zoölogy, and Botany in the University of Michigan. Dr. Winchell is, without question, one of the leading men in science of this generation. Born in North East, Dutchess County, New York, in 1824, he spent many years as pupil and teacher in Amenia Seminary; graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1847; returned to Amenia Seminary as teacher; took charge subsequently of a school in Alabama, and from 1853 to 1873 was professor in the State University of Michigan. He received the title of LL. D. from his *Alma Mater* in 1867. Dr. Winchell is an exellent general scholar, being well read in philology and literature, as well as in science. Indeed, in his early life, after graduation his friends expected to see him obtain celebrity in literature rather than in science. But he early devoted his attention to natural science, and in the knowledge of the geology of America is probably unsurpassed. Besides numerous addresses and contributions to scientific periodicals he is the author of "Geology of the Stars," "Topographical Data of Michigan," "Sketches of Creation," "Reconciliation of Science and Religion," and several other works. He is abundant in labors, and writes in an elevated and yet accurate style. He is a correspond-

ing member of the Geological Societies of France and Scotland, and of many other learned and scientific societies. It is not to be disguised that in the chancellorship of a university, especially in its earliest history, Dr. Winchell did not find himself in the most congenial situation. He is pre-eminently a student of nature. To that he has given his life; and the cares of government, and especially of financial affairs, were a burden to him. He resigned his position in 1874, but still retained his professorship in the University. An arrangement was soon made whereby he might give his instruction during a portion of the year, and have the same amount of time for similar work in the Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Winchell's lectures are highly prized by the students at both Universities, and attract many to the lecture-room besides the regular students.

In 1874 Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D., at that time Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was elected Chancellor of Syracuse University, and accepted. Dr. Haven has enjoyed a singularly rich and varied experience. Born in Boston in 1820, graduated at Wesleyan University in 1842, he was teacher and principal of Amenia Seminary from 1843 to 1848. He was a member of the New York Conference, and in the pastoral ministry from 1848 to 1852. Professor of Latin, and subsequently of History and English Literature, in the University of Michigan from 1852 to 1856; editor of *Zion's Herald*, in Boston, Massachusetts, from 1856 to 1863; President of the University of Michigan from 1863 to 1869; President of the North-western University from 1869 to 1872; Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education from 1872 till the present, and Chancellor of Syracuse University from 1874. In addition to these offices he was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, the most of the time he was editor of *Zion's Herald*, and was twice elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate, where he was active on all legislative matters, particularly relating to education, being the chairman of the Joint Committee on Education and also of the Special Committee on the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He has also been a member of four General Conferences; in 1860, from the New England Conference; in 1868 and 1872, from the Detroit Conference; and in 1876, from the Central New York Conference. His administration in all these offices has been in the highest degree successful. He was twice called to the University of Michigan, first as professor from 1853 to 1856, and then as president from 1863 to 1869. When he entered upon the duties of this presidency the State was greatly excited on the affairs of its University. Every paper participated in the violent discussions for months. Many predicted the ruin of the University on account of the action of the Board of Regents with reference to his predecessor. In a few months the excitement subsided, and within the following six years the University, which had not increased for several years preced-

ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL. D.

ERASTUS O. HAVEN, D. D., LL. D.

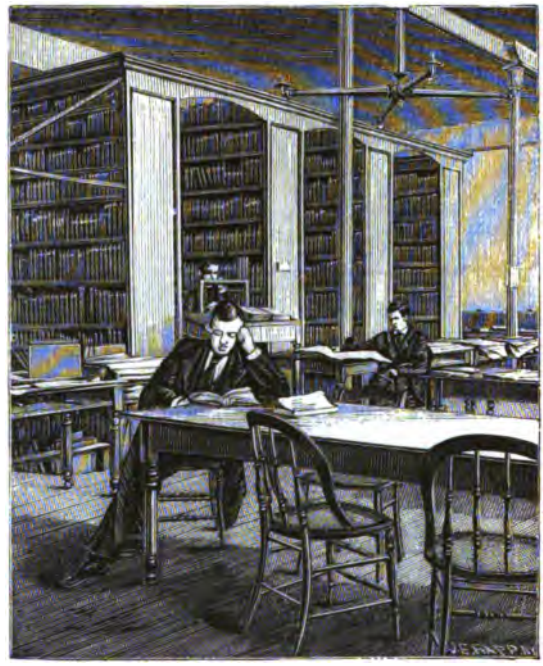
ing, about doubled in numbers and resources. The Legislature of the State, as never before, heartily espoused its cause, and made regular provision for an increase of its resources. The Regents and people seemed unanimously satisfied with the administration; and two years after his resignation efforts were made by the Regents to induce him to accept the presidency again. He had, however, left Michigan to enter upon the presidency of the North-western University at Evanston, Illinois, which, up to that time, had attempted but little, having had only a single small building devoted to collegiate purposes.

The Syracuse University consists at present of three colleges—the College of Liberal Arts, the College of Fine Arts, and the College of Medicine. The two former are intimately associated, and meet in the same building. On the German plan, no dormitories or rooms for students are furnished by the University, but the students find board in families in the city. The main building is on a tract of fifty acres of land in the city, but about a mile from the center, on an elevation which commands a view of the city and of Onondaga Lake and vicinity, a picture never forgotten by those who once see it. It has a library of ten thousand choice volumes, for which it is largely indebted to a lady in New York who does not choose to give her name with her donation.

It was deemed best at first to employ a large proportion of mature and able professors, among whom are some whose reputation was already well established. Such was John R. French, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics, a graduate of Union College, and who had already received his honorary degree from his *Alma Mater*. He was a lay member of the General Conference of 1876. Professor W. P. Coddington has charge of the instruction in Greek, and also of ethics. His services are in great demand as a preacher among many denominations in the vicinity. Rev. C. W. Bennett, D. D., is well known in the State as a preacher and educator, and a contributor to the *American Cyclopædia* and to many periodicals. He has the chair of History and Logic. Professor J. J. Brown, for some time Professor of Chemistry in Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, accepted a similar Professorship in Syracuse, when this University was opened. Ingenious in the construction of apparatus, "apt to teach," he is highly esteemed as the man for the place he occupies. Others, younger men, associated with them, are fully worthy of the trust imposed in them. All these are engaged in what this University was the first to call the "College of Liberal Arts," embracing strictly the ordinary American college course.

Previous to 1830 the American colleges then in existence had one nearly uniform course of study, about equally divided between Latin, Greek, mathematics, and mental and moral science. Gradual enlargement was demanded, and earnest discussions arose about the introduction of the modern languages, and allowing students to enjoy some of the advantages of a college who

might not be willing or able to study Greek and Latin. Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., of the Wesleyan University, admitted "scientific students," so-called, to take all the studies of the college except Latin and Greek; but any such students were naturally looked upon as inferior to the others, and the privilege was never highly prized. About 1850 Rev. Francis Wayland, D. D., of Brown University, wrote and lectured earnestly on the demand for a reform, and initiated an experiment to substitute other studies for the much-abused Latin and Greek. This plan, however, was too radical, and the unanimous verdict must be that his efforts produced but little permanent effect. Later, in the University of Michigan, by direction of the Legislature, students were to be admitted to college privileges and honors without being compelled to study the ancient languages. The subject was intrusted to a committee consisting of Professors James R. Boise and E. O. Haven, who devised a parallel four years' course of study, to be as nearly equally difficult and honorable as possible with the old course, thereafter to be called "the classical course." Their report was adopted, and thus began the practice in American colleges of parallel four years' courses of study. Some of the oldest institutions, like Harvard, have practically adopted the same, or, indeed, a more radical plan, by the permission to the students to elect their courses of study out of many parallel branches.



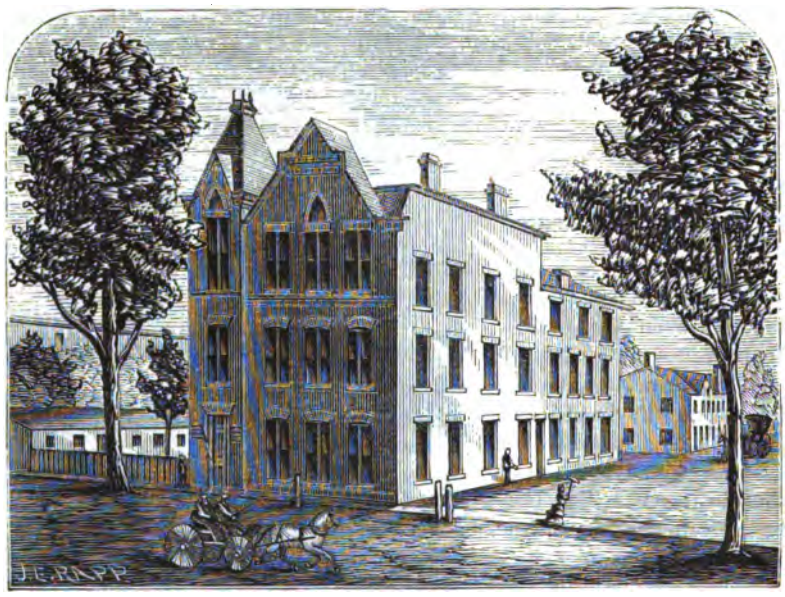
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY—INTERIOR VIEW.

In addition to the ordinary courses of study the Syracuse University has established a *College of Fine Arts*. This is undoubtedly principally due to the influence and zeal of Professor George F. Comfort, A. M., who has the chair of Modern Languages and Æsthetics, and is also the Dean of the College of Fine Arts. Having graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1857, he early, as a teacher in various schools, turned his attention both to the theory and practice of the fine arts; and finally, spent five years in close study and extensive travel in Europe and the East, giving his attention about equally to language and art. He is a member of Archæological Institutes in Rome, Paris, and Berlin, and after his return was for three years professor in Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania. His text-books in the German language are well known and extensively used. Besides these he has written much on art, and was the original mover of the American Philological Association, of which he was secretary for the first five years of its history. The flourishing Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York was established after addresses made by him and several others to a company called for the purpose of cultivating art at his suggestion. In 1872, in conjunction with his wife, Mrs. Anna Manning Comfort, M. D., he published "Woman's Education and Woman's Health." He is an accomplished writer, and an enthusiastic promoter of art.

The College of Fine Arts has been as suc-

cessful as could have been reasonably anticipated. There is so much superficial instruction on the subject in this country that when the students find themselves put where a four years' course of scientific, literary, and artistic study is required before they can obtain the degree of Bachelor of Painting, or of Architecture, or of Music, at first many of them demur; but a healthy public opinion is growing, and the number of students is gradually increasing. The annual of 1878 will show in this College nearly fifty students, of whom about equal numbers are candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Painting, Bachelor of Architecture, and Bachelor of Music. Drawing, in all its forms, photography, sculpture, and the arts generally, are attended to theoretically and practically in this college. The department of Music is under the charge of Professor William Schultz, Doctor of Music, who, for several years was Director of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, and teacher of instrumental and vocal music in that city. He is aided by several assistants.

The College of Medicine is really an outgrowth of the famous Geneva (New York) Medical College, which was the first in modern times to open its doors to a woman as a student, and to grant her a regular degree in medicine. All the departments of Syracuse University are open alike to both sexes. This Medical College, from its connection with Syracuse University in 1872, has demanded the highest standard of medical education required in America. N. S. Davis, M. D., of Chicago, in a "Special Report prepared for the United States Bureau of Education," printed in 1877, states that the Chicago Medical College, as early as 1859, first laid down a thoroughly graded three years' course of medical study. This was followed in Harvard University in 1871, and by Syracuse University in 1872. The University of Michigan also adopted a similar course in 1876.



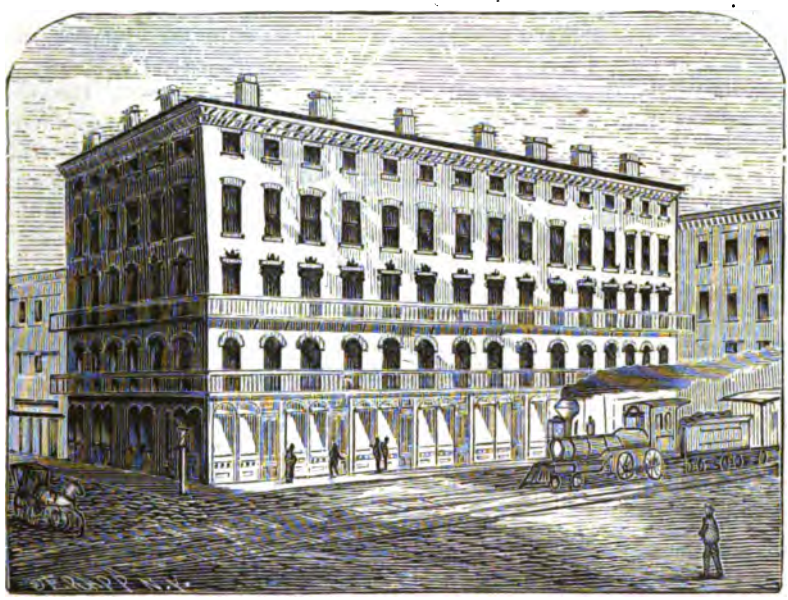
MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The courage of the Medical College of the Syracuse University in insisting upon this high standard of scholarship, like that of the Chicago Medical College in like circumstances, is entitled to great credit. In both cases the number of students was reduced, but the graduates feel a high respect for their *Alma Mater*, and a foundation is being laid for the largest success. The Faculty embraces many of the most eminent medical practioners in the city of Syracuse and vicin-

ity. The venerable Dean of the Medical Faculty, Frederick Hyde, M. D., resides at Cortland, New York, a short distance from Syracuse. Born in Lisle, New York, in 1809, educated in the public-schools and by private instruction, a graduate, in 1836, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Fairfield, New York, he is well known in all this vicinity as a successful physician and an ardent promoter of every good cause. He has been a Trustee of the State Normal School at Cortland, and has been one of its chief directors from its foundation. He has been engaged as a medical instructor nearly all his professional life, some of the time in a private anatomical school, and for years as Professor in the Geneva Medical College, now the Medical College of Syracuse University. He is the author of many papers in medical periodicals.

It is worthy of notice that all the members of this able Medical Faculty agree that there is no objection whatever to the education of both sexes, and that the young ladies acquit themselves well in the study of medicine. Young women preparing to become missionaries receive their instruction here at a greatly reduced expense.

No institution under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church is better situated than this University. Like the Boston University, it is in a large city. That is the commercial metropolis of New England, this is the geographical center of New York. This enjoys the advantage of being the only one under the direction of this denomination in this great State. It started with so proud a beginning that some reaction was inevitable. In passing through the hard times it has shrunken much in its resources; but it has an excellent property foundation in Syracuse, and the good will of a great people behind it, and will undoubtedly be well sustained. From a late statement of its affairs made by Chancellor Haven, we quote the following:



UNIVERSITY BLOCK.

"The Syracuse University has always been well attended. The Annual Catalogues give the following summaries: College of Liberal and Fine Arts together, in 1873, 131; in 1874, 174; in 1875, 170; in 1876, 175; in 1877, 197. The Medical College had in 1874, 26; in 1875, 60; in 1876, 63; in 1877, 38. Totals in these years respectively, 131, 203, 230, 238, and 235. At present, the total attendance is larger than ever before. All we

want is money to make this perpetually one of the leading universities in the nation. It has a desirable location—in the heart of the Empire State. It has an excellent site and elegant buildings. It needs only an endowment. The aggregate amount laid out in the present property of the University in the form of buildings and actually invested endowment is not far from $400,000. Of this only $100,000 is clearly productive endowment, the rest is in the form of lands and buildings. There are good subscriptions already made, which with property secured to the University hereafter to become productive, will increase the endowment to $200,000, perhaps to $250,000. This includes a subscription of $100,000 to pay all the present debt of the University."

The beautiful building called "The University Block," is situated in the heart of the city, and is the gift of Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion, New York. He has paid on this building $100,000, and presented it to the University. The whole cost of the property, with repairs and interest, has been to the University about $135,000, the balance being a mortgage on the property. The net income of the building is devoted to the ordinary expenses. The *Northern Christian Advocate* and the University Book-store, having some connection with the Book Concern at New York, enjoy also a part of the income of this building.

Mr. Philo Remington has also assumed the entire debt of the University by the subscription of $100,000, made about two years ago. It is understood that the University is under a pledge not to increase its debt above what this subscription will meet and cancel. There is no mortgage or encumbrance on the fifty acres and main building which is not more than covered by this subscription. Still, the University greatly needs from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars more to enable it to support without difficulty the Faculty with which it has started. That addition to its property should be made at once.

THE STRENGTH OF HOME.

THE settler leaves his native home,
And strikes across the foaming wave:
His cradle may not be his grave,
To other skies coerced to roam.

He roots a footing in the land;
The Lord of work rewards his toil;
And finding round him corn and oil,
His heart enlarges with his hand.

But vacant lies a corner yet;
He misses dear familiar things—
That over-grew him, like the rings
Of trees—he never can forget;—

A thousand daily sights and sounds;
The tufted primrose of the lane,
The violet, and the daisy rain
Of Spring, within her wizard bounds.

Ah me, ah me! our native hills;
The copse of us big-hearted boys;
The magic scene of early joys,
With brooks that bubbled from the rills;—

The staggering-kneed old sheds so dear;
The clinking latch, the wicket-gate;
The starlit orchard, haunted late;
The croft, of Summer sunrise clear;—

The gracious hawthorn in the hedge;
The skylark gushing in the sky;
The robin-redbreast hopping by;
The swallow darting from the ledge;—

He pines for these; and o'er him steals
A sickness for the things of home;
He sends for them across the foam;
And half the ancient witchery feels.

A WALK THROUGH TIFFANY'S.

SILVER CENTER PIECE.

TO persons interested in industrial art, and that will probably include most intelligent people at the present day, no institution of the metropolis offers so great a variety of works which may be leisurely studied with pleasure and profit as that great cosmopolitan repository widely known as TIFFANY'S.

Tribute has been levied from every country of the world, and you can see there the diamond of Golconda, cut and polished by the skilled workman of Amsterdam, rare pearls that perhaps were the last trophies of some Black Sea diver, antique armor from Berlin, weapons from the anvils of Persia, and the products of the potter's wheel and furnace in Italy, England, and Japan.

We shall endeavor to give an idea of the extent and variety of this wonderful collection of beautiful objects, among which, we notice with pride, the productions of our own land hold a conspicuous and honored place.

The exhibition rooms are in the main building, eligibly situated on Union Square, in the very heart of the city, and are seventy-eight feet by a hundred and forty in extent. Entering at the upper end of the building, the visitor is met by a dazzling array. On one side are arranged the silver articles (made in the down-town workshops, which we shall visit later), and on the other the long line of glass cases filled with the rarest and costliest jewels. The silver-ware is specially the pride of Americans, for it is absolutely the product of American taste and industry.

A splendid table center-piece in the form

of a swan, as seen at the head of this article, will first attract attention. It is treated, of course, in a conventional manner; very richly ornamented with trappings in the profuse manner of the Orientals. The feathers are wrought by the *repoussé* process, which we shall describe when we visit the shops, and the trappings on the breast are separately made and applied by heat.

In the same case with this beautiful ornament are a number of specimens of silver inlaid with niello, gold, and copper. The niello is a black enamel, somewhat resembling plumbago in appearance. The designs of fishes, flowers, birds, or other figures, are cut out with a steel tool to the depth of, perhaps, one-third the whole thickness, and the places inlaid with the substances named, which all contrast well with the pure white silver. Other objects are ornamented with raised figures laid upon the surface, like the trappings of the swan. Some of the flower-vases are very peculiarly decorated with fishes and marine plants tinted with a delicate shading of gold, that imparts a gorgeous yellow hue, and relieves the silver of its glaring whiteness.

On a recent visit to this establishment, besides the objects already mentioned, a number of silver water-jugs attracted our notice. Some of them were entirely plain, while others, not the less useful because of their beauty, were decorated in the most costly and elaborate manner. One, in particular, chased in *repoussé* with figures of Terpsichore and groups of cherubim, was very elegant. The streaming hair, flowing all down to the girdle, seemed alive with motion, and the scant drapery was made to fulfill its functions so well that the figures appeared to be dancing indeed.

Other jugs were covered with flowers and fruits in relief, and these retained the natural whiteness of the metal, and had a fresh and neat appearance, that should delight the heart of a good housewife. This chasing was described as like the old English hammered silver, and is said to be the most popular silver-ware now made.

Then there were tea-sets of every conceivable shape, and some of them were covered with the richest ornamentation, while others were perfectly plain. On one a beautiful trailing vine was seen, and here and there a bunch of flowers, nest of eggs, or a beautifully modeled little bird, all made separately and fastened on the surface. This was one of the most costly sets we saw, and as handsome as any in the establishment.

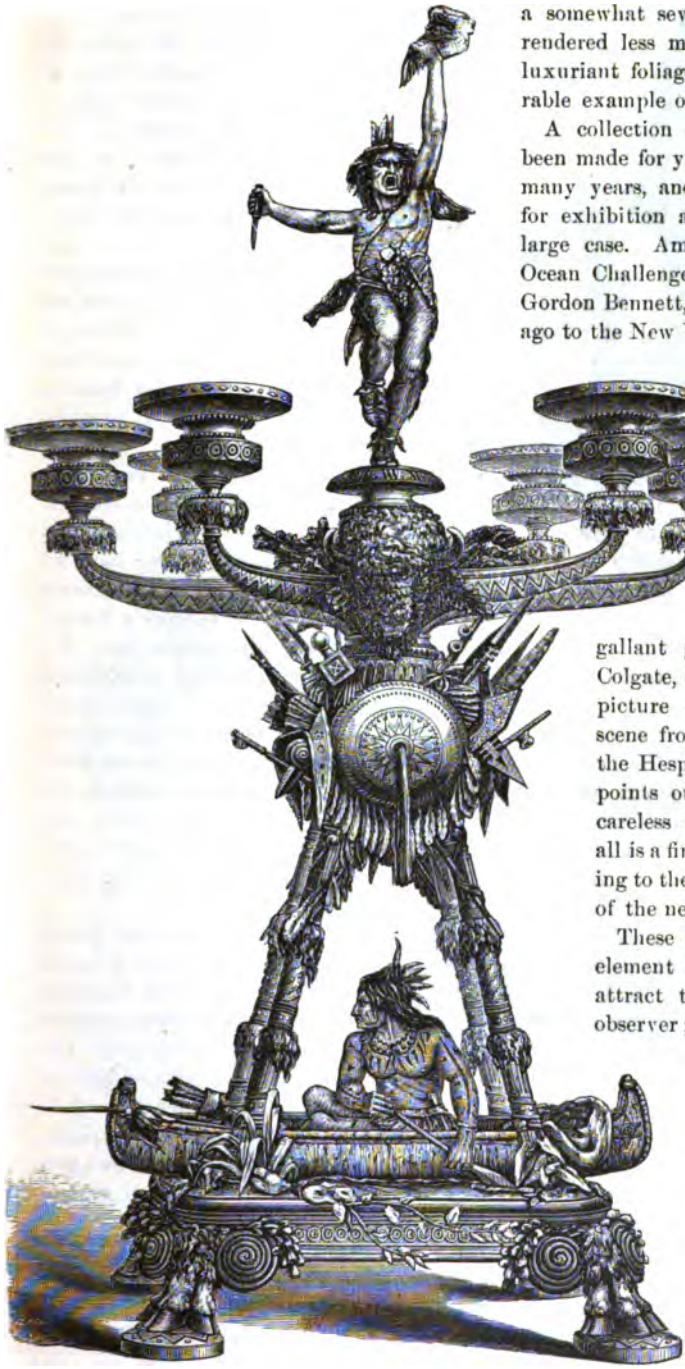
Another large case contained the silver dinner-sets,—soup tureens, oyster tureens, gravy boats, vegetable and meat dishes, and a score of other articles that might be properly placed upon a dinner table, but without which it would still be possible to eat a good dinner.

It is a proof of the advance that America has made within the last twenty years in the higher manufactures that, while it used to be a common thing to send abroad for silver services when something unusually fine was wanted, it is now equally common for orders to come from Europe to this country for goods of similar character.

Many of these articles are peculiarly American in the character of their ornamentation; and particularly noticeable in this regard was a pair of candelabra made a year or two ago for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, in which all the devices are American, being derived from the warlike implements and other equipments of the American Indians. There is the bison's foot, the "birch canoe for sailing," the target adorned with wampum, heads of spears and arrows, and crowning all a dauntless warrior, exultantly shouting as he clutches in his uplifted hand the bloody pledge of victory.

The whole effect of this composition is essentially different from any European production, and belongs as wholly to American art as the mighty mutilated Sphinx to the art of ancient Egypt.

An interesting reproduction, combining several antique types of decoration, was a silver bottle about twenty-four inches high, intended to hold perfumed water. The workmanship upon this bottle was beautiful, and the several methods of *repoussé* chasing, applied work, and metal sculpture were jointly employed in its production. The strongly marked Assyrian heads gave it



CANDELABRUM MADE FOR JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

a somewhat severe appearance, which was rendered less marked by the lavish use of luxuriant foliage; altogether it is an admirable example of composite ornamentation.

A collection of silver prizes that have been made for yachtsmen and others during many years, and are now left at Tiffany's for exhibition and safe keeping, filled one large case. Among them we noticed the Ocean Challenge Cup, made for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and presented by him years ago to the New York Yacht Club.

The holder of this "cup" offers a perpetual challenge to any other yacht to sail, under certain restrictions. It was last won by that intrepid yachtsman and gallant gentleman, Mr. Samuel J. Colgate, of New York. The *repoussé* picture on the front illustrates a scene from Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," where the old sailor points out the storm-cloud to the careless skipper; and surmounting all is a fine figure of Columbus pointing to the globe he traversed in search of the new land we love so well.

These objects, into which the art element enters so largely, of course attract the attention of the casual observer; but the useful articles, such as are daily before us exerting their refining influence, are really of more importance, both as factors in cultivating the taste of the rising generation, and because they are within almost every body's means.

Even such a simple thing as a silver teaspoon may as well be beautiful as ugly, if the designer has the taste to make it so; and who shall say that a tea or a dinner is not more enjoyable when served up on dainty dishes?

OCEAN CHALLENGE CUP.

Some of the spoon and fork handles we saw well illustrate this; and the "Japanese," adorned with birds and flowers and foliage, or the "Persian," completely covered with characteristic enrichments, are marvels of beautiful design, and, best of all, they cost no more than those utterly destitute of ornament.

An extensive department is devoted to articles prepared especially for wedding presents, and many of these are arranged in cases of great beauty. Indeed, the improvement in the style of cases is as marked as any change which the last ten years has seen, and some of them, covered with rare fabrics from the East or from the looms of France, present charming effects of color combinations; while the linings of delicate shades of satin, woven specially for this purpose, harmonize or contrast with the objects placed upon them.

By the time we had looked at all these beautiful things we found ourselves at the end of one of the long passages, and retracing our steps to the point we started from are brought face to face with the dazzling display of diamonds and other precious stones and gems.

Perhaps the single jewel that more than any other attracted our attention and excited our interest was the elaborate and costly piece of diamond work we have selected for illustration; a superb hair ornament in the form of a peacock's feather formed entirely of brilliants, the "eye" being a canary-colored diamond of immense size that "has a history." This stone, which, so far as I can learn, is one of unique beauty, was, for many years, owned by Charles Frederick Augustus William, the last Duke of Brunswick, who was a great connoisseur of jewels, and possessed a very large collection.

This was a stone he prized above any other, and he guarded it with such zealous vigilance that not even in sleep would he part with it for a moment. The diamond merchants of Europe were now and then treated to short glimpses of it, as the eccentric duke would open his high-buttoned waistcoat, and say, with a chuckle, "*Montrez moi quelque chose comme cela!*"

After the strange nobleman's death his great collection of jewels was sold at auction for the benefit of the city of Geneva—his heir—and Mr. G. F. T. Reed, of the firm of Tiffany & Co., in Paris, purchased it. Years ago this diamond was prized far beyond any pure white stone, and was once sold for £13,000.

The finding of vast quantities of brownish

stones in South Africa within the last ten years, has greatly reduced the prices of all except pure white diamonds, and though this gem possesses a beauty of its own—a beauty, too, rarer than that of any white stone—still it has not the same purchasing power that it had fifty years ago.

The feather seen in the excellent illustration is a most skillful piece of work, containing over six hundred small diamonds besides this ball of light. The front presents a surface of dazzling whiteness, the filaments connecting the stones being burnished platina, and the back showing an elaborate net-work of gold setting, which forms the strong foundation for the white metal of the front. Another splendid jewel is a bunch of rose leaves and hollow stalk completely paved with diamonds also set in platina. The stalk is intended to hold a real rose bud, which, with the beautiful diamond leaves, would form an exquisite ornament for the hair or as a brooch.

AIGRETTE, WITH BRUNSWICK DIAMOND.

A pretty little breastpin was in the form of a butterfly, the body and wings being formed entirely of precious stones of different colors, and the setting so arranged on delicate springs that every movement of the wearer would cause both of the wings to flutter and sparkle. Then there were trays upon trays of rings, solitaires, marquise rings, oblong in shape; three-stone rings and round and oval clusters. One of the most beautiful among all these was a delicious ruby of the true "pigeon's blood" color, set with a rare old India diamond on either side; the ring itself being very slight, so as to show very little besides the three matchless stones. Then there were sapphires of various shades of blue, and emeralds as clear and brilliant as if they were green diamonds.

One elegant brooch contained two of the most remarkable precious opals I have ever seen, one drop shaped and the other oval, and weighing together fifty-seven carats. They possess the rare and beautiful play of red and green colors not often seeen, and so far as perfection of form and color is concerned, are probably matchless. A stone less generally known in this country, though long a favorite in the East, is the cat's-eye, which has become fashionable in England for gentlemen's rings. The queen has a necklace of cat's-eye, brought years ago from India, and her subjects delight to wear it upon their fingers at once as a badge of their loyalty and gallantry. The cases of cameos were highly interesting, and some of the carvings showed the rarest skill. One very beautiful brooch was a cameo carving of a "Cupid confined," the little fellow being seen behind the bars of a diminutive cell, all carved from one piece of black and white onyx. In cameos the figures are in relief, but another very beautiful and effec-

IPSEN'S TERRA-COTTA VASE.

tive process of the glyptic art is the cutting of intaglio. The intaglio carving is exactly the reverse of the cameo, the figure being cut in or hollowed out.

Among the ancients the latter process was very extensively practiced, and there are many valuable collections of antique intagli, which afford admirable models for those who pursue the art at this day. The collection of mosaics was also very fine, and among the ingeniously wrought devices were many sacred and ecclesiastical symbols. The Byzantine mosaics are formed of minute pieces of vitrified enamel, paved like the tiles of a tessellated pavement, which present a lustrous surface, not smooth, but having nearly the same appearance as though formed of oily pigments.

Other personal ornaments—brooches, medallions, and the like—are set with exquisite enameled pictures, painted under a powerful magnifying glass, and so delicate are they that a human head in some cases will be scarcely larger than the puncture of a pin, and yet so perfectly formed that every feature is clearly discernible.

The coral was very interesting too; some of the sets carved in forms of heads and fruits and flowers being the work of the most skillful workers of Naples. The change in the value of coral aptly illustrates the fickleness of fashion, for while the deep red was at one time most highly prized, and the pale pink almost valueless, the reverse is now the case, and fine pieces of the delicate pink coral command very high prices while the deep red is a drug on the market.

There are multitudes of other materials employed in the manufacture of jewelry and the mighty distillations that are progressing in the bowels of the earth yield rare and curious products which the hand of art quickly transforms into objects of beautiful adornment.

Another prominent feature of the great array of useful and beautiful goods, and one which interests almost every individual, is the vast collection of watches of almost every conceivable grade and style. We were all astonished at the wonderful perfection to which this manufacture has been carried; and the nicety of construction of some of the watches made for timing purposes may be imagined when I state we

TEA-STAND (ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN).

were shown a watch which, besides the regular time-keeping machinery, had a separate hand which made the circuit of the dial in *one second*, stopping perceptibly at each *fifth* of a second, and another "split" or double hand, which, on touching a spring, divides, one hand passing on counting seconds, and the other standing fast to indicate the number of seconds to be timed when the spring is touched. Other watches, or "chronographs," as they are called, have peculiar machinery for counting seconds and fifths by means of which, when the spring at the thumb-piece is touched, first the second-hand starts, second it stands fast, third it flies back to the figure XII whence it started, and so on, as often as required.

Then there were ladies' watches of various sizes and styles, one little bijou, smaller by direct comparison than a ten-cent silver-piece, and yet a perfect time-keeper, winding and setting by the thumb-piece. Another pretty watch was in the form of a ball of rock crystal, the dial being considerably magnified by the convex lenses; while the cases of others were completely paved with diamonds, rubies, pearls, or other precious stones. These, however, are not the standard watches that are sold every day, but suit special wants and occasions. The movements are all made in Geneva, Switzerland, but many of the cases are designed and finished in the jewelry workshops on the fifth floor of the building in Union Square.

MINTON'S FAIENCE.

Our party walked along the long lines of glass cases, nearly a tenth of a mile in extent, and found new surprises at every turn. A collection of ivory, clean, white, and beautiful, attracted us. There were all kinds of articles for the toilet, and some of them were elegantly adorned with Japanese devices of mother-of-pearl and gold lacquer. These brushes, boxes, etc., we were informed, had been made in this country, and sent to Yokohama to be decorated, so as to secure practical excellence and original and graphic Japanese ornament.

Other cases were filled with tortoise-shell and silver jewelry, and there we saw just such high-backed combs as were worn by our great-grandmothers, showing how fashion, like history, repeats itself. One of the large departments represents what has grown to be an important American industry, namely, the manufacture of electro-plated ware. A quarter of a century ago fine plated ware was imported from London or Paris; now it is common to send whole services of American plate to Europe. The old process of

plating was slow and expensive, and did not lend itself readily to the execution of ornamentation of a refined character, but by the electro-process it is possible to produce goods

FLOWER-GIRL, OF DRESDEN CHINA.

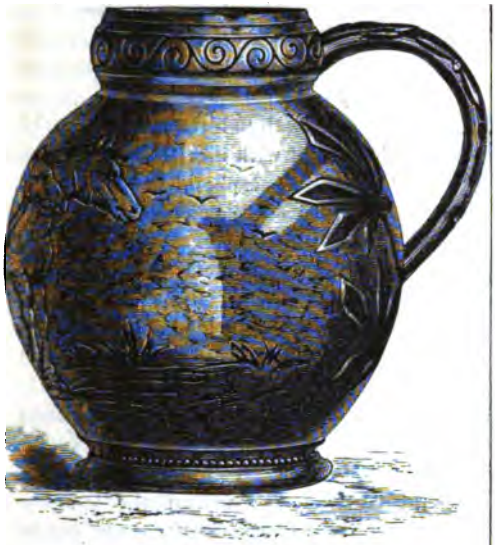
that differ from solid silver in intrinsic value only. The base of this elegant ware is a fine quality of nickel, which has the sonorous ring of silver, and is susceptible of an equally fine finish. The articles are carefully weighed before being put in the electric "bath," and it is definitely known what weight of silver is deposited on each piece.

The great hotel in San Francisco, the "Baldwin," was lately furnished with the largest service of fine plated ware ever made in the world, every thing being ordered to correspond, like a vast set of family silver. A few steps from the cases of plated ware we were attracted by a busy corner, and discovered that it was given over to one of the most active branches of the business, the "Stationery Department." Here it is that the beautiful paper and envelopes, adorned with monograms or other tasteful devices, are prepared. We saw the note-paper and invitation cards made for the White House, and were greatly interested in looking over the books containing specimens of invitations to balls, college commencements, and receptions, many of which were beautifully designed, and printed from very finely engraved steel plates. *Menus*, or bills of fare, for dinner parties, with beautiful illuminated designs, dinner cards for the names of guests, and a thousand tasteful trifles are prepared in this department.

After a glance at these things, we entered the elevator, or "lift," as our English cousins call it, and were soon carried up to the second floor, where we found new treasures to delight the sense and satisfy the intelligence. This floor is devoted to bronzes, marbles, clocks, enameled vases, Japanese curiosities, and other artistic goods. As we stepped from the elevator we were confronted by a vast array of these works, mainly the production of French artists, but representing in reproduction nearly every art period of the past. Many of the masterpieces of ancient Greece were to be seen, for by means of the ingenious pantograph it is possible to make copies of those great works of any size that may be required, still preserving every lineament of the originals.

Thus we see side by side the Borghese Gladiator and fac-similes of the groups that enrich the façade of the new opera-house at Paris; or the Venus of Milo and the gorgeous dancing girls of Carrier. One of the finest models of youthful beauty I ever saw is Mercie's bronze figure of "David;" his foot is scornfully spurning the severed head of the slain boaster of Gath, and his manly young face expresses indignation and contempt for those who "defy the living God." Altogether the figure will compare well with ancient works, and we were not surprised to hear that it received the prize from the French Government.

Another superb bronze statue of a boy is the "Winner of the Foot-race carrying off his Prize." This life-sized figure represents the winner in the Olympian games, running



DOULTON WARE.

with full speed and bearing in his hand a cock, the pledge of his recent victory. The boy's head is partly turned back as if looking at his vanquished adversaries, and his face is animated with a look of mingled exultation and delight. The anatomy of the figure (which like the "David," is naked) is admirable, and the action and movement are clearly and forcibly expressed.

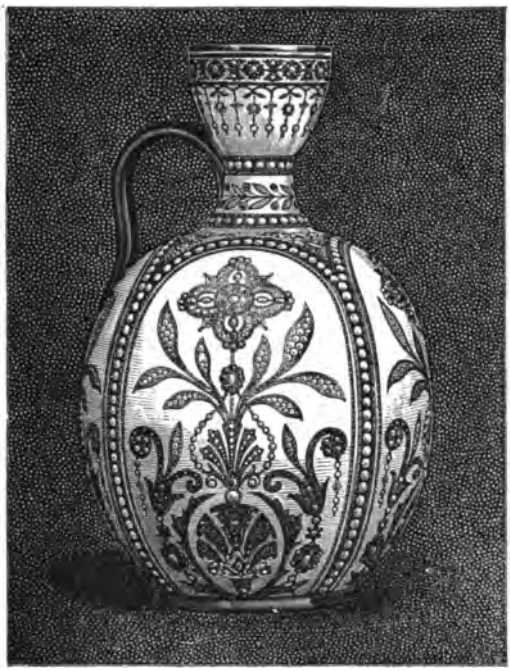
Besides these works of high art, there were hundreds of tables loaded with clocks and all sorts of mantel ornaments of bronze, marble, brass, onyx, and other materials. There were also simple little clocks for bedrooms, and pretty little clocks to carry in a traveling-bag, and one wonderful clock that, besides counting the hours, minutes, and seconds, also indicated the year and month, the day of the week and of the month, when leap-year occurs, and the changes of the moon. This piece of mechanism was made from the raw metal in Tiffany's workshops, though most of the clock movements are made in Paris under the direction of their house there. One corner of the bronze floor was fitted up as an Oriental bazaar, and there were displayed rare Cloissoné enamels which combine many beautiful colors on a metal body, and are made in the form of vases and large plates, the latter intended to be hung upon walls; textile fabrics from Eastern looms, embroideries from the temples of Japan, and many quaint and curious objects from China and the Indies. Besides these treasures from foreign lands one whole side of the room was covered with decorative metal work of American manufacture, sconces, candlesticks, metal frames for mirrors, and a great variety of polished brass ornaments, showing conclusively that our excellence in metal work is not confined to silver and gold, but extends all down the line till it touches even iron, for that metal is successfully employed in works of high artistic merit. We saw a single important piece that is formed of gold, silver, copper, and steel—the International Rifle Trophy which was won by the Americans in the contests of 1876 and 1877, in which rifle teams from England and other countries met at Creedmoor in friendly rivalry.

Last year the English team made a worthy effort to carry off the prize, but, as their captain, Sir Henry Halford, said, they "had

DOULTON WARE.

to learn from Americans what excellence was in rifle shooting."

This trophy is a unique work both in design and in the remarkable effects produced by combining different metals. The general idea is that of a Roman banner treated conventionally. It stands seven and one-half feet high, the banner proper being wrought of iron, inlaid and incrusted with gold, silver, and copper. The staff is of plain blackened steel, the raised fillets being polished copper; the sculptured eagle that surmounts it is also copper. In lieu of the S. P. Q. R. seen upon the banners of Rome, the word "Palma" is placed in massive raised letters, its signification being prominence, valor, and victory; the laurel wreaths that form a semicircle pendent from the curtain, are of massive sterling silver, and within each is a plate bearing the date of the contests and the name of the winning nation. Across the face is seen the challenge, "In the name of the United States of America to the Riflemen of the World."



COPELAND'S JEWELED PORCELAIN.

We lingered long on the bronze floor where this trophy was placed, and it seemed as though we were sauntering along the corridors of some gallery of art instead of through the sales-room of a great business house.

We were loath to leave this part of the establishment with its rich, somber hues and artistic atmosphere, but finally betook ourselves to the elevator again, and in a moment were carried to another floor, which presented a striking and pleasing contrast in the appearance of the goods displayed. The bright light streamed in through many windows and played upon a splendid array of artistic pottery, beautifully cut and engraved glass-ware, and other elegant goods. The taste for works of ceramic art has greatly increased within the last few years, and collections of pottery are as frequently to be met with in the homes of our citizens as collections of pictures. There is nothing strange or eccentric in this revival of the plastic art, for since the first expression of human consciousness man has used forms of clay to embody his thoughts and preserve the record of his deeds for posterity. In the Cesnola Collection in the Metropolitan Musum of Art in New York there are many relics of pottery that were made fourteen hundred years before the advent of the Savior—rare old pieces from the island of Cyprus that bring vividly before one the intimate daily life of the Cypriote families.

I am wandering from the glories of modern ceramic art as shown in the splendid collection we examined at Tiffany's, but only to pay a passing tribute to the potters who have gone before. Perhaps England is the largest contributor to the collection, as she is first in the manufacture of pottery at the present day. The majolica and faience of Minton, the superb porcelain from the Royal Worcester Works, the highly decorative faience and quaint artistic graffito ware made by Doulton at Lambeth, and Copeland's exquisite goods, give England a very fair representation among the furnaces of to-day. The Italian majolica, made under the control of the Marchese Ginori at Doccia, Italy, is

equal in beauty of design and brilliancy of color to that produced a hundred and fifty years ago by the ancestors of the present generation. Denmark is represented by an elegant ware, made now by the Widow Ipsen at Copenhagen; some of the vases are copies of Egyptian cinerary urns, in which the ashes of the burned dead of Egypt were deposited. The pretty Dresden china is now reproduced with great success in France, and we saw many graceful examples of that widely celebrated ware.

One in particular pleased the ladies of our party—a dainty little flower-girl. The jeweled porcelain is extremely rich in its decoration, the little points of enamel with which it is adorned sparkling almost like precious stones. There were gems of art no larger than a hen's egg, and great vases of faience half a dozen feet high; beautifully painted plates to hang upon the wall, garden seats that no rain or sunshine could soil or fade, whole dinner services of china or other ware, dessert-plates that presented a gallery of beautiful pictures fastened there forever by the potter's furnace; fish sets of which

LONDON CABMAN (WORCESTER PORCELAIN).

MINTON'S FAIENCE.

each piece represents a beautiful pink-lined shell; vases, cups, flower-holders, and thousands of tasteful, pretty, and useful things that add so much to the beauty and convenience of a room's furniture.

The richly cut and engraved table-glass was very beautiful, and arranged upon tables of mirror it glistened like crystal in the sun's rays. There seemed to be every thing that one could desire for the luxurious furnishing of a house, and still there were articles simple enough to attract the most modest purse; the walls were covered, a hundred tables were filled with choice goods, and scattered here and there about the floor in artistic disorder were vases, china animals, umbrella stands, and a multitude of other objects. After spending an hour on this floor, we were courteously shown through the various workshops in the upper stories, reached by another elevator in the rear.

As we stepped out upon the fourth floor

POLISHING ROOM.

we meet a far different scene from those which had attracted us below. There was a whizzing steam-engine in the foreground, while, to the left, in an inclosed apartment, a dozen men were standing before as many lathes, polishing articles of silver and silver plate. This polishing room, we were told, is only for putting in perfect order goods that are sold from stock, and has nothing to do with the silver factory. Continuing on to the right, we come to the die printing department, where paper and envelopes are stamped with monograms, crests, and all the numerous beautiful devices which are produced in the designing room or brought by customers of the house to be reproduced. Some of the designs we saw were most elaborate, and were finished in six or eight colors. Beyond this was the folding-room, where the fine papers received from the mills in large, flat sheets are cut, folded and trimmed. Here, too, was an evelope machine, capable of folding, gumming, and stamping the imprint on over twenty-five thousand elegantly made envelopes a day.

The entire front of this floor is occupied by the designing and engraving rooms, where all the steel and copper plates are engraved, dies sunk, and all the silver ware that is to be marked with initials, crests, or other signs, engraved. Besides this work, designs are made for an endless variety of articles of taste. Several artists were engaged in painting silk fans for bridal gifts, and decorating candles with various artistic devices. Those candles are often adorned with ornamentation to correspond with the scenes on candlesticks in which they are to be placed, and many of them were extremely pretty.

In one corner we noticed a man at work with a small wheel, which he caused to revolve rapidly by working a treadle. We discovered that he was an engraver on stone, and the rings and other seals to be engraved were all intrusted to his hands. His lathe was a delicate contrivance, and the little wheel, no larger than a silver half dime, was occasionally touched to a saucer, containing a mixture of diamond dust and oil, which cuts slowly and clearly into the hardest stone.

Then there were rooms set apart for watchmakers and clock-makers and menders of every thing from a fan to a fountain. No vase of rare china can be so badly shattered as to defy the skill of these menders, who certainly showed many evidences of their ingenuity among the restored treasures around them. We could have watched this work with much satisfaction for a long time, and taken a lesson in patience from it; but the time for our stay was drawing to a close, and we still wanted to see the two shops on the top floor, where the elegant diamond jewelry is made, and where they make the morrocco and velvet cases which add so much to the beautiful effect of the richest goods.

So, as the elevator had just started down with a load of goods, we mounted the spiral iron staircase that extends from top to bottom of the building (and which can always be used when the elevator is laid up), and were soon at the highest story. On the left side is the jewelry shop, and along the two sides that form an L are the work-benches placed directly under the windows.

Each artisan has a tin box, in which he keeps the piece on which he is at work, and this box is nightly handed to the foreman before the hour for closing. All the filing of gold is done over a zinc-covered bench sloping to the center, and at night every part of each work-bench is wiped off with a cloth to collect any particles of gold dust that may have settled there. The floor is covered with slats of wood half an inch wide and an inch high which are joined with wires, so that they can be rolled up like a carpet, and twice a year all the dust that has collected in the floor between these slats is scraped up, and together with the rags and workmen's aprons burned. A considerable quantity of gold is rescued in this way which would otherwise be lost.

The supervision in this department is most complete, and most of the workmen, particularly the diamond setters, have been in the employ of the house for many years. The repairing shop alone employs a large number of men and women, the latter being mainly engaged in polishing and washing out jewelry. It seems a very easy matter to make old, soiled articles look fresh, clean, and new, and often nothing is used except soap and hot water, a brush, like a large tooth-brush, and some box-wood sawdust. The articles are well washed in the hot soap and water, and then thrown in a large drawer filled with the sawdust, which dries them cleanly and brightly.

We were particularly interested in watching one of the men who was making a ring setting, and even while we stood looking over his shoulder we could see the form grow under the application of numerous delicate files in his trained fingers. Some beautiful effects are produced by combining different colors of gold; as, for instance, a chatelain is made of yellow gold, with birds, flowers, and foliage of green, white, and red gold in relief. These colors are produced by varying the alloys and by chemical action. After passing through this manufacturing department the guarded door, which is kept fastened on the inside all the time, was opened for us and we stepped into the shop where the cases are made.

THE MELTING ROOM.

Here, all sorts of labor-saving contrivances met us, and we saw the whole process of case-making, from the cutting out of the plain wooden body that is to be covered with silk or satin, to the stamping, in letters of gold, of the name of the house. A round table of polished iron about four feet in diameter attracted us; but we were warned to touch nothing, and so kept our hands to ourselves. It was well we did not handle this table much, for running through a slit in the center was a glistening steel saw, an endless belt, with which the most delicate forms could be readily cut, and which would take off a finger as easily as it would divide a lead pencil.

Another clever contrivance was a sand wheel, which looked very like a grindstone. The sides had sand paper glued smoothly on them, and as it revolved rapidly by steam it was only necessary to hold the object to be smoothed or rounded off against the surface and the object was accomplished in one-tenth the time it could have been done by hand.

The "satin-room" contained roll after roll of silk, satin, and other fabrics, many of them woven in Europe and the East for the especial use of the firm. Another room contained a collection of rare American woods which are used for the larger cases of silver ware.

At last we stepped upon the elevator once more and descended, down, down, to the basement, where goods are packed and entered for delivery, where the driving engines for the two elevators are situated, where the vast steam

DROP PRESS.

boilers that supply force for the engines and heat for the entire building are to be seen, and where the vast "safe deposit," containing millions of dollars' worth of valuables, left by persons for safe keeping, is situated. This safe deposit is inclosed by chilled iron rails, extending from floor to ceiling, and forming a cage of absolute security that can only be entered through the door-way, which is closed with a ponderous grated door, and fastened by massive and complicated locks. It is always accessible, however, to the depositors who have the opportunity to look over their goods as often as desired, under the escort of the person in charge of the treasure chambers.

At last we bade farewell to the Union Square house, and by special invitation paid a visit to the silver factory at 53 Prince Street, just off Broadway.

Here the ingot is touched by the hand of art, and the shapeless mass of virgin ore transformed into a work of enduring beauty. The designing room is extensive, and we saw many bright-looking youths working assiduously with paper and pencil.

A number of competitive prizes of cash were lately offered by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. for the best designs and best specimens of *repoussé* chasing and engraving. They were competed for by all the apprentices in the employ of the house, and the result was a very interesting display of students' work.

The young men who are engaged in this department of the silver works have the advantage of careful and intelligent instruction and access to an extensive art library and a collection of classic models of great variety and value, and they also feel the daily pressure and influence of the most refined public taste.

It is natural, then, that they should develop into skillful art workers, and that their work should be not only correct as the result of their training, but far advanced as the result of their intercourse with the ripe judgment of the times.

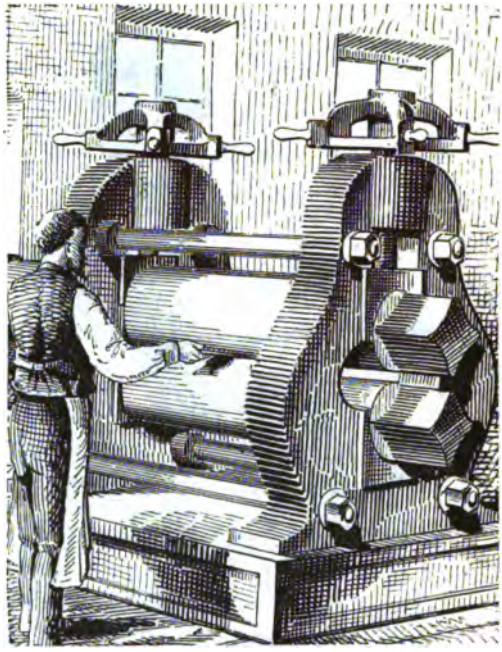
The standard quality of all the silverware made by Tiffany & Co. is the same as the English sterling; namely, 925–1000ths of pure silver. The proper amount of alloy is added to the pure silver in the melting room, where, in crucibles containing from three hundred and fifty to five hundred ounces it is melted and run into ingots. These ingots are of different sizes; those from which the spoons and forks are made being about twenty inches long by one and a quarter inches in width and three-quarters of an inch thick. They are brought to the proper thickness (about a quarter of an inch) by rolling between immensely powerful steel rollers, and then cut into pieces of the size

requisite for the different articles. The part that is to form the bowl of the spoon or tines of the fork is then rolled thinner, until it is about two and a half inches wide, when it is placed in a die, and, by a blow from the "drop press," cut into the required shape and rounded at the shank.

The "blank," as the piece of silver is called, is then ready to receive the pattern, which is imparted by passing it through costly engraved and case-hardened steel rolls on which the device is engraved. The rolls catch the blank as it is inserted by the workman, and when it has passed through the impressed design is as perfect as though chiseled by hand. The bowl, however, is flat, and not yet cut to the proper egg-like form, which is done by clipping with large hand-shears. A file-wheel is employed to remove any seams or edges of metal beyond the patterns, and for the forks a rotary file in the form of narrow wheels rapidly cuts away the metal between the tines. The bowls of the spoons are rounded up by blows from a steel stamp in the drop press, the hollow bed into which the stamp falls being made of tin, which yields to the ornament on the back of the spoon bowl; for the pattern of the handle often ends gracefully near the middle of the bowl.

The handles are then curved by skillful blows from a mallet, and finally smooth-filed by hand.

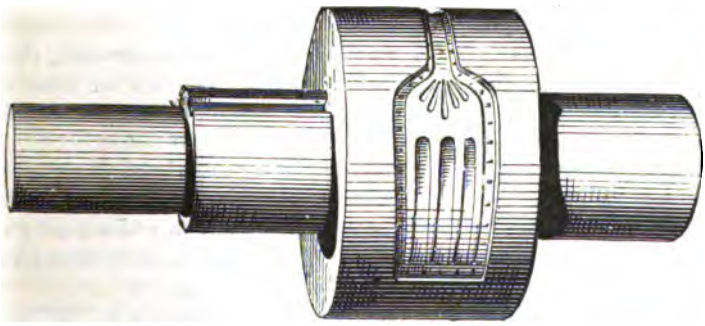
Then they are ready for the polishing room, where, first with emery and oil and then with rouge, they are made ready for papering up to send to the Union Square house.



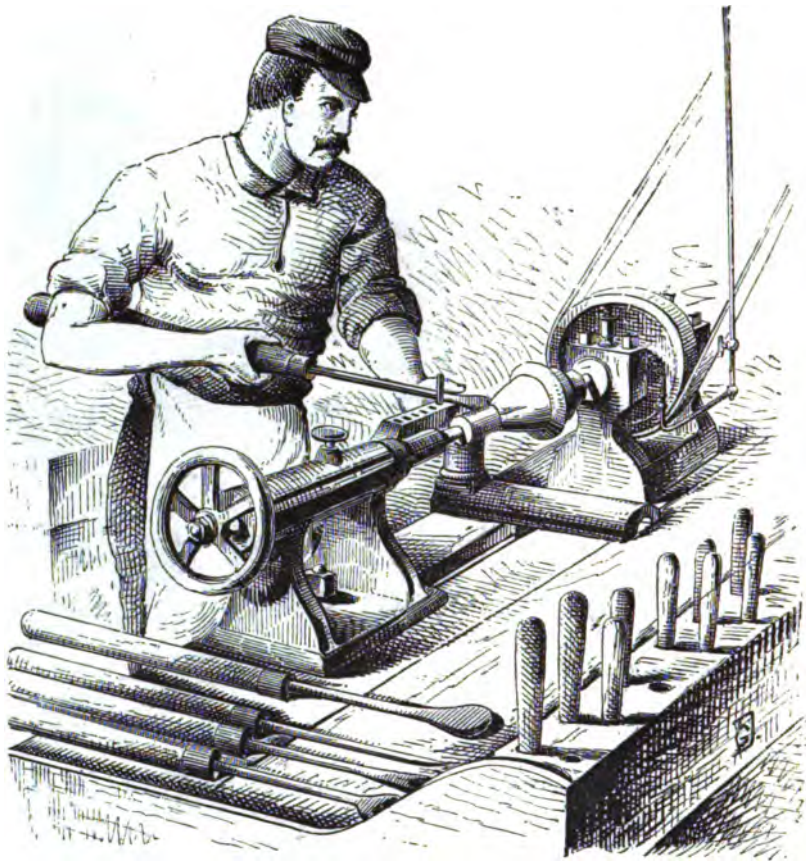
ROLLING THE SILVER.

For the manufacture of hollow ware the ingots usually used are ten inches long, six inches wide, and one and a half inches thick. They are passed again and again between the great rollers, until the desired thickness (or thinness) is reached. We saw many articles in course of making, but of course could not follow any one piece through the whole process of manufacture, for that would necessitate living in the silver shop for several weeks. Still, we will suppose a pitcher is to be made, and from what we saw at the various stages I shall endeavor to render the method of making it clear.

A "working drawing" of the pitcher is at hand, in which every part is separately represented. The different parts are drawn out on



ROLL FOR SPOON HANDLE.



THE SPINNER AT WORK.

the flat plates of silver and are cut into circular forms. The pitcher that we take, for example, is composed of eight pieces; namely, the bottom, the lower half of the bulb, an ornamental border around the bulb, the upper half of the bulb, the lower half of the neck, an ornamental border around the neck, the upper half of the neck, and the handle. All of these, except the borders and handle, are cut from the sheets of silver, and are at first mere disks of metal.

These are in turn fastened to a lathe close against a wooden "cheek," of the exact form of the piece that is to be made into a concave body. The spinner then presses the point of a polished steel tool against the silver, and obtains great power by using a movable pin as a fulcrum, as shown in the illustration of the "spinner at work," and the silver is stretched to the form of the wooden pattern. All the plain pieces are prepared in this way. The ornamental borders are run through steel rollers in the same manner as the spoon handles, cut to the requisite length, formed into a hoop, and the ends fused together, till it forms an endless band.

The handle is first modeled in wax; clay molds are then made, in which the silver is finally cast, the lines being rendered cleaner and sharper by subsequent tooling.

The pieces being completed, it is only necessary to fasten them together, which is done by careful blasts from a blow-pipe, the parts of the structure being meanwhile held in place by ligatures of fine wire.

If the pitcher is to have only a plain burnished surface, there is nothing more to do

REPOUSSÉ WORK—CHASING.

but stamp it with the well-known mark, "Tiffany & Co., Makers; Sterling Silver—925–1000," and the pattern number of the article; it is then ready to send to the polishing room, where it is finished.

If, however, our pitcher is to be adorned with some artistic device, it has still to receive the most important touches of all.

The processes employed in the enrichment of silver objects are manifold; but I must content myself with describing only one, the most difficult and effective of all we saw.

The *repoussé* process is the method of ornamentation that interested me most; for it seems more capable of expressing the thought of an artist than any other.

Repoussé means re-pushed; that is, the metal is pushed from within, and then re-pushed with delicate tools to form the finer lines of the ornament. The first part of this process seems difficult, but really is not so; for it is accomplished by means of a snarling-iron—an iron rod bent at opposite right-angles at the ends. One end—the larger—is made fast in a vise, and the other, which is rounded to a point and polished, is brought in contact with the silver inside the vessel, as seen in the illustration of "Snarling." A smart blow is then struck midway between the vise and the point, and the concussion causes the metal to be stretched. This is repeated till a rude outline of the intended

REPOUSSÉ WORK—SNARLING.

design is wrought upon the surface, when the pitcher is filled with a composition of pitch sufficiently yielding to admit of the silver being pushed back again. It is then placed upon a leather pad, and the artistic work begun in earnest.

Some of the *repoussé* pictures that have been made in this way are as truly works of art as the sculptured marble or painted canvas, and have the advantage of indestructibility.

Silver ware is manufactured with both a frosted and a burnished surface. The frosted appearance is produced by an oxidation of the silver, such as it appears when deposited in the electro-plating bath. It is burnished by first planing or grinding it smooth, and then subjecting the article to the action of the polishing wheel.

We had no time to go through every department of this vast hive of industry in detail; but from what we did see we were impressed with the thought that an important branch of industrial art was safe in the hands of Tiffany & Co.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D. D.

GEORGE PECK has been, for half a century, widely recognized as a great man. With hope of only imperfect success, I attempt the critical task of answering the questions, in what did his greatness consist? and how was it achieved? It must be considered that he began his career without the advantages of wealth or of extraordinary education. At the age of eighteen he entered the Christian ministry, in fields requiring extensive, constant, and exhausting travels. Thus all his acquirements have been made amid the unremitting toils of the itinerancy.

It should be first stated, that he received from his strong, industrious parents a good constitution. His powers of nerve, muscle, and brain, both as to contents and development, were in fine equilibrium. He had, therefore, generally good health, and great power of endurance. To both of these his extensive travels, hard work, and plain fare, doubtless largely contributed. He appears to have been, from early life, of quick, natural perceptions, great acuteness and vigor of intellect, and remarkable strength of conscience. Thus we have the normal conditions of efficiency in any field of labor.

But one thing only can give us the key to his distinguished history. It is the pre-

dominance and unification of apparently incompatible qualities. He was, for example, a man of great sensitiveness, but of marked forbearance. He was never dull, never indifferent. The acts of others, great or small, right or wrong, instantly affected him. This was evident even when he would have preferred to conceal it. But if, for the time, it was unnoticed by his nearest friends, some casual remark or quiet change of bearing would, perhaps, long after, show that he had been reached and affected profoundly, by things indifferent to ordinary minds. He, nevertheless, showed for a life-time great self-control, and the power of grave and long continued deliberation. Quick and sensitive minds are seldom distinguished by gravity and protracted patience; but both were eminently true of him.

It resulted from this, that all moral truths and actions quickly and deeply impressed him, that all forms of beauty instantly stamped themselves upon his soul. He thus received large and constant accessions of truth and moral power without voluntary effort. But his sensitiveness never made him fretful, nor wild nor visionary in his plans. He had the other power of examining his quickest thoughts, holding in check his strongest sensibilities, and remanding again and again his intuitive judgments to the severest scrutiny of reason. Thus resulted a manhood which was neither impetuous nor sluggish; but at once prompt and orderly.

This explains the marvelous economy of his life in gathering truths of various kinds in briefest intervals of time, and then classifying and holding them for use, entirely at his own discretion. Thus, also, he became distinguished by his quick knowledge of men, and using it or not as he pleased. Hence, he was so powerful in thinking on his feet, and in great revival movements, and so patient and far-reaching in plans when there was no revival in progress, so discriminating and just in settling difficulties between brethren and in distracted Churches; and so successful at the head of a great seminary, detecting at once the wrongs of students, and correcting them at his leisure.

Let us look at another of these great contrasts unified. He has, for all his life, been one of the kindest, most obliging of men. In his family, in the communities, in the midst of his brethren, he has shown deep sympathy with all grades of men, and real tenderness for the lowest of sufferers and wrong-doers. But in government, in correcting wrongs, in executive authority, he has shown prompt decision, thorough scrutiny, and unshrinking integrity.

This reveals a strong decisive will, able to command himself and others. He was hence able to order himself to study amidst family confusion, on horseback, and in snatches of time between great public engagements. He thus pushed out his investigations into new fields, with or without a teacher, making himself a fine scholar, especially in Hebrew. He seems not to have detained himself to inquire whether these and other attainments were practicable without scientific tuition. His extensive researches went on by the force of his own mind, pressing teachers and scholars into his service wherever he found them. He wanted books, and made libraries for himself and others. Needed works not extant he made himself to the number of some ten volumes or more.

He was elected editor of the *Quarterly*. It was a magazine and he made it a review. It was ordinary as to its literary standard, because there were but few literary men in our Church, and they were unpaid. He moved the book agents to pay for articles, and thus *made* writers, many of whom have become distinguished. Obstacles rose inevitably before him. Many of these were from himself. He had never been trained to literature, and especially to that higher criticism which rules out the vast amount of even respectable writing, accepting only the most scholarly, and the fittest, for the high range of thought required in a review. He did not know how to edit a review; but the Church required it. He therefore ordered himself to learn, and obeyed. His eight years in that high function were really transitional and introductory to the times in which scholars of rare ripeness and gifts would edit this review; and it will be historically con-

ceded that he deserved as high credit for the manner in which he filled his sphere as they for the manner in which they have filled theirs.

The Church called him to edit the *Advocate* at New York. In this difficult position, amidst the perils of a great ecclesiastical and civil revolution, already far advanced, the two apparent incompatibilities — his obliging disposition and stern will, showed themselves conspicuously. It resulted that his indulgence of opponents went to the very verge of propriety; but that *he*, and not his critics, edited the paper; and made it such a paper as no wise man would promise to reproduce in the same or a similar stormy period.

In the great struggles of 1844 he was nearly overwhelmed by his tender regard for his brethren in the South, and held to his high obligations to the whole Church only by the sternest self-command. At that time, as well as before and after, a large number of his brethren thought him well fitted for the highest office in the Church. The Southern troubles, and a few most untrue words, defeated his friends by a very small majority. The Church, then (as ever since) believed this to be a great wrong. He showed his Christian humility (to use his own language) by "digging a great grave and burying it all," and going as promptly and energetically to the work assigned him, as though he had never been made the victim of misrepresentation or of stern fidelity to the true principles of his Church. Thus again the two were one.

We have room for but one more instance of this unified dualism. He has been a lifelong conservative. I mean to say not only that he rejected nothing because it was old; but fully accepted the superior probabilities of truth in *historical* principles and ideas. Modern speculations and radical innovations, not old settled truths, were on trial before him. The latter *might* require reexamination, the former *certainly* did. In all great controversies, therefore, he was sure to be found on the side of established principles and usages. He adhered with loving devotion to the old Discipline, the old government of his Church, and the old methods of propogating the faith. In his studies he went thoroughly back to apostolic times, and through the writings of the fathers, to find historic truth. Such was his fondness for the old English writers of the days of Hooker, Barrow, and Jewel, that he bought and read all he could find, and incorporated their great thoughts in solid quotations into his most valuable works. In strength and directness, and even quaintness and abruptness, his own style became assimilated to theirs. Let the reader consult his "Rule of Faith," and "Patriotic Sermons" during the storm of war. He really loathed the modern flippancy, superficiality and extemporaneous twaddle of many publications, absurdly dignified by the title of "books." Conservative, indeed, he was, and yet more progressive than most of his contemporaries. He conscientiously conserved great principles to use them.

It is easy to recall the energy with which he urged forward the work of founding and organizing one of our earliest and most successful institutions of learning — Cazenovia Seminary — of which he was long a laborious trustee, and at one time the principal; thus becoming a leader of progress beyond our former precedents in the culture of our young people and the growing moral power of the Church. So, also, the strength with which he struggled to elevate the standard of ministerial qualifications in the Oneida Conference when the annual conferences were allowed to determine their own courses of study, and the vigor with which he insisted upon the expansion of the four years' course after it became the law of the Church. Likewise the energy and self-sacrifice with which he labored for the establishment and growth of the periodical press in Central and Western New York — the enlightened progress included in various amendments of the Discipline, becoming more or less responsible for many of the improvements, which, during half a century of our Church life, kept us abreast of the times in the adjustments of power — the firmness with which he vindicated the just prerogatives of the General Conference in 1844, and the rights

of our members on the border, and our missions to the destitute in the South; the promptness with which he advanced to the front in bringing into organic position our extended missionary fields, and in preparing the way for and welcoming laymen to their positions in the General Conference, and the spirit with which he sounded the bugle-blasts of emancipation and liberty amid the life-struggles of the nation.

So let it be observed how grandly this colossal mind wrought to save all good from the past, and triumphing at the same time over every thing ultra in its own conservatism, correcting its mistakes, and calling all men forward to the very van of progress, into new fields of thought, and coming bravely out as one of the standard-bearers of a new assertion and powerful vindication of civil and ecclesiastical rights. Thus by the grand generalizations of a truly great mind the two apparent incompatibilities, conservatism and progress, became one, and that an immensely higher unit of practical force than either could have been alone.

Let us now call forward the one power which admits of no rival, and which grasps and penetrates and unifies the whole—the grace of God in the new creation. More eminently than any thing else George Peck was a Christian in a sense so complete as to give supernatural inspiration to consecrated and redeemed spirit. His book entitled "Christian Perfection" was largely the outcome of his own experience. His thorough Wesleyan Biblical orthodoxy came of the heart as well as of the brain, of experience verified by the profoundest study. Imperfect as a man as he has always acknowledged himself to be, in the deepest humility deploring these imperfections, the power of the atonement, the victories of faith, and the wealth of love so penetrated and controlled his being that upon the one grand aim of life—the glory of God—the full powers of his manhood were concentrated to an extraordinary degree. Thus he followed with the simplicity of a child, and *led* with the authority of a heaven-commissioned commander.

It would, therefore, seem easy to identify, at least in part, the elements and methods of his unquestioned greatness. He was not a genius, but a man of comprehensive and well-defined talents. He was nothing in extremes, but a compact and largely developed concentration of strong and excellent qualities, as nearly symmetrical as it is reasonable to expect a man of so large a grasp of power to be. True greatness, however, is not in what a man is, but chiefly in what he does. Dr. Peck can be safely tried by this test.

His great life-work was the preaching of the Gospel. His sermons showed that as a theologian he had made himself familiar with all the great truths of systematic divinity and all the phases of polemical theology, and a master in the principles of Biblical exegesis. All these appeared in due time and place, subject to the most imperious mental control. His discourses were generally complete and rather elaborate structures, scholarly, but in no sense pedantic, evidently the result of severe study and much practice, and yet they had so much of Gospel simplicity that the common people heard him gladly.

Was he a great preacher? If soundness, clearness, and comprehensiveness as a teacher of revealed truth, so sustained by patient research, and well defined statement for more than half a century, that no intelligent person ever went to hear him without expecting to be instructed; if the Gospel illustrated by a large scope of intelligence constantly augmented by a fresh reading, an unusually strict observation upon men and current history, and enforced by a warm, glowing Christian experience and a life of singular purity and elevation; if calmness in argument and warmth in appeal, tenderness, pathos, and force in delivery, not unfrequently rising to overwhelming grandeur; if a life-long success in compelling unbelievers to respect the Gospel, in bringing sinners to Christ, and building up the Church in holiness, constitute true greatness, then was George Peck a great preacher. It may be really doubted whether the entire work of any American divine has entered more largely or potentially into personal character

or public institutions or ecclesiastical and social life.

Outside of his work in pastoral theology his labors were very largely influential. He was for a few years a thorough teacher of youth, and for nearly all his public life, in one way or another, a teacher of preachers. He filled for twelve years the highest editorial chairs of his Church. He wrote for the best periodicals enough to make many volumes. As an author some of his works have reached standard authority, while all have been of acknowledged interest.

It can be no reason for wonder that such a man has been largely recognized by scholars and divines outside of his own Church,—a truly representative man, too broad and catholic in the scope and aims of his life to be exclusively claimed by any denomination. His great patience and profound humility in his last illness, his triumphant confidence and magnificent utterances in the struggles of death, were in complete harmony with the true greatness of his character, the purity of his life, and the constant repose of his faith in the world's Redeemer.

A REMARKABLE BROTHERHOOD.

AMONG the free spiritual associations which arose in the Netherlands during the Middle Ages, one of the most remarkable was the Brotherhood of the Common Lot. Though less known than some of the older associations, its influence in preparing the way for the Reformation was unsurpassed.

The founder of this society was Gerhard Groot. Emerson, I think, has remarked that "institutions are the shadows of their founders." A better illustration, or, indeed, a stronger confirmation of this saying than the Brotherhood of the Common Lot, can hardly be found. Groot not only instituted the fraternity, but he inspired it with his own peaceful and enlightened spirit. Before sketching the growth and character of his society, we can not, perhaps, do better than glance at the leading events of his life.

The son of Werner Groot, Gerhard was born in October, 1340, at Deventer, of which flourishing Hanseatic town his father was sheriff and burgomaster. Being delicate in health, and giving promise of rare mental abilities, he was devoted by his parents, it is said, to a career of study from his earliest days. The first part of his education was received, in all probability, in the public school of his native city. When fifteen he was sent to the University of Paris, where he imbibed a taste for magic, and after a residence of three years took his degree of Master of Arts. Subsequently he proceeded to Cologne, and there made his first appearance as a public speaker and teacher, winning great applause. When his education was finished he obtained, through the influence of his family, several prebends, and was appointed canon of Utrecht and Aix. For a time he went the way of the world; except by his tastes and abilities he was undistinguished from the clergy around him. He took part, it is said, in public amusements, ate the richest food, treated himself to the costliest wines, went in gay attire, wore a girdle with silver ornaments, and was clad in a robe of the richest furs. But meeting with his old friend and fellow-student, Henry Kalkar, and being persuaded by him, he resolved to change his life. Going home from Utrecht, where this auspicious meeting took place, he made a bonfire of his books on magic, renounced the use of his emoluments and patrimony, put off his gay clothes, and became an altogether different man.

Two courses were now open to him: one was to retire to some religious house, and there devote himself to meditation and an ascetical life; the other was to continue in the world and use his talents as speaker and teacher. According to the ideas then current, the more becoming was the first. To consign one's self to the cloisters, and prac-

tice the barbarities of asceticism, was regarded as the real and only demonstrative evidence of a thorough conversion. But for asceticism, by reason of his weakly constitution, and as he afterwards found out, Gerhard was altogether unsuited. He was just as unsuited for a life of continuous meditation. St. Bernard used to say that, wherever he went, a voice always seemed to be saying to him, "To what end art thou here?" Something similar was the case with Gerhard. After the fires of the divine life had been kindled within him he could find rest and peace in activity alone. Of the two alternatives, therefore, he chose the latter.

In order to obtain leisure and quiet to prepare for his work, he now withdrew to the Carthusian convent of Monckhuysen, where his friend, Henry Kalkar, was prior. Here he devoted himself to the study of the Bible and to the discipline of his heart and mind. At the end of three years he obeyed the call of his Carthusian friends, was ordained a deacon, and, being licensed by Florentius von Wevelinchoven, Bishop of Utrecht, he appeared as a preacher of the Word.

Clad in mean attire, he now went from town to town, and from village to village, warning and exhorting men to repent. Wherever he obtained admission his labor was unceasing. Frequently he preached twice a day, and not unseldom for three hours at a time. Throwing the usual Latin aside, he addressed the people in the vulgar tongue. The effect was great. High and low, rich and poor, laity and clergy, came to hear him. At Deventer, Zwoll, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and other places, the whole population neglected their meals, left their business, and flocked around him in such numbers that the churches were too small, and he was obliged to preach in the open air. Nor was it that Gerhard was a merely popular preacher, or made use of rhetorical arts. That which attracted the people was as much his matter as his manner. Many who heard him were touched with contrition; others were thoroughly converted. On some, however, the effect was different. While tenderly persuasive, Gerhard was fearless and trenchant. Thomas à Kempis represents him as laboring in the spirit of the Baptist, as denouncing the evils prevalent in society and the Church with withering vehemence. A number of the clergy more noble than the rest lent him their countenance and support. By many others the bitterest animosity was conceived. After many attempts to find an accusation against him, they at last persuaded Wevelinchoven, notwithstanding the intercession of friends, to withdraw from Gerhard his license to preach. William of Salvarvilla tried to procure the removal of this inhibition by applying to the sovereign pontiff, Urban VI, but in vain. With a sorrowful heart Gerhard resolved to obey the authorities, saying, "They are our superiors; we will do what is right, and obey them."

To its own defeat the Church of Rome has contributed often. In inhibiting Gerhard it did. Instead of putting a stop to his activity, it only diverted his energies into a new and more fruitful field. Prohibited from instructing the people, he resolved to devote himself to the instruction of the young. In Deventer there was a large school. Of those who attended it, and especially of such as were destined for the Church, Gerhard soon gathered round him a considerable number, assisting them in their studies, and entertaining them with his conversation and at his table. A peculiar feature in his character was his intense love for books. A beautiful copy of the Scriptures, or a well-written edition of a favorite theologian, gave him great delight. For some time, partly as a means of procuring for them a livelihood, and partly that he might have copies of the Scriptures and other books he prized to give away or to circulate among his friends, he had been in the habit of employing a number of young men as copyists. To this work he now introduced his friends and many of the poorer scholars. Day by day the circle around him grew larger; his band of copyists and scholars gradually assumed the character of a regular society. At length Florentius Radewins, the young vicar of Deventer, and one of his most intimate friends, addressed him in this wise: "Dear master, what harm would it do were I and

these clerks here copying with me to put our weekly earnings into a common fund, and live together?" "Live together!" exclaimed Gerhard, "the monks would never let us. They would do all they can to prevent us." "But what is to hinder us from trying?" rejoined Florentius; "it may be that God will grant us success." "Well, then," said Gerhard, "in God's name, begin. I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you against all who rise up against you." In the attempt which was made the Brotherhood of the Common Lot took its rise.

The principle on which it was based was that of the community of goods. The brethren were to be supported by their own labor. Like the primitive Church at Jerusalem, they were to have all things in common. The aim they set before them was the cultivation and spread of a purer and more enlightened Christianity. Their bond of union was mutual affection and identity of aim. For its permanency the Brotherhood depended simply and solely on the continuance among its members of brotherly love and mutual agreement. Ullmann has compared it to the philosophical and ascetical societies of antiquity. Points of similarity certainly exist. But in one thing the brotherhood was essentially different. The good it sought was not its own. Its primary and distinctive aim was to do good to others. "In doing good," said Florentius Radewins, its second president, and the one by whom Gerhard's mind was more clearly reflected, "do it without self-seeking—simply for the glory of God."

Along with the fraternities Gerhard also instituted the female societies of the Common Lot. Their character and aim were the same as those of the fraternities. The only difference lay in their occupations. He intended likewise to establish a Monastery of Regular Canons. By means of this he hoped to illustrate the kind of life he deemed the best, and to secure for his male and female societies a center of co-operation and counsel. But this, in some respects the most cherished of all his plans, he was destined never to carry out. In the year 1384, when attending one of his friends who had been seized with the terrible scourge known as the Black Death, he was evidently smitten with the plague, and a few days afterward breathed his last, exhorting the brethren who stood around him to confidence in God, and recommending his friend, Florentius Radewins, to them as their head. As on another and greater occasion, immediately after the removal of its founder, Gerhard's society received an access of life. The plan he was obliged to leave unfinished was taken up by Florentius, and in the year 1386, being approved of even by Wevelinchoven, it assumed a definite and tangible shape in the monastery of Windesheim.

The relations in which the brethren stood with the various classes of society were, as a rule, of the best. By the people they were highly esteemed. To the magistrates they were frequently indebted for support. When they went to open their institutions in a city or district hitherto unoccupied, they would find both people and magistrates waiting to give them a cordial reception. At their settlement in Utrecht, for instance, they were presented with a house, priestly vestments, a silver-gilt cup, and money to the amount of three hundred Rhenish guilders. The consequence was the brethren spread and multiplied with remarkable rapidity. From Deventer, their center and home, they went to Windesheim and Zwoll. Thence they spread to all the leading towns and cities of the Netherlands, to Gouda, Ghent, Brussels, Amsterdam, etc. Within less than a century brother-houses and sister-houses had been thickly scattered throughout Northern Germany. Southward they were to be found as far as Suabia; and eastward to the city of Merseberg. Nor was the number of their establishments represented by the number of towns in which they were located. In many towns and cities there were two or more—as in Windesheim, Deventer, and Wesel.

That this progress was altogether smooth or unhindered must not, however, be supposed. At times it was retarded from within. While the great majority of the brethren exhibited a piety and zeal of the purest and most exemplary kind, a few now and again

proved to be false. Such was the case with a brother who was sent to Liege to open a school. Instead of devoting himself to his mission, he gave himself up to drunkenness and gambling, and became a corrupter of the young. As a result the institutions of the Brotherhood in Liege were speedily suppressed by the order of the bishop. On the other hand, as Gerhard had many enemies, so had his societies. Chief among them were the mendicant monks. During the first years of the Brotherhood's existence their persecutions were continued. At Kampen they induced the magistrates to drive all the friends and adherents of the fraternity out of their city, and to prohibit Werner Keyncamp, rector of the school, from entering their jurisdiction for ten years. The chief cause of their hostility was the fact that the brethren were taking the education of the young almost entirely out of their hands, and in this and other ways diminishing their revenues. The charge they usually brought against them was that they were neither a true order nor recognized by law, but that ecclesiastically they were illegitimate. At the Council of Constance they put forth all their energies to procure their ruin. Under the leadership of Matthew Gabow, a preaching monk of the diocese of Merseberg, they submitted a bill of complaint against them, charging them with being ecclesiastical monstrosities, a sort of *genus tertium*, a class of beings who ought not to exist, and demanding their entire suppression.

Of external organization the brethren had little or none. The nearest resemblance they had to it was the meeting of their rectors. Year by year these met in two assemblies according as they came from the Netherlands or from Germany, and consulted together on the affairs of the communities in general. But any executive power they do not seem to have had. While keeping up a regular correspondence with each other, all the establishments were self-governed. Each had its own forms and customs, and was entirely independent of the rest.

As we have seen, the members of the association divided themselves into three classes: canons, brethren, sisters. Of the three, the canons are the least numerous. The number of their monasteries was never large. The intention of their founder they seem rarely to have fulfilled. After a brief period of activity most of them fell into the usual style of monastic life. The canons of Windesheim were at first remarkably zealous, executing many copies of the Scriptures, and even venturing on criticism. But with the increase of their wealth came the abatement of their zeal. Latterly they had sunk so far from the ideal and spirit of their founder that the first question they asked of a candidate was, whether he was good at eating, sleeping, and obeying.

A brother-house usually consisted of about twenty members. At the head was a rector or president. Along with him was his assistant, the sub-rector, a steward, a librarian, a *scriptuarius*, having charge of the copying, a director of novices, etc. These offices existed, however, more for the sake of convenience and order. Equality as well as fraternity existed in each of the houses. The brethren were likewise divided into priests, clergy (*clerici*), and laymen. The number of priests was originally exceedingly small. Gerhard used to say, "I would not undertake the care of souls even for a single night for all the gold of Arabia." For a time the same feeling pervaded the society. As it wore away the number of priests increased. In each house there were usually four, twice as many clergy, with whom were counted the novices, and as many laymen as chose to share the brethren's mode of life.

From proselytizing, or from soliciting donations, the brethren carefully abstained. Applications for admission were entertained only after being repeatedly renewed. Candidates were required to pass a year of probation, during which they were not allowed to visit their relatives. The probation being ended, those who wished to proceed became clerks, when they were expected to resign their patrimony or possessions for the common use. Having attained the full *status* of brethren, they now took their place and duties with the rest. If any one grew dissatisfied, he was at liberty to leave. All he had to do was to settle his accounts with

the brethren, leave a sum of money in their hands, and go his way. In matters of dress the greatest latitude, though rarely practiced, was always allowed. The costume usually worn was Gerhard's after his conversion, a gray cloak, gray coat, and gray breeches. The head was generally covered with a cowl of the same color, on account of which the brethren were called *cucullati*.* Their mode of life was exceedingly methodical. Dividing the day into several parts, they devoted one to spiritual exercises, another to writing, a third to manual or other labor. A peculiar and distinctive feature of their spiritual exercises was the practice, instituted by Gerhard, of confessing their sins to each other.

The labor in which the brethren engaged depended partly on their peculiar aptitudes, and partly on the character of the district in which they lived. The duties of some were, of course, purely domestic. Others were engaged in trades or in commerce. The convent of St. Mary at Beverwijk traded in parchment, honey, wax, salt-fish. At Hildersheim the brethren made mass-books, vestments, and other kinds of ecclesiastical furnishings. The brethren at Hattem were at first farmers and weavers. Afterwards they became prosperous and rich, able to maintain a large school.

One species of labor, the copying of books, was common to every house and to all the brethren. This, as we saw, originated in Gerhard's love for beautiful manuscripts. Next to him, those who gave it the strongest impetus and raised it almost to the position of a monopoly were Florentius Radewins and Gerhard Zerbolt. Though no great penman, what Florentius lacked in skill he made up in zeal, inciting the brethren to his utmost, preparing the parchment, marking extracts, revising the MSS. Zerbolt's passion for books was equal to Gerhard's. A fine codex gave him greater pleasure than a sumptuous feast. Among the most beautiful and accomplished penmen was the celebrated author, Thomas à Kempis. His delight in well-executed MSS. was intense. The works copied were, besides the Scriptures and books of devotion, Anselm's "Monologium," Bernard's "Meditationes," and various treatises from the Latin and Greek fathers, also books used in the schools. Extracts were likewise made from pious authors in the shape of tracts. To transcribing the brethren were indebted for a large part of their income, though many of these books went to increase their own libraries, whence they were lent, while others were given away, one hour being set apart each day to writing for the poor.

Another way in which the brethren sought to enlighten the people was by means of preaching. Their extant sermons are in Latin; but there is good reason to believe that when addressing the people they followed the practice of Gerhard, and spoke in the popular tongue. Their addresses were of two kinds—sermons and collations. A feature of the former, not without parallels elsewhere, was their remarkable length. As we mentioned above, Gerhard's sermons sometimes lasted for three hours. Those of John of Gronde often lasted for six. Collations were a more popular kind of addresses, delivered in each of the brother-houses on Sunday afternoons and on Saint days. Apparently they were similar to a Scotch "exposition." A passage being read from the Gospels, it was explained and applied. The meetings at which these addresses were delivered became exceedingly popular. Numerous bequests were made for their institution and support.

But that to which the brethren devoted their principal energies was the education of the young. The age and country in which they originated were neither dark nor illiterate. Schools were established in all the larger towns of the Netherlands. Yet their influence was exceedingly great. They fell upon opportune times. The desire for knowledge was beginning to be widely felt. When Gerhard was studying at Monckhuysen, Petrarch was living at Vaucluse, inaugurating the revival of letters. John of Ravenna was itinerating about Italy, arousing in the minds of the young a passion for the ancient classics. Before the Brotherhood

*Other names by which they were known were Hieronymites, Gregorians, Brothers of Good Will, Collation-brothers (Collatsiebroeders), *Devoti Clerici*.

had reached the zenith of its activity, the enthusiasm awakened in Italy had crossed the Alps. In the South the revival had taken a secular, if not a decidedly atheistical turn. Laboring in the spirit of Gerhard, the brethren tried to make it subservient to the development of the spiritual life. In the numerous schools they opened they took great pains to inculcate a knowledge of the Bible. Where schools existed already they gave their services as teachers, or, gathering the pupils around them, instructed them by their conversation and example. Nor was it by teaching alone that they labored for the young. How to promote their intellectual and spiritual welfare seems to have been their continual thought. The poorer scholars they took almost entirely beneath their charge, paying their school fees, providing them with books, and procuring gratuitous entertainment for them in honorable and pious families. Not the least of their services was the introduction of the use of the classics and better grammar.

Reformers ostensibly the brethren were not, though they denounced the corruptions of the Church continually; the idea of instituting a "reformation" they never entertained. Yet, in reality, the whole spirit and tendency of their work were thoroughly reforming. More than any other agency of their times, they contributed to produce that intellectual and spiritual atmosphere without which the Reformation of Luther would have been impossible.

Their decay was chiefly due to three causes—their inability to adapt themselves to the changing times, the invention of printing, and the progress of the Reformation. In most institutions there is a natural element of decay. Ministering to certain wants which are more or less peculiar to the period of their origin, as these change or disappear they also must change or pass away. Against the printing-press the brethren for a time struggled with zeal. But the conflict was unequal. The fraternities of Gerhard were no match for the ever-increasing fraternities of Gutenberg and Faust. Their monopoly was broken forever. By completing what for nearly two centuries the brethren had indefatigably, though unconsciously, labored at, the Reformation gave the most effectual impetus to their downfall. Three times Luther stood forth in their defense. "Would to God," he on one occasion writes, "that all monastic institutions were like them! Clergymen, cities, and countries would then be better served and more prosperous than they now are." But even his advocacy could not save them. Their time was come, and in the course of the seventeenth century, or after an existence of about two hundred and fifty years, the societies of Gerhard entirely disappeared.

OUR SISTER OF THE SOUTHERN DEEP.

AS the traveler in Europe reaches a certain point in that mountain-chain which contains some of the noblest monuments of the handiwork of God, coming from the parent fountain of eternal snows in the heart of the hills, he sees a stream that goes forth on its impetuous way, small in its beginnings, but mighty in its smallness, and containing within itself the pledge of something greater in its after-course. Later on in his wanderings he sails down the same stream, when it has been fed by many tributaries, now a noble river, sweeping with queenly beauty by many a fair city and many a lovely hamlet, singing the song of its pride and of its love to the green old woods and the purple vineyards that fringe its banks, while the ancient gray castles that look down upon it heighten its charms, so that we do not wonder that it has been the joy of the minstrel as he sang its glory, and the inspiration of the patriot as he fought for its freedom. It is the Rhine—the noble Rhine, the pride of Germany, the admiration of the world.

Of a growth akin to that in a people's

history we write at this time. It is now little more than a century ago that the great navigator Cook planted the flag of England on Australian shores. As it then stood in its solitude, an island continent surrounded by the encircling sea, vast and seemingly desolate, the discovery appeared rather an acquisition to geographical research than an added realm to the commercial activity of the world. Nor was the case much altered when, near twenty years later, the first settlement of British emigrants took place in an arm of that harbor above which Sydney sits to-day the great and growing metropolis. Then the territory suitable for settlement was regarded as limited—mountain ranges sterile and seemingly impassable, uplifted themselves as barriers that were not to be pierced. The land was looked upon not as the home of empire, but as an asylum where England could plant her felon bands without much fear of their return. But now how changed the prospect! In this territory there are now five colonies, four of which are fast rising to the dignity of states. It has cities whose marvelous growth is almost without a parallel—towns that spread themselves over an area that is practically illimitable, and hamlets and settlements which will prove the germs of greater things in the near future. Its pastoral and agricultural resources are vast and its mineral wealth virtually inexhaustible. Its government blends in itself the freest principles of the American with the venerable safeguards of the British Constitution. Its educational provisions in the establishment of common schools seek to give to all such a measure of culture as will fit for the duties of citizenship, while its colleges and universities meet the cravings of the most ambitious, and prepare the way for the highest place. It has a commerce which brings it into association with almost every part of the world. In a word, we have here a land which Providence has enriched with all the elements of national prosperity and progress, needing only the added element of a cultured and godly population to become in the South what America has become in the West—an agent in the working out of that destiny which God has manifestly committed to Anglo-Saxon hands of holding up the flag of truth and freedom and righteousness in the van of the nations, and leading the world up to that consummation of hope which awaits it in the fullness of the times.

If proofs of material progress are demanded we point to a population which rose in thirty years from two hundred and fourteen thousand to over two million souls. We can point to a trade which rose in the same generation from less than six million pounds to over sixty-three million pounds, and to show that this progress has not reached its flood-tide mark we call attention to the fact that it rose still further from sixty-three million pounds in 1871, to eighty-seven million pounds in 1874. As mere indices to the great material development of these colonies we note further that upwards of five million tons of shipping entered and cleared the various ports in 1874; that there are seventy million head of live stock on their pastures, and nearly five million acres of land under cultivation. There are two thousand miles of railway open and a far greater length in progress or projected; more than twenty-six thousand miles of telegraph, to which additions are being rapidly made, unite every part of the group with the rest of the world. The annual revenues of the several governments approach fourteen million pounds sterling. The reader has only to contrast these facts with our sparse population to get a true idea of Australian progress.

The growing importance of the Australian trade to the English people may be gathered from the following facts: The value of the exports from the United Kingdom to Australasian ports in 1851 was £2,807,356; in 1871 it was £10,051,982, or thirty per cent of all the export of British produce and manufactures to all colonial dependencies. The proportion must now be much larger; for the export in 1873 to these colonies rose to a declared value of £17,610,152, an increase of no less £7,558,170, or seventy-five per cent in two years. These facts are the best answer to that class of statesmen who hold lightly by the connection of the colonies with the mother country, proving as

they do what an important element these dependencies are in the greatness of that empire which reaches from the rising to the setting sun.

Of this group of infant states we would speak more particularly of that with which we are best acquainted—New South Wales. This is the oldest, the most extensively settled, the richest in agricultural, pastoral, and mineral wealth, and the one which, as we believe, is destined to occupy the premier position of power and influence. Although two provinces have been carved out of it at different times—Victoria on the south and Queensland on the north—thereby causing a loss both of territory and population, its area is still 323,437 square miles. Its eastern boundary, washed by the waves of the great Pacific, stretches for eight hundred miles, while another line of eight hundred miles to the far west brings you to its western boundary, running through the extensive sheep pastures of its great interior plains. The area embraced by these limits is as large as France, Great Britain, and Ireland combined, and larger than any European state save Russia. The whole of this territory lies beyond the tropics, and within the most favored belt of the globe. Its main features are a belt of coast land, rich in hills and valleys, and marked by several navigable streams. Bounding this on the west a mountain range runs from north to south of the colony, for the most part barren and unproductive to the farmer, but marked by scenes of grandeur and loveliness enough to satisfy the most passionate lover of the sublime and the beautiful, and, moreover, abounding in mineral wealth enough to make the fortune of a generation of millionaires. Back of this dividing line run the great plains of the interior, upon which millions of stock find pasturage, the produce of which contribute so largely to the clothing of the world. The climate is in some parts similar to that of Southern France and Italy; in the uplands the air is singularly dry and elastic, while throughout the whole of the territory you have a temperature which though sometimes trying in the intensity of its heat, is, nevertheless, as suiting the necessary conditions of health, one of the finest that can be found on the face of the globe.

The political institutions of the country are such as provide for the free workings of democracy, under such checks and safeguards as will prevent its abuse. The governor, as representative of the imperial power, is the head of the state. A legislative council of thirty-one members, nominated for life by the Governor in Council, furnishes a protection against any precipitate and unwise legislation. But the Legislative Assembly, like the British House of Commons, is the great power in the body politic, being as it is the embodiment of the popular will. In the election of members manhood suffrage obtains and vote by ballot. That the doings of Parliament have not been always conducted with that temper and moderation and superiority to party politics which constitute the wisdom and strength of legislation is a matter which proves only that the best constitutions are sometimes worked in association with human weakness. But when we have made this abatement in the matter, still truth compels us to say that the system on the whole has wrought well; that it has been productive of measures which aim at the development and consolidation of great national interests. And the verdict we are compelled to utter as to the working of our representative institutions is, that they may be safely trusted to the good sense, good faith, and earnest patriotism of the mass of the people.

The great question in a new country is the question of settlement on the land. This is the bait that is so alluringly held before the gaze of the toil-worn and struggling multitudes of the Old World. In this matter the colonies have entered into competition with one another in seeking to establish the superiority of their claims as the most fitting field for the emigrant. By the act which passed the Parliament of New South Wales of 1861, for the alienation of crown lands, the possession of this great object was made easy, and particularly to men of small means. The two great features of this law are free selection before survey over all unreserved lands, and the deferred pay-

ment of three-fourths of the purchase-money, subject to a rate of interest. Persons can take up land, from forty to six hundred and forty acres, at one pound per acre, on payment of five shillings per acre when making application to select; the balance to be paid at any time the selector pleases after three years from date of deposit, such balance being subject to interest at the rate of five per cent from expiration of three years. If there is available land adjacent to that of the selector, he can take up thereof to the extent of three times the area of his purchase under pre-emptive lease at an annual rental of two pounds for every six hundred and forty acres. The operation of this law may be judged from the fact that under its provisions, from 1862 to 1874, 73,-424 selections have been made, representing 6,576,979 acres. The amount of deposits received was £1,530,977, and the estimated amount of all the balances due in December, 1874, was £4,349,598. In addition to these figures land has been alienated otherwise than by free selection to the extent of 2,086,-211 acres, representing a value of £2,280,522. In the five years from 1869 to 1874 more land passed into private hands than in the previous eighty-three years. And lest our readers should think that in this way we shall soon part with the entire fee-simple of our estate, we may remark that, even at the rate of the last decade, it would take about one hundred and eight years to dispose of the area still unsold. These figures are dry, but the facts to which they point are any thing but dry. They mean the conversion of thousands from the position of servants to that of masters and owners of their own freehold. How many have I known who have gone forth to reclaim the wilderness, who are to-day enjoying the fruits of their hard toil in homesteads that are embosomed in beauty and surrounded by broad acres, now bright with the promise of the Spring or laughing with the golden flush of harvest! The lordly squatter of to-day in many instances began life at the foot of the hill. Commencing with a few sheep, he pursued a course that was marked by industry and thrift, until at length he became the lord of many folds and the master of a domain, in some cases, as large as an English county.

It must not, however, be inferred, as some are in danger of doing, that a country with such high advantages renders success absolute and easy. The conditions of success are the same there as elsewhere. Energy, thrift, character, a resolute purpose, untiring industry, a careful husbanding of means, principles that will command confidence,—these are the conditions of success there as elsewhere. But if these be possessed, they contain the pledge of all besides. With these as his stock in trade, the toiler will have his reward. And when a few years have come and gone he will find himself master of a snug home, with the passion-vine clustering around the porch and the clematis and the rose festooning the windows, and the vine, purple or golden with the clusters that hang so temptingly upon its trellised branches, while the orange and banana, the peach and the apricot, the nectarine and plum, with whatever else his wish may plant, or his need desire, crown his orchard, and he himself enjoying in the even-tide of life that well-earned rest which comes so fittingly after a day of labor, with the proud consciousness that his children and children's children are citizens of a commonwealth in which they may rise to any position for which their ambition and ability and opportunities fit them.

The great staple of New South Wales is wool. From the day when, in 1797, a few merino sheep reached the Colony from the Cape to the present, the growth of this industry has been immense. The prosperity of the Colony, in connection with its stock, may be judged from the fact that the export of the products of its pastoral wealth for 1875 reached the sum of over seven million two hundred thousand pounds. The total value of the export of wool from the beginning may be set down in round numbers to close on seventy-eight millions of money. The pastoral holdings, or squatting runs, as they are called, range from fourteen thousand to five hundred thousand acres, and graze from four thousand to one hundred and eighty thou-

sand sheep. The rent paid to the Government for the use of the land is from thirty to eight hundred pounds per annum,—the average of the total rent being about a halfpenny an acre over the whole Colony.

In addition to this great branch of national wealth and the stock interest generally, many others exist, some but in their infancy, others established on a firm and secure basis. In the southern parts of the Coast District large tracts of land are devoted as dairy farms. Northwards the broad alluvial flats are rich in the growth of maize and lucern hay. On the great table-lands of the South and West wheat grows to perfection. In the northern portion of the territory, having an area approaching to four million acres, we find a climate suitable to the growth of sugar and silk, cotton and arrow-root, coffee and tea, and even tropical fruits of nearly every kind. Other districts favorable to the growth of the grape are becoming famous in the production of wine. Sugar is gradually asserting its place in the productions of the country, and in 1874, when the interest might be considered as only taking root, 4,087 acres of land under cultivation yielded 15,355,648 pounds of sugar. The list of fruits includes the well-known varieties that grow in England, with the less known products of more southern lands. The land, in short, is rich in the most luscious fruits,—enough to satisfy the appetite of the most epicurean, and yet scattered with a prodigality that often makes the gift too little thought of.

Passing from these productions of the soil, we would next glance at its mineral wealth. Gold was the magnet that first drew the multitudes to its shores; and though the days are gone when eager thousands turned from the ordinary pursuits of life, all inspired by the thought that they might turn up a fortune by a lucky stroke of pick and shovel, yet still the search for gold occupies the energies of thousands who have settled down to it more as an industry which is to give them livelihood than as a lottery to yield them riches. The gold exists in alluvial deposits and in quartz reefs. The earliest discoveries were of the first class, and very rich were these washings of the ages.

Reefing, or mining for gold in quartz lodes, is the other mode by which the precious metal is obtained. Some of these have yielded immense returns. The harvests of gold gathered out of the far-famed Hawkins Hill would appear fabulous were they not so well authenticated. From two of the mines in that hill, during a period of six months, gold to the value of £162,850 was obtained. Indeed, so rich were the results in a few of the choice claims there in the year 1872 that the glamour of the gold seduced almost every body from his sobermindedness, and not only the rich squatter and the wealthy merchant, but the struggling clerk, the toiling artisan, the servant-maid, and even grave divines, were for the moment touched, smitten with the fever and the thirst for gold. One claim gave 30,000 ounces of gold from 436 tons of stone, another 15,000 from 415 tons, and a third 1,567 from 22 tons. Claims were put upon the market for £120,000, all of which were eagerly rushed at, and in some instances the £1 share attained a market value of £4, thus representing a capital in ore mines of about half a million of money. The total yield of gold for the Colony is represented as 8,436,114 ounces, of the value of £31,413,940.

In addition to this the land has proved rich in copper, in tin, and in iron. Silver, lead, cinnabar, and diamonds have been also found, but as yet they have not risen to any place of prominence in the esteem of speculators. And then, to crown all these rich and varied resources, the Colony possesses immense areas that abound in coal, so much so that it constitutes an element of promise in the future more to be relied on even than gold. The yield of coal is represented by a total of £1,341,132; that of tin discovered within the last five or six years by a total of £1,427,772; that of copper by a total of £1,316,254.

Manufactures of almost all kinds are beginning to take root in the land. In view of these facts, little need be added to proclaim the goodliness of a territory so blessed of God; and of the future we will only say that the elements of the present pledge its prosperity as truly as the green blades of the

farmer's wheat-fields promise the coming harvest. If her people strive to emulate the virtues of the great stock from which it is her pride to have sprung, they too will wield a sovereignty that will be as beneficent as it is mighty, and in the coming time rise with their copartners in dominion to the high position of a greater Britain in the southern world. Of the other colonies we will not now speak. They are fitting compeers of the one of which we have written. We will now pass to give a brief glance at the work which, under God, the Methodist Church has accomplished in these lands.

Methodism in Australia began in 1812, when there were three classes in Sydney and Windsor, numbering eighteen members. The first missionary was Samuel Leigh, who landed at Sydney in August of 1815. The difficulties connected with the establishment of the mission were great, the prospect unhopeful; but though like the mustard-seed in its smallness, it has now become a goodly tree, whose branches now spread themselves throughout Australasia and Polynesia.

In 1853 the Rev. Robert Young went out as a deputy from the British Conference, to organize the Australian Churches into an affiliated conference of that body. At this time it numbered 108 ministers, 414 Churches, 1,208 local preachers, 1,311 Sunday-school teachers, 13,621 Sunday-school children, and 60,524 attendants on public worship. The missions in New Zealand, Friendly Islands, and Fiji were incorporated with the young connection, in the belief that the development of a missionary spirit for the heathen abroad would not hinder, but help, the conference in its work at home. To the conference was thus committed the evangelization of the Southern world, so far as it pertained to Methodism.

In speaking of the interests of the Church as those exist to-day, we may say of them that they have reached a magnitude and influence which constitute a very powerful element in shaping the life of those great communities which are so fast rising into the rank of states. In comparison with other fields, it lacks those features of picturesqueness, that magnetic power, which do so much to command the attention of the Churches to their claims. It has not the fascination of a mission in Italy, nor the grandeur of the work in India, nor the vastness of the work in China, nor the novelty of that in Japan. And yet there gather round it elements of interest, attributes of power, that place it in a position of honor in which it may fairly challenge attention with any of the places to which we have referred. Thus it is ministering to the spiritual necessities of those who have gone forth from the overcrowding populations of the Old World to seek a new home upon Southern shores. There it is shaping and elevating those young but lusty democracies which are so strong in all the elements of material wealth, that to them may be added the moral excellence, the religious worth, which shall make this power a sovereignty that shall bless the nations. And both at home and abroad Australasian Methodism is deporting itself with a zeal and enterprise not unworthy its position and opportunities, and to-day we mark in it a vigor and success which will lead it forth to yet grander achievements, and make the promise of its young life like the flush and glory of morning as it heralds the greater splendor of the perfect day.

The field of its operations is large, so large that it taxes and will tax the utmost liberality and effort of the Church to meet its growing demands. In the north it has the Colony of Queensland, with its wide territory and scattered population, rich in gold, in tin, in copper, rich in its large pastoral resources, with a climate that will grow many of the productions of the tropics, when the great question of labor has been satisfactorily settled,—a baby to-day, but a baby that has the proportions of an infant Hercules. Next comes the Colony of New South Wales, of which we have already fully written. Adjoining them stands the Colony of Victoria, with a population that exceeds that of all her neighbors, and a position of influence of which she has just cause to be proud. Further on is South Australia, famous for the richness of its mines and the plenteousness of its harvests,

and which is opening out on a career that will place her in the future in a position not unworthy the powerful neighbors to whom she is so closely related. And when to these you add Western Australia, with its infant settlements, and Tasmania, with its beauty and productiveness, and New Zealand, with its singly growing provinces, and all those advantages which come from climate and capabilities that have won for it the designation of the Britain of the South, you have within the limits thus hastily sketched a group of states the future of which can not fail to affect the destiny of the world; and to found them in Christian truth and mold them by Christian influence, and follow out their developments with all the guards and sanctities of our divine religion, is at once a noble mission and a solemn responsibility. The importance of all this is clearly seen by others. The Church of England is laboring to take her share in the work; and since in the colonies of Australia she is free from that bastard Romanism which elsewhere has been christened by the name of Ritualism,—a system of which we know not whether most to bemoan the degradation it offers to Gospel truth, or to denounce the unparalleled audacity and faithlessness with which it violate its vows and defies the law,—Methodism wishes it God-speed. Romanism, too, is there forwarding her work. With a sagacity that does her credit, she sees that in the colonial empire of Britain she may reap some of her richest harvests: and with a zeal which we can but respect, however much we may deplore its aims, she is striving with ceaseless effort to forward her projects. Other Churches are also striving in their several lines to champion the cause of Christianity. Among them, as will appear from the facts which we shall presently bring forward, Methodism occupies a not unworthy place.

From the returns of the first General Conference it appears that in the colonies alone the Australasian Church has more than a thousand churches. Among these are some whose size and architectural effectiveness give them an honorable place among the church edifices in the Southern hemispheres; and among them, too, are others of which Methodism is no less proud, the rough-hewn slab-building, or the neater weather-board, in which, as truly as in the grandest temples, the distant settlers in the remote bush prove that it is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. There are, also, about eight hundred and fifty other preaching places. In these far-off lands the place of worship is a small matter, provided only a congregation can be had. And so the squatter's parlor, the settler's kitchen, the hall of a court house, the wool-shed in shearing time, the out-building of a store, are among the places represented here. In spots like these many a wanderer in the wilderness has wept tears of gratitude and joy, because there came to him in his loneness that same old Gospel, whose sweetness spoke to him of heaven and home; and the best consecration of such places is to be found in the fact that despite the drawbacks of their character and surroundings, souls were born for glory there. Another fact which the statistics bring out is, that there are nine hundred and fifty Sabbath-schools, with upwards of seventy-five thousand children. Important as this branch of Church work is every-where, it acquires an added value in Australia from the position which the educational question is taking. The platform of State education in the colony of Victoria may be summed up in the words—secular, compulsory, and free. The influence of this measure will tell on the other colonies, and if they do not adopt that policy in its entireness, there can be little doubt that the forces which are at work to-day will result at length in the abolition of denominational schools, and in the appointment by the State of a common course of secular education, which will place all denominations on an equal footing, leaving the religious element to be provided for by special Church arrangements—possibly to its exclusion altogether. In the face of these facts, the Sabbath-school is viewed with an interest deepened by the greatness of the issues involved, and with a conviction that is growing in interest and breadth, that the work they will have to do in the future will be greater and more important than that which they

have hitherto wrought. Another item in the schedule deserving of notice, is the fact that there are four colleges. In that fact the Church has expressed her desire to give to such of the youth of Methodism as may require it an education that will take them right up to the doors of the university, and that will give them breadth of culture in association with a sound moral and religious training. In these days of mental unrest, when the old faith is put upon a Procrustean bed of critical and scientific inquiry, to be mutilated by irreverent hands—when in other quarters it is represented as an old mode which the larger intelligence of the time has outgrown, and when the danger to youth is from the boldness and subtlety of a philosophy which seeks to break that union between faith and science, which God would have held sacred,—it is of the utmost importance that so far as the Church has the power, she shall protect her youth from these dangers by giving them the advantages of a liberal training that is found in closest alliance with Christian teaching and influences. Methodism in the far south has judged this to be a duty which she owed to them, and as a duty which she owed no less to herself. She has been anxious that they in whom the hopes of the Church centered should be Christian men as well as cultured men. In Democratic countries like hers, with representative institutions that may be a beneficent or a baneful power, according to the spirit by which they are inspired and guided, she thinks that one of the most remunerative forms of Church effort is that which will send out, into the great departments of public life, broad-minded and broad-hearted men, who shall be Christian patriots, working in the State for the promotion of such measures of general utility as shall promise the welfare of the commonwealth, and laboring in the Church to extend that Christianity which is the surest basis of a nation's greatness and the strongest bulwark in its defense. These colleges have also served as theological institutions for the training of ministerial candidates for their great work. The newspaper press is also vigorously worked. Each conference has its organ. In New South Wales there is the *Weekly Advocate;* in Victoria, the *Weekly Spectator;* in South Australia, the *Weekly Methodist Journal;* in New Zealand, the *Monthly Wesleyan.* Add to this the fact that in the colonies and missions there is a membership of sixty thousand, with three hundred and thirty-eight thousand attendants on public worship, and we are confronted with a work, which, for extent, for numbers, for power, for promise, must make the heart leap with gratitude, and draw from the lips the cry, What hath God wrought! Contrasted with that state of things which obtained when Samuel Leigh went out to pioneer this enterprise it reminds one of another contrast which we have seen as an incident of travel.

Going up from Suez some months ago, we were struck with the treeless, verdureless desolation of the desert which spread itself around in the early journey, with its hills, and its hollows bared to the blistering sun, as if the curse of perpetual sterility had laid its ban upon it. But as we passed on and up, and came at length to a region where the waters of the life-giving Nile swept through the land, what a scene of fertility and beauty met the eye! The vivid green of the growing crop, and the white affluence of the ripe one, seemed both to laugh for joy; the reaper bound his sheaves in the field, and the sower trod, as it were, upon his heels; the powerful palms waved their plumed heads as if they offered praise for the blessings of the bounteous heavens and the fruitful earth, and all combined to form a picture which made the eye kindle with admiration and the heart leap with delight. And so is it with the cause of which we write. The drought and barrenness of the past have been followed by a time of glorious Summer fullness—"the wilderness and the solitary place have become glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

So great has been the growth of the Church that it has been found necessary to supersede the one Inter-colonial Annual Conference, which had the entire oversight of the Church, by four annual conferences, with a General Conference to be held once in three years, the annual conferences being the adminis-

trative bodies, the General Conference only possessing legislative power. Both these bodies are composed of ministers and laymen. The lay question has thus received a very happy solution. Running up from the leader's meeting through the circuit quarterly meeting to the district meeting, then to the annual conference, and so on, in regular order, to the General Conference—the Supreme Court of Methodism, it presents an order, a harmony of relation and effectiveness which can not fail in the future greatly to strengthen and extend the cause whose past has been so prosperous.

The funds of Australasian Methodism show that due regard has been had to her financial economy, and that it rests on a broad, firm basis. The Children's Fund is formed by a *pro rata* charge upon the circuits for the support of the children of ministers up to a certain age. The Education Fund, which assists in their education, is raised by a collection through all the circuits. These funds are auxiliary to the ministerial stipend, and are connectional in their character. For the training of candidates for the ministry a yearly collection is made in the circuits. The Supernumerary Ministers' and Widows' Fund is formed by a contribution of nine guineas from each circuit for every minister laboring within it. Supplemented by a personal contribution from each minister of six guineas, the whole forming a grand fund, from which allowances are made according to a scale, which has been calculated with as much precision as the tables of an insurance society. The home mission work of each conference is provided for by annual collections both at sermons and public meetings, lady collectors, and Sunday-school Home Mission Society. The foreign missions are provided for by a similar organization, and are fed by the same sources of income. The revenue of each fund is kept distinct, and is administered by different committees. Book concerns exist in all the colonies, and are doing a great work in sending forth a stream of pure literature among the people.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the work of missions in connection with the Australasian Church. Much might be written thereon, but we can only touch it. Nowhere in the history of missionary enterprise can you find a more stirring tale than that which is given in the early record of the work in Fiji, contrasted with the story of that work to-day. Look at it in the past. Mark Fiji as she stands there cursed with a superstition that was the very embodiment of all that was degrading and fierce and devilish; her heart wild with murder, her hands stained with blood, her feasts a carnival of human flesh, her coasts a very habitation of all that was diabolic, wrapped round in the garments of her own misdeeds, a siren that had doom in her voice and death in the cup of her enchantment; whose cave was a very chamber of ghostliness, sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. And what have you to-day? You have Fiji lifted up from the degradation, liberated from the spirit of blood and desolation, which, vampire-like, was draining her of life, with the demon brood cast out, and she, like the freed demoniac, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in her right mind. You have Fiji with sanctuaries, where crowding thousands gather to hear the Word of Life, with homes from which there goeth up to God the voice of a worship that breathes the litanies of pleading hearts, and with sons who are going forth to-day to other heathen lands, obedient to the impulses of Christian charity, as bearers of that blessed Gospel which has done so much for them. There she is, Fiji raised, Fiji renewed, her harbors a resting-place for ships of all nations, as they traverse the great highway of the ocean, and she herself an appanage of that mighty empire, whose drum-beat makes the circuit of the world, and beneath whose flag she rests as beneath an overshadowing presence that is the pledge of her peace and prosperity.

And then what shall we say of Tonga? Go back some fifty years, and you will see a good, brave man plant himself in the Friendly Islands group to study their superstition, to learn their tongue, and then, with no weapon but the Bible, and no power but

the power of God in his own heroic labors, to begin that great spiritual revolution, which, in the completeness of its work, is so glorious a fact to-day. And now visit Tonga on the 28th of June, 1876. There is a stir and excitement in the place which tell you this is no common day. Two guns woke the echoes at daybreak, and a royal salute of twenty-one guns poured forth their thunders at noon. The square at Nuknulofa is bright with tents and platforms, some of which are covered with canvas and others with the leaves of the nut-tree. Bright banners flutter in the breeze; crowding thousands are gathered as for some great pageant. And as the bending and graceful palms that frame the picture smile back to the bright Tongan sky, the whole forms a scene the effect of which would delight a painter, and the moral meaning of which must excite the Christian's gratitude and joy. It is the jubilee of Tongan Methodism. The spirit that has projected the proceedings may be gathered from the king's motto that encircles one of the tents, "God and Tonga my inheritance," and from that which may be read on another, "The Bible for Tonga." At the beat of the natives' drum and the summons of the bell, the king, with his guard of honor, appears as the central figure in the proceedings of that day. Around him are his State dignitaries—William Tugi, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; Tevita Ahomee, Chief-justice; Prince Tevita Uga, Premier; and Kaliobase Malubo, Minister of Lands, with leading chiefs, who came as godly men to glorify the grace of God in Tonga. And they are there not only to talk but to act. As an expression of their gratitude to the grand old man who brought them the Gospel, they send him their love and one hundred pounds. But they are there to shew their love to God and Tonga by deeds which shall be a source of perpetual blessing to the land. They will establish an endowment fund for the help of the native work in the group; they will build five memorial churches and a college hall; and as a pledge of the strength of their purpose, six thousand pounds are raised toward the twenty thousand which will be required. We do not wonder, therefore, that the grand old king should say at the close of his speech, while his heart brimmed over with the gladness that filled it, "I think if the leaves of the trees of Tonga could speak, and if the soil of Tonga had mouths, they would shout forth their thanks to God for what he has done for our land."

Of Samoa and Rotumah and New Britain and New Ireland we can not now speak. The theme is tempting, and we would fain dwell upon it, but must forbear. Enough has been said to show that even now Australasian Methodism is reaching out toward England, her august mother, and America, her great and growing sister, that she may join hands with them in a blessed union of love and labor, to lift up the burdened, the depraved, the tearful world into the light of God's purity and into the benediction of God's peace.

STRENGTH.

HE may be strong who bravely meets
  Death when his life is fair and sweet;
When only joy his full heart greets,
  And earth with hope is all replete;
But stronger he who nobly treads
  Life's path when all is rough and drear;
When grief with night his sky o'erspreads,
  And earth is robbed of light and cheer.

Strong he may be who sternly wields
  His power to meet a selfish end;
Who calmly to his purpose yields
  Alike an enemy and friend;
But stronger he who for the right
  Strikes low ambition and desire;
Who, servile to the outward sight,
  Is master of the hidden fire.

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER X.

AT last the house was quiet again, and all were asleep at the still hour of the dawn, save Marah, who tenderly watched the gray head on Ruby's pillow.

In the morning the damage by the fire was found to be slight, extending only to the furniture, and the blackening of the walls of Robert's room.

Aunt Patience, though somewhat shaken in nerve by her fright, and very weary, decided not to lose the chance of sailing by this steamer, and was early equipped for the ride to the coast-town, which, on this occasion, was to be taken with Peter for a coachmen, leaving Mercury and Peter's wife at home with Marah.

The parting with Aunt Patience was very hard, for the stricken woman had been diverted a little from her sorrow by the serene presence of the guest.

"You will come to us soon, I am sure," she said, taking Marah's hand kindly in both her own. "Remember, you saved my life, Marah."

"No, no; your life was not in danger."

"I think it must have been, for Rachel had certainly lost her head."

"That's sartain!" said Rachel, busy with her parcels, armed already with her "umberell;" "and the wust on't is, I ain't likely to find the best part on't agin."

"I hope you will, for I shall find use for it," said Aunt Patience smiling.

"Don't think you'll miss what I've lost, Miss Patty, much as *I* do. My *idees* are all right. *Them* can't be knocked out or slopped round."

They looked at her in puzzled surprise; but she bustled about doing all she needed to do with a grim, dissatisfied face.

"What have you lost Rachel?" said Miss Thorn, knowing her rueful look betokened an injury of some sort.

"Nothin' to speak on."

"But I wish to know, Rachel," she repeated.

"Wall, my false front, for one thing."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Marah; "are you sure it is gone?"

"Yes; I've sarched and sarched, and I think it got soppin' wet from them buckets o' water they throwed, and then kinder chucked out, likely's not, in the rags they mopped up with."

Marah feared this was true, but said she "hoped she could find it."

"'Tain't so much consequence," said Rachel, gloomily; "I often thought 't was a temptation and a snare. I set so much store by it. If it ain't found, I shall know there was a providence in it; but I don't feel so reconciled 'bout my teeth. *Them* was useful; that'ere top-knot—wa-all, if 't wa'n't ornamental, 't wa' n't nothin'. My head ain't cold without it."

Sad as the moment was, they could not help laughing. Rachel was really the great sufferer by the fire. Not only was her treasured front gone, but her back teeth, quietly bathing themselves in a glass of cold water, had been thrown away or lost in the hurried clearing of the room.

She laughed, too, and then added:

"'Tain't no more 'n I desarve, putterin' 'round with a candle, to find a man. You need n't tew fuss to find 'em. I've got enough laid by for a new set; but if you should see 'em layin' 'round loose anywhere, they might as well be kept. 'Tain't likely they 'd fit any body else."

And amid all this, Marah was watching Miss Thorn's face, and Patience was having a heart-ache about leaving her, though she could hardly have told why.

"You will come as early as you can, and come at once to me if you want to. I will tell Ruby you will be there soon, and love her for you till you come. I know you feel that you want to see every thing right here, and I honor you for it; but you are to come as quickly as ever it is finished."

And then,—for something in the suffering woman's eyes, a hunger such as Patience

Thorn hardly understood, for her own soul knew the fullness there is in God, touched her great heart,—she bent the fair old face down to the dark one and kissed her on the cheek.

Poor Marah, it was pity and not love, and she knew it; but it blessed her as no amount of words or promises or prayers would have done; for it unsealed the frozen tears and made her cry, a good, long, hearty cry, such as sometimes saves a woman's heart from bursting, when nothing else in the world would do it.

The carriage rolled away out of sight, but she did not see it; the sound of the wheels died away, but she did not hear it; for she sat in her room, as many a woman has done before, and cried till there were no more tears.

Then she went to work to gather her own little treasures together; to close up the empty rooms, and arrange for all to be left with Pete and his wife, who would occupy a part of the old mansion till further orders from Mr. Thorn.

It was noon and past, before she reached the little anteroom, and took her last look of the fire-blackened chamber from which she had borne the gray-haired friend to safety. Somehow she could not bear to linger there. She liked better to remember it as she had seen it before, when, there in the bed, Lucia first showed her the face of her baby, or even as it had been with Robert lying there asleep by the window, as on those last days before they carried him away. It was in order, so far as it could be, but it was Rachel's touch that early in the morning had "straightened things out;" partly to seek her lost hair and teeth, and partly to repair the mischief she had done. The chairs stood straight against the blackened wall; the dust and ashes had been swept away; the water-soaked articles removed, and the windows left open to the sun and air. The bed was moved down from its accustomed place, and when Marah took hold of it at the foot to push it back again, the high head-board encountered some obstruction. She went to look and found that behind the head of the bed, a little door, not more than a foot and a half square, had opened, and presenting its edge to the head-board, prevented its moving into place. Astonished, for she had no previous knowledge of such a door, she closed it, and found that it made just one perfect panel in a false door that had once led into the corridor, but which had been sealed up years and years ago, to make this place for the bed. Once closed, there was nothing whatever to suggest the existence of such an opening; but Marah kept at work, until she found that a heavy pressure near the middle of the panel caused the door to fly open. The wall was a thick one, and upon the outside had been closed smoothly, on a level with the corridor wall, so that there was no indication that a door had ever been there. The entire space had evidently been closed with the exception of a closet, no longer than the little door, and not more than a foot in depth. Marah, trembling with excitement, passed her hand around in the darkness, and it fell upon the edges of what seemed to be a metallic box of some sort. It seemed hard and cold as iron, and she could not move it from its place. She felt in vain for handles or any means of entrance to this mysterious case, and was about to give up in despair, when at one end her fingers come in contact with a little key, already fixed in the lock. It was not complicated, for the little safe had not been thus protected from burglars but from fire, and readily yielded to pressure. She lifted the lid, and her hands rested first upon a package of papers, large and closely sealed; then smaller parcels, one, two; another still, this time heavier than the others. If outward evidence was needed to show her that she had found the hidden safe and the treasure of which Richard had read in the will, the parcels were marked in an unmistakable manner:

"The property of Rubetta Thorn, to be guarded, unopened, until such time as she shall be of age to derive pleasure from the jewels and profit from the possession."

What could this mean? that she might guard them? No, no; Robert had supposed his brother would find them. He must have meant to tell him of this safe. She must not keep them, though she was tempted to hide them, to watch them, to keep this at least where no

one could prevent her giving it to Ruby when the right time came. If Robert knew all, if he had known his brother was capable of suggesting that his child could be a slave, or could be treated like a slave, would he not have wished her at least to keep this from him? She was not afraid of Richard now. She was only glad with a fierce kind of gladness, that this much power was not in his hands but in hers. Should she not keep it? Then came swift thoughts of this woman who would love Ruby, and who could protect her, as she, poor slave, could never do. She would go to her. She would trust her. She would understand it. Had she not grasped her hand? had she not kissed her? She gathered the treasures up, and hastily locked the box, taking with her the little key, and replaced the door and the bed as they had been before the fire.

Hurriedly summoning Mercury, she bade him prepare to take her to the port; and while he made ready, she prepared to follow the travelers who had started only a few hours before.

Her last directions to Pete's wife were quickly given. She knew she should meet Pete or see him before his return, and then hardly waiting for a last look at Ruby's room, she hurried forth. Half through the corridor, she went back, and, throwing herself by Ruby's bed, buried her face in the pillow and prayed. Then she went forth to her work of restitution with more peaceful countenance than she had worn since long ere Robert died.

It was a hard, hot journey, but she would not stop to rest. Usually they took the day for it, but on this occasion no delays were permitted. Fortunately Mercury was the coachman, and Mercury was accustomed to obey. Had old Pete been on the box he would have rebelled at such hard use of "poor dear Massa Robert's horses." Marah had but one thought—to arrive in time to talk with Miss Patience, to intrust to her the treasure and the story of her child; to throw the girl's interests upon the faithfulness of this good woman, confiding to her all her fears.

Before the day moved on to sunset, she had wearied her brain saying over and over to herself the tale she meant to tell, and as the sunset faded to twilight and the stars came out, her anxiety grew intense. At last they began the descent of a long sloping hill, the last before they entered the town, from the summit of which they could see the river and the bay and the dark blue stretch of the sea beyond. Marah's eyes swept the horizon with an anxious glance. All was still and serene as the most tranquil Summer night. The lights of the town glimmered along the shore, and the peace of the hour seemed to calm the excited brain and to quiet the fevered throbbing of her heart, when among the lights a dark column of black smoke began to rise toward heaven, a mammoth shadow to drift out into the waters of the bay.

"Golly! dar she goes!" said Mercury, urging the horses with a great flourish of his whip.

Marah held her breath, and locked her hands tighter around the parcel she held in her hand, while her eager eyes strained through the darkness.

They did their best. The horses' hoofs hardly seemed to touch the ground. The dust rolled in clouds behind them. Marah kept her eyes on the moving pillar of cloud; but fast as they went, faster and steadier the great ship steamed out of the bay, and when they plunged into the streets of the town and out again by the pier, it was already out of sight; even the mocking, dancing lights were gone, and the cloud was swallowed up in the sea.

CHAPTER XI.

ONCE out at sea, Richard seemed to have come to himself again. The dark cloud lifted from his brow, the hard lines softened about his mouth, and his voice grew sympathetic and kindly. Walking the deck with his head erect, taking in God's pure air in deep breaths that reddened the blood in his veins, he wondered at himself, and at the strange nightmare of conflicting motives that had been upon him. He was heartily glad that here, near him, sitting under the awning on deck, her great sorrowful eyes searching hopelessly

the sea and the sky for what she had lost, was Ruby, his brother's child. He realized what remorseful days his would have been if she, with Marah, had been left behind. His bark had come near shipwreck, and had escaped the rocks. The great waves of a deadly sin had gone by, but not over him; and he was glad, but, in his gladness, there was no consciousness of how strained and weakened a soul becomes in such a storm—how ill prepared to meet another trial when it shall come. All affairs looked brighter to him, and he felt strong again to cope with them; and wondered why the temptation should have come at all, for he could not believe that when once the force of his hand and his will should be laid upon the things that seemed against him, that they would prove beyond his control. So he strengthened himself in his own strength, and no light of a real self-knowledge or penitence shone into his soul. It was not purified. The black-winged brood only crept to the bottom of his heart and slept.

And Hugh brightened in the light of his father's face, and seemed to lift himself up and shake off the depression of the last week's scenes, and to forget the constant burden he was trying to share of the sorrow that was not his own.

He missed Uncle Robert, too, for he had learned to love him; but he felt the trust laid on him of Ruby's peace was almost too great for him to bear. If once he could have seen her happy he would have felt as if his work was well begun, but while she simply accepted his care as if she wanted to be alone and undisturbed, he was like a man destined to carry a burden while he exhausts his strength in endeavoring to lift it to his shoulder. He was half relieved at Marah's absence, though he blamed himself for being glad at what added to Ruby's sorrow. Yet the woman made him uncomfortable. His keen insight detected that his father did not like or trust her. Yet he meant to keep his word, and protect his cousin for her till she came back, and he inwardly added *from* her, too, if she should need it.

He watched day by day with boyish devotion and manly protectiveness each sign of returning interest and pleasure in his charge. He knew enough to leave her often alone, though he never seemed too far away, if she wanted any thing, to know it without her telling him. He was as full of youth as if he had not been held to a life of pain, and talked about a future of work and study for himself.

"You will have to make a man of me, little cousin," he said playfully; "you will study and learn, and I must work or be left behind."

And it was not in girl nature to fail to be interested in his talk, and she listened, sometimes wishing he would not tell her of his plans, for it seemed to her a sin against her father to feel as if she cared to hear of any thing in which he had no part. But Hugh's spirit was so gentle and brave that he often won her away from her bitterness before she knew it. He did not talk to her of God or of his share in her father's fate any more; for she was so sore with a sense that an unloving tyranny of power had been exercised toward a helpless creature who had prayed to be spared, that he saw such ministry did her more harm than good. Once he spoke of prayer, and she answered:

"I do not pray any more, Hugo." He was silent, and she added: "I do not want any thing you know, and if I did I could not ask. I have never prayed since my father died, and I am sorry now that I ever did before."

Hugh stood thinking about all this, leaning over the rail of the vessel one night after she had gone to her room, and his father, who was pacing up and down, stopped and studied the boy's earnest face.

"Well, my son, what is it all about?" he said, throwing his arm across Hugh's shoulder. The boy responded quickly to this caress, for of late his father had not seemed to love to have him near, and seized his father's hands in both of his.

"I was thinking it all over, papa; the days since we went down, you know, and most of all I was thinking of Ruby."

"Well, what about her, my son?"

"Are you not going to love her, papa?"

"Why, of course I am," he answered; "but just now I fancy she does not want my love. She only wants your Uncle Robert."

"But she needs you, for all that, dear father."

"How do you know? has she told you?"

"No, no; but I know I should feel, if you were gone to heaven, father, as if I did not want Uncle Robert, or any body but you. But it would do me good, all the same, to know Uncle Robert loved me, though I might not appreciate it as I ought."

The man was silent. "If he were in heaven,"—and the boy never doubted his fitness for such a place; if Robert were here; if Hugh were the child bereft of a father! It was a new way to look at it, certainly; and he was glad it was evening, that Hugh could not see his face.

But Hugh remembered that the brothers loved each other, and patted the hand he held, saying, gently:

"And the saddest thing of all is, father, that Ruby can not be made to believe that God loves and pities her. So we who do believe it ought to comfort her the more; for nothing can be so terrible as that."

"We who do believe,"—the man drew his hand away suddenly, and walked hastily up and down in the darkness.

Good heavens! he thought, what possessed the boy, that his low, loving words should sting like scorpions, should dart like burning fiery serpents at his heart? What power was in that fair-haired, smooth-browed boy, that brought back his mother's face, his prayer at her knee, the Bible stories at Aunt Patty's side, the white face of Robert sleeping the sleep of death in the moonlight, and the voice he heard under the sound of the waves, "Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat."

After this night Richard went a step farther toward Rubetta than to be glad she had not been left behind. He talked to her frequently, and tried to dispel her sadness with a kindly care that at times was almost tender. Hugh rejoiced greatly at this, and talked of his father's loneliness until even poor Ruby was moved to make him happier by trying to like him better; and she responded, when he talked, and even learned to smile when he approached.

But notwithstanding the effort of the father and the tender solicitude of the son, the girl could not readily rally from the effects of the grief and the change. Little by little she ceased her interest in any thing they did or said, or made such an effort to be interested as ended in a painful and languid reaction. Nothing could have hurt Hugh more than this state of things, for his experience of life was not sufficient to show him that such reactions were only natural, and that he could do nothing in the world with her but let her alone. Poor fellow! he had yet to learn that his uncle, in committing her happiness to his care, had never intended to hold him responsible for her peace through every circumstance and hour of her life. He was doing all he could, and his disappointment at failing to gladden her hours, at being unable to make up even for Marah's absence, was none the less real because it was entirely unreasonable.

The excitement and strain of the last weeks, the constant soreness of heart, the drain upon his sympathies, had been a harder ordeal for his physical strength than any one, save himself, knew. The racking pain in the crippled limb came back again, and drove sleep away from the night. Fever, alternated by prostration, laid its hand upon him, and before the steamer arrived at Norfolk, Hugh was really ill.

The boat was to stay for a day, and the party went ashore; but the exertion was too much for the suffering boy, and, hard as he fought to hide it, the fever was upon him with great violence long before night.

Richard, seeing he seemed weary, had left the two young people together on the veranda of the hotel while he went out for a walk. Rubetta watched the moving throng in the street; and Hugh, after sitting for a few moments with his hat before his eyes, said, wearily:

"Cousin, I think I will go inside. The light of the sun blinds me, and, strange as it may seem, I see faces all around me in the air."

She started, and looked at him search-

ingly. His face was crimson, his eyes blazing with fever.

"Why, Hugo, you are ill, very ill. What idiots we are not to have seen it!" and she took hold of his arm, and they passed into the parlor, where he walked like one blind to a great arm-chair in the corner.

"It is all so strange!" he said. "Do n't mind me, Ruby, dear; I am not ill, I only see countless faces—every body's face that I ever knew—but, clearest, Marah's and Uncle Robert's."

"For Heaven's sake, Hugh, do n't talk so; you frighten me;" and she rushed from the room. No one was in sight. Darting down the corridor, she turned a corner to go toward the office, when she ran straight into the arms of a man, outstretched in involuntary self-protection. She did not look at him, she hardly saw him, but she held tight to the hands that had caught her, panting, and was only able to say:

"Oh, come quickly, sir. My cousin Hugo is ill; he does not know what he says. Do come and help me. What ever shall I do with him?"

"Where is he? We shall see what can be done;" and, nothing loath to be led by so fair a captive, he was taken at once to the parlor.

Poor Hugh was standing in the middle of the room in great excitement at Ruby's loss, and he broke forth, addressing the stranger in piteous tones.

"Oh, how good you are! you have brought her back. You will not take her away? I will keep my promise; I can not have her taken away;" and he seized Ruby's hand in his own.

Instinctively the stranger seemed to comprehend the fancy, and he answered, cheerfully:

"No, indeed, dear fellow; I will not take her away. I 'd rather trust her to you than to any one," and he glanced toward Ruby.

"Yes, yes; that 's right," Hugh muttered. "I will take care of her. I know where the little key is, and Marah will not dare to hide the books. Go away; you shall not have the keys," he exclaimed as a colored woman appeared at the door, in answer to the stranger's ring.

"Yes, go away," the gentleman said to the girl, as if repeating Hugh's command; "but go at once to the proprietor and tell him to send a physician to my room, number eighty-seven, with all speed; then tell him to come to me himself."

Meantime Hugh relapsed into quiet, muttering to himself, like one half in sleep and half in madness.

A moment later, and the landlord's face, red from his haste, appeared at the door.

"This young gentleman has been taken suddenly ill," said the stranger. "I want you to prepare for him the most quiet room in the house."

"Yes, yes; what 's the matter? Why, bless my soul, it 's young Mr. Thorn! Why, his father only stepped out an hour ago to walk round to the bank," he said.

"Send for him at once," said the other. "And the doctor; is he coming?"

"Yes, yes; he 's only round the corner. He won't be a minute."

"But we must not wait for that," said the stranger, dropping his peremptory tone, and approaching Ruby, who stood, pale and trembling, with Hugh holding tight to her hand. "I can do something for him myself."

As he approached, Hugh started up as if his vision returned, and he said, pleadingly:

"Do n't, Uncle Robert, do n't let him take her away."

"No, no, my friend; I will not take her away. But you shall come with me, both of you. See, she shall keep hold of your hand."

Hugh obeyed at once, but, though the other supported him, he staggered; and after an attempt at leading him the man bent down and gathered the wavering figure up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and bore him from the room.

For the first moment Ruby took her eyes from Hugh and looked at him, and over her confused senses swept such a sense of wonder at this act as for a moment put her terror out of sight.

How strong he was! Why, she did not know a man could be so strong. Her father

had been so feeble; Hugh was so ill and weak. Even Uncle Richard could not have done this. But this strange man, why, he is like Samson! At this instant he looked back over his shoulder and smiled, as if to throw back to her some ray of his courage and strength. She forgot Samson, but she remembered, in the legends of the Norseland, how glorious the young Vikings were in manly strength and beauty.

"Run on before, will you, and open my door for me," he said, and she hastened to obey.

She entered the room before them. It was like any hotel chamber that is given over to to the tender mercies of colored maids whose only *mistress* is a *man*. It was dusty, dingy, and uninviting. A huge English portmanteau stood open, occupying the only two chairs in the room.

Only one thing saved the apartment from being exactly like hundreds of such rooms all over the land, and that was a picture of a lady that stood upon the mantel. The little doors of the dark morocco shrine were unclosed, revealing a face of great dignity and beauty. It was not a young face, but bands of gray hair were round about it like a coronet, and the haughty mouth seemed to have unbent its curves and smiled somewhat against its will.

Ruby could not help seeing it, for she stopped by the mantel as the strong man laid his burden tenderly upon his bed, yet she did not know she looked at all. Only afterward there was left on her mind an impression, which she could not throw off, as if a beautiful lady herself were shut in among those dingy surroundings, and was all surprised and half offended at the place in which she found herself. But then and there she thought nothing at all.

From the moment when she had brought the stranger to Hugh she had hardly spoken. She waited till he laid him tenderly on the pillows, loosening the garments about his throat; and when he turned and looked at her she met his eyes, and whispered:

"Tell me, tell me what to do next."

"The doctor not home, sah—sent for 'nudder one," said a voice at the door.

"Then we must help him ourselves, Miss," said the stranger, who had not yet withdrawn his hands from under Hugh's head. "Can you stay here while I get servants and hot water and the medicine I want?"

"Yes," said the girl, quietly.

He started quickly out; at the door he paused and again threw back a smile, and said, as if he had heard the terrified beating of her heart:

"You are not to fear. I shall only be gone a moment. There is nothing alarming. It is only a high fever, and some people are made delirious very easily; that is, when not very ill. He will soon be better."

Hardly was he gone when the door opened, and the landlord entered with the physician. While he examined the patient two servants came gently in, and, taking the portmanteau between them, carried it noiselessly from the room. At the same instant the landlord whispered:

"I have ordered the three rooms in the north wing made ready for you, but Mr. Monteith, the gentleman who had this room, says it is more quiet, and the young gentleman must not be moved."

"I am so sorry," began Ruby, "to have him disturbed."

"It does not matter to him. He goes away to-morrow," said the landlord, hurriedly; for he caught a sight of Mr. Thorn's figure passing through the hall. He rushed out and took him by the arm, saying softly:

"There is the room, Mr. Thorn. Here is your boy."

Richard came without a word, his face set in the hard gray pallor that Ruby had seen only once, and Marah more than once. His lips were compressed, and his whole manner one of intense emotion restrained by the force of his will.

He walked straight to the bed. The boy was tossing and moaning and talking in an incoherent fashion, giving a strange jumble of all his latest impressions.

Richard took no heed of Ruby or the doctor or the people who peered curiously in at the door, but went straight to his boy and bent down over him, and gazed in almost uncontrollable distress into the wandering,

restless eyes. He had been strolling idly through the town, when suddenly from the door of a pharmacy a tall man stepped before him, saying, "I beg your pardon, but are you not Mr. Thorn?"

"That is my name," said Richard, a little haughtily.

"I want to tell you that an attack of fever has made your son so ill at the hotel that they thought best to send for you. I do not think you need be alarmed in the least," he added, "for I have just seen him, but it is best you should return to say what shall be done."

Richard hardly knew whether he thanked him or not, or how he got home. The stranger's manner had been most reassuring. Yet *fear* was the master in his soul, in which over all the realm of his affections, however he might ignore it or forget it, this boy with the stricken body and princely soul sat crowned and throned.

"Absolute quiet and the utmost care," said the grave physician. "Let us secure these for a few days now, and we may save him a serious and protracted illness."

"You think it possible then to avert this result?"

"I do most certainly. His nervous system has been greatly taxed; but the delirium is not an alarming phase of the fever. He needs soothing and care, and to see about him cheerful, loving faces. With these helps a few days ought to restore him."

"Can I not secure those at sea?" asked his father, grasping eagerly this encouragement. "It is of the utmost importance that we go on."

"Impossible, my dear sir, unless, indeed, the interests at stake outweigh the value of a life. I would not even warrant his removal to the boat."

There was nothing to do but to submit, and Richard did it with the best grace possible under the circumstances, but not at all with the grace that would have marked his submission had he feared his boy would die. Alas for poor human nature! He lavished love upon the sick one, but his love was never free from the longing to have Hugh struggle up so that they might be gone.

The night was one of great anxiety, for the fever did not abate, and, notwithstanding all their efforts, the troubled brain seemed to find no repose.

It was growing late, and as Ruby stood beside the bed, having at last persuaded Richard to leave her to take some food, trying in gentle accents to soothe the incoherent ravings, through the open door a tall figure moved softly to her side. No one spoke, and she hardly looked up, but she knew the presence, and when a strong, warm, white hand was held out to feel Hugh's brow, she knew it was the hand that had laid him on the pillow.

"He is better," he said. And she looked up and met the eyes that had twice smiled her out of her fears.

"I think so; but he is so restless. If I only knew how to quiet him. If only Marah were here!"

"I can quiet him if you will allow me," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I should be so grateful; but," she added, looking up, "I don't know that I ought to let you. His father will be back soon, and you have done so much already."

"I have done nothing yet, and I think I could quiet him, poor fellow," he said gently, turning to the moaning boy. "Suppose you let me have my own way, then, until his father comes. I want to see Mr. Thorn."

She stepped back and gave him her place at the bedside. He at once sat down, and, taking both the sick boy's hands in one of his, began to pass the other gently over the fevered brow.

Hugh moved uneasily, opened his eyes, and looked long and steadily, as if scanning the face above him. Ruby looked too, and together the young souls made their mute exploration of this older soul, which smiled out of clear, shining eyes into Hugh's, but gave no answer to the darker pair of eyes that were fixed upon him too. It was indeed a face worthy of a legend or a story—so strong, so resolute, and, at the same time, so tender. Not a feature was handsome. The brow was too rugged, the mouth too firm, for beauty. All the smiling was in the eyes, and through them the light poured

over the whole countenance. An experienced student of human nature might have said, "Here is a man who could lead an army to victory and yet spare a fallen foe; who would take life as he found it, and make it what he wished it; a man whose voice and word would weigh with other men in the world's hot strife of tongues; born for victories and successes; worthy, by some high right of leadership that men always recognize but never define, to move forward and draw other men after him."

Ruby only felt "how strong he is!" and Hugh, growing every moment more and more quiet under the soothing touches of the hands that held him, seemed to have struggled to some dim true perception of the spirit that was ministering to his own; for after he had lain quite still awhile, he said, looking up trustfully:

"Are you—are you St. Christopher? Are you the strong one that carries the weak ones over?"

The clear eyes drooped an instant, and then he answered reverently, yet smiling at the sick fancy:

"I should like to be that. We all ought to be Christophers, and carry the weak ones over whenever we can."

"Yes, yes," murmured the sick boy, half-asleep; "then I will let you carry me. And when I am tired, will you carry Ruby too, over all the hard places? That 's what Uncle Robert wants."

"Oh, yes, if she will let me," and then, as Hugh's eyes closed drowsily, he added in a lower tone, "we will hope the hard places will be smooth before Ruby comes to them."

But Ruby had turned away, and she was standing by the mantel, facing the picture, which had not been removed when the other things were taken from this room, but which she could hardly see in the dim light. He rose softly from the bedside, and came to her side, saying:

"He seems to be sleeping quietly, now, and I will go, unless I can serve you by remaining. I am accustomed to being among sufferers, and if I can help your father through the night, will you tell him my room adjoins his own? Ah," he said, as his eye caught the picture, "there is my mother's face."

Ruby could not trust herself to speak, the anxiety of the day had unnerved her, and she feared to trust her voice; but she closed the picture and passed it to him. He glanced tenderly at it.

"I always put it where I can see it when I come in, and I fancy it welcomes me and brightens the room, however gloomy it may be. It's the next thing to having the mother herself, is it not?"

"I don't know," said Ruby, choking. "I can hardly remember my mother," and if she had not restrained herself, she would have added, bitterly, "and my father is gone too, and Marah, and now Hugh perhaps is going, and yet you talk about the hard things being smoothed before I come to them."

But the peaceful sleeping face near her hushed the rebellious sob that came near being an outright cry, and he saw only that she was young and troubled, and inwardly chided himself for saying the very thing he should not have said, replaced the picture in a better light, and said, as he turned to go:

"I am so sorry. See! I am going to leave my mother here. She is the best patron saint I ever knew, and I am sure she will take care of you."

And Ruby said she thanked him, when in her heart she wished he had taken his mother away. She wanted her own mother, her own father, not an other's.

At the door he met Mr. Thorn, and the two grasped hands warmly, and Richard gave thanks that were true enough to make up for the lack of meaning in Ruby's words.

"Do you leave, to-morrow, Mr. Monteith?" asked Richard.

"It was my purpose, as I am going farther South; but I may delay a few days longer. My plans are not completed."

"I hope for our sakes you may be delayed, for there is a prospect of no short imprisonment for my son, I fear."

"I do not think it will be so long as you apprehend. He is better already."

"Thanks to your visit, I am sure," said Richard, and they parted for the night.

And the next day passed, and another and another, until the fourth, since Hugh had been confined to the room. Richard devoted himself with assiduous tenderness to him, and Ruby seemed to forget that life had ever held any thing for her but this cousin.

Both realized with regret how sorely his loving nature had been hurt by their pain; how terribly he had been crushed by their burden, and while the father renewed his resolve to neglect nothing hereafter that could brighten his life of affliction, Ruby took in the fact that Hugh could not be happy if she were wretched. So she began to minister where she had received ministry, and was surprised at her own power of self-control and self-surrender.

The attacks of fever returned, but more lightly day by day, and generally unaccompanied with delirium. Once or twice he wandered a little, and when he did he was sure to ask for the "strong one," and the strong one was ever at hand. For Graham Monteith, for reasons best known to himself, had not yet gone. Every day he sat for an hour or two beside the couch where Hugh still lingered, while Richard took Ruby out for a walk or a drive in the suburbs, and when they came back they invariably found the patient better for the change of nurses.

CHAPTER XII.

With all our psychological progress, we are yet very far from knowledge of the spiritual laws that govern us. We can not define the power one soul may exercise over another to soothe or to inspire. Shy as Hugh was among men, admiring their physical strength, the boy had never before come in contact with the spiritual forces that dominated his own. He had never before seen such a man as he had thought he would like to be.

So instinctively delicate were his own perceptions that most of his father's friends disappointed him by betraying qualities which repelled; but which, constituted as he was, he could not help discovering any more than a leaf can prevent a consciousness of frost.

Not roughness of manner but coarseness of spirit disturbed him. Yet he felt it so generally that he wondered if it was a necessary result of contact with the world. But whether his soul went straight and sure at the truth concerning character, defying the mind's analytic processes, or whether the impression left on his mind when in the exaltation of delirium was too strong to be effaced, it was certain that Hugo, shy, sensitive Hugo, trusted and rested in this stranger. He dropped, for the time being, his burden on him, and felt as if he would take care of him in his weakness, and of Ruby too. He thought he would like to be like him, and wondered if he could ever *learn* enough and grow to be enough a man in brain and life to be the friend of such a one. He had always been studying people, or feeling them without studying them, and carrying them on his heart. Here was a man who came into the room like a fresh breeze from across an upland heath, whose presence was like a tonic; the touch of whose hands was a strength, who did nothing, and said nothing, another might not have done or said; yet who left Hugh stimulated to do and be his very best; yet rested as if he had been carried on somebody's heart. It was a new experience, and Hugh let himself down and leaned hard.

He told Hugh wonderful tales of other countries, of the school life at Eton, and college days at Oxford, a life about which the boy had thrown such a halo of charms as only a mind can weave which tries to make its imaginations supply the hope of reality. The difference in their years could not be more than ten, but it might as well have been a century; for it was the difference between a life that can go out all through the world's wide fields, and take whatever it will, and the life that must lie still, and take what is brought for its empty hands.

Hugh specially liked to hear of the sports of young men, the rowing, the hunting and fishing, and listened, feeling the full force of that peculiar fascination that surrounds whatever is impossible or unattainable. His new friend gratified him with endless accounts of these things, and when he finished a little

story of physical prowess, Ruby, who had heard it, said:

"So that is the way you came to be strong enough for our St. Christopher?"

He smiled an answer, and looked toward Hugh.

"He does not remember it," laughed Ruby; "but, really, whenever I think of how you brought him to his bed, I am reminded of the legend."

"What is it? Is your name Christopher?" asked Hugh.

"No; my name is Graham, my mother's family name; but I have always been called Gray."

And then he told Hugh of the fancy that seemed to possess his sick brain that night, but neither of them repeated that he had asked if he would carry Ruby over the hard places. It is possible both had forgotten that. Hugh was much amused and said:

"Well, our sick fancies may be our truest—who knows? I think you *are* a sort of St. Christopher. You have been one to us so far, I am sure."

"No, no; you are far better fitted to be a burden-bearer, and to lift people through torrents of troubles, than I, my friend, much as I like the significance of the old legend.

"I think your Aunt Patience must have been related remotely to that saint," said Ruby.

"Yes," answered Hugo, his face brightening with enthusiasm, "she certainly is, for you know he never refused to take any one over the swollen stream, however fast it flowed, or however wild the night."

"But when the blackest storm of all came, and he was afraid," she added, taking up Hugh's thought, "yet he plunged with the traveler into the flood, and when he had given his best strength to the work, he found he had carried the Christ across."

"But the legend says he found him once. I think auntie finds him in every burden; for she bears them all for his sake," said Hugh.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," said the stranger, softly to himself, as he passed quietly out of the room.

"We will call him our St. Christopher, shall we not?" said Hugh.

"I don't think he would want us to do that," said Ruby.

"Well, not to his face, perhaps; but when we think about him. He seems that to me, now you have told me. Does he not to you?" and Ruby told him,

"No."

"Well, he rests *me*, so that I wish he were always near. I'm sure he might carry *me* forever, if he would," and the boy shut his eyes wearily. "I am *so* glad to be rested, Ruby," he added.

"Yes, dear cousin, and I think he was what you needed just now; but *I* don't want to be carried, I would rather go by myself. I am very grateful to him for being a comfort to you, Hugo; but I don't believe we have any right to be carried until we are too weak to go at all. Nothing would grieve *me* more than to know another was attempting to carry me over the hard places—"

"Not if they found the Christ in doing it?"

"No; not for any reason, whatever, Hugo. The trials are my own—if I took them to any one and asked help, that would be different—but that which comes to me is mine."

Hugh colored, for he knew one meaning of this was that she felt he had made himself ill in his care for her, and she did not mean the care to continue. But he did not get at the deeper bitterness that rebelled against the new friend because she found him, too, on the side of what they called Divine Love, that yet had left her to suffer. What did they mean, she asked herself, by talking before her of the Christ to be found in bearing others' burdens? Did he think to find him in carrying hers? She would bear her own. If there was a God who sent them he surely meant them for her, and she would take them and keep still; and perhaps, if he cared enough to send them, he would help her to find out what they meant. If he did not send them and did not want them to come, then surely he lacked one of two things, the power or the will to spare her. If the power was lacking, then he was not God. If the will were lacking, then where was the love?

If he would help her and could not, then he was not strong enough to control; if he could and would not, then he was not loving enough for human need,—and these who loved him should not carry her and say he did it, or that they did it through his strength.

Ah, poor, weak brain, that had hardly learned the first elements of reason! and poor, bitter, rebellious, aching heart, that had even gone so far in its bitterness as to resent another's faith.

Yet there was in her resolve to carry her own sorrow a certain strength. She had made up her mind to help Hugh now, to be every thing bright and cheerful, and to build him up as she thought her selfish sorrow had pulled him down. To do this she must not talk to him of that which would distress him; she must be bright outside, and he must feel she was becoming less sad. And so she was learning the first lesson of womanhood,—to hide her own hurt from the other hearts that might be hurt through her pain. It is a lesson they all learn, some earlier, some later, and the teacher is usually a man. Childhood is gone when it is once well conned and she has ceased for some dear one's sake to be frank about herself. Then she begins to be what men call "sensible and self-controlled," when they do not wish to be wearied with her woes; and what they call "insincere," when for any reason they would lift the veil she wears.

Mr. Monteith had not told them he stayed because they were there, but, staying, he had comforted both father and son. He contrived to beguile the hours, when he could be with Mr. Thorn, in a way that strengthened that gentleman's admiration and gratitude, and procured for him a most cordial invitation to visit them on his return North, before sailing for England. He told Mr. Thorn briefly of his life at the University, and of the subsequent years in which he had not enjoyed the delights of travel because his father's estates had been in condition to require his constant presence and attention. He mentioned incidentally that he was now uniting business with pleasure, and gathering information and making observations in the interests of the estate. He spoke of his father's death, of his mother and his only brother in terms of great affection, carefully omitting any allusions to rank or wealth beyond that he had been *always at work*. And Mr. Thorn thought him a fine young fellow, probably a younger son in an impoverished house, to the fortunes of which he was devoting himself in mercantile life, while the elder brother was in possession of the estate. A little of this was true, and much was not; but Mr. Thorn was content, and respected the reticence of his new-found friend.

The truth was, Graham Monteith was the elder son, and the interests of the estates, which included mining and manufacturing, were the interests of the human beings employed on it, and the travels meant a study of all that had been done in other countries to lift up the classes who toil and suffer and struggle, and for whose welfare this young man felt responsible. The best hospitals, the best organizations for systematic benevolence, the best methods for helping others to help themselves,—these came under the inspection of those clear gray eyes. The redemption of the estates from the burden of human misery under which they had groaned through generations of indifference on the part of his ancestry,—this was the burden which this new Christopher had taken upon himself. And this was the secret of the inspiration that was in his very presence, the true kingliness that is after all only the true Christliness, whether thorn-crowned or not. But about all this Graham never talked, and he escaped a good deal by his silence. He went straight on riding his hobbies,—unusual ones, certainly, for a man whose mother was called "my lady," whose estates knew no incumbrances save the weary load of more or less wretched human souls. Yet he had chosen his hobbies out of a wide range, and, having chosen, he rode them with the air of a man mounted on a war-horse, who is sure that other men will follow him into the thick of the fight. He spared himself all the attention that would have been offered to his rank and title alone; he saw what he wanted to see without being

dragged about to see ten thousand things he did not care about. He did as he pleased, a blessed privilege to a man who only wanted to do right.

And Richard Thorn, who did not see by any means all there was in him, saw enough to like and to enjoy.

"I am so sorry you go South so late. A month ago my brother's villa was open, and I would have liked him to know you," said Richard, sincerely. "He had been long shut out from the world of men, but he knew a noble fellow when he met him."

"I am indeed sorry to wait to know such a man as he must have been; but it's glorious to think that all the best that we miss here is in store for us further on, is it not?"

"You believe it?" asked Richard, gloomily.

"Yes, I believe it; for all glorious things are our heritage, and we can only lose them in one way."

"How do you mean?" asked Hugh, gently.

"By living so ignobly and so low down that we deaden our capacity for enjoying. No destruction can come to any of the highest things the world has ever known. Truth and right and beauty are immortal. We may blind our eyes if we will."

"And Uncle Robert's are open now," said Hugh.

Ruby was listening eagerly, with clouded brow, but while they spoke of her father she would listen. Indeed, *he* had said almost the same thing to her once.

It was hard for Hugh to let his new friend go, but at the end of the fourth day he said he must depart.

"Good-bye, my friend," he said, holding the sick boy's hand.

"Good-bye, St. Christopher," said Hugh, trying to smile, but making sorry work of it.

"So, so," said the stranger, laughing; "if I am your St. Christopher, one of these days I will carry you over a very deep water and set you down among the braes of Scotland. Will you let me carry you?"

"Indeed I will," said Hugh, brightening.

And the man bent his face lower, and said:

"And you may grow weary and burdened, but you will keep something inside, I am sure, so that whoever comes near you will find and feel the Master."

"Yes, I shall try;" and the strong one was gone.

His parting with Mr. Thorn was soon over. It was a bright afternoon, and for the first time Hugh was on the veranda. At mention of his going, Ruby had slipped away for the picture, which had never been removed from the sick-room. "I keep it here to welcome me, so that I shall dare to come in if ever you look as if you do not want me," he had said, laughingly; for he half feared he was not always welcome to this shy young girl, who sometimes hardly gave him a look during the entire visit. She had taken the picture and reached the door, when some sudden impulse made her open the case and look in. It was a beautiful face, but so proud and cold. "He said he would leave you to take care of me, but you do not love me; there is no one to take care of me now;" and her eyes filled with tears. She thought the sudden rush of loneliness was because her father was gone. Perhaps it was. Any way, she shut the frame with a snap of the clasp, and opened the door. There he stood, his hand upon the latch.

"Here it is," said Ruby, coloring, as if he had heard her last thought; "I came to get it for you."

"Thanks! that was kind. I must not leave the dear mother behind. I left her to take care of you, but she has not done it well. You are tired and worn out with your patient."

"I did not need to be cared for, Mr. Monteith. It was very kind of you to leave it so long. You must have missed it."

She spoke slowly and with some embarrassment, and he waited, eying her so kindly all the while.

"I did not miss it, for I have another. I should like to leave you this one altogether. I want you to be taken care of, though you don't like it. I can not bear to take my mother away from you."

"No, no; you must not leave it. Indeed, you must not! though," fearing she had hurt him, "it is so very beautiful. How

shall I thank you for all your kindness to us, to Hugo?"

"There are no thanks due; but perhaps you would grant me a favor. I am going near your old home. I should like to ride over for a day, and see the place, and visit your father's grave. Will you give me your permission?"

"Oh, will you go?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Oh, it makes me long so to go too. Will you go? Tell them I sent you. There will be Mercury at the gate, and Pete and Marah. Tell Marah you saw me, and that she must come to me at once. Tell her I can not bear it, I must have some one to take care of me," and she burst into tears.

He said nothing. If he wanted to stroke her hand, and even to put his arm around her and draw her head down to his breast and tell her *he* would like to take care of her, we must not blame him overmuch. He was far away from the mother he loved, and tender-hearted and a philanthropist. Whatever he would have liked to do, he did nothing but stand up still as one of his rocky Scotch hills, and almost as somber. But like them, he must have cast a sort of shadow into which she crept with a sense of comfort; for she ceased to cry after a moment, and looked up into his face.

His own was troubled, but he only said:

"God help you, poor child."

Her eyes flashed, and she lifted them to his.

"He did *not* help me."

"He *will*."

"When?"

"When you are tired enough to take it."

"I shall not ask. Would my father have waited for me to be worn out enough to *beg* of him? I asked once."

"Once," he repeated, sadly; "I did not say *ask*, I said take. He will send you help without the asking, and some day you will take it."

She was silent, and he waited. After a moment she said:

"Forgive me for breaking down so; I do not want to talk of it. Tell Marah to come quickly, and oh, how glad I am to know you will go there! I shall think of it day and night."

"When I return North shall you want to hear about my visit?"

"Oh, yes; will you come and tell me? I can live, I think, on the thought that I am to hear."

"Then it is not good-bye, but *au revoir*."

"No, no; it seems to me I have said good-bye to every thing over and over again. Let us not say that."

"Then this is better; it means the same and more—'God be with you,'" and he was gone.

Strange as it may seem, Rubetta went to a balcony that overlooked the street, but she did not choose the precise spot at which was sitting her precious Cousin Hugh, but the one by the window of her own room. He would look up at Hugh, but he would not see her at all. Clouds had come across the horizon within the last hour, and, as she looked below, an open carriage stopped before the hotel door, the occupants of which she could not see, because over their heads was displayed conspicuously a blue cotton "umberell." A colored man flew to open the door, and a woman descended, evidently divided between her desire to cling to the "umberell" and her reluctance to leave the remaining occupant of the vehicle unprotected from the coming shower. Finally she surrendered the handle, and, taking her skirts in both hands, ducked her head, and prepared for a plunge under the awning before the hotel door. At this instant two gentlemen emerged, and, in the act of raising an umbrella, were met by the lean figure in the full speed of an excited dash. She started back in most belligerent attitude, her bonnet awry, but before they could apologize, surprise took the place of indignation, and she shrieked in no dulcet tones:

"Why, heavens and airth, Miss Patty! Sure 's my name 's Rachel Huldy Hopkins, here 's Mr. Richard Thorn!"

And from the balcony, over their heads, a merry burst of laughter, a real girlish laugh, the first for many weeks, rippled down upon the group, and the taller of the two gentlemen lifted his hat and caught it with the falling drops of rain on his upturned face, and said in Italian, at the same time point-

ing over his shoulder to the carriage, from which Richard was assisting Aunt Patience:

"See, Signorina, some one has been sent to take care of you!"

Had the carriage been a cloudy chariot, and his visitant an angel straight from heaven, Richard Thorn could not have opened the door with more alacrity, or welcomed the messenger with truer joy than he felt in aiding Aunt Patience from the shelter of the blue cotton canopy which Rachel had spread above her head.

And Hugh, dear fellow, was he the favorite of happy chances, or was he, as he fancied, kindly provided by the great Father, in whom he trusted, with a new comfort before he had time to mourn the departure of the old? It was hard to be weak and ill, and to detain his father; hard to be cheered by Ruby instead of cheering her; and hard to let his new friend go; but to have Aunt Patience come was a joy that swept these light afflictions out of sight. Now things would all come right, he thought; for she would know just what to do and to say, and all he meant without his ever telling her a word. Ah, the comfort in such rare souls, at whose coming other souls begin at once to rest, can never be measured in words!

And Ruby, ashamed of her merry laugh, which she fancied all had heard, half-sorrowful for the loss of her new friend, half-rebellious at his last remark, and surer than ever that she did not wish to be taken care of by any one except her own papa, fled back to her empty room, without waiting to see the others' happy greeting. The first object that caught her eye was the picture he had left. She instinctively closed the case and laid it in a drawer.

"But where is Robert's child?" said the old lady, looking from Hugh's happy face to Richard's.

"I will bring her," said Richard; "she can not know you are here."

"No, no; let me go with you to find her," said Patience, rising; and Richard walked with her to the door of the room.

And Ruby was longing yet dreading to see her, half-wishing she were not so very, very saintly and sweet, that she must love her because they all would expect it of her. Strange, inconsistent girl, so full of wants and needs, yet fancying she only wanted to be left alone. She leaned her head on the mantel, too full of her agitated self to heed a gentle knock at the door which she had left ajar.

"She is not here," she heard her uncle say; "we will go back to Hugh. She will come in presently, no doubt."

"But I can not wait, Richard; I can not tell you how my old heart has ached to get to her. I feel somehow as if Robert had sent me, and I must see his child."

The girl listened breathlessly. Could it be true? Did this lady, whom every body loved, love her? Did she really want to see her because she cared, and not because she ought to care? Perhaps papa had sent her. Then perhaps she would understand, what no one knew, not even Hugo, how very terrible it was for her to have lost such a father and to be here so far from Marah and home.

With lightning swiftness the thoughts flashed through her mind, but when the door gently opened, and she heard the rustle of a dress, something kept her from lifting her head. Was it grief or pride? or shame lest she should utterly break down, when she did not wish any one to see her cry? She did not know. The did not see or hear any thing, for her eyes were shut to keep back her tears; and no one spoke to her, but she felt the touch of gentle hands, and her head was drawn down to the mother heart, and some one kissed her on the brow and cheeks and lips, and she felt tears fall down upon her face. And the poor child, so tired with trying in these last days to be a woman, and to do as she thought her father would wish her to do, threw her arms around her new friend's neck, and felt at home as she had not felt before since the day when her father died.

Even after this interval, Ruby found her shyness return. There was little opportunity for further acquaintance in the hurry of preparation to depart by the steamer, which had brought Aunt Patience, and which was to stay only over one night. Thinking it pleasant to pass this night on shore, the

travelers had come to the hotel, never dreaming of the happy meeting that awaited them. It had been Richard's purpose to take the first steamer that came after Hugh's condition warranted the journey, and it was now resolved to proceed on the morrow.

For the first time in her life Ruby's hands did for herself what Marah's had always done, declining the offered assistance of Rachel, whose kindly soul would have prompted any amount of service, for Master Robbie's child.

She told Miss Patience she "liked her, fust rate; but she felt struck up and kinder disapp'inted at fust, to see the young lady ready grow'd up. I can't be no use to sich," she said regretfully; "but I could have done a heap o' coddlin' if Master Robbie had left a nice little girl."

It showed the kindliness of her secret purpose, and Aunt Patience assured her Ruby would need her love and care all the same as if she were a child. But at night when Ruby was already in bed, Miss Thorn went in, and looked carefully about the room. Ruby was lying with her face to the wall, the long hair that Marah loved sweeping over the pillow; but she opened her eyes, and the old lady said:

"Lie still, child, I was only seeing if Rachel had taken care of you."

"Every thing is done, thank you, and I am all ready to go."

"I have a hundred things to say to you, but they must wait till we are out at sea. Hold up your face, childie, and let me kiss my little girl good-night."

Tears came to Ruby's eyes, but she obeyed, and the white hand passed once or twice gently over her hair. Then she turned away and lowered the light, and Ruby thought she had gone; but opening her eyes soon after, she saw her sitting there in the arm-chair, her gray head resting on her hand.

"Why, Auntie, what are you waiting for? I must not let you do that. I do not need any one."

"I am going to wait until you sleep, dear."

"Please not," began the girl. "No one does that for me now Marah's gone. I can not let you weary yourself for me."

"It does not weary me, and I will not do it for you; but for the one for whom *you* do things."

"For papa? Do you think he wants you to take care of me?"

"Yes, darling; and he would not have asked me, if he had not wished you to let me do it."

"Did he ask you?" she asked, sitting straight up in bed.

"Yes; you shall read his letter, some day."

She lay down without another word, and soon she slept, and a sense of restful comfort mingled in her dreams. Some one cared. She was no longer alone.

At sea they had long talks together, Patience and the troubled girl; but not a word of advice, not a word of so-called religious talk, not one demand that her sick heart should feel any thing it was not feeling; not one voyage of discovery did the wise, old soul make into the sea of Ruby's thoughts and feelings. She simply loved her really, naturally, sincerely, and left the rest, treating her as if Robert had put her out of his hands into hers, and showing her she was glad to have her in her own keeping. And Ruby drew nearer and nearer, finding that the right to love her was all Aunt Patience claimed, until one wild night, the second at sea, a storm awoke her from a sound slumber. A terrible terror took possession of her soul. She had never been at sea before in a storm, and the shouts of the sailors, the hurrying steps on deck, the creaking timbers, the howling wind, were all magnified to dangers of the most threatening mien. She bore it as long as she could, and then she moaned out,

"O papa, why did you leave me alone? I am afraid. O God, why did you not hear me when I prayed?" and a sweet voice answered in her ear:

"He always hears, my child. You are not alone. See, I am here;" and Aunt Patience rose from the sofa, to which she had come when the storm began, fearing that its violence might awaken and alarm the girl.

And Ruby clung to her like a baby, and kissed her again and again, and wondered, as she sank to sleep, with her arms tight round Aunt Patience's neck, if it was right to doubt what papa had told her, "Remember He always hears." It was only the frailest possible thread winding through the labyrinth of her thought, and she did not know that she had taken hold of it at all. When she awoke again, the watcher was still there, and talked to her softly of all she had seen at the villa, of Marah and Pete and Mercury, of all Marah had said, and that she was coming very soon. And she told her of her visit to her father's grave, and all the dear home haunts. And then the talk ran on to the fire, and she told her of Marah's courage and devotion and care. But the girl trembled so that Patience passed lightly over her danger and escape, and when the wind lulled, and she no longer cared to divert Ruby from her fears, they both sat silently occupied with widely differing thoughts. Suddenly Ruby said:

"Auntie, I can never love Marah enough. I can not wait to have her come. In all my life I can never repay her."

"She certainly has bestowed upon you a wondrous love, my dear."

"Oh, I know it; but it is not for that only that I owe her so much. If she had not been so brave, I should never have had you to take care of me," and she ended her first confession of faith and surrender with such a hug as Marah would have given years of her life to feel.

THE RECLUSES OF PORT-ROYAL.

SIX leagues from the city of Paris and three from Versailles, in the immediate neighborhood of the hamlet Chevreuse, which took its name from the valley in which it is situated, the lover of the historic past may visit the site of a monastic establishment which, at the height of its glory, in the second half of the seventeenth century, was the object of general regard in the religious and literary world.

During the Crusades, while Europe was for the fourth time attempting to wrest from the Saracens the land made sacred to the Christian as the home of the new faith, which addresses itself to all races and colors and conditions of men, and also by the journeyings therein of the founder of this glorious Gospel, the Monastery of Port-Royal des Champs had been founded by Mathilde, the wife of Matthieu, of Montmorency, merely as a monument of her devotion to the cause of Christ, and as a petition for her husband's safe return during his absence in the East. The house to which this noble lady belonged is one of the oldest and most powerful of the French nobility. Its celebrity dates back as far as the eleventh century, and counts among its many famous personages princes, peers, and generals. The last of the race died only very recently at Paris in the person of the Duke of Montmorency-Luxembourg. Matthieu himself was surnamed "the Great," because he so eminently distinguished himself in the East, and later in the war which Philip Augustus waged against the Emperor Otho. At the battle of Bouvines, a little French village, noted only because the French were here victorious against the imperial troops, Matthieu gained his greatest renown. This was in 1214. Four years later he was made Constable of France, and, as such, became *ex officio* commander-in-chief of the French army. He owned much landed estate, and it was on one of his fiefs called *Porrois* (later Port du Royal, whence Port-Royal) that his wife founded a monastery in 1204.*

The Bernardine or Cistercian nuns, to whom it was given, followed substantially the rule of St. Benedict. They elected their own abbess, but she was subject to the jurisdiction of the abbot of Citeaux. The pur-

*It lay on the left of the high-road from Rambouillet to Chartis, in a damp, low spot, and was called Porrois (from *Porra* or *Borra*, dog-Latin for a woody valley with stagnant water: *Cavus dumetis plenus ubi stagnat aqua*).

pose was to revive in this place the austere life of the Thebaid.* But like all monastic institutions, the zeal of its founders died with them, and the nuns of Port-Royal soon abandoned themselves to the *far niente* existence of ordinary convents. The property which had been donated to the abbey had rapidly increased in value, and had made the nuns perfectly independent. By the close of the sixteenth century the reputation of Port-Royal was any thing but enviable. Like the majority of the religious houses in France it had fallen into a state of scandalous degeneracy. Its professed rule was utterly abandoned. The law of seclusion was ignored by the nuns, and the prescribed routine of daily devotion and ascetic exercises were exchanged for habits of frivolous amusement and luxurious elegance.

In this hour of greatest decline the abbey admitted to its household Marie Angélique Arnauld, at that time a child between eight and nine years of age. It need hardly be observed that the admission of a girl like Angélique to the cloistered state was a flagrant infraction of the canons. It was, however, a common occurrence in those days. Rules were of no account. Each monastery had its own practices. Every body was a law unto himself. The Arnaulds were a family of powerful influence, and that was enough to justify any departure from the canon. She was not only admitted to the abbey, but was also appointed coadjutrix to the abbess. As was the custom in those days, Angélique immediately after having taken the vows removed to another convent. Her residence was at the Cistercian convent of Maubinsson, near Pontoise, of which Angélique d'Estrées, a sister of "La Belle Gabrielle," the mistress of King Henry IV of France, was their superior. Here Angélique Arnauld remained until 1602, when, upon the death of the Abbess of Port-Royal, she returned to her own convent to assume control, and was consecrated as abbess, though only seventeen years old. (Some say that she was only eleven, and that her relatives falsely declared her older.)

For a few years things went on under the new abbess pretty much as they had gone before. She was herself no ordinary girl. As she advanced in years she advanced in moral strength and womanly virtues. It had taken her some time, however, to perceive the degenerate condition to which they were all sinking. But when her eyes were finally opened to the depth to which the inmates of Port-Royal had fallen, she resolved on a complete renovation. She was strengthened in this good resolve by a special spiritual quickening which she enjoyed at about this time. It was occasioned by the preaching of a wandering Capuchin friar, Father Basil, from the south of Europe, who had learned the truth of the Gospel of Christ, and had himself resolved formally to quit the communion of Rome. He was passing the convent of Port-Royal on his way to the Protestant countries of the north. He had requested the privilege of preaching to the nuns, and his spiritual earnestness and depth of devotion to his Master's cause greatly moved the recluses. From this epoch Angélique dated her conversion, and marvelously indeed did that event develop the latent faculties both of her intellectual and moral nature. With love and kindness, but with unyielding firmness and great wisdom, the converted young woman restored the rule of the order in all its severity—as the strict observance of religious poverty, abstinence from meat, complete seclusion, and the most severe ascetic exercises.

The Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs had been erected for but a small number of nuns. The gradual transformation, however, of Mère Angélique, under the influence of St. Francis de Sales, with whom she had also been brought in contact, and who led her to accept the doctrine of perfection in the form of the possibility of a complète transformation of the human heart even before death, had become so manifest in her influence over her nuns and the severity they reached, that, in consequence of the celebrity which the abbey attained through the reforms and

* So called because the founder of the anchoritic mode of life is supposed to have been one certain Paul of Thebes. See *Monasticism* in M'Clintock & Strong "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," Volume VI, especially page 466.

guidance of Mère Angélique, the number increased greatly, so that, instead of twelve, there were more than eighty; and thus the buildings of the abbey became over-crowded and unhealthy. This led in 1626 to the purchase of a house in Paris in the Faubourg St. Jacques (in great part at the expense of the Arnauld family), to which the nuns removed. This, their new abode, was called *Port-Royal de Paris*. In 1633 more spacious quarters were secured in the Rue de Boulai, near the Rue de Coquillière, where they also owned a church, which was dedicated with great solemnity by the Archbishop of Paris.

Their ancient habitation, thenceforth known as "Port-Royal *des Champs*," was left in charge of a single chaplain, to celebrate divine offices. It seemed a place particularly well fitted for a literary retreat, and so a number of learned and pious young Parisians, who were desirous of living in religious retirement, sought in 1638 for the privilege of occupying the deserted monastery. In 1223 the pope had conferred on the convent the right of affording an asylum to such lay personages as, being disgusted with the world, and being their own masters, should wish to live in monastic seclusion without binding themselves by permanent monastic vows. On the strength of this privilege the Port-Royalist admitted these young literati as recluses to the Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs. The leader of this new body was the inflexible St. Cyran, who had been first an examiner and later the spiritual director of the nuns of Port-Royal. A whole colony of illustrious pentitents joined him; the three brothers of La Mère Angélique; her nephew, the celebrated advocate La Maître, and his brothers Séricourt and De Sacy; Pierre Nicole; Claude Launcelot, the grammarian; Tillemont, the historian; Pascal, the philosopher; Racine, the poet, and Antoine Arnauld, the "great Arnauld," the youngest brother of the abbess, the learned and impetuous Doctor of the Sorbonne, whose condemnation by that body occasioned Pascal's "Provincial Letters." St. Cyran himself was a Jansenist, and a most intimate friend of the founder of these doctrines, and, as the head of this new lay community, instituted the new opinions, and made Port-Royal des Champs the home of French Jansenism.

This religious movement of the seventeenth century in France is as remarkable as the philosophical for which that era is noted. Both Jansenists and Jesuits undertook the re-establishment of that spiritual power which had suffered from the attacks of philosophy. But between those two parties, aiming at the same end, there was bitter strife.

The attempt of the Port-Royalists at reconstruction embraced exactly those parts of mediæval religion which the Jesuits had neglected. Wholly abandoning what the Jesuits had taken hold of—the social and political side of Romanism—they clung to its personal, mystical, and ascetic side. They did not quarrel with the Church; they desired to remain Catholic in spite of the pope, believing in the priesthood and the sacraments. They arrived at a metaphysical and moral reform, and pointed to St. Paul and St. Augustine as their inspirers. The Jesuits adopted directly antagonistic views on grace and predestination, and proclaimed the opinions of the Spaniard Molina, who had undertaken to reconcile free-will and predestination. The Solitaires de Port-Royal, now become the Jansenists of France, like Jansen himself never lost an opportunity of protesting that the Church of Rome had departed from the ancient discipline and purity of Christianity; that a radical error in Church dogma and economy had been introduced into the Christian faith; that even the Council of Trent had not restored the evangelistic purity; that unless the Church returned to the spirit of St. Augustine, or at least of St. Bernard, she had no hope but to go on from bad to worse. Yet the spirit of St. Augustine, as they interpreted it, was very much the spirit of Calvin. They insisted upon predestination, and taught that good works were without merit; that grace alone, arbitrarily given or refused, made saints—a Christianity as terrible as the *Fate* of the ancients. They pursued human nature, corrupted by the fall, with an implacable hatred, and the logical conclusion of such a doctrine was the salvation of

the few. In other words Jansenism was Calvinistic Catholicism. The Church of Jansenism meant an aristocracy of grace.

Jansenism grew out of the same root as Protestantism; that is, it laid emphasis on faith rather than good works, on grace rather than on free will; it was especially Protestant in this, that it considered rather the individual sinner's relation to God than his membership in a Church system which guaranteed salvation on its own conditions. The Jansenists were, however, any thing but logical, and incorporated in their system many doctrines and practices which contradicted each other. This, perhaps, is no peculiarity of theirs as theologians. Their insistence on being considered Roman Catholics, when they rejected the authority of the Church of Rome, was absurd without being singular. Their hostility to Calvinism, when every one saw and said that they were "Calvinists in disguise," seems irrational. But in all this they did but show one of the commonest dispositions of the theological mind to misknow its own nearest relations in the faith. Just as we have seen Tractarians who *Romanized* till every one asked what they did in the Church of England, so the Jansenists *Calvinized* till it was a wonder why they remained in the Church of Rome. But there are times when men will do any thing rather than promote open schism, as there are times when nothing but schism will content them. The Tractarian and Wesleyan movements in England, and the Free Church movement in Scotland are examples in point.

Yet, however much we find in Jansenism to take exception to, the men who espoused its doctrines were actuated by the noblest of motives, and deserved success in their undertaking. They aimed principally at the freedom of France from the trammels of the papal devotees—the Jesuits—and the practical piety of the French people.

The Jesuits, whatever else they were, represented opposite principles to these. Their guiding doctrine was unity, submission, obedience to authority, before which one should be *perinde ac cadaver*. They thought of the Church, divinely commissioned to take charge of souls. If the Church was paramount, souls would be safe, whatever might happen. If the Church was hindered all would go wrong. They considered sin of less consequence than heresy and schism; or rather, they deemed them to be the greatest sins. Here was the divergence. The Port-Royalist, touched by grace, thought only of the individual soul and its relation with God. The Jesuits thought of the unity, the authority, the ubiquity of the Church. We need not say they took no thought of other things. They postponed them. But here was enough for collision. The two parties had but to meet each other, and they conceived hatred at first sight. As the Jesuits were prominent at this time in the Church of France, and effectually controlled the court, the persecution of the Jansenists by the Jesuits was but an inevitable result. They obtained under the ministry of Richelieu, and especially of Mazarin, repeated condemnatory acts against the teachings of the Jansenists in general, and the Port-Royalists especially.

Persecution, however, only stimulated the growth of Jansenism. Duvergier de Hauranne, better known as St. Cyran, was thrown into prison, and kept there until the death of Richelieu, in 1642. Yet the very time of his liberation was marked by a most noteworthy production. Antoine Arnauld, better known as "Le Grand Arnauld," then wrote his "Frequent Communion," the first work of that scientific school of religious philosophy of which Port-Royal was the focus and Pascal the principal exponent. Indeed, the best claim which the community of Port-Royal has upon our notice is this literary war which it waged against the scholastic theology, and against the Jesuits in particular. The Society of Jesus had ever, be it said to its credit, devoted itself to the education of youth; but whatever danger there was in their general teaching was thus intensified in the eyes of those who distrusted them. Port-Royal determined to meet them on this ground, by establishing schools and by issuing text-books of their own. The Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric of Port-Royal—the first by Arnauld, the second by Nicole—were the fruits of

this resolve. They set themselves also, and not unsuccessfully, to countermine the power of the Jesuits in the confessional; for the integrity and piety of the Port-Royalists caused them to be much sought after as confessors.

But the Recluses were vulnerable, and the Jesuits knew where they could successfully attack them. The Jansenists had discovered and maintained the famous distinction of *fait* and *droit* in respect to papal infallibility. As to doctrine, the pope could not err; as to facts he might. When required, they were willing to condemn as doctrines the five propositions which were said to comprise the Jansenistic heresy; but they denied that these conclusions were to be found in or inferred from Jansen's *Augustinus*. No papal bulls or persecution could make them recede from this position. In their maintenance of Jansen's real doctrines, in their refusal to acknowledge papal infallibility as to facts, in their continual warfare against the Jesuits, the Port-Royalists were, therefore, exposed to constant persecution. For the Jesuits were not inert in the face of this opposition and defiance. They plotted incessantly at Rome, in order to bring the thunders of the Holy See to bear upon the over-bold Jansenists.

The persecution, however, brought about a result the Jesuits hardly anticipated. Blaise Pascal was induced to step into the arena in defense of the Port-Royalists. One of the most independent minds of his age, Pascal had never yet up to this point submitted himself to the actual guidance of Jansen, any more than he had frankly accepted the logical consequences of the discoveries of Descartes. He had felt the force of both these powerful influences; but a third feeling had exerted authority over his unwilling mind: he had been swayed by the skeptical influence of Montaigne. As a sort of refuge from the yawning abyss which had thus threatened to devour him, his stanch and devotional spirit threw him, as by a sudden and irresistible impulse, into the arms of the Jansenists, and he became a recluse at Port-Royal, and its champion against the world.

There was every danger that the world, which did not trouble itself to read the obscure discussions of theologians, would abide by the judgment of the Sorbonne, and hold the Jesuits to have gained the cause. Pascal changed the order of the battle. He addressed himself to the public, appealed from authority to common sense, declaring that it was easier to finds monks than reasons. Then, for the first, men of the world, and women too, were constituted judges of great questions. The necessity of making one's self read and understood by such a tribunal was no small task in those times; but Pascal disposed of it so happily that it made a *chef-d'œuvre* of the "Provincial Letters." Macaulay is reported to have said that this, with two other works, was the most perfect which he knew in the whole range of literature. Addressing himself to the casuistry and to the directorial system of the Jesuits, Pascal in a strain of humorous irony which has seldom been surpassed, holds up to ridicule their imputed laxity of principle on the obligations of restitution, on simony, on probable opinions, on directing the intention, on equivocation, on mental reservation, etc.

All that was good and durable in the doctrine of Port-Royal, and this was much, became incalculably stronger by Pascal's championship, which was, in fact, almost sufficient in itself to decide the great battle for supremacy between Jansenists and Jesuits, and to decide this battle in a sense adverse to the latter. Not, of course, definitely at the first blow; although the victory of the "Provincial Letters" was rapid and brilliant, and the reverse of the Jesuits was logically and confessedly crushing. But the work of Pascal was immortal. He was not able to see its full results, for it has been in each successive generation, down to the present century, that his clear, severe, and convincing philosophy has reaped its triumphs.

The Jesuits and their friends loudly complain of the unfairness of the "Letters," and represent them as in great part the work of a special pleader. There seems, however, to be no just ground for such complaint, and the frequent replies which have been made to this charge hardly warrant speaking of it

here. We may say, simply, that in all his exposures Pascal deals only with the maxims, and not with persons. There is nowhere the appearance of vindictiveness over a vanquished foe. If there be at times an indignation rising to the tone of awful majesty, there is mingled with it a philanthropy most tender and heart-felt. He would take these men to his bosom and reform them, while he consigns their impious doctrines to destruction. Yet we do not wonder that the Jesuits charged Pascal with malice; for these "letters" were the handwriting on the wall against them, and the people interpreted it, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." Of course it was some time before public opinion was thoroughly aroused and the Jesuits were brought low. But the final blow came at last, though it was slow in coming. In 1759 they were expelled from Portugal; in 1764, from France; in 1767, from Spain; and on July 21, 1773, they were suppressed by the Papal Bull,—would that we could write forever!

If we judge eloquence by its effects, then the "Provincial Letters" were truly eloquent. It was to these that Voltaire referred when he said that the plays of Molière have not more wit than the earlier letters, and that Bossuet has nothing more sublime than the concluding ones. Ironical and vehement by turns, Pascal climbed to the very climax of eloquence. Sometimes he reminds us of the satire of the Dialogues of Plato; sometimes of the philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero. Pascal had in extraordinary perfection two faculties which are nearly allied to that imaginative humor called poetry; he had the brightest wit, and he had the power of fusing thought into passion. By witty combination he seemed to make his thought uncommonly clear; by passionate expression he burned it into the mind and branded it there forever. "Pascal," says Hallam, "by his 'Provincial Letters' did more to ruin the name of Jesuit than all the controversies of Protestantism, or all the fulminations of the Parliament of Paris. . . . He has accumulated so long a list of scandalous decisions, and dwelt upon them with so much wit and spirit, and yet with so serious a severity, that the order of Loyola became a byword with mankind." But enough of Pascal and his championship of Jansenism. We will now retrace our steps to the Abbey of Port-Royal de Paris.

The number of nuns and novices had, in the mean time, so greatly increased there that the abbess, Angélique Arnauld, determined in 1648 upon transferring part of them to Port-Royal des Champs. The school of Port-Royal was therefore removed from the latter place to Paris, Rue St. Dominique, Faubourg St. Jacques; but after three years the teachers were restored to Port-Royal des Champs, where they no longer occupied the monastic building, but a farm-house, called Les Granges, on the neighboring hill.

In 1653 began the troubles of the recluses, which we have already foreshadowed. Pope Innocent I having condemned the five propositions of Jansenius, Arnauld wrote to prove that these propositions did not exist in the book of Jansenius, at least not in the sense attributed to them. Upon this Arnauld was accused of Jansenism, and war was made against him by the Jesuits. In 1655 Pascal entered Port-Royal, and in the following year appeared his "Letters." About the same time that Pascal joined the recluses, the nuns of Port-Royal de Paris, with their abbess, Angélique, declared war against the Jesuits by refusing to sign the formulary acknowledging that the five alleged heretical propositions were contained in the work of Jansenius.

The Jesuits, seeing themselves thus surrounded by opponents, prepared to repel the attack of the weakest of their enemies. They began by preparations to dissolve the community of Port-Royal. They were willing to suffer its existence, provided they could break down the refractory spirit of the nuns. The Jesuits, therefore, caused them to be subjected to close captivity, so as to bring them to submission.

It seemed a strange spectacle that a body of women, and a few others who agreed with them in sentiment, should withstand the power of the decrees of Rome and all the pertinacity of the Jesuits in carrying out those decrees. On March 30, 1656, two

months after the condemnation of Dr. Arnauld, the civil authorities proceeded to carry out an order of council that every scholar, postulant, and novice should be removed from Port-Royal. But, for some unknown reasons, the execution was suddenly interrupted and delayed for several years. It is said that Mazarin's unpleasant relations with the Papacy were the principal cause of this sudden suspense of procedure against the recluses. In 1660 the king himself ordered the school to be broken up. The nuns still continuing refractory, Perefix, Archbishop of Paris, sent a party of police-officers in 1664, who arrested the abbess, her niece, Angélique Arnauld the Younger, or Angélique de St. Jean, the mistress of the novices, and other nuns, and distributed them among several monasteries, where they were kept in a state of confinement.

Previously some of the nuns who had remained at Port-Royal de Paris intrigued with the government in order to become independent of Port-Royal des Champs, and Louis XIV appointed a separate abbess to Port-Royal de Paris. In 1669 a compromise was made between the Pope and the defenders of Jansenius, which was called "the Peace of Clement IX." The nuns of Port-Royal des Champs, with their own abbess, were then restored to their convent, but Port-Royal de Paris was not occupied by them. A division of property was effected between the two communities, by order of the king, which was confirmed by a bull of Clement X, dated 1671. Each convent retained its own abbess. Several disputes took place between the two communities, in which the Archbishop of Paris and the Jesuits took an active part. At last, in March, 1708, a bull of Pope Clement XI suppressed the Convent of Port-Royal des Champs, and gave the property to Port-Royal de Paris. In 1709 Le Tellier had obtained from King Louis XIV a decree for the execution of the Papal Bull, and D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police of Paris, was sent with a body of men to Port-Royal des Champs, and he removed from thence the nuns, who were distributed among several convents. The Abbey and Church of Port-Royal des Champs were stripped of all their valuables, which were transferred to Port-Royal de Paris, and the buildings leveled with the ground, by order of Louis XIV, as a nest of Jansenists and heretics. The sacred relics of the Church were borne from the altar, the bodies disinterred from the cemetery, and every trace of the establishment destroyed, the very soil being abandoned to the plow.

The Parisian community lived on until 1790, when it also was suppressed. The establishment then received the name of *Port Libre*, and served as a prison for the aristocratic *detenus* of the Revolution. In 1795 it was transformed into a hospital, and since 1814 it has served as the *Hopital de la Maternité*, or "Lying-in Hospital."

Such is the miserable and famous story of the persecution and suppression of Port-Royal. Granting to the full the excesses of austerity, of mysticism, and of Calvinism with which that wonderful society was infected, yet considering also the heroism, the genius, the learning with which it was sanctified, it is impossible not to read in its overthrow the triumph of malignant and petty intrigue over piety and enlightenment. But was the end yet? The teaching of Port-Royal had obtained too many adherents among the governing classes of France and of the European Continent, we may as well say, both in Church and in State, to be extinguished by decrees or overthrown by the hand of the leveler. It lived on in France, Holland, Germany, in the north of Italy and the kingdom of Naples, in Spain, and particularly in Portugal, till, in connection with the Old Catholic movement, the disciples of Jansenius and Duvergier de Hauranne have again, since 1870, become conspicuous.*

*Those interested in this new movement will do well to consult the article in the "American Cyclopædia," revised edition, New York, D. Appleton & Co. When so much is being said about the Romanizing tendency of this great Cyclopædia, it may be well enough for those unacquainted with the work to learn how, in true historical spirit, the editors, Messrs. Ripley and Dana, gave due credit where credit was due, and blamed where rebuke was deserved. We know of no fairer treatment than the Port-Royalists and Old Catholics received in the revised American Cyclopædia.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"MINE is a starless crown," she said,
"For up unto the mercy-seat
Not one poor wandering soul I 've led.
In heaven none will my name repeat,
And say, 'You led my trembling feet
To where the waters, gushing sweet,
Refreshed, and made me whole.'

"But He knows best who sent me pain;
And I rejoice no praise of mine
Will mingle in the sweet refrain,
And take away the glory thine,
Dear Lord, for souls redeemed that shine,
And round thy coronal entwine."
And so she fell asleep.

"WHOSE crown is this?" the Angel said;
For unto him was given
The crowning of each saintly head
That passed from earth to heaven.
Adown the vista's golden light,
Where crownèd heads whose circles bright
Surpassed the starry gems of night,
His gaze went searching far.

The perfume from the lilies fair,
And roses, such as Eden knew,
Fragrant and thornless, filled the air,
Their dulcet incense stealing through
Green trees, whose leaves could never fade;
While underneath their verdant shade
A silver stream its pathway made,—
The river which is Life.

From far and near the symphony
Of golden harps and voices clear
Blended in perfect harmony,
The soul of music, thrilled the ear.
Glad hearts, with ecstasy replete,
Cast down their crowns before the feet
Of the Adored, while praises sweet
Re-echoed to His name.

"Whose crown is this?" again he said,
And scanned with care the faces o'er;
But no one came, with uncrowned head,
To claim the diadem he bore.

"Few crowns are set with gems so rare;
So he who can these jewels wear
Must by hard toil and earnest prayer
Have led souls unto God."

Those waiting their reward spoke not;
None dared demand the crown of light;
Yet there were those whose weary lot
Had been harsh toil from morn till night;
Some workers in the vineyard strong,
And some had labored late and long,
But unto them did not belong
The crown so rich with stars.

A brilliant light illumed the place;
And there the Savior stood, a smile
Of welcome lighting up his face,
Calling them each by name the while.
He gave the crowns, some jeweled bright,
And others starless crowns of light,
But kept the one with gems so bright
Until the last one came.

With prostrate form a maiden knelt,
And kissed the feet she loved alone;
Nor raised her eyes until she felt
Her name was called in tender tone.
A soft hand rested on her head.
"Art ready for thy crown?" he said;
"Hast thou some lamb to shelter led,
Some wanderer reclaimed?"

"Dear Father, I have lived in vain;
Thy love is all the crown I ask.
I only bore a cross of pain,
Whilst waiting was my only task.
I only prayed, by day and night,
For toilers in the harvest white,
For those who struggled for the right,
And trusted all to thee."

"Well done, my child," the Father said,
And placed the glowing, starry crown
Upon the lowly, patient head:
"Thy life was free from earth's renown,
But still thy pain-crushed life has shone
Like a bright star that burns alone,
And led sad hearts unto my throne,—
And this is thy reward."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

IN the discussion that is going on both in this country and in Great Britain, of the subject of "Future Punishment," there are several things especially noteworthy. The suddenness with which this discussion was foisted upon public attention is remarkable. Nearly at the same time both in England and in this country, views, which for a quarter of a century had had scarcely a hearing in Christendom, have become the theme of extensive discussions in the pulpit and by the press.

The preaching of his two famous sermons by Canon Farrar of London, in which he announced his belief in a second probation—sermons that were unheralded by the utterance of any similar sentiments of his before, accompanied as they were by the opening of the columns of conservative Church journals, for the discussion of the general topic—startled the religious communities of both England and America. In this country the discussions that took place in a council called to install as pastor of a New England Congregational Church one who was found to hold doctrines differing radically from the teaching of the Westminster Catechism on this subject, and the effort soon after made to learn the extent to which similar views were held by the ministers in that denomination; the novel utterances of several pulpit celebrities on this theme; and the defection of some leading divines of Hartford from the faith of their fathers, were among the events which led off in this theological raid upon the Churches;—all of which have occurred quite recently, and within a few weeks of each other.

The favor with which this movement seems to be received, and the extent to which the doctrines of dissent appeared to obtain, are alike remarkable. The popularity of this late departure from the ancient faith is best seen when contrasted with the unquestioned acceptance of the same views at other periods in the history of the Church.

It must be noticed, however, that there is nothing essentially new in these apparently novel forms of unbelief. They have been held, defended, and rejected, in every age of the Church of which we have any well defined account. But not within the last half century have these views obtained such a hearing, or secured such a following as just now. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, two Baptist ministers in England, Messrs Dobney and White, men of considerable talent, announced their dissent from the doctrines of their Church as regards future punishment, and in the pulpit and by the press advocated the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked. Their influence was little felt, and less acknowledged. Their names were seldom mentioned in any public journal, and they would have been unknown to history had not the late revival of the doctrine given them a kind of John the Baptist notoriety, so that in England some are saying, "Dobney and White are risen from the dead in the persons of Farrar and Dale." But in respect to the latter, his later declarations made no new revelations to those who best knew him. About the same time, perhaps a little later, in this country, that doctrine found its most able advocacy in a book on the "Future State," published by Hudson. That book, however, had little popular effect, and lived chiefly in the criticisms, reviews, and replies it called out. It is quite different now, as that and kindred views are advocated. The popular ear is gained; indeed, at this time, any form of dissent meets with a ready hearing. Just how far these aberrations from the traditional faith of the Church are accepted must be, for the present, largely conjectural. Yet, the fact of so general a discussion of this subject, the effort made to obtain the personal views of the ministers of a Church bearing eminently the title

"orthodox," and the avowal on the part of so many that they accept the tenet of a second probation or of conditional immortality, indicate unmistakably that this leaven, whether of grace or iniquity, is working in the Christianity of the age.

Respecting the prevalence of these views in England we have some definite statements, though those statements may be in some cases only personal opinions. Thus, Dr. Dale, the recent lecturer on "Preaching" at the Yale Theological Seminary, himself a believer in the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked, makes the following estimate of the defection of the ministers in England from the standards of faith in their respective Churches: "The Ritualists of the Church of England," says he, "are generally giving prominence to the Romish doctrine of purgatory, and many claim for it a way to heaven, sooner or later, for all." "The High-church clergy, called the Learned, exhibit much dissatisfaction with the hitherto accepted dogmas on this subject." The whole of the Broad Church, he claims, is in sympathy with the new movement, and, though her ministers constitute only one-tenth of the clergy, they are the literary party, and have much influence. The remaining part of the State Church clergy, the Evangelicals, as they are called, being about one-fourth of the ministry, seem generally to hold firm to their orthodoxy. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who has extensive personal acquaintance with English clergymen, has expressed the opinion that a majority of the clergy have sympathy with some form of departure from the old standards of faith touching this doctrine. On the other hand, Dr. Schaff states his opinion that only a small minority of the English Church clergy have given any evidence of defection from the faith. Of dissenting bodies, it is Mr. Dale's opinion that the Wesleyan Church is comparatively little affected in belief by the recent agitation of this subject. Other dissenters have shown more sympathy with the new movement; but no estimate of the extent of the acceptance of any of the new dogmas is given. We have no data by which to form a conjecture of any value regarding the extent to which these or similar tenets are adopted in this country.

Now, for the sudden and extended revival of this form of theological discussion, and especially for the popularity and prevalence of sentiments, more commonly unpopular hitherto and of limited influence, there must exist some cause. We have here a phenomenon in the religious world for which we should seek an explanation.

This discussion was preceded by several facts existing in the community that may be regarded as making up the occasion, if not being directly the cause of this movement. There was, first, the almost unbroken silence of the Church on this subject, extending over more than a quarter of a century. A whole generation has grown up under religious teaching since any *legio tonans* had gone through the land, causing the Gospel trumpet to give forth its formerly clear tones on this subject. And it needs only the silence of the pulpit, on any Christian doctrine, continued through a succession of years, to cause the decadence of faith in that doctrine. Then there was much in the popular literature of the day tending to prepare a large class of minds to call in question the foundation of this ancient faith. One has said that the fictions of George MacDonald in England have done more to unsettle the faith of the people in the former teaching of the Church in this regard than have all the disquisitions of the theological schools of the land done to confirm it. The same may be said of a large class of fictitious writings in this country.

The materialistic tendencies of the age might be mentioned in this connection; but as these are made the scape-goat for all the defects of the Church in this generation, we pass them, and notice this: The progress made in the science of philology has had its influence in this direction. Not that any essentially new or different meaning has been given to the words of the Bible, as necessary, by which it is or can be claimed the doctrine in dispute is taught, nor that any new and accepted rendering has been found for the Scriptures involved; but the advancement made in the science of philology has furnished occasion to speculative minds for forming new theories of interpretation, and for giving to words a new, because possible, meaning. But that which has contributed more than any thing else, perhaps, to give a popular phase to this discussion, and contributed to the prevalence of views differing from those usually regarded as orthodox, is the large catholicity of the doctrine of dis-

sent. Hitherto the attack, or, at least, the more usual mode of attack, on orthodoxy has been by the maintenance of some one differing theory. Now the attack is by almost unnumbered theories, and often without any opposing theory whatever — a simple doubting. Any divergence from the faith of the fathers on this point is gladly welcomed to the fellowship of dissent. In not a few cases have Pilate and Herod been made friends over this attempted crucifixion of the truth. In England one writer has classed those dissenting from the ordinary view of future punishment thus: There are those who, as to belief, are in suspense, claiming that the Bible has not determined the point of the cessation or endless duration of punishment. Then there are those who affirm the dreadfulness of the woe denounced against sin; but revelation, say they, has been in all dispensations a succession of surprises, and with the possibilities of the Infinite in view, they hope there is to be some way of deliverance for all men. One class base their hope for the welfare of all men on the mission of Christ, saying "it is his mission to seek and save, and there is reason to expect he will continue his mission till all are saved."

Rev. Baldwin Brown, D. D., is prominent in the advocacy of this view. The Universalists, who in England more than in this country maintain their primitive form of belief, make up another class. Still others believe that a condition of blessedness is for the good only, but the condition of the wicked will be as bearable in the next world as in this. The last mentioned form of theory is that advocated by Dobney and White a quarter of a century ago, the favorite theory of Mr. Dale, namely, that of conditional immortality or the annihilation of the wicked. In this catalogue we have six distinct forms of protest against the orthodox belief in future punishment. An enumeration of the various views held among us would require as large though somewhat different classification. Mr. Joseph Cook, in a prelude to one of his recent lectures, gives nine distinct forms of accepted belief regarding this doctrine, eight of which verge radically from the so-called orthodox one. So multiform in this age is the departure from the generally accepted belief regarding future punishment, and so varied the phases of the present discussion, emphatically *the* theological discussion of the age, it is yet too early to attempt an estimate of the result to the cause of truth in the world. In the discussion, however, so far as it has progressed, there are some unmistakable indications. With little or no qualification, it may be said that nothing new in theology or even in theory has been developed. No new rendering or exposition has been given to any passage of Scripture that will cause it to have any different meaning in the minds of men competent to judge in the case. No single fact has been or will be determined, or matter of dispute settled, that can have any decision bearing on common belief. To this conclusion, probably, many will come, helped on by this discussion, namely, that future punishment is more a mystery than they had supposed; that the second death is all the more terrible because of this mystery; that out from that impenetrable darkness there comes a more dreadful warning against sin than could come from the highest mountain of light. Men may have imagined they could see through this subject perfectly, or they may have rejected the teaching of the Bible utterly, but the dreadful fact is there in the unavoidable apprehensions of men, as a living presence, and all the more terrible because of the mystery that hangs over it. It is the ghost of Banquo that rises in all our theological feasts, and it will not down at our bidding.

In this discussion it has been sought to solve the problem of the nature and duration of future punishment by the more usual method of an appeal to particular texts of Scripture. It may be questioned if any satisfactory solution can be reached in that direction. Not only is the proof of any doctrine, taken from the exposition of separate texts, unreliable, but in this case the most opposite theories have in their favor the usual exegesis of particular passages of Scripture. The reader of the Bible can undoubtedly satisfy his own mind on this subject; if unprejudiced he will not fail to see on which side is the preponderance of evidence. But to solve the problem so that belief in the dogma shall be required of others, so that it shall be enjoined beyond gainsaying by a "thus saith the Lord," seems impossible by any such appeal. In the experience of most Biblical scholars, and in that

of the common reader of the Bible, it will be found that something antecedent in the nature of things, and perhaps in time also, to the exegesis of Scripture had given form to each one's belief. The proof furnished by particular texts of Scripture will be found to be confirmatory rather than original. The basis upon which, and in harmony with which, these Scriptures are interpreted is, in some way, furnished, then the testimony of Scripture becomes to the individual strong and unanswerable. The same may be said of the philological argument. An antecedent belief has, and will continue to do so, read into and read out of these words its own peculiar meaning. The evidence of their Scripture use is great—accumulative, but it does not seem to be in its nature primary. There is no such certain or invariable use of the original words or their derivatives in the New Testament as to make them the safe basis of doctrine.

Is there not, then, something more primary, more formative of original belief on this subject than either exegesis or philology; something that is uniform in its action and general in influence on unprejudiced minds? In answer to this inquiry reference might be made to what has been termed the general drift of Scripture teaching—a uniformity of evidence that amounts well-nigh to the force of the analogy of faith. Allusion might also be made to the supposition that Christ and his disciples must have occupied a very different position from the one they did occupy if they had been teachers of the dogma of annihilation or any kindred doctrine.

Passing these, we call attention to the fact that any satisfactory belief in the future destiny of mankind must be in harmony with our conceptions of God and knowledge of men. We say conceptions of God and knowledge of men or of human nature. For it may be said we know nothing of God, only as he is revealed; nothing of his purposes, only as he has declared them. True; but here it is to be borne in mind we are to heed as much what he does as what he has said. If in his Word we have the analogy of faith touching this matter, in his administration we have the broader analogy of facts. And with most minds an uninspired exegesis of Scripture is not so conclusive as the argument contained in Butler's "Analogy of a Future State;" for in the former case there is an exposition of faith, in the latter an exposition of fact.

Now, into the formation of every consistent theory of the future state the conceptions we form of God, and the knowledge of human nature that we have, must be accepted as constituting the great formative influences of belief. In the presence of the great mysteries of Deity, to us unsolved, we may consistently and firmly believe; but we can not consistently or firmly believe when that belief carries along with it a denial of the essential facts of human nature.

Unfortunately, these two departments of knowledge and investigation have not always been associated together in formulating the creeds of the Churches. And whenever they have been separated, or whenever one of them has been made prominent to the disparagement or concealment of the other, dogmas have been taught that do not gain general acceptance. An examination into the religious beliefs of men, from the earliest era of Christianity down to the present, would clearly show that whenever the theological idea has predominated over the anthropological, the prevailing religion of that time has inclined to present a hopeful future. On the other hand, whenever the anthropological idea has been made unduly prominent, that future, to many, has been a hopeless one. When men have stood consciously in the presence of the infinities of the divine nature and grace, and sought there to solve the problems of human destiny, there seemed the necessary triumph of the good and well-being to all mankind. But when they have looked at human nature as it is, recognizing its facts as they have found them, and have given due weight to acknowledged tendencies, that future has been shaded into darkness.

Now, the time has been when the popular teaching of the pulpit and the prevailing religious thought seemed to be based solely on the theological idea. At other times the human side of religions has been chiefly regarded, and corresponding opinions have then prevailed. But neither the one nor the other of these things is alone possible now. If a godless Christianity, one that ignores the supernatural, can not be accepted, neither can one that ignores the stern facts of human depravity. Whatever of hope, then, we may

have respecting wicked men in a future world, taken from our conceptions of the divine mercy, our theory, to be accepted and satisfactory to ourselves, must be consistent with what we know of human nature and its inevitable tendencies.

Apparently, more than any single declaration of the Bible, more than the meaning of any particular word or text of Scripture, certain invariable and inevitable tendencies of human nature stand in the way of a belief in the ultimate purity and happiness of all men. For, respecting these passages of Scripture, men have differed and will differ in opinion, but respecting certain well-known facts and tendencies of our common nature there needs be no dispute, there can not rationally be any difference of opinion. After the Biblical argument has been examined and answered, and our philological reasoning has been replied to, there will remain, as immovable pillars of truth on which we may build our theories of a future state, these two irreversible tendencies of being, namely: a tendency to a fixedness of moral character, whether in goodness or vileness; and a like tendency to the utter loss of capacity or capability of repentance and salvation in the case of wicked men.

Respecting this latter mentioned tendency in human nature, Dr. Whedon has forcibly said, in the last *Quarterly*, "Repentance is not the prescribed condition of salvation." Faith is that prescribed condition. It is not, then, any fancied capacity of repentance or self-recovery that is requisite to final salvation, but faith in Christ. That tendency in human nature, then, is fatal which results in the impossibility of believing unto life. Now, there is no part of our moral nature more sensitive to, more readily affected by, our manner of life than our tendency to belief or unbelief. There is, perhaps, no department of our being where persistence in wrong-doing leaves more indelibly its mark, or more lastingly its dread work. Repentance, bitter remorse and self-reproach, may not be accompanied with the faith that saves. Judas repented when he saw he had betrayed innocent blood, but, instead of believing unto salvation, he went out and hanged himself. There may be repentance,—deep sorrow on account of sin, when its curses come home to the soul,—tears falling, but not in mercy's sight, long after the possibility of faith has ceased. Toward that fearful extremity in human destiny there is much in an unchanged nature that is constantly tending. To give due weight to these acknowledged tendencies, and to interpret Scripture in harmony with them, as we formulate our belief regarding the future that is before us, is to undermine all reasonable foundation of hope in the case of the finally unbelieving.

What, then, is to be the result of this protracted discussion? "What shall the harvest be" of the so much sowing and reaping in these theologico-polemic fields? What will be the effect upon the more commonly received doctrines and theories of a future state? Such inquiries are, as yet, largely speculative, but to some extent results are even now foreshadowed. Universalism has, apparently, little to gain or lose in this heated contest. That ancient faith, as presented in old creeds, is in this country too far an effete system to be revived. In England, where there are more defenders of the faith of the Universalist fathers, it is of too staid a form to admit of reformation. The Popish dogma of purgatory in another world is likely to become more characteristic of the teaching of the ritualistic clergy in England; thus the line of demarkation separating that branch of the State Church from Romanism is being gradually effaced.

Those two common theories, differing widely one from the other, but running as parallel lines in the history of the Church with about the same degree of prominence—namely, the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked and that of the final restoration of all men—will, we think, gain little in this controversy. They have furnished a common battle-field for theological polemics too often to have any thing decided in this contest. Neither of these is likely to be the common form of belief with dissenters. The doctrine of a continued or second probation, especially for those who have not had one under favorable circumstances in this world—a doctrine which, in its revived phase, is more popular to-day than ever before in the history of the Church—will doubtless secure increased influence in the religious belief of the age.

Through this ordeal of sharp criticism the commonly received orthodox creed of the Church will come, changed somewhat in form

of statement, but surrendering no one of its essential points. The belief in a literal lake of fire and brimstone and in physical torments, which the Romish Church has embalmed in its doctrines, but which is a mediæval belief in a common Christianity, and belongs to the Puritan days of Protestantism, must find little or no place in the creed of the future Church. Indeed, the literalistic and materialistic elements of our mediæval eschatology must be eliminated before we can come properly to appreciate the teachings of Holy Scripture in respect to the future state of either the saved or the lost. That belief, however, that is in harmony with the revealed perfections of the divine nature, and is not in denial of any of the known facts of the nature God has given us; that belief which holds to the possible attainment of such a fixedness of character and condition as to do away with all reasonable expectation of change, and that at the same time furnishes a sufficiently broad basis for the exposition of all the declarations of Scripture involved; that belief, we may be sure, will lose no rank either in the theology or Christian philosophy of the age—will lose none of its following in the Churches, and none of its power of grasp on the consciences of men.

A. S. G.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

San Stefano.—The Turkish village, now so noted because it was there that the peace negotiations between Russia and the Porte were conducted, lies a little to the eastward of the cape or point of the same name. This latter promontory projects about two miles in a southerly direction into the Sea of Marmora, and is situated seven miles west-by-south from the light-house on Seraglio Point, or about one hundred and five miles to the eastward of Gallipoli. The land is rather low, of a red color, and is distinguished by vessels bound for Constantinople from the Dardanelles by a large inn which stands on it, and by several houses, all painted red. On the point is also a light-house, which, however, has only a range of six miles. The cape is surrounded by a sand flat, extending a mile to the southward; but to the north of this and the point there is good anchorage. The village of San Stefano itself is much visited by the higher classes in Constantinople during the Summer, on account of its fresh and pure air; and the Sultan also has a palace there, built by Mahmoud II. On the land side of the village is a wooded plain, which now serves as a camping-ground for the troops accompanying the Russian Grand Duke. Four miles and a half to the north-east of San Stefano Point stands the Tower of Marmora, the castle called the Seven Towers, and the beginning of the walls of Constantinople. These latter extend in the same north-easterly direction for three miles up to Seraglio Point and the entrance to the Bosphorus. Between Stefano Point and the Tower of Marmora the shore is covered with houses and factories, many of which, and among them a powder-magazine, belong to the state. At San Stefano, too, according to a correspondent of the London *Standard*, is the chapel in whose devoutly worshiped walls live the miraculous fish which jumped out of the frying-pan on the day of the taking of Constantinople, and have lived on until now, with one side cooked, and the other waiting until in the fullness of things it can in its turn be submitted to the fire.

The Newspaper in India.—Whatever may be said of the selfish policy of England, which makes her place British interest first, last, and always, it must be conceded that into every country which the Englishman has visited he has carried the civilizing influences of the West and the religion of the Cross. We Americans have done much, very much, in missionary enterprise, but the Englishman has done more; and the fruit of these labors is beginning to appear in diverse places. From India we learn that east of Tinnevelly the natives are embracing Christianity in a remarkable manner, no fewer than sixteen thousand having sent in their names to the Anglican prelate, Bishop Caldwell, and placed themselves under instruction for baptism. His lordship reports that village after village is laying aside its heathenism and seeking ad-

mission into the fold of Christ. While we are satisfied that this large number of conversions of pagan worshipers to the true faith is principally due to the missionary labors, we stand ready also to acknowledge the great services rendered by the "knights of the pen." At the end of last year, so we learn from the London *Athenæum*, the number of journals published in India and passing through the post was: In Bengal, 63 European, 90 Oriental, and 12 mixed; In Madras there were respectively 38, 32, and 34; in Bombay, 34, 81, and 90; in the north-west, 16, 58, and 8; in the Punjaub, 13, 46, and 2; in the central provinces, 3, 4, and 2; in British Burmah, 14, 6, and 1; in Sinde, 9, 3, and 1; in Oude, 8, 20, and 3; in Rajpootana, 1, 4, and 1; and in Assam, 1, 7, and 1. These figures are very suggestive. They prove that "the schoolmaster is abroad," for newspapers imply readers; and we can thus see seed being sown broadcast, to grow up, none can tell how or when.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.—The Japanese, though they are near akin to the Chinese, differ very greatly from their neighbors by greater suavity in manners and flexibility in customs. Indeed, the readiness of the Japanese to adopt what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independence. Yet it should be remembered by those who would judge the Japanese that if he imitates it is not without discrimination, and that this willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, indicates rather acute intelligence and remarkable freedom from prejudice. How unlike the Japanese are in this respect from the Chinese! The latter have just succeeded in getting possession of the only railroad ever constructed in their country, and they are already at work in the *destruction* of this obnoxious innovation. On the other hand, the Japan railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railroads in the world. But it is not only in this single matter of railroads that the two nationalities differ. Take that of feminine dress and fashions in Japan; and, while there is much that a European would wish otherwise, they are not only quite distinct from the Chinese, but far in advance of them. The barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown, as also are high-heeled boots; and small, well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, a custom we Western people are not likely to adopt immediately. They *blacken* their teeth and *shave* their eyebrows when they marry. The present empress discards this custom, and so it may in the near future find fewer advocates, and be abandoned after a time. Take the dress of the Japanese in general, and we find them to affect a simple style, without gaudy colors or ostentatious ornaments, except for fastening up their hair. Even women wear no jewelry, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. And in referring to Japanese manners a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* is led to say that "Japan seems to be a country where men never seem to lose their tempers, where women and children are treated with gentleness, where common laborers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is a sufficient protection against all intrusion, even that of burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried to ludicrous excess." Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in the Western World, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people. And "manners are not idle;" urbanity, gentleness, and consideration for others are not mere superficial qualities. When such national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy, and intellect, they may surely be accepted as evidence of advanced civilization. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized society," have even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a country singularly free from servile or mercenary considerations.

ITALY.—The death of Count Paul Frederick Sclopis di Salerano, brings to mind the great Tribunal which convened at Geneva in 1872, to arbitrate between the Government of Great

Britain and our own, on the so-called Alabama question, generally considered as the most important *cause celèbre* of modern diplomacy. By the treaty of Washington in 1871, arbitration for the adjustment of the claims which the United States Government had made against Great Britain was agreed upon by the Commissioners of the two Governments, and in pursuance of this treaty, the following persons constituted the Tribunal of Arbitration: Count Frederick Sclopis, named by the King of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, named by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Viscount d' Itazuba, named by the Emperor of Brazil; Sir Alexander E. Lockburn, named by Queen of Great Britain; and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, named by the President of the United States of America. The principal counsel on the part of our Government was William M. Evarts, present Secretary of State. Count Sclopis was the President of the Tribunal, and not only won the esteem of his colleagues in that body, but earned the applause of the American and English people for the wisdom, discretion, and disinterestedness with which he disposed of the most delicate task imposed upon him by virtue of that office. The loss of such an accomplished jurist and statesman, is not that of one country only. Count Sclopis's decease robs the world of one of its greatest ornaments. He was a native of Turin, where he also died, having never removed with the court after its establishment, first at Florence and then at Rome. Born 1798, he distinguished himself at an early age in the university of his native city, and was nominated in 1825 to an office under the Minister of the Interior of the Kingdom of Sardinia. Thence he passed into the career of the magistracy, and was appointed a member of the Senate of Piedmont, at that time the Supreme Court of Justice. He filled subsequently the office of President of the Superior Commission of Censure, 1847; became Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs in 1848, at which time he sat in the Piedmontese Chamber as Deputy for Turin. In 1849 he was called to the Senate, of which he became Vice-President. Meanwhile Count Sclopis had taken part, in 1837, in compiling the Civil Code of Sardinia. As Keeper of the Seals, in 1848, he had presided over the commission upon the Laws of the Press, and as President of the Council of Contentious Diplomacy, he had taken an active part in the debates touching the seizure of the *Cagliari* by the Neapolitan Government. His last diplomatic function was as arbitrator in the Alabama question. Count Sclopis has also earned for himself a distinguished place among men of letters. His earliest publication was the "History of the Ancient Legislation of Piedmont," in 1833, which was followed by his "History of Italian Legislation," in three volumes, commenced in 1840 and completed by him in 1857, and which has been re-edited by him at Turin in 1864. In 1851 he published an "Essay on the States General and other Political Institutions of Piedmont and Savoy," and in 1853, his "Historical Researches into the Political Relations between the Dynasty of Savoy and the British Government." He was President of the Academy of Turin since 1864; member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences since 1869; member of the Institute of International Law since its foundation, at Ghent in 1872, and also Honorary President of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, since its foundation at Brussels in the same year. He had received, from his sovereign the highest mark of his favor in being nominated a Knight of of the Order of the Annunziata in 1868. His duties as a member of that order, which required his presence at Rome at the interment of the late king, the founder of the Italian monarchy, may have contributed to shorten his life which had been prolonged beyond the usual limits of the "days of man."

HOLLAND.—The Dutch have literally taken Holland. Amsterdam has finally a university. For centuries the high-schools at Leyden and Utrecht have been the representatives of Dutch learning; but now, the capital is to enjoy the pleasure of securing for its literary circles the most talented and accomplished of the nation. This is no more than proper. The European capitals are too important centers to exist without the advantages of that culture which is sure to flow from a congregation of learned men, and the Dutch have contributed so largely to Continental scholarship in recent times that another high-school, and that one at the nation's center, will considerably advance this already well-progressed people.

ART.

THE BED OF THE TIBER.

From time to time, during the past two hundred years, the thought of excavating the bed of the Tiber, at Rome, has been entertained by the leaders in archæological science. Various plans of exploration have been discussed by those deeply interested in ancient art-works. At times Rome has suffered terrible inundations from the Tiber; hence a sanitary motive has intensified the purely artistic or archæological one. Shortly after the entrance of the Italians into Rome, in 1870, the overflowing waters filled the adjacent streets. This state of things called out various letters advocating different plans for avoiding this serious disaster. The most thorough and complete plan was proposed by Signor Alessandro Castellani, of Naples, a former exile from his native land. He said he hoped this (of 1870) would be the last time the Tiber would be permitted to sweep in over Rome, and that the day had now come to demand a strict account of the ancient injuries done by the river to the city, and to oblige it to restore all the treasures which, in the course of ages, it had swallowed up. But for this great undertaking enormous sums of money would be necessary. With his usual liberality, Baron Rothschild, of Paris, expressed himself as willing to advance the necessary means to conduct this undertaking whenever it could assume a private character. But Signor Castellani felt that this method of procedure would be unwise, if not absolutely indecorous to the Italian Government; hence he endeavored to associate with himself six distinguished men to constitute a committee for interesting the government and pushing the enterprise to a successful issue. These men were Professors Helbig and Lignana, Prince Odescalchi, Senator Vitelleschi, the American sculptor, Story, and the engineer, Giordano. This able committee entered upon their work with great enthusiasm, and were promised the active aid and co-operation of the Roman municipal authorities. But nothing was effected. Next Garibaldi became deeply interested in this project. It went so far that the Chamber of Deputies, in 1875, ordered preliminary studies for this grand work of saving Rome from inundation and for rescuing the untold treasures which must be buried in the bed of the Tiber. It is much to be regretted that the Ministry of Public Instruction, who have the charge of the public monuments, etc., have not always acted in harmony with the Ministry of Public Works, under whose special supervision this excavation in the bed of the Tiber would fall. The former have most jealously guarded the old ruins which constitute so interesting a feature of Rome, and must ever form one of the most powerful attractions to the visitor; while the latter, in carrying out this project of exploring the Tiber bed, would necessarily undermine the foundations of some interesting monuments. Very recently a royal decree has been issued nominating a commission for the purpose of superintending the proposed researches in the bed of the Tiber, and there promises to be an intelligent report, and an early beginning of this interesting work. As a proof of the interest felt in this enterprise it may be mentioned that a private society has offered to pay in advance the requisite sum for these excavations, on condition of taking possession of all objects that do not relate to art or history, and of depositing all the objects of historic and artistic value in a Tiberine Museum. The government would own this museum on condition that it should give to the society the profits of the entrance fee for as many years as would be required to reimburse the society for the money advanced. No doubt whatever can be entertained with regard to the immense treasures which lie concealed in the accumulated mud and *débris* of the bed of the Tiber. The history and traditions agree in the untold sums of money alone which have been thrown into this river during the many terrible sacks which Rome has suffered. These expectations of rich results have been fully realized wherever diggings along the river bed have been undertaken by private parties, or for the purpose of building piers for new bridges. That the Rome of eighteen hundred years ago was a grand museum of collected and plundered art-works no historic student can doubt. That a vast amount of this treasure

found its resting-place in the Tiber is equally sure. What if the seven-branched golden candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem, which formed so interesting an object in the triumphal procession of Titus, should be fished up from its hiding-place? Would this not be an interesting object to put into the auction-rooms of Paris or London, where the Barons Rothschild could be the competitive bidders?

ART AND RELIGION.

At a recent Industrial Exhibition of the working classes of Westminster and Pimlico, London, under the patronage of the Townsend schools for these classes, Mr. John P. Seddon gave the address, which contains some capital thoughts for our Puritanic friends. After quoting the tenth clause in the "Rules" which were to be observed in these schools and exhibitions, "That the promoters and exhibitors seek for success by the favor of Almighty God; and that this exhibition may issue to the good of all classes," Mr. Seddon says: "Can advancement in art tend to the good of all classes, and may such be deemed worthy of the favor of Almighty God? I answer, yes; and yet it is a question oft debated nowadays, whether art and religion are sympathetic or antagonistic. There are those who seem to scent out popery in color, and atheism in scientific research. Then, again, history reveals that the age in which painting is thought to have culminated was one of the most licentious on record, and it is not to be denied that the most splendid monuments of our own land, such as our cathedrals, were raised at a period when we think superstition was rife. It is high time that such narrow views were exploded. . . . I venture to maintain, First, That art without religion is worth nothing; Second, That religion without art is not every thing. . . . If we search through the history of art we shall find that it discloses the fact that art without religion has never been any thing. The Greeks, the most accomplished artists the world has produced, worshiped, it is true, 'unknown gods;' but they did worship what they thought were gods. The ideal of their religion was but sensual; their gods were but beautiful human beings, very far from perfect in their conduct, and so the ideal of their art was a low one thoroughly, though they succeeded in the realization of that ideal. Christian art, in distinction from it, had always a spiritual, and consequently a far higher, ideal, one in fact incapable of full realization on earth. Yet our cathedrals in architecture, and the paintings of the holy monk, Fra Angelico, and the sculptures of Donatello and others, all point to an ideal which it is quite an elevation of humanity to have been able to conceive. It was because art afterward became irreligious, that it fell under the period called 'the Renaissance,' which was but the Renaissance of paganism, as far as its ideal of art was concerned. When the manner became more than the matter, even by Raffaelle himself and his school, its true life was extinguished, though in a blaze of splendor as regards execution and technical excellence. . . . But I have also said that religion without art is not every thing, as many pious people would fain imagine. For the Christian has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of the life to come. Now, this means that he should use his five senses as God intended him to do when he gave them to him, namely for enjoyment, as well as mere instruments for living. It is true, no doubt, that a man may creep to heaven with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his ears deaf to all sweet sounds around him; but then he is simply hiding his light under a bushel, and is no more to be commended for his total abstinence, than was St. Simeon Stylites for roosting on a pillar. A man may worship in a barn or in a field, and despise the vaulted canopy of a cathedral; but in doing thus he is but abjuring the life that now is, and is not making the best of it, as his Creator certainly meant him to do. God painted his bow in the clouds that we might enjoy its color and radiance. He sowed the rocks of the earth with fossils that we might study them. . . . We must allow that it is hardly a reasonable way to prepare ourselves for the future glories which eye hath not seen nor ear heard to shut our eye and close our ear to the lesser, but by no means small, glories with which even now we are liberally surrounded."

ART NEWS.

—The German journals give information that a portrait of Goethe, taken after his death by Professor Friedrich Preller, has recently been published, after having remained all these intervening years in the possession of the artist.

It is generally known that Goethe had a peculiar horror of attempting post-mortem pictures, and strictly forbade any likeness or cast from his face to be taken after his death, and these wishes of the great poet were, for the most part, complied with. By the intervention of Kaugler Von Müller, Professor Preller was allowed access to the death chamber, and managed to get a slight pencil sketch in his notebook of the poet as he lay with the laurel crown on his head, his features in peaceful repose, and a noble expression on his countenance. This sketch he ever afterward religiously treasured, showing it only to a few sympathetic friends. By means unknown to the artist, the celebrated Bettina von Arnim gained possession of it for a time, and had it poorly engraved in her book called, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." This unjust publication made the artist still more careful to keep secret his treasure; but since certain difficulties with the Goethe family have been arranged, he feels at liberty to make it public. It is now produced in *fac-simile* by Dresden photographers, Römmler & Jonas, and is to be sold for the benefit of a German charitable institution. It will be a picture of wonderful popularity with Germans, and should be in the collection of every admirer of the great poet.

—One of the most remarkable sales of art works in recent years was that of the Novar sale in London. This was made specially notorious by the large number of Turners which it contained; indeed, the collection has been called Novar collection of Turners. The general verdict is that as a series, these pictures were the most magnificent and the most interesting examples of Turner's genius which have ever been seen, or are likely to be seen, in an auction room. The crowd in attendance was immense; the enthusiasm unbounded, and the prices realized all that could be wished. Bonington's "Fish-market, Boulogne," brought 3,000 guineas; and his "Grand Canal, Venice," the same sum. Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Hon. Mrs. Stanhope" also fetched 3,000 guineas. Turner's water-color, "Zurich," sold for 1,200 guineas, and his "Chain-bridge over the Tees" was struck off for 1,420 guineas; while of his oil paintings, "Ancient Italy" brought 5,200 guineas; "Modern Italy, 5,000 guineas; "Rome from Mount Aventine," 5,850 guineas; "Van Tromp's Shallop," 5,200 guineas; and "St. Mark's Place, Venice," 5,200 guineas. Turner's works realized 57,000 guineas; the entire sale brought 73,000 guineas.

—It is announced that a very superior artist, Mr. S. A. Schaff, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, proposes to make a line-engraving from the crayon portrait of Emerson by Rowse. This is said to be one of the best works of Rowse, and by far the finest portrait of Mr. Emerson which has appeared. The poet Clough wrote in 1859: "It is really, I think, without any question, the best portrait of any living and known to me man that I have ever seen." There will be five hundred artist's proofs, and no more, at ten dollars each, and the work is to be begun when one hundred names are obtained.

—The Cincinnati May Festival began May 14th, and continued four evenings and three matinees. The great organ, erected in the magnificent Music Hall, cost over thirty-two thousand dollars, and the carvings on the case would, if they had to be paid for, cost nearly as much more, but they were done gratuitously by a class of young ladies in the Cincinnati School of Design. It has nearly one thousand more pipes than the great Boston organ, and requires a fifteen-horse power motor to drive its five sets of bellows. The power used for this purpose is a water-motor. There are five engines, each of three horse power, invented by the Messrs. Roots, of Connersville, Indiana. The engines are placed upon the ground in the cellar just under the organ, and are in direct connection with it. In size they are about three feet square, and two and a half feet high. It is a very simple and effective contrivance to produce power, very easily handled, and not liable to get out of order. Another advantage is, that no fires have to be lighted and no fuel used to generate power. The orchestra was under the direction of Theodore Thomas, who had added nearly a hundred chosen performers from the New York Philharmonic Society to his own choice and efficient corps. The ceremonies of opening the Music Hall constituted one of the grandest events that has ever taken place in the West. The programme was most choice and the artists among the best of our country. It was the notable musical event of the West.

NATURE.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.—Eminent oculists in Germany have carefully examined the eyes of thousands of children, and the general conclusion, which they now regard as fully established, is that there is a gradual increase of Myopia in the ascending grades from the primary school to the gymnasium. The latest investigations prove that near-sightedness is not only a disease, but one that predisposes to more serious ocular troubles, a disease usually originated during school life, or at least under twenty-one years of age. The great number of myopes who become partially or totally blind shows the necessity of investigating the causes and preventives of near-sightedness.

This disease is more prevalent in Germany than in any other country of the world, and the subject has lately commanded the attention of her Reichstag, as well as of her most distinguished physicians. In the schools sixty-two per cent are near-sighted, while in America, so far as examination extends, the rate is about twenty-seven per cent. In Germany many of the school-houses are very old structures, originally built for convents, and poorly lighted. The German text itself is obscure, compared with the clear Roman letters. The absence of near-sightedness among savages is an argument for the theory that one cause is undue tension of the eyes for near objects. Germany is confessedly one of the most studious nations of the world. Its scholars are especially sedentary in their habits, study more hours a day, have less fondness for outdoor exercise than American students, and are less careful in regard to ventilation.

Among causes for visual weakness in American youth may be named the stooping posture, which cramps the chest and brings the eyes too near the book; reading at twilight or late at night; reading in the cars; using lamps without shades; reading while facing the light; reading diamond print; wearing veils; and neglecting to cultivate far-sightedness by carefully observing distant objects. Hence myopia is more common in cities than in the country, among those working on near objects than among those working in the field with a larger range of vision. The increase of myopia has been attributed to modern devotion to literary pursuits, as savages are generally exempt from this trouble. But if proper precautions are taken there is no necessity that myopia should increase in a nation in proportion to its devotion to literary pursuits. Though it is often hereditary, this predisposition may commonly be counteracted by proper means. The period for the development of myopia—that is, for its beginning—is from the tenth to the fifteenth year, just at the time when the body is developing most rapidly. So near-sightedness is essentially a disease of childhood. Dr. Donders declares that he never has seen a case of myopia originate after the twentieth year.

FLOUR MILL EXPLOSIONS.—One of the best-known explosions of this kind is the burning of the Tradestown mills in Glasgow, Scotland. The first explosion which occurred there was caused by the ignition of the dust by sparks from the friction of two of the grinding-stones, where the feed had been stopped, but not the motion of the stones,—a situation very dangerous, but likely to happen in any large mill with many runs of stones. Different processes were going on in other parts of the mill, and the flour-dust was every-where thick, so that a second and larger explosion naturally followed the first, blowing out the gable ends of the building, reducing it to ruins, and setting the wood-work on fire.

This disaster was scientifically studied by Professors M'Adam and Rankinee, and the facts were clearly brought out by experiments with flour-dust sifted into a gas jet, and exploded in boxes. The composition of flour-dust is mainly starch and gluten, with smaller proportions of gum, sugar, and oil. All these substances contain carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and when burned yield carbonic acid gases and water vapor. These gases necessarily occupy a greater space than the dust and air from which they are derived, particularly under the high temperature produced by the burning, and their instantaneous expansion is in common language called an explosion.

A flour-mill in Detroit was burned in December, 1875. A workman was shoveling middlings at night, by the light of a lamp with a broken globe. The dust caught fire, and the room was almost instantly in flames in every part. In September, 1874, the Mascoutah mills in Illinois were burned because a miller carried a lighted lamp to the middling-chest when he went to jar the middlings. In 1869 a mill in Milwaukee was burned because a candle was left near the feed-spout, and so on. One of the most curious cases occurred at Binghamton, N. Y. The mill was left safely shut up for the night, as was supposed, when a freshet sent the water over the gate and started the machinery. The buhr-stones soon sent out a shower of sparks, and a conflagration followed. Nor is it flour-dust alone that is dangerous. Wood-dust and rubbish often become mixed with the right quantity of air to form an explosive compound.

SOUND.—Professor Tyndall, in his work "On Sound," speaking of a tremendous powder explosion which occurred at Erith, England, in 1864, shattering the windows on every side, though the village was some miles from the magazine, says: "Lead sashes were employed in Erith Church, and these, being in some degree flexible, enabled the windows to yield to the pressure without much fracture of the glass. Every window in the church, front and back, was bent *inward*. In fact, as the sound-wave reached the church, it separated right and left, and for a moment the edifice was enclasped by a girdle of intensely compressed air, which forced all its windows inward."

Now, was this "sound-wave" of compressed air that struck the church a wind-storm from the place of explosion? If not, whence all this force? That there was no wind is plain from the fact that no dust was raised nor a leaf stirred from its place. We must look for another explanation.

Suppose that in the middle of a closely packed crowd "room" were suddenly made by pushing back the by-standers. These, thus suddenly losing their balance, would fall back on others behind them, and these in turn on others, and so on to the outsiders. It is easy to see that each one would recover his own balance by pushing against the one behind him; and so the fall-back movement would be seen to pass like a wave through the crowd, each one passing it on as it reached him. In like manner the push of the expanding gases at the explosion was transmitted to the church, the intervening air only passing the push along. If the windows of the church had been elastic they would have swayed with the air; as it was they were pushed in, but had no back-spring. The impulse which struck the church struck many ears in the same way, but their drums, taking up the air-push and its back-snap, sent it to the brain, where it was put down as a tremendous sound. Sound, then, is only the beating of air-waves in the ear.

THE DEATH OF A GENERATION.—A writer in an English magazine studies from birth to death the march of a generation through life, basing his remarks on the annual report of the registrar-general. The author singles out, in imagination a generation of one million souls, and finds that of these more than one-fourth die before they reach five years of age. During the next five years the deaths number less than one-seventh of those in the first quinquennium. From ten to fifteen the average mortality is lower than at any other period. From fifteen to twenty the number of deaths increases again, especially among women. At this period the influence of dangerous occupations begins to be seen in the death-rate. Fully eight times as many men as women die violent deaths. The number of such deaths continues to rise from twenty to twenty-five, and keeps high for at least twenty years. Consumption is prevalent and fatal from twenty to forty-five, and causes nearly half the deaths. From thirty-five to forty-five the effects of wear and tear begin to appear, and many persons succumb to diseases of the important internal organs. By fifty-five the imagined million has dwindled down to less than one-half, or 421,115, After this the death-rate increases more rapidly. At seventy-five there remain 161,124, and at eighty-five, 38,565. Only 202 reach the age of one hundred.

NOVELTIES IN PAPER.—Car-wheels are now made of paper. After being subjected to enormous pressure, the paper is inclosed between thin sheets of iron. Such wheels are found to possess extraordinary elasticity and endurance, and are coming to be extensively used, not

only in this country, but in Europe. The latest novelty in the use of paper appears to be for stove-kettles. They are made in Breslau, and are light and durable. Before the paper pulp is molded and compressed into the required shape, it is treated with chemicals which render it non-inflammable. Specimens of paper and cloth made from the California cactus were recently exhibited. The success of making paper from this plant is so marked that the business will be attempted on a large scale. Other vegetable substances might be used for the same purpose.

Solar Steam Power.—Mr. W. Adams, of Bombay, India, recently tried the following experiment in boiling water by the heat of the sun: In the presence of several gentlemen of Bombay, nine gallons of water was poured into a small boiler at 9.25 A. M. The rays of the sun were then directed on the boiler, and the water boiled in exactly thirty minutes. After boiling one hour the focus was turned off, when it was found that three and three-fourth gallons had been evaporated. In this experiment he used one hundred and ninety-eight glass mirrors, each fifteen inches by nine and a half.

A Magnetized Spider.—In a communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia Dr. John Vansant treats of the influence of magnetism on living organisms, and describes at length one experiment with a spider, which was killed by the magnetic emanation. The magnet employed was a small steel one, of the U shape, the legs of which were about two and one-half inches long by one-half inch wide and one-sixth inch thick, the distance between the poles being about one-quarter inch. Having noticed a small spider actively running along the arm of his chair he brushed it off upon the carpet, where it began to run, but was somewhat impeded by the roughness of the fabric. Dr. Vansant now slid the magnet along the carpet, following the spider, till it, was between the poles. The animal almost instantly stopped, and in a few seconds was motionless; but at the end of two or three minutes it began slowly to move its legs and head. At the end of five minutes the spider was again quite still. The spider and magnet were then covered with a tumbler. On the expiration of two hours the glass was removed, and the spider observed with a magnifying-glass. It was apparently dead. The author states that he has killed other small animals, as worms and insects, as well as some plants, with magnetism.

An Odd Use for the Eucalyptus.—In a letter to the *Illustration Horticole* M. Baltet says: "Lately my brother, being very much disturbed in his sleep by mosquitoes, took it into his head to place a young plant of eucalyptus in his bed-chamber over night. From that moment the insects disappeared, and he slept in comfort. I have been following his example, with the same result."

Ascent of Mount Ararat.— Professor Bryce, a noted geologist of London, with a companion, six Cossack soldiers, and an interpreter, set out from Aralyk, a little to the north of the mountain, at eight A. M. on September 11th of last year, to attempt the ascent. About noon they were fairly on the side of Ararat, and at about six thousand feet came upon a small Kurd encampment, some of the Kurds, with their oxen, being induced to act as baggage-bearers. At the well of Sardarbulakh they camped late in the afternoon, about seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea. At one A. M. they started again, thirteen in all; but as they proceeded the Cossacks dropped off one by one, and at last, at a height of about twelve thousand feet, Professor Bryce resolved to take what he wanted in the way of food and start at his own pace. Two Cossacks and a Kurd accompanied him to the height of about thirteen thousand feet, when they too disappeared, and Professor Bryce determined to accomplish the remainder of the seventeen thousand feet alone, a hazardous undertaking even for a trained Alpinist. Partly up a rocky slope which seems to extend considerably beyond the snow-line, and partly over the soft snow, and enveloped much of the time in cloud, Professor Bryce continued his solitary and fatiguing way, until, about half-past two P. M., he became convinced that he was really on one of the tops of Ararat—for there are two, one about thirty feet higher than the other—and he did not descend until he had set his feet on both. There were difficulties and dangers both in the ascent and descent, though they do not seem to be nearly so great, judging

from Professor Bryce's description, as those which attend the ascent of a moderate Alpine summit. The Professor reached his companions again in safety.

Notwithstanding he had to make all haste to reach the summit he succeeded in making several interesting notes, the evidences of volcanic action particularly attracting his attention. To show the superstitious awe with which the sacred summit is regarded in the surrounding regions, Professor Bryce relates that when the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin was told that the Englishman had ascended to the top of "Massis," the venerable man replied, smiling sweetly: "No, that can not be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible." Professor Bryce's is the sixth known ascent of Ararat, the first having been made in 1829.

Color of Birds' Eggs.—In an article on the subject Von Reichenan concludes that birds which build open nests uniformly have colored eggs, and that those that possess concealed or covered nests have white eggs. He further states that in open and ground nests the color of the eggs has a protective function.

RELIGIOUS.

The Quakers and Higher Education.—A little over two centuries ago many of the followers of George Fox came to this country from England to establish for themselves a home free from the degeneracy, corruptions, and worldliness which had surrounded them on the other side of the Atlantic. One of our largest States was almost entirely under the influence of the "Friends"—so the Quakers prefer to be called—until long after the establishment of the republic; and even to this day the second city in the Union prides itself on the predominating influence of the people who gave her the name of "Brotherly Love." It is, therefore, not at all surprising that of the eighty-five thousand Quakers in the world about sixty thousand reside in this country. A sober and unpretentious people, they have only within the present century paid much attention to higher education. In 1830 they founded what is known as the Haverford College in Philadelphia. In 1859 they founded the Earlham College, at Richmond, Ind. In 1868 Whittier College was opened at Salem, Iowa, and Penn College, at Oskaloosa, Iowa; and since then other schools of more recent origin, as well as some older ones, originally intended for preparatory work, have aspired to the more dignified vocation of "colleges." More wisely, however, than these, the Orthodox Friends have, at their last yearly meeting in May, agreed that the two first-founded colleges shall be the principal schools of the sect, and all others shall be reduced to the preparatory order. This husbanding of resources is sure to bear good fruit for the Quakers, and is worthy of the reputation they bear as a wise and cautious people.

A Woman Philanthropist.—What may be done on a small scale for national education by private enterprise is once more demonstrated in our day by a German lady, Mrs. Salis Schwab, at Naples, in Italy. It reminds us of the undertakings in Switzerland by the immortal pedagogue, Pestalozzi. Our readers will remember how this guileless German enthusiast forsook home, friends, and position, to devote his manly strength and vigorous intellect to the training of the poor, forsaken factory children, whom he gathered at Neuhof, on his one-hundred-acre farm, and thus founded what may be considered as the first industrial school in Europe; and how, later, he repeated the experiment on a larger scale and with greater success at Stantz and at Yverdun. Just as Pestalozzi gathered, after the turbulent days that followed the French Revolution in Switzerland, which caught the destructive epidemic, some of the children whom the disturbances had bereft of home, parents, and friends, in the Ursuline Convent of the Unterwald, so Mrs. Schwab has gathered in the ruins of an old convent at Naples two hundred and fifty pupils, and affords them, at the expense of her own private fortune, the very best

educational facilities which modern pedagogy commands. Besides the elementary schools there is a kindergarten, industrial schools, and a training school for teachers on the Frŏbel system. The Italian Government has become interested, the provincial authorities are much pleased, and the municipality of Naples has awakened to a realizing sense of the vast and beneficial enterprise of Mrs. Schwab, and is anxiously seeking to second all her efforts. Best of all, the philanthropic lady is a German, and therefore brings to her task the liberal and progressive ideas of a Protestant instructor, and her school is not only a training institution, but a model of the best type of pedagogy. May we not hope that the missionary spirit which that good woman so beautifully exhibits will bear its fruit in the freeing of the rising generation of Sicily from the thralldom of Italian Popery?

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An order was recently issued by the Sultan for removing the old walls of Jaffa (Joppa). In cutting a gate through a water-battery at an angle of the sea wall built by Vespasian, and directly in front of the reputed house of Simon the tanner, the men came on three oval-shaped tanners' vats, hewn out of the natural rock, and lined with Roman cement, down very near the sea, and similar in every respect to those in use eighteen centuries ago. There is also a fresh-water spring flowing from the cliff close by, long known as the town spring. This discovery at least proves that the house on the rocky bluff above, and from which steps lead down to the vats, must have belonged to some tanner; and, as perhaps not more than one of that trade would be living in so small a place as Jaffa, some probability is given to the tradition that this is the identical spot where the house of Simon stood, with whom Peter was sojourning when he saw his vision and received the servants of Cornelius.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.—Count Tolstoy, Procurator-general of the Russian Holy Synod, in a report to the Czar, states that the Russian Greek Church is now possessed of 38,602 churches, including cathedrals; 12,860 chapels and oratories; 98,387 arch-priests, priests, deacons, and precentors; and 56,500,000 members, of whom 29,000,000 are women and 27,500,000 men. The Holy Synod granted 1,005 divorces last year, the reason assigned in 664 cases being that the husband or wife had absconded. The sums received by the Church during the year amounted to 11,278,111 rubles, inclusive of a million rubles which represent the income of Church property.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Ritualists have suffered several severe rebuffs in Church and State. In the courts unfavorable decisions have been rendered against them, and several incumbents, guilty of unwarranted conduct and practices, have been obliged to vacate their livings. The English Church Union, which aims to un-Protestantize the Church of England, has worked and worked, and yet thus far only 14,500 lay members are linked with the movement. A very small proportion this, when compared with the 2,550 clerical members who represent one-tenth of all the clergymen in the Church. Evidently the lay element seems to be in no haste to advance Ritualistic interests. Indeed, if we may judge from the memorial which has just been presented to the vueen, we should think that sooner than had been hoped this Ritualistic bubble will be pricked and vanish into thin air. Her majesty is petitioned to use all the influence at her command to repress the practice of auricular confession in the Church of England. Nearly half a million signatures have been appended to the memorial. Among them are those of 75 noblemen, 37 ladies of title, 39 baronets, 23 right honorable and honorable gentlemen, 93 members of Parliament, 4 sheriffs, 655 magistrates and justices of the peace, 41 mayors and aldermen, 973 bankers and merchants, 22 admirals, 46 generals, 202 colonels, 99 majors, 247 captains (army and navy), 4 deans, 4 archdeacons, 30 canons, 3,286 clergy, 1,628 churchwardens, 727 surgeons, 350 physicians and doctors of medicine, 138 barristers, 812 solicitors, 1,194 schoolmasters, 390,713 members of the Church of England not classified.

AT the recent session of the Convocation of Canterbury the Bishop of Exeter said it had been represented to him that the practice of family prayer was decreasing, and had already decreased to a considerable extent. If Convocation, he remarked, would prepare and authorize a form for family prayer, it would help to resuscitate so desirable and salutary a practice. A motion for the appointment of a com-

mittee to prepare forms for family and private prayer was unanimously adopted.

MISSIONARY.—As the result of fifteen years' labor among the Indians in the jurisdiction of Niobrara, the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions reports the baptism of 2,200 persons, the confirmation of nearly 1,000, the building of 14 churches, 3 boarding-schools and 5 parsonages; the admission of 16 native candidates for holy orders, and the ordination of 6 natives to the ministry. There are now 19 congregations meeting every Sunday for worship, and 600 children in schools.

—Rev. Charles F. Mass, missionary at Anantananarivo, Madagascar, writes that the statistics of his district for 1876 contain indications of progress. Seven years ago there were in the district 37 churches, with 19 pastors; now there are 66 churches with 41 pastors. There are besides 17 native evangelists. The staff of native preachers has increased from 197 to 326; the attendance on worship from 14,460 to 17,794, and the members from 2,368 to 9,010. There has been great improvement in the places of worship also. Brick edifices, with tiled roofs, glass windows, and substantial doors have taken the places of mud houses with holes for windows and doors. He notices, however, that the vice of drunkenness is increasing in the neighborhood of the capital, and he thinks that one cause of this is that too many missionary societies are crowding that part of the island.

—The Bishop of Madras estimates the number of native Christians in his diocese at 79,917, an increase of 65 per cent in fifteen years. About three-fourths of these belong to the Church Missionary Society. The native clergy have increased threefold in the same period. They now number 103, of whom 71 are connected with the above-named society. During his episcopate Bishop Gell has confirmed 25,541 native Christians.

—It is said that the native Theistic Church of India, the Brahmo Somaj, of which Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen is the leader, is declining. A correspondent of the *Indian Mirror* says it has no energy, enthusiasm, organization, and no preaching or lecturing. The Maharajah of Cush Behar, in Assam, is to marry Chunder Sen's eldest daughter, previously renouncing heathenism and becoming a Brahmo.

—Among the candidates recently presented for holy orders at the University of Cambridge were two students from Bishops' College, Calcutta. Both are natives of pure race.

—Missionaries write from Brazil that under the new Liberal Ministry the whole country is open to the preaching of the Gospel, and every-where audiences can be obtained to listen to the preacher. The additions to the Presbyterian missions for the year past were one hundred and twenty.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

KING GEORGE IV AND MRS. FITZHERBERT.—Lord Albemarle, in that excellent bit of autobiography, entitled "Fifty Years of my Life," published by Henry & Co., New York, 1877, makes the following allusion to an incident connected with the marriage of George, Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, which we think has never before been told in print, and which will bear repeating here: At an early period of their marriage, George, Prince of Wales, presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This jewel she caused to be divided into two parts. In one part was inclosed the prince's portrait, which she reserved for herself. The other half containing her miniature, she gave to his royal highness. Soon after their final separation it was agreed between them that all tokens of affection which each had received from the other should be returned. The arrangement was carried out by Mrs. Fitzherbert, but the prince failed to return her miniature. Too proud to ask for an explanation, Mrs. Fitzherbert lived and died in ignorance of what had become of her presents. When on his death-bed, George IV desired the Duke of Wellington, whom he had appointed his executor, to take care that he was buried in the night-clothes in which he then lay. Soon after his majesty had received the assurance that his wishes should be com-

plied with, he breathed his last. The undertakers entered the room to perform the business connected with their calling, but, seeing the duke, respectfully retired. His grace was now seized with an irrepressible desire to discover the motive which had led the king, his late royal master, to make so strange a request. Approaching the bed, he discovered round the king's neck, attached to a very dirty and faded piece of black riband, the jeweled miniature. The poor king's dying request was fulfilled to the letter, and he carried with him to the grave the image of her who was perhaps the only woman whom he had respected as well as loved.

TOBACCO MONOPOLY.—*Apropos* of the projected introduction of a government monopoly of the sale of tobacco in Germany, in order to increase the revenues of the empire and secure the needed support for the large standing army which Germany is obliged to maintain, the *Alsace Journal* relates the following anecdote of the way in which the government monopoly of the sale of tobacco was introduced into France: "One evening in November, 1810, a court ball was taking place in the Tuileries, and among the company present was a lady conspicuous not only by reason of her beauty, but also on account of the brilliancy and size of the diamonds she wore, and the general richness of her dress. The Emperor Napoleon, struck by her appearance, inquired who she was. In reply he was told that she was the wife of a merchant who had made an immense fortune by the sale of tobacco. 'The business is a profitable one, then?' remarked the Emperor. And the result was that on the 29th of December, 1810, and the 11th of January, 1811, decrees were issued securing to the State the exclusive right of manufacturing and selling tobacco."

HAIR-DRESS IN THE LAST CENTURY.—M. Racinet has written a series of sketches of European fashions in the Middle Ages and has now extended his studies into more recent times, changing the title of his work to "Le Costume Historique." One of the most interesting chapters of Part IV, which has just appeared (to be had of J. W. Bouton, New York), furnishes some curious details with regard to the head-dresses of women in France during the eighteenth century, and illustrates indirectly the progress of that wonderful branch of the fine arts in modern civilization. The chignon, it appears, was scarcely known prior to the middle of that century. Artificial hair was worn by men for more than a hundred years without exciting the jealousy of the angelic sex, until about the year 1730, when the women began to adorn their heads with counterfeit tresses, but so disguised as to be scarcely visible. But in 1750 they adopted the peruke in the full-blown glories of its flowing locks, in order, it is said, to escape the torture of submitting the natural hair for hours to the hands of the professional hairdresser, a species of purgatory which still forms a cardinal article of faith in the creed of the fashionable world. These perukes were of all forms and colors, and were profusely sprinkled not only with white powder, but with gray, russet, and red. The illustrations of these architectural structures present a signal example of female enterprise. A great variety of specimens, both of womanly and manly beauty in different styles, show the uniform traces of "nature's sweet and cunning hand," though sometimes so disguised as to be detected only by the sharp-sighted connoisseur.

A PAPER CANOE.—The ingenious Yankee is bound to excel in venturesome enterprises of all sorts. Foot-racing and horse-races are as common in England as they are on this side of the Atlantic, and as Brother Jonathan will not stand square with Cousin Johnny Bull, the dare-devil enterprise of the former has at last found an outlet in paper canoeing. And this is certainly the very *acme* of hazardous exploits. Next to going to sea in a bowl or in a tub or in an egg-shell, comes the voyage of Nathaniel H. Bishop in a paper boat, of less than sixty pounds' weight, over a distance of about two thousand miles on river and ocean. We can not stop here to tell of Mr. Bishop's exploits, but we will tell our readers something about this newly invented water-craft which is asserted to have the advantage of less weight, greater strength, and more speed than a wooden boat of the same size and model. "The molded paper shell," we are told, "retains the delicate lines essential to speed, while the brittle wooden shell is more or less warped by the action of moisture and the sun. Paper neither swells nor shrinks

nor cracks, hence it does not leak, is always ready for use, and always serviceable." Mr. Bishop's little craft was built at Troy, New York. It was fourteen feet in length; breadth of beam twenty-eight inches; depth amidships nine inches; height of bow twenty-three inches, and height of stern twenty inches. She was only one-eighth of an inch in thickness; she was fitted with a pair of steel outriggers, which could be easily unshipped and stowed away. The oars were of spruce, seven feet eight inches long, and three pounds and a quarter each in weight. The double paddle was seven feet six inches in length, and weighed two pounds and a half. When every thing was on board, the boat and her cargo, including the weight of the skipper and provisioned for a long voyage, weighed less than three Saratoga trunks containing a fashionable wardrobe for a four weeks' visit at that fashionable watering-place.

HAZING.—For the past year we have heard more or less about the pet employment of our college boys. One or two of the "high-schools" of this country have gained a reputation even across the sea. Princeton "freshies" are the theme of the civilized world. Theirs is a novel way of carrying on the college warfare. Heretofore it was the custom of our precocious youth within the scholastic walls to arm themselves with small canes and big dictionaries, and to manipulate these weapons of defense so skillfully that firearms and sharp-swords were considered as of no avail. But as the characteristic of our age is progress, the Princeton "boys," determined not to fall under the reproach of being "behind the times," have adopted "a more sure way of defense." As we read the daily reports brought to us by our newspaper we were reminded of a little episode in the life of that illustrous French scholar, Edgar Quinet, while he was an inmate of the College at Lyons, in 1817. He was at that time fourteen years of age. The board of the college had been a subject of complaint for some time. The boys were tired of the eternal *omelette* and *haricots* (beans), and they determined on a fight, but not against each other, rather against the authorities of the school. A mutiny broke out; the boys barr doors, extinguished the night of it. Next day were expelled; but ning of evils. The second form fortified their lecture-room, set booby-traps of dictionaries, erected a barricade of benches and tables, and laid in a store of missiles and ammunition. All this was done in the dead of night, without wakening the ushers. When all the preparations were made, Jules Janin and other choice spirits raised the war-cry of "No more omelettes! Down with haricots!" It was no wonder, for the pupils had just supped on the thirty-ninth omelette in succession and the twenty-seventh plate of haricots. The masters gathered in the gloom and attacked the door, but were received with a galling cross-fire of grammars and lexicons. A porter who advanced full of courage was carried to the rear, bleeding from a cut inflicted by a water-bottle. This gallant domestic, however, was the Arnold von Winkelreid of the day; the ushers hurried through the gap which he had made, and soon won every position, swept like a torrent over the *abattis* of benches, captured eight prisoners, and finally expelled about twenty, including Jules Janin, who was destined to become the most brilliant of the French critics of this century, and one of the most honored of the academicians.

HOW VOLTAIRE CRITICISED.—In his Essay on the "Epic Poetry of the European Nations," Voltaire has a violent attack on the "Lusiad" of Camoens, a work which, however, he had never read either in the original or in any correct translation of it. When the essay, which was printed in London, was in the press, Voltaire happened to show a proof-sheet of it to Colonel Bladon, the translator of Cæsar's "Commentaries." The Colonel, who had been in Portugal, and was well versed in Portuguese literature, was so surprised at Voltaire's critique, that he made bold to ask the French skeptic whether he had ever read the "Lusiad," and was not a little surprised to learn that Voltaire had not only never seen the work, but could not have read it if he had seen it—he did not know the Portuguese. Later in life he read a poor translation of the "Lusiad."

EMPTY WRITERS OF TRAVEL.—The early English writers of travel, especially those who the far East, and then came home to wn their experiences, were not very as about telling what they had seen they imagined to have seen. One of

the best examples of this class is Sir John Mandeville, who flourished in the fourteenth century. He visited Egypt, Palestine, and the most distant parts of Asia, spending some time in China. Instead of confining himself to his own observations, he borrowed liberally from mediæval romancers and from Pliny's writings, and, in consequence, extraordinary legends and fables, and every sort of credulity and ignorance abound in his book. He tells us that he has seen at Jerusalem, on the steps of the temple, "the foot-marks of the ass which our Lord rode on Palm Sunday." He describes the Ethiopians as "a people who have only one foot, but so large that they can make use of it as a parasol." And this writer of travels was destined to become the father of English prose!

PURE SAXON.—The terse and expressive character of our mother-tongue is so attractive that we need not wonder at the frequent outcry against the constant importation of foreign words into our language. But, after all, these advocates for the purity of the English are somewhat amiss themselves when they declaim so loudly about *pure Saxon*. The number of words in English of Anglo-Saxon origin has, until recently, been greatly overestimated. A large number of writers have followed Turner's estimate, who made some three-fifths to three-fourths of all to be from the Anglo-Saxon. Recent more careful examination has quite reversed this, and shown that by far the larger proportion is from foreign sources. By counting every word in the dictionaries of Robertson and Webster, the fact is established that of the sum total, 43,566 words, 29,853 came from classical, 13,230 from Teutonic, and the rest from miscellaneous sources. According to its vocabulary, the English would be reckoned with the French and Spanish among the Romance languages. But judged by the words in actual use among different writers and speakers, or in common intercourse among men, the Saxon character of the language at once comes out in the strongest light. The vital, assimilating power of the language is essentially English, having a stronger affinity to the Gothic than the Romance side, yet, after all, neither Saxon nor Latin, but English. As regards the meaning of words, it may be said first, that as a general rule, all names of particular objects, all words to indicate the actions and sentiments of common life, the language of house and home, of the shops, of business generally, and such words as belong to the ordinary intercourse of men, are from the Anglo-Saxon. Our generic terms are from the Latin, as *objects*, *color*, *motion*, *passion*, *affection*, *animal*, *plant*, etc. But particular objects of sense or thought, as *sun*, *moon*, *hill*, *house*, *wood*, *stream*, etc.; particular motions, *run*, *leap*, *walk*, *fly*, etc.; particular colors, *blue*, *green*, *red*, etc.; particular passions, *love*, *hate*, etc., are Anglo-Saxon.

THE BOERS.—Who has not heard of the Boers? Those farmers of Dutch descent in South Africa, after the annexation of the Cape Colony to England, gave the Britishers a good deal of trouble. They were the founders of the Orange River Free State and of the Transvaal Republic. A recent traveler in "The Great Thirst Land," as he pleases to call Africa, furnishes most pleasantly and graphically written sketches of scenes and adventures along his route from Natal over the Drakenberg range to the high plains of the Transvaal, and across these to the Limpopo River. The difficulties and mishaps of "trakking" with the lumbering ox-wagon; the scenery of the Drakenberg, and the high plains; the Boers and the natives; with hunting hazards and escapes innumerable, give material to keep up the unflagging zest and excitement of the narrative. Among the most generally interesting parts of the volume at the present time are those which describe the Boers, recently re-included among the British subjects. Taking them as they come the general impression given by Mr. Gillmore's book is that there are Boers and Boers. The first of these met with, for example, are rather prepossessing, stalwart, fair men, dirty and rude, but honest and trustworthy. Those of their number who are most determinedly opposed to British interference belong to the sect called the "Doppers." Of these Mr. Gillmore writes:

"Their dress is a short, single-breasted coat, trousers very loose, and peculiar-shaped, broad-brimmed hats. They consider themselves to be the chosen people of God, and are still in search of the Promised Land, which they profess to believe exists farther north, in the interior of Africa. The heathen, they say, have been given them as a heritage, so they are slave-owners.

They are brave and fearless, constantly carrying on war against one or other of the native tribes; and when actually engaged in hostilities spare neither sex, but carry off the young children to be reared as bondsmen. They are hard masters, not sparing the lash, and exacting for the food their slaves get constant and severe labor. No kind look or even word here cheers the slave's task, for no bond of sympathy exists between the Dopper and the black man. His horse he takes pleasure in, his cattle he is proud of, but a heathen merits not a thought. . . . The black population of these parts love not the Boers, but hate and dread the Doppers."

LITERATURE.

THE cruise of the *Challenger*, of which we gave in our February number a condensed sketch, with illustrations, drawn from the sprightly narrative of Lieutenant Spry, is probably destined to rank, in the value of its results, with the very first of its class. A much fuller and more thoroughly prepared account of that voyage has now been given to the public in the exact and elaborate report of Sir Wyville Thompson, who was at the head of the civilian scientific staff of the expedition during the whole of its sailing. His work, in two volumes,* with the promise of others to follow, is a prodigy of learned labors and painstaking, though possibly, on account of its fullness of details and the scientific accuracy of its descriptions, it may find fewer readers than the more free-and-easy narrative of his fellow voyager.

The *Challenger* set out on her cruise on the 7th of December, 1872, and arrived back again on the 24th of May, 1876, having been away three years and nearly six months; and during this time she traversed sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety miles, and established three hundred and sixty-two stations of observation,—most of them by deep-sea soundings. Her first course was from England southward along the coast of Spain to Gibraltar, thence to Madeira and the Canaries, and thence across the Atlantic to the Antilles. During the whole distance between the last-named two points frequent soundings were made and the bottom of the ocean carefully explored. From St. Thomas her course was laid for the Bermudas—still sounding at short intervals all the way—and thence to Nova Scotia and back again, deflecting on the northward route so as to pass not very far from our coast all the way from Cape Hatteras to Halifax. A hydrographic map of the islands and shoals and surrounding waters of the Bermudas is given, which, with the accompanying sketch of their history, may afford a better notion of that lonely ocean-bound tract than can be obtained in almost any other work.

Leaving this point, the Atlantic was again crossed over to Madeira, and then the South Atlantic Ocean was traversed in various directions, from Africa to South America, as far south as the Falkland Islands, to about the fiftieth degrees of south latitude. A considerable portion of the South Pacific was also explored.

The purpose of the expedition was purely scientific, and without any expectation of pecuniary compensation. And though careful geographical and meteorological observations were made, yet the chief and ever-controlling object was to explore the bottom of the ocean, and to learn of its depth, surface, and composition, the temperature of the ocean at various depths, and its animal life. The records of these explorations, made out with remarkable exactitude, with accompanying observations on various natural phenomena, and lightened with narratives of passing events, make up the substance of these superb volumes.

The additions made to scientific knowledge, especially in the department of the fauna of the ocean depths, are very considerable. The statements and descriptions are made in a clear and intelligible style, though, from the nature of the case, technical and scientific language is often used. The illustrations are exceedingly well executed, and add much to the attractiveness of the work.

*THE VOYAGE OF THE CHALLENGER—THE ATLANTIC. A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H. M. S. *Challenger*, during the Year 1873 and the Early Part of 1876. By Sir C. Wyville Thompson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 391—340.

It is well said that the *ars poetica* never made a poet; and the same remark may be made in respect to every other art and those who practice them. And in this spirit we find at the beginning of a comprehensive treatise on rhetoric the epigrammatic saying that "Writers are not made by rhetoric," which is true in somewhat the same sense that it would be to say that houses are not made by architects nor railroads by civil engineers. In either case the theorizing intellect must guide the hand that executes, if it shall operate to any good purpose. And this universal truth is especially true in respect to the domain of literary composition and criticism; and therefore, whether the purpose is to compose well or to appreciate the composition of others, the subject should be studied with the aid of the best teachers and writers upon that subject. These thoughts have been called up by looking over two new books, just issued from the publishing house of the Harpers. The first of these* is a comprehensive system of rhetoric, as that science or art is taught in our higher schools, in which fullness and thoroughness of treatment is steadily aimed at and labored for. As the subject is a wide one, completeness of arrangement and great conciseness of statements, with the avoidance of any lengthy illustrations, were necessary in order to keep the volume within the desired size. In all these particulars Mr. De Mille seems to have labored with a rather remarkable degree of success,—and the result is just such a book as is needed, whether as a text-book for schools or a manual for private studies. The second† is less comprehensive, and not equally elaborately prepared, but written with a somewhat freer hand; and, as the subject discussed is a very broad one, much that is found in this latter book is complementary to what is contained in the former. Both books may, therefore, be profitably used by the same person.

Mr. John Kennedy, who has made the art of teaching a special study, read a paper before the New York State Teachers' Association at Plattsburg, in July of last year, which was heard with much favor by those present, and afterwards printed in pamphlet form for a more extensive use. So encouraged, he has since expanded the theme into a small volume,* in which he discusses, with a good degree of fullness and much force, many of the various points that fall within the range of the ethics of common or public schools. In doing this he discusses more especially the conditions requisite, in respect to the community to be served, and for the parents, the pupils, and also the teachers. Next the *rights* of these several parties are discussed; and last of all the various problems involved are considered, and practical conclusions evolved, in each case. The book is full of valuable suggestions, and its reading could not fail to do good among those for whom it is especially intended.

A Brooklyn rector, yielding to the popular impulse of the day, having preached eight sermons on the subject of the dark side of the future life, now sends them forth in a book.† His position, as stated, is that of doubt. He recognizes and confesses the dark shadow that Scripture throws upon this subject, but is evidently unwilling to accept the evident implications of the utterances of the New Testament on the subject. The temper and spirit of the work is calm, though a little one-sided, and the result of the whole is *nil*. The book contains nothing at all that may not be found more ably stated elsewhere.

Memoirs of William Francis Abbott, by Francis Winthrop Palfrey (Houghton, Osgood & Company, 12mo, pp. 309), is an appreciative tribute to the memory of a brilliant young officer,—one of the many who were brought to the front by the events of the late war, and who by the same causes were hurried on to early graves. It is evidently the work of a loving hand, who found a sad pleasure in

---

*The Elements of Rhetoric. By James De Mille, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 564.

†The Principles of Rhetoric, and their Application. By Adams S. Hill, Professor in Howard College. With an Appendix, comprising General Rules for Punctuation. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 12mo. Pp. 296.

*The School and the Family. The Ethics of School Relations. By John Kennedy, Instructor in Teachers' Institutes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 24mo. Pp. 205.

†The Valley of the Shadow. Eight Sermons on the Doctrine of Future Punishment. By Charles H. Hall, D. D. New York: T. Whittaker, Bible House. 12mo. Pp. 180.

dwelling among the reminiscences of a deceased companion. The book is largely made up of letters from camps and fields and hospitals, sent by the subject of the book to his personal friends, which, though of no especial public or historical interest, very fully reveal the heart of their writer.

Keramos and Other Poems (Houghton, Osgood & Company) is the title of the latest issued of Longfellow's poems. They make up a neat volume of 148 pages, put up in the best style of the Riverside press. Most of these pieces have before appeared in various periodicals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE.—*The Queer Home;* or, Rugby Court. By Annette Lucille Noble. 18mo. Pp. 450. A vivacious and decidedly readable story, with good moral lessons.——*The Temperance Lesson Book.* A Series of Short Lessons on Alcohol and its Action on the Body. Designed for Reading in Schools and Families. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., etc.——The National Temperance Society has just published, in a pamphlet of thirty-five pages, an address by the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, entitled, *Temperance and Republican Institutions.* It is an able presentation of the relations of the liquor-traffic to popular government. Its admonitions concerning the public perils which the drink-traffic involves are timely and of profound importance. Per dozen, one dollar; single copy, ten cents. J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade-Street, New York.

FROM D. LOTHROP & COMPANY, BOSTON.—*Harrie;* or, School-girl Life. 18mo. Pp. 128.

EX CATHEDRA.

OUR "INVALIDES."

THE weakest and the worst point of the Methodist itinerancy, as that system is administered in this country, is the want of any adequate provisions for the support of its disabled or worn-out ministers and the families of deceased ministers. The theory of that system is that during the time of his effective service a minister shall receive, year by year, "the amount necessary to furnish a comfortable support" for himself and family, of which necessary amount the Church he serves, and from whose voluntary contributions his support is derived, is constituted the arbiter; and even that estimate, when duly made out, does not amount to a legal claim. As a rule, however, the Churches, it is believed, deal fairly with their ministers, though from a variety of causes the amounts estimated are often painfully small, and of these a large proportion remains forever unpaid. Still, we are not disposed to complain very loudly against the rate of support which the Churches, as a whole, extend to their pastors; though there are, no doubt, in all the conferences cases of individual hardships, and in some of them the average rate of allowances is painfully insufficient. But since the conferences provide a field of labor for each of their effective members, with a more or less nearly adequate support, the effective Methodist traveling preacher may be accounted as tolerably well provided for, at least in the older conferences.

But for the non-effective ministers, who constitute nearly one-fifth of the whole, most of whom may be presumed to be poor (since they have spent the whole term of their active lives laboring for only a bare living), and they are also presumably no longer able to gain a livelihood for themselves (because they are "worn out")—for these indigent and helpless veterans the Church makes only the most insufficient provisions. No law or provision of the Discipline indicates any definite amounts to which such persons may be entitled, but the whole matter of determining that question, and from what sources any thing may be derived, is left to each of the annual conferences to determine finally for its own members. And since there are more than ninety annual conferences, many of which are made up almost entirely of very poor Churches, and whose effective ministers receive very inadequate supports, it may be presumed that the provisions for the non-effective members of all such conferences must be painfully inadequate.

In some of the older and more wealthy conferences a worn-out preacher, if he is known to be without other means of support, may receive a stipend of from one to two hundred dollars a year (and once and a half or twice that amount if he has a wife), made up chiefly from collections taken up in the Churches; but in most of the conferences, and especially those on the frontiers of the work, much less than this is done, verging down to very little or absolutely nothing.

The effect of this state of things can not fail to be sadly damaging to the *morale* of the ministry as a working force designed to be exclusively devoted to their "one work." The minister in active life can not fail to anticipate the surely approaching event of his ceasing to be effective, and therefore he is warned by the facts of the case to lay by something out of his not over-abundant income against the demands of that coming "rainy day." Out of this grow several much-to-be-deprecated results. His mind must be more or less clouded by the shadow of the certainly coming days of want, and to guard against this he must deny himself and his family some of even the simple necessaries of life, which are recognized as such by those whom he serves. He is also continually tempted, if possible, to engage in some outside work, in order to increase his income; and so he becomes a lecturer, or he writes for the press, or, still worse, he engages in some speculation or accepts some secular agency, that he may in some way make provision against the dreaded poverty that comes with superannuation. The bad effects of all this are but very inadequately appreciated by those who are interested in the effectiveness and the good name of the Methodist ministry, while to those engaged in these things they not infrequently prove little better than a disappointment and a snare.

Another result, scarcely less deplorable in its effects, is the uncertain tenure by which membership in the traveling connection has been and still is held. Statistics show a terrible drain upon the working force of the traveling ministry into the ranks of the local ministry, where in very many cases brightest lights are effectually hid under a bushel. Men of independent spirits and constitutionally self-reliant—especially when they find the claims of their natural dependents pressing upon them—become restive under the restraints of a position that, while it fails to make any provision itself, forbids them to adequately care for their own households; and therefore they seek in a location to better their estate. That this is in most cases a virtual casting off of the vows of the ministry, and that it is often only an escape from a bad to a worse estate financially, may indeed be urged as dissuasives against taking such a course; but the loss actually sustained by the denomination is none the less real. Its safest remedy would be a sure and moderately sufficient provision for the comfortable maintenance of the worn-out veterans of the traveling ministry.

The man who has reached middle life in the ministry is usually disqualified for successfully prosecuting almost any secular calling. When, therefore, the conference has received a man into its membership, and has had his services until he has become, by age and habits, disqualified for any other profession or calling in life, there rests upon that body a most sacred obligation to keep him and find a place for him; and when for any cause he ceases to be available, then to retire him with a moderate competency. The entrance into the conferences can not, readily, be too carefully guarded against the admission of the wrong persons; but the most sacred demands of right and of honor, and, as well, the highest claims of a wise expediency, all concur in asking a just and proper provision for the no longer effective traveling ministers. The lack of such a provision is a capital defect in our system, as practically administered.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

THE question of the day in religious and theological circles, is that of the state of the impenitent dead. The whole body of specific tenets that formerly divided Universalists from orthodox believers of all classes and denominations are now struggling, not in an assault against the outworks of the Churches, but within their own bodies and among their own members. There has, indeed, come to be, in this matter, a full realization of the saying, "And a man's foes shall be those of his own household." So much as this is patent and undeniable, whatever differences of opinion there may be respecting the causes of the

existing state of the case, or as to what shall be the issue of the pending discussions. Respecting both of these we have now a word to say.

Great revolutions in public thinking never come by accidents, and seldom are produced by sudden impulses or influences; and most assuredly the changes that have evidently occurred in the public mind, in respect to the future life, have come about neither suddenly nor from other than obvious causes. Any one who has been a steady Church goer, and accustomed to hear sermons for half a century, as has the writer hereof, knows very well that a great change has taken place in the subject-matter of religious discourses, and in their style and tone also. Generally there has been a falling away from both the expository and the doctrinal features of preaching. Clear and definite statements of the distinctive doctrines of the Bible have fallen out of use; so much so, that very little differences would be detected by the most critical hearer, whether he were sitting under the ministrations of a Universalist or a Unitarian, or of a Calvinist or an Arminian. And this unification of the voice of the pulpit has been chiefly effected by eliminating from its utterances those great religious doctrines for which zealous men formerly contended, and against which another class of religious teachers protested and declaimed. And among the things that have been especially avoided is, perhaps, beyond all others, any clear and definite statements of belief in respect to the future and eternal destiny of those who die in their sins. A generation of English-speaking nominal Christians have grown up without any clear and well-defined teaching in regard to these things; and though the traditional faith on these points has not been unknown, yet that fact has availed very little among a people with whom it is accounted a sign of superior intelligence, and of manly independence to break away from the opinions and instructions of their fathers.

In the matter of our Sunday-school instruction, the same absence of specific doctrinal teaching is still more lamentably evident. We yield to no other in our appreciation of the Sunday-school as a religious agency of untold capabilities for good; but at the same time we are compelled to confess a deep and painful conviction that these capabilities are but very partially realized. From a date beyond which no accounts extend, down to our own times, a certain amount of doctrinal knowledge was required of every Christian child, without which the privileges of a place in the visible Church could not be had. It is so still in the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal, and some others of the more Churchly of the Churches. But in the specifically evangelical denominations, with their "Unions" and "International Lessons," the Catechism has been discarded, and all definitely doctrinal teaching given up. We venture the opinion that as to the great leading truths of the Gospel the present generation of young people in the Church, with all our boasted advantages, are very much behind the *status* of their parents and grandparents at their ages. And being unlearned in the doctrines of the Gospel they are, of course, unstable, and easily carried away by every wind of doctrine.

Each age, or generation, has its distinctive characteristics, and these very largely affect even its theological thinking. Our age is not especially a stern and robust one; on the contrary, it is inclined to be complaisant, to make compromises, to yield a point, if necessary, in order to maintain good fellowship, or to escape the suspicion of being narrow-minded. On the contrary, the Gospel as a system, whether of doctrine or of duty, is absolutely unyielding as to its postulates and exacting in its demands. The spirit that distinguished the Reformers of three hundred years ago, or the Puritans of two hundred, or the Methodists of one hundred years ago, is not the animating spirit of our times. The pulpit and the so-called religious press have caught this easy-going spirit of the times, and they pitch their tones accordingly. Our polite congregations demand that their ministers shall "prophesy smooth things" to them; and our polite and cultured ministers are only too glad to fall in with the popular demand. Even the least spiritual of men are quite willing to hear of the divine clemency toward sinners, and if such make a part of the congregation, there is, of course, a disposition to please them, with a theme so excellent, and a corresponding disinclination to give offense by menacing them with the severities of the divine law. It has thus come to pass, that even in our orthodox pulpits the severer features of the Gospel are effectually concealed; the danger incurred

through disobedience and impenitence is almost entirely ignored, and the stronger motives of fear, and the forebodings of the wrath to come, are quite disused. Even our modern evangelists, who seem to undertake to convert people by contract, accomplish their work without the aid of any considerable amount of conviction of sin, or of dread of its consequences.

The distinctive features of Calvinism—its famous "Five Points," as set forth by the Synod of Dort—have lost favor, and ceased to be promulgated. But in giving up these harsh and extra-Scriptural and super-logical conclusions of that system, our so-called Calvinistic Churches have, in very many cases, oscillated into virtual Pelagianism, with its denial, or explaining away, of the doctrine of original sin, of man's inability to save himself, of the necessity and the proper character of the atonement, and of the work of the Holy Spirit in human redemption. And since there remains so little need of Christ and of the Holy Ghost, but little is said about either of these as divine persons. And with all these eliminated from the lessons of the pulpit, the residuum is indeed an "emasculated theology." Very little now is heard about the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," nothing of the fearfulness of the "wrath to come," while the very thought of the "anger of the Almighty," or the "wrath of the Lamb," is simply horrible, and not to be endured. So the people have been instructed, and, as is natural, so they have gladly consented to believe. "As priest as people." Some one in pointing out the specific difference between Universalists and Unitarians, has said that, while the former believe that God is too good to damn them, the latter believe themselves to be too good to be damned. Could all those in our nominally orthodox Churches who place themselves in one or the other of these categories be removed there would be found in many of them a beggarly display of empty pews, while not a few pulpits would be vacated. Such people may, indeed, nominally accept a creed of quite another kind because it has come down to them from their ecclesiastical fathers; and they hear or read Scripture lessons and sing hymns that, properly understood, teach other and less pleasant doctrines. But these are only the prescriptive utterances of their formal services; but to be told of their sins, and warned of their danger of eternal death, is not to be tolerated. So the people demand, and so the preachers order their teachings.

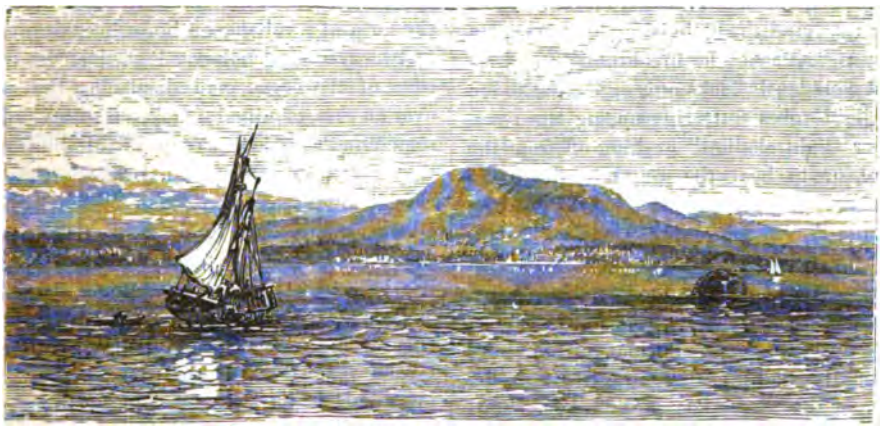
In the direction thus indicated may certainly be found the chief causes of the popular defection from the traditional and Scriptural doctrines that were formerly held and cherished in the Church. There were then, as now, unbelievers and heretics, but, not as now; they were outside of the Church, and were recognized as its enemies. But the time came when the people would not endure sound doctrine, "having itching ears," and another class of teachers came into favor, who, imitating the earliest teacher of falsehood, assured the people, in the name of God, that they "shall not surely die." And as all this is especially acceptable to men who love sin, but dread death, it is, of course, seized upon and believed without overmuch careful inquiry about its reasonableness, and its agreement with the Word of God.

If, then, we have rightly pointed out the cause of the prevalence of the pestilent and destructive heresies of the day, we have at the same time suggested the means necessary for combating them. The evil has come upon us by reason of a lowering of the tone of the divine Word, as held forth in the teachings of the Churches, and by a partial presentation of the character of God, obscuring his attributes of eternal truth, justice, and righteousness, so that only the secondary attribute of mercy or beneficence appears. The *fatherhood* of God is made especially prominent, but even that is robbed of paternal authority and governmental rights in his own household. The idea of his essential and unchangeable holiness and of his intense hatred of sin is quite overlooked; and any view of his rectorial authority, by virtue of which he can "in no wise spare the guilty," is entirely ignored. Indeed, the God of the modern pulpit seems to be little better than a goodish sort of being, whose chief purpose is to please his children of the human family, without much regard to their moral characters and conduct; and, of course, such a theology has no use for a hell. The faithful preaching of "the Gospel of the Son of God," as contradistinguished from this namby-pamby theosophy, is the only possible remedy for our present evils.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1878.

MOUNT DESERT.



MOUNT DESERT, FROM BLUE HILL BAY.

IT would seem to be little more than a truism to assert that the love of nature is natural to mankind, and yet the history of the race will scarcely justify the conclusion. That highest form of natural beauty, a properly varied landscape, is, to the cultured mind, the most beautiful of objects, and yet for the savage or the rustic these things go for almost nothing. And still more strange is the fact that even the literature and the art-productions of many times and peoples indicate an almost total obliviousness of the beauties of nature. To this censure the old Hebrew literature forms a notable exception, and so, too, in a less degree does the Greek, and especially in its earlier poetry, while the art productions of that people, setting out with nature for a model, passed off by excessive refinement, into much of the artificial and the unnatural. But, happily, in our day, the public taste inclines decidedly and almost passionately toward natural forms and combinations. We are getting nearer to nature's heart, and the result is, to a high degree, wholesome.

It is remarkable, that for ages some of the finest scenery in the world, and parts which in our own day have become renowned among all cultivated people, remained almost entirely unnoticed and quite unappreciated, till, in each case, some master genius uncovered its beauties to the admiring gaze of men. The visitor to the Scottish lakes is reminded that before the publication of "The Lady of the Lake" those now celebrated waters were without any special reputation for either grandeur or beauty. Eustace, in his "Classical Tour," remarks that Scott *made* the lakes; for, he asks, speaking of that exquisite idyllic legend, "Who ever heard of Loch Katrine till the minstrel had peopled its lovely isle with phantoms of valor and beauty?" The completeness of

the transformation effected is obvious to every one who now visits that locality, where all the scenes and persons of the poet's creative genius appear in strange reality. Not even the splash of the steamer's wheels, nor its shrill whistle awakening the echoes among the cairns and quarries of those classical hills, nor yet the tunneling of the mountain, to make a way for the limpid waters of Loch Katrine to flow to Glasgow and the Clyde, have availed to dispel the glamour which the genius of poesy has shed over them. As the tourist sees his steamer round the little isle, which is known only as "Ellen's," he involuntarily and almost confidently looks out, expecting to see her light robes fluttering among the trees, or her "light shallop" pushing off from the shore, or to hear the sound of the bugle echoing among the mountains. So, too, the mountains and lakes of England's Cumberland and Westmoreland are not as natural objects discoveries of modern days; but rather the scenes of varied and romantic stories of the olden times. But not till these wild regions became known to the world as the home of the "Lake Poets" did all the sight-seeing world flock thither, as on a pilgrimage. So in our own country, Campbell's "Gertrude," and not Brandt's "Massacre," has given renown to Wyoming; and the genius of Irving and Cooper and Drake has made the banks of the Hudson a classical region. A genius of quite another character has sent thousands of Summer tourists to the Adirondacks; and still others have done a like service for many of the nooks and corners of the New England coast. Of one of these localities we are now to write.

When the French voyager, Champlain, conferred upon the island of Mount Desert the name that it has since borne, he must have used its descriptive title as a general designation of the savage severity of its aspect, rather than as describing it as a barren and sandy waste. It certainly does not come within the description of "antres vast and deserts idle;" but, rather, in Shakespeare's phrase, it has its

"Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven."

The name of *Eden*, given to one of its civil divisions, may not be altogether inappropriate, though much even of that township would have given to the original gardener some pretty severe labor. But whatever else it may possess or lack, it is quite certain that that grand and rugged island possesses, to an unusual degree, those elements and conditions that serve to gratify the tastes of the true lovers of nature, whether of beauty or of grandeur.

Geographically, Mount Desert is an off-lying fragment of the State of Maine, cast in the form of a misshapen horseshoe, situated eastward from Penobscot Bay, just in the edge of the ocean, and displacing the sea over an area of nine by fourteen miles. At some remote period, perhaps about the time that Darwin's ancestors were losing their caudal appendages, and beginning to move chiefly upon their lower extremities, the earth in these parts experienced a shaking by which its layers became displaced, and some of its parts got so lifted up that they were unable to regain their former level. The learned geologists who have made this island a special field for their investigations, and who have also used it as a convenient model in their object teaching, tell us that during the glacial period the ice stood above these mountains, and, in its motions, ground and ground and polished these rocks, which, by their hardness, however, effectually resisted these corrosions.

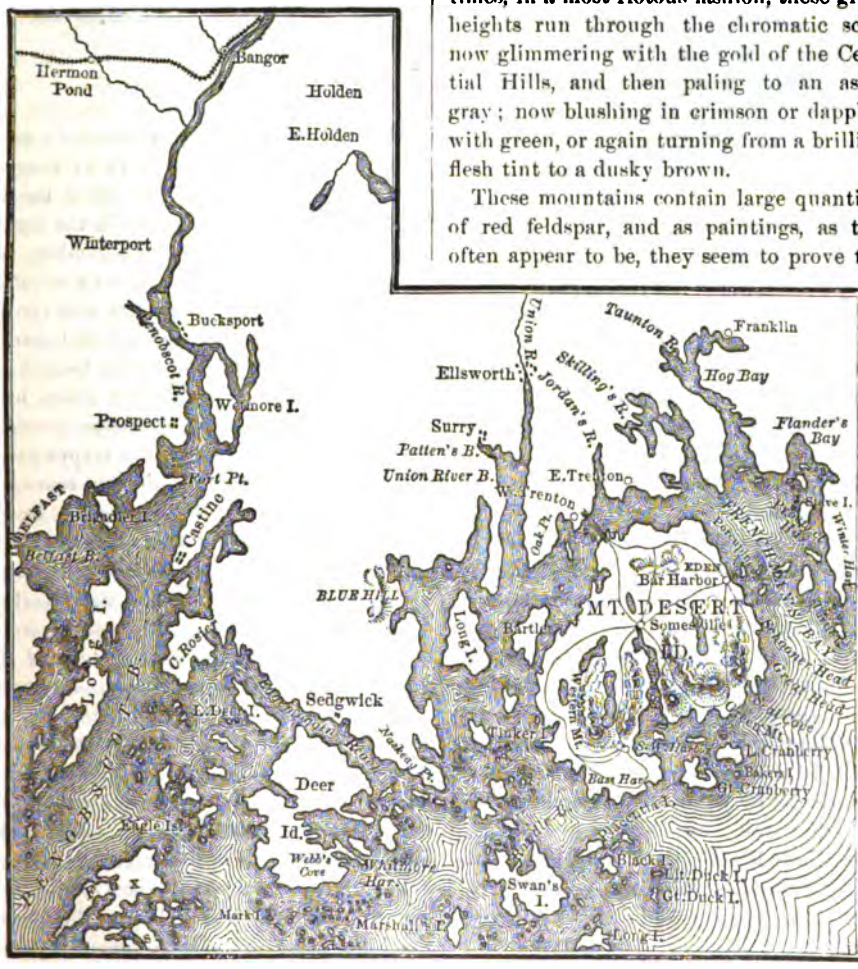
But before going too far in our descriptions of the famous island, it may be well to inform the reader how it may be reached from some one or more of the great cities of New England, Boston or Portland.

From Boston the tourist may go by any one of several routes. He may choose all land or all water, or a part of each. The selection may include the railroad to Bangor, and the stage thence, *via* Trenton; or it may be by steamer from Boston to Portland, changing there to the Mount Desert steamer, touching at Rockland; or, he may go by the rail to Portland; or, finally, he may take rail direct to Rockland, and go by the new route through Fox Thoroughfare. The latter is the "inside" route, while that by Port-

land is the "outside." Those who would avoid a night at sea may take the latter, which, however, like the new route, affords views of Penobscot Bay by daylight. This splendid bay is plentifully studded with seaside resorts, and it possesses many fine sights, including the Camden Mountains. The steamer leaves Portland at ten P. M., and reaches Rockland in about six hours. Then, taking the wings of the morning, the sinuous course is held through the bay, a detour being made to Castine, where the romantic Baron Castine, in the old French days, maintained savage state in his castle with his Indian wife. From Castine the route lies through Eggemoggin Reach.

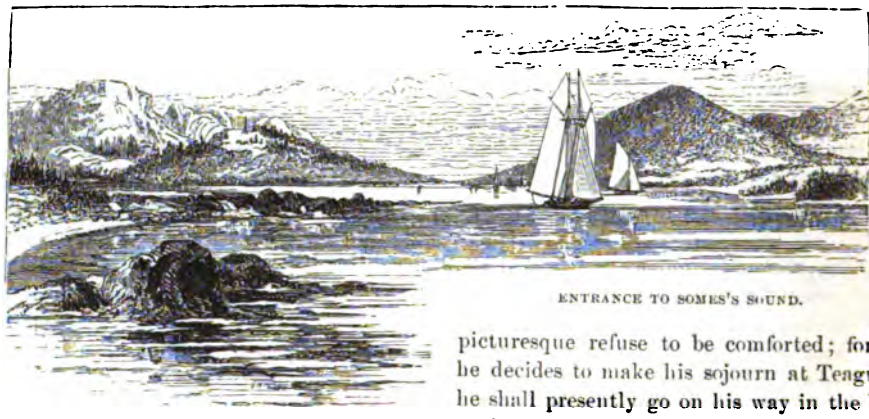
The regular Rockland steamer does not leave her pier until the arrival of the Boston train, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, when the pilot steers through Fox Island "thoroughfare," shortening the distance sixteen miles, to Bass Harbor Head, Mount Desert, where the two routes join and run on together to Bad Harbor and South-west Harbor. On approaching Mount Desert from Blue Hill Bay, the thunder-smitten pile is seen, changing its character with the hour and the weather; in some states of the atmosphere, looming up grandly, and, at other times appearing as though on the point of sinking into the sea. The change of color and shading is also quite remarkable. At times, in a most riotous fashion, these grand heights run through the chromatic scale, now glimmering with the gold of the Celestial Hills, and then paling to an ashen gray; now blushing in crimson or dappling with green, or again turning from a brilliant flesh tint to a dusky brown.

These mountains contain large quantities of red feldspar, and as paintings, as they often appear to be, they seem to prove that



MAP OF MOUNT DESERT ISLAND.

the artist wrought with a very free use of his colors. Seen at the wrong time, the intending visitor is warned that they may appear dull and uninteresting. It will certainly be so if he should go through Penobscot Bay in a dense fog, and so not see them at all. Again, though the skies should prove radiant, it would not help his estimate if he were afflicted with the *mal-de-mer*.



ENTRANCE TO SOMES'S SOUND.

Mountains, like men, must be judged at their best. Champlain tells us how they appeared to him when coming to the south of the Isle au Haut; the navigator, he says, "sees eight or nine notches." And again, that Mount Desert is "very high, high and notched, appearing from the sea like what seems to be seven or eight mountains on a line with each other." If he had been a Spaniard, he would no doubt have called them "Sierras."

The approach to South-west Harbor—just now made famous by reason of the mysterious presence of the *Cimbria*—is very fine, as all these ranges are seen to great advantage. But when the steamer enters the harbor they hide their kingly heads, and upon reaching the pier scarcely any thing is to be seen except the lobster-boiling establishments. To the nose of the epicure devoted to his salads, by a vigorous stretch of the imagination, the odors may seem savory. On the wharf huge piles of wriggling crustaceans are seen, such of them as may be able to come to sufficiently close quarters with one another indulging in a scrimmage, while waiting to be weighed, boiled, and, like the mountains, run through the chromatic scale from green to red. The deputy from the hotels is ready for you with his chariot, while the lobster-boiler's hand-maidens thrust their delicately frizzled heads from the upper windows, and greet you with a fine critical stare. There is little in all this specially to gratify the sense of the beautiful, yet let not the searcher after the picturesque refuse to be comforted; for if he decides to make his sojourn at Teague's he shall presently go on his way in the Venetian style, by water, as one in the city of canals glides to his hotel in a gondola. If, however, more wisely he chooses the "Prospect," he may, from its piazzas and towers, recover the views which he had lost, and be able at his leisure to inspect the beauties of Somes's Sound, an inlet seven miles long, which cleaves the island well-nigh in twain. From this point the mountain ranges sweep around in a semicircle to the eastward. Whoever wishes to know Mount Desert must expect to spend two or three weeks there, as this side of the island can not be explored conveniently from Bar Harbor. Perhaps, however, the visitor will prefer to make the acquaintance of that side of the island first. If so, he will remain on board, and steam around to the east side. On the way he will have a fine view up Somes's Sound, pass the splendid cliffs at Otter Cove, and see Great Head, the finest headland on our part of the American coast. Here Newport Mountain lifts up its craggy brow.

Bar Harbor is situated upon what, from the water, appears like a plain at the foot of the hills. The ground, however, is somewhat elevated, and it is now interspersed

with cottages and hotels. The wharf is crowded with people assembled to view the new-comers. As the visitor scans the romantic prospect stretched out on every hand, and remembers that it was God who made the country, he may also be gratified by perceiving that man is doing what he can to improve the town. The Bar Harbor of the olden times is no more, and instead of a single poor little inn, offering entertainment for "man and beast," one finds a liberal choice of modern hotels. There is no longer any question whether it is the man or the beast that gets the better bargain; and on cold, foggy days the handsome parlors of the great caravansary obviate the necessity of crowding the cook in the kitchen.

And now the reader having become somewhat interested in the place, may desire to know something of its history. Omitting any reference to the old Scandinavian Vikings and their doings along this coast, of which a whole book full could be written, we begin with our modern history. This entire region was visited in 1524 by the Italian navigator, Giovanni da Verrazano, who explored the coast in the service of Francis I. Verrazano, in his letter to the king, gives the earliest description of the coast now known, which he not inaptly compared to the fringed and broken coast of Illyria and Dalmatia. Mount Desert, lifting itself up from afar, must have attracted his notice. Next year the Portuguese pilot, Estevan Gomez, in the service of the King of Spain, explored the coast, and for a long period the territory bore the name of the "Land of Gomez." In 1542-3 Allefonsce, the navigator of La Rochelle, passed the island. The Basques and Bretons regularly visited the coast towards the end of the sixteenth century. In 1604 Champlain saw the island, and gave it the name which it now bears, and which it will bear to the end of time—Mont Desert. The next visitor was the renowned Englishman, Henry Hudson, generally described as Hendrick, the Dutchman, because he was sailing under the Dutch flag. In the *Half Moon* he had attempted to sail to India by the northwest, but finding that passage barred by ice, shaped his course more southward, and "discovered" the river seen by Verrazano and Gomez, and *mapped* by Ribero in 1529. It is clear that he entered Somes's Sound, and his conduct while there can not be related to his credit. In order to possess himself of the furs of the Indians he took "twelve men and muskets, and two stone pieces, or *murderers*, and drave the savages from their houses and took the spoyle of them." His were the first cannon, well described as "murderers," that are known to have called up the echoes of Eagle Cliff and Mount Mansell. In such transactions we find the beginnings of our "Indian policy," among the last chapters of which are the records of the story of Captain Jack and the massacre of Custer and his command. This is one of the less commonly noticed chapters in the history of Mount Desert, or the life of Hendrick Hudson. After shipping a new foremast from the forests of the rugged hills which once boasted many a pine, like that described by Milton,

> "Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral,"

Hudson sailed on his way, to explore the river which bears his name, and at whose mouth were afterwards laid the foundations of New Amsterdam.

In 1613, the French undertook their colony at Mount Desert, which was intended as a base of missionary operations amongst the Indians. The French missions in North America are the one redeeming fact in the history of the intercourse of the Europeans with the native races. Like those in Canada, the missionaries to Maine came from Port-Royal. They landed either at Bar Harbor or North-east Harbor, it is uncertain which, and called their establishment "Saint Sauveur." Here they set up the cross, and sang the mass, and soon after removed to Fernald's Point in Somes's Sound. Their religion, however, did not keep them from quarreling; but just as they appeared to be on the point of hard knocks, Argall, the Englishman, hove in sight, his ship having fourteen guns and sixty men. The French vessel lay at anchor, the most of the crew being ashore, and thus she became an easy

prey. Argall swept down with flying flags and beating drums, accomplishing his work, like Hudson near the same spot, by a sudden discharge of cannon and musketry. Several of the French were killed, and Du Thet, a Jesuit lay brother, fell mortally wounded while sighting a gun. In the end, part of the French were carried to Virginia, and the rest sent to Nova Scotia in an open boat. Thus ended the attempt of the French to colonize Mount Desert. Before the attack, they argued that Providence intended that they should settle there, for the reason that to-day. In 1786 the "great and general court" at Boston confirmed her claim, in which she was supported by the renowned La Fayette. Madame Gregoire sold land for a dollar an acre, and died with a belt of gold around her body. Madame dwelt with her husband very much alone; Monsieur chiefly cultivating the acquaintance of a French priest and a very red nose. With this couple ended the French *régime* at Mount Desert. The English colonists, chiefly from Massachusetts, came in at an early period, and were plain, but honest, frugal,

HEAD OF SOMES'S SOUND.

one of the Fathers worked a "miracle." The question, however, was decided not by a miracle, but by the "strongest battalions." The English confessed their error, nevertheless, by giving up the captured ship in obedience to the demands of the French government. Nor did the French yield their claim to the island; for in 1688 the king gave it to Cadillac, who styled himself "Lord of Donaquee and Mount Desert," and a portion of the island was afterwards held by his granddaughter, Madame Gregoire, who dwelt at Hull's Cove, where her grave may be seen and persevering, caring more for the land than the landscape, and never dreaming that their rugged home would one day attract tourists from every part of the land.

The story of the French occupation of Mount Desert is a curious and romantic episode in the history of those days,—all the bright glamour of religious zeal somewhat softened by the quietism of Port-Royal, and mingled with a strong smacking of the spirit of adventure that characterized those times. The actors in this drama were largely of the higher circles of French society, and the

monuments of the French occupation of this region are found in the names of the State itself, and those of its river and mountains and cities, and in its local legends. There is also a curious though somewhat apocryphal story, connecting one of the greatest men of France of the next generation with this Island. It has been said, and not without some show of reason, that the famous Talleyrand was born in this island,—the son of a French ship-captain and a fisherman's daughter. It is remembered, as possibly adding to the probability of the story, that in one of his essays the great statesman made "The Fisherman" the special object of his descriptive genius. It is also said that he once quietly visited the island. His treatment in his father's family was peculiar; for it is said that he never slept in his father's house till he was twelve years old, and that he was constantly neglected by his reputed mother. His autobiography, not yet published, may perhaps throw some light upon this strange story.

The island of Mount Desert comprises thirteen mountains, all lying towards its southerly side, with four lakes, and innumerable ponds and brooks and inlets. The mountains slope toward the west, but on the east side they terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices, four of which are reflected in lakes. The highest peak is Green Mountain, fifteen hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea. Standing out in the ocean, the apparent height of these mountains is greatly enhanced. Between these mountains, in the absence of lakes, the tourist finds valleys,

> "So deep and straight, that always there
> The wind is cradled to soft air."

The most remarkable of the valleys is that called the "Gorge," or "Notch," resembling that at the White Mountains. The blue sea, now lapsing softly upon the sandy beach, now tumbling upon a shingle shore, or beating against rent, scarred, iron-bound cliffs, encircles all. The variety is marvelous, comprising mountain and lake scenery, marine and insular views, shady valleys, wild glens, and pretty pastorals. It is, indeed,

CLIFFS, DOG MOUNTAIN, SOMES'S POINT.

"infinite riches in a little room." Here every taste, peripatetic or sedentary, may be gratified, and, according to his ability or inclination, one may walk, climb, row, sail, fish, geologize, botanize, or explore.

South-west Harbor is the base of operations for the western side. This harbor, as indicated, may possibly disappoint the visitor at first; but at the end of a week, with favorable weather, a life-long attachment may be formed. The harbor itself is spacious, well-sheltered, and smooth, and the Cranberry Islands are near at hand. Somes's Sound will first claim attention. In ascending, the view is not unlike that of the Delaware Water Gap, seen at a distance from the east, while, upon a nearer approach, the prospect has a closer resemblance to the Hudson at the Highlands, Dog Mountain

taking the place of the Crow's Nest, while Mount Mansell rises on the east. The water is so smooth and the scene so peaceful that it has the appearance of an inland lake. Here is seen some great sea-going schooner coming down the sound, sailing "wing-and-wing," while a fishing-smack at anchor or a cottage on the shore from time to time meets the eye. Most persons will desire to land at Fernald Point, the site of the Jesuit Mission, destroyed by Argall in 1613.

A little beyond is Valley Cove, one of the most romantic places in the island, overhung by a grand precipice known as Eagle Cliff, the face of which was never ascended by man, rising as it does almost perpendicularly from the water. It is comparatively inclosed on the land side. A very impressive view of the cliff may be had by sailing under it, while by a flank movement the crest may be reached, though it costs a severe climb.

> "Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
> And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low! . . .
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
> Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight."

The cliff being so much more elevated than Dover Cliff, which Shakespeare describes, we have less reason to add that the "murmuring surge can not be heard so high;" but, in fact, there is no surge in this quiet bay. On the shore of the cove lay the hulk of a craft, apparently a wreck,

> "Docked in the sand,
> Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
> 'Token her burial."

Two miles and a half from South-west Harbor, on the western border of Echo Lake, is a similar crag, called Thunder Cliff, splendidly scarred and seamed by the ages, the echo being so perfect that the hoary rocks fling back with equal distinctness a whisper or a discharge of artillery. At the "Iæa Wall" may be seen a beach piled with remarkable bowlders, shingle on a large scale, which appears as though heaped up by Titans.

A drive across the island to Bar Harbor affords other views of the mountain. Bar Harbor itself takes its name from a sand-bar connecting Bar Island with Mount Desert at low water, and furnishing ample opportunities for the collection of marine *algæ*. The rise and fall of the tide makes a wonderful change in the aspect of the place:

> "For with the flow and ebb its style
> Varies from continent to isle;
> Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day
> The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
> Twice every day the waves efface
> Of staves and sandaled feet the trace."

Thus it was at Lindisfarne, or St. Cuthbert, the semi-isle of the Venerable Bede, but these lines answer quite as well for Bar Island. The pilgrims, however, are only relic hunters, going to rake the Indian shell-heaps that abound there, or to search for rare sea mosses. At times the tide comes in with such rapidity, that our pilgrim, often a young miss, whose sandals are rubber boots, becomes a prisoner, the paradise of *algæ* being suddenly converted into a very cruel coast. Then, like a certain young lady of antiquity, she falls to weeping, and puts out a signal of distress. But Ariadne shall not weep long, for her Theseus will appear from some "odd angle of the isle," in the guise of a bold herring-smoker, who will launch a skiff and ferry her safely across the seething tide that soon becomes deep enough to float a ship. Few young ladies are found in this predicament more than once, yet a certain damsel did become a prisoner a second time; but in her case, instead of the herring-smoker fisherman, her rescuer was a comely youth.

The diggings on Bar Island are not always confined to the shell heaps, for it is said, and most religiously believed, that the treasures of Captain Kidd, who, some may think, was not a pirate, but a political sacrifice, are buried here. Indeed, where are they *not* buried? for we have seen the sod turned up to find his strong chest in many a secluded spot between the Grand Manan and the Bahamas.

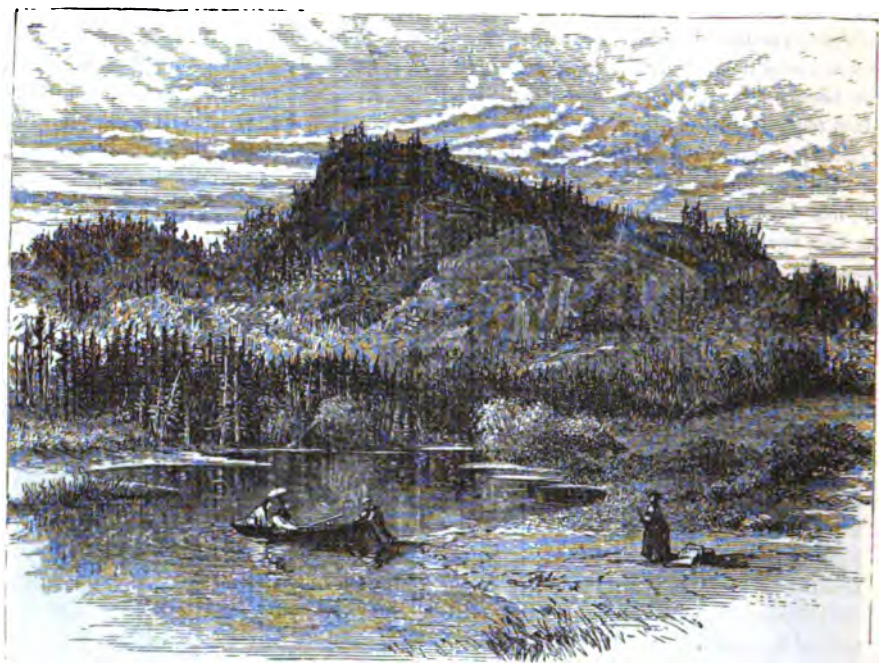
When at Bar Harbor there are a great many things that the right-minded tourist is expected to do. He will visit the "Ovens," of course, five or six miles distant. The

walk is one of the most charming beach rambles. The prosaic name does not suggest the fine caves in the porphyritic rocks which have been excavated by the sea. They are visited only when the tide is down. Before them is spread out a beautiful pebbly beach. The ceiling and walls of these caves, when dripping with brine, are rich in color, and glow like variegated marble. Close at hand is the *Via Mala*. Every one must at least pretend to have passed through this hole. Close to the landing at Bar Harbor is "Pulpit Rock," so called out of regard to "the cloth," so abundant here in the month of August, when those who are driven from home by convenient sore throats suddenly recover, and are able to preach with the tongues of men and angels. The most popular preacher, after all, is the Reverend Polupholoisboio Thalasses.

CAVE OF THE SEA, SCHOONER HEAD.

Schooner Head must by no means be omitted, as the road thither runs under the eastern flank of Newport Mountain, with its tremendous granite cliffs. Besides, they tell you that the cliffs were fired upon during the war of 1812, by a British cruiser, being mistaken for a vessel. As no place of this kind should be without a "Spouting Horn," one has been provided at Schooner Head, through which the waves are driven during heavy gales, a vertical passage allowing the surplus water to fly upward into the air, fountain-wise, though not exactly in the exquisite style of the fountain in the piazza of St. Peter, which the author of "Corinne" describes as "eternal movement and eternal repose." Farther along the coast is Otter Head Cliff, boasting a "Thunder Cave;" while "Picturesque America" gives the region a "castle," with port and windows. At sunrise, when fully illuminated, the "windows," by the aid of the imagination, may, perhaps, appear as though lighted up for an old-time baronial revel; but it is quite certain that "Thunder Cave," when smitten by Neptune, bellows like Bashan's bulls. The Mermaid's Cave, at Schooner Head, also has its exhibition, the floors being covered with natural aquaria, filled with splendid anemones. It is also called "The Cave of the Sea."

True mountain climbing is a specialty, and requires one's full strength, which is tested severely by an exhibition "across lots" from Newport to Green Mountain. With respect to Newport, its great charm, perhaps, is found in its nearness to the sea, toward which it lifts its calm, stony, changeless brow. Nevertheless, like all the mountains, its flanks have their different aspects, appearing dark and green in storms, and even in dull days often possessing little color;



SOUTHERLY END OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN, NEAR THE SAND BEACH.

yet when the proper light comes Newport appears clad in living green. From its summit the view is very fine, and such is the height that one seems to look almost directly down upon the deck of the passing steamer.

The passage from the top of Newport to the top of Green Mountain is not without some danger, as Dry Mountain, which lies between, must be scaled, and, indeed, fairly carried by assault. The descent of Newport is as severe and almost as rapid as that of the cone of Vesuvius. At the bottom the ascent of Dry Mountain is commenced, its face at first appearing like a blank wall. A ravine was finally discovered, and through this, though filled with loose rocks and trees, we were able to work our way. The most agile ones led, by turns, carrying twenty yards of strong rope, which is almost indispensable both in mounting and descending the cliffs. Occasionally a tree must be climbed, and a ledge reached by swinging to it from a limb. A tremendous ravine separates Dry Mountain from Green Mountain, the two appearing to have been thrown apart by a convulsion, leaving a nearly perpendicular wall on either side, and between the two

"An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, orewhelmde with rugged stone."

With a supply of provisions, a handful of brigands might establish themselves in this fastness and defy a little army of regulars; provided, however, they were able to endure the frigid air, which drove us out with chattering teeth on a hot July day. Our severest struggle of all was the ascent of Green Mountain, which, made from the ravine, is exhausting beyond description, as well as attended with some degree of danger. But the views from its top are wonderfully fine. Indeed, one can not really know what Mount Desert is without one or more such expeditions straight into the heart of its mountain fastnesses.

But all this may be gained without so much expense of fatigue and danger, as a carriage road runs from base to summit, where a small hotel may render all necessary refreshment. The view in every direction from this point is the most extended to be

found in the island. They will tell you about seeing the White Mountains and Katahdin; but, as with the pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains, our faith failed us at this point; but there is enough else to satisfy all reasonable demands. Eagle Lake lies shimmering in the sunlight, with Somes's Sound and Blue Hill Bay, Frenchman's Bay, and the ocean sprinkled with ships. The appearance of the Cranberry Islands from this height is peculiar. They resemble masses of floating *algæ*, and one might almost suppose himself to be looking out upon a Saragossa Sea. The geologist while here will not fail to note the grooves in the rocks cut by the glaciers, at that time, when, as Agassiz, who explored the island, observes, it was "a minature Spitzbergen." In time of dense fogs or thick clouds these grooves might serve as a compass, so regularly are they formed.

Another excursion, which, happily, does not involve quite so severe climbing, is the ascent of Sargent's Mountain from Somesville. Going by boat across the sound, and then tramping up and exploring its summit, where one may look across Eagle Lake to the peak of Green Mountain, and descending thence through a magnificent valley to the road between Sargent and Mount Mansell, altogether makes a fine ramble. Agassiz noted the resemblance of this mountain to certain of his native hills that are worn by glacial action. The ascent of Sargent's Mountain is really charming; but the return through the wild gorge already described, especially at the evening hour, may furnish an experience not soon to be forgotten. In descending, there will be required long leaps from rock to rock, swift slides down smooth declivities, and extensive detours through dark woods, which open here and there into broad patches flooded with golden light. To the wearied excursionist the end of the gorge seems to have been lost, so long is he in finding it, especially if already tired. Half-way down, we caught a view of the peak which we had left, now crimson with the glories of the setting sun, while the view below was unobstructed, though the shadows of the evening were already falling fast upon it. Nothing could be more wild and romantic than this gorge, which is so little frequented that it became necessary to guide the "guide" through it. Just then the wild birds seemed to be all engaged in full chorus, singing their vesper songs, with a melodious disharmony of voices. The birds of passage abound in all this region, during their short season. But as they know their time, and observe it as regularly as the calendar, their season is necessarily a brief one. But while here, their music possesses a wonderful charm, and their delicious notes make these solitudes

> "Full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs."

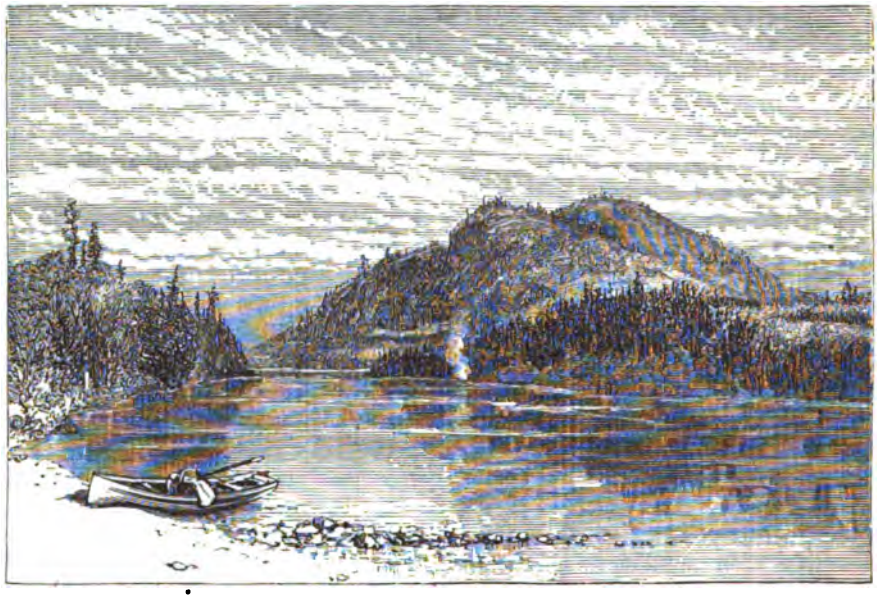
We finally reached the road, and plodded our homeward way under the perpendicular cliffs of Mansell. At the end of two miles the boat was reached, but the tide was down, and the heavy hulk lay a number of yards from the water. In our early days we all, perhaps, fancied that it would be a good thing to play the Crusoe in launching a boat; but when the part of Crusoe is performed in earnest it is quite another matter. If the reader ever should "do" Sargent Mountain, let him remember the tide, lest he should afterwards be obliged to confess that the little matter of that boat was just by a little an over-draft upon his strength and patience. But after breaking an oar or two in attempting a hasty illustration of one of the six powers of Archimedes, we got afloat, and then how soon was all forgotten! The tourist's griefs are of a kindly nature, after all,—very much like those of children, whom they resemble in other points as well. Then how beautiful was the effect of the Summer twilight upon the waters of Somes's Sound! For the sky, still barred with crimson and purple, reproduced its hues upon the water. Dog Mountain and Mount Mansell flung themselves darkly at full length upon the calm, pulseless tide. Out of their shadows here and there a spectral sail appeared, while the light in the window of some distant cottage threw down a lambent flame, that danced upon the ripples raised in our homeward track.

Frenchman's Bay (so called) is a body of water lying on the east side of the island,—

being well sprinkled with islands, many of them only naked rocks, the principal being the Porcupine Group. These islands, when sparsely covered with small pines, many of them dead and without branches, had a strong resemblance to the animal whose name they bear, and to the eyes of the old fishermen, who saw them through the fog, each particular pine stood on end, "like the quills of the fretful porcupine."

We have referred to Agassiz's observation, that Mount Desert was once a "miniature Spitzbergen," and by the same rule of measurement the Porcupines would be a miniature Mount Desert, standing by the side of the great isle, like the little cathedral model in the piazza of the cathedral of Cologne. The Porcupines were fashioned in accordance with the same law that produced their larger brother close by, being composed of several ranges with cliffs dropping abruptly on the east side; but when Mount Desert asserted itself the porcupines failed to rise in the world, and the result is a little, a second, Mount Desert, but almost all below the sea. Nevertheless, the Porcupines are a very interesting group, and the cliffs are fine, those of the Burnt Porcupine in particular, upon the brow of which there is a place where Tennyson might stand gazing at the sea, wondering what the wild waves are saying, or murmuring, "Break! break!" to his heart's content. If one has the needed steadiness of nerves it is very enjoyable to go near these cliffs in a boat, with a good oarsman, when a heavy surf is thundering and breaking at their base.

This Frenchman's Bay is, however, not the true original of that name. The true Frenchman's Bay, where Aubri, one of Champlain's companions, was given up for dead, and came near perishing of hunger, was in quite another locality. The story has been transferred to this place, however, and serves to embellish local history. The true account of the affair that gave a name to this water scene may be found in Lescarbot (*Nouvelle France*, ed. 1609), and it took place in the Bay of Funda. Names have often thus been transferred; Labrador, for instance, having been taken from a distant region and applied to the island of Cape Breton, afterwards being shortened to "Brador," and then lengthened to "Bras d'Or," which, the pundit tells you, means "the arm of gold." It is simply a corruption of



ECHO LAKE.

a name given by the Cortereals, in the year 1500, to a region whose inhabitants were valued as "laborers." But it is idle to quarrel with local traditions, especially such as those embalmed by Williamson and Sullivan, whose books are referred to as Bibles. "Frenchman's Bay" will stand.

CASTINE, APPROACHING FROM ILSBORO.

There is no end of charming excursions to be made around this bay. The tourist should certainly see the cliffs at Ironbound Island, dig in the shell heaps at Goldsborough, and make a trip to Sullivan Falls. The steamer runs to the latter place, while boats and yachts, with careful skippers, may be had in abundance for any points desired. Accidents, we are told, seldom occur in these waters,—who ever heard of the place where it was confessed that they did? Still, a single case is related, when a party of seven went to the bottom, as one enthusiastic Philadelphian exclaimed, "How glorious!" The youthful skipper paid for his carelessness with his life.

But even Mount Desert, as it is part of this world, must confess to its share of disadvantages, one of which is its fogs. Some have been known to say that the sunshine there cost them forty dollars a day; yet it often costs more elsewhere. The foggy days at Mount Desert are, after all, not altogether without their compensations. The vapor of the Gulf Stream is condensed by the cooler air, like steam, and floats off towards the mainland, lending a moisture to the air that makes the hay crop worth more than the cotton of the Carolinas. What you see at Mount Desert is not simply mist formed in the darkness of the night to be dispelled by the morning sun. It is confirmed, unmitigated fog, made up on scientific principles. You are sure to make its acquaintance if you go "down East," and the only question relates to what you will do with it when you get there. The best advice which experience can volunteer is, to try and make a sort of grace of it; for fog is really something glorious. We owe to it half the wild legends that one delights to hear when strolling around these mountains and headlands. Without it we should have no "Phantom Ships," nor "Flying Dutchmen," which charm the tourist, though they may be even a greater mystery to the average islander than is the stealthy *Cimbria* on this coast. Those who have visited the island during former years can recall many pleasant experiences connected with the fog, and remember that

"Sometimes in calms of closing day
They watched the spectral mirage play,
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,
And ships with upturned keels sail like a sea the sky."

It would be worth six weeks of fog to view one of these supernatural fleets moving through the heavens or three tall ships sailing mysteriously one above the other. Literature, ancient and modern, is full of fog, which Leigh Hunt shows, even in connection with London fog, to be worthy of all praise. The poets have made it subsidiary to effect in many ways, and to no small degree. Still, one may not think it so very

admirable, when, after having planned an expedition to Newport or Green, he rises betimes in the morning only to find that

"Aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic."

As a Summer resort, or "watering-place," Mount Desert is one of the most enjoyable spots in America. It may be characterized as popular rather than fashionable, society there being free rather than conventional. The chief trouble is, that the throng is of late years becoming too great, an excellent fault in the sight of Boniface, though lamented by those who would rather, with Caliban, like to say, "This island 's mine."

But there is a local, every-day Mount Desert, of which tourists know but little. Some persons have supposed that the local population are coarse and rude, but without knowing them. Unique specimens may no doubt be found, but not more than in other rural communities. The original stock of Mount Desert was plain, but respectable and God-fearing. If the people are careful of their possessions, it should be remembered that their money comes to them only in small amounts, and as the fruits of hard labor, and, therefore, it is held with the greater tenacity.

We have here written much more about the landscape than the land, for in praise of the soil very little can be said. The people gain their livelihood either by cultivating a reluctant soil, or else in a painful and perilous conflict with the sea. An insular or littoral situation has less to develop certain forms of activities than most other parts of the country, while in frankness, honesty, and independence of character, the people of such regions usually excel. This island has, no doubt, like other similarly situated localities, been much more the cradle and the nursery of its people than their burial-place. The spirit of self-reliance and the force of character here inherited and developed has often led its subjects to push out and to make themselves felt in the affairs of the world. Representatives of this bleak island and its circumjacent regions have been found in many parts of the world, honoring the place of their nativity by their noble lives. Among the honorable names that shed luster upon this island is that of Davis Wasgatt Clark, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was a native of one of its inland valleys, a name ever to be especially cherished by the readers of the REPOSITORY. And that he did not cease to remember the place of his birth is evinced by the fact that long before the Summer tourist had found his way thither, or the artist had told the great world of its beauties, he gave in this magazine a series of fine steel engravings, illustrative of its scenery. Northern New England, like Scotland, attracts to herself the cultivated of other regions to see the beauty and grandeur of her scenery; but sends forth her own sons to possess and to bless the world. And this characteristic of New England as a whole is intensified in this rugged island upon her coast.

TEARS.

O TEARS! when we are sunk in sorrow,
'T is you that soothe us, you that bless;
You bring to those a lighted morrow
Who swoon in darkness and distress.

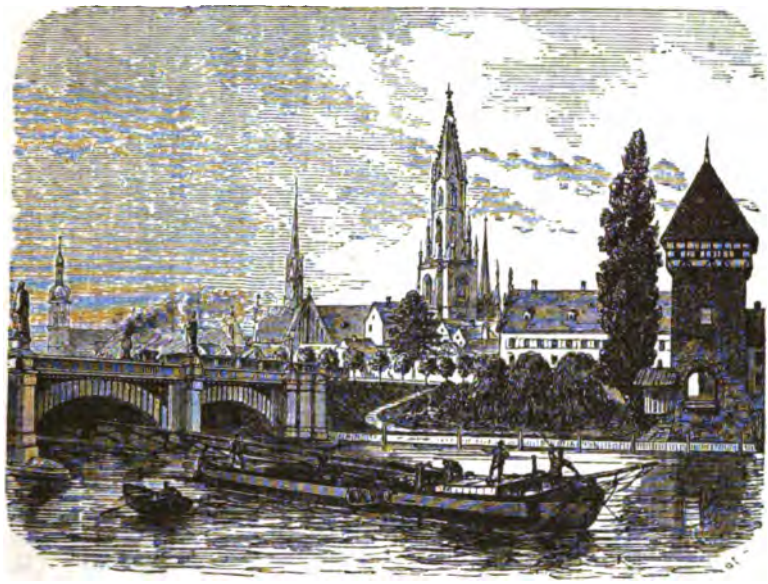
And they whose bleeding bosoms languish
From wounds that never cease their flow,
Find, in their own sad drops of anguish,
A tender anodyne of woe.

To every tear of mute compassion
The poor with grateful smiles reply,
And welcome, in their homely fashion,
The magic of a moistened eye.

When friends o'er some green grave are weeping,
By no funereal pomp defiled,
Their tears descend to him that 's sleeping,
Pure as the kisses of a child.

Therefore, when next the dark'ning hours
To me some mournful message bring,
Flow fast, sweet tears, and give your showers
The breezy coolness of the Spring!

SWISS LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.



THE CITY OF CONSTANCE.

SWITZERLAND is an Alpine world within itself, and comprehends every variety that nature can afford, whether of mountain, valley, or lake. There we witness the war of the elements in the violent hurricane, the fearful snow-storm, the fall of the avalanche, and the rush of mountain torrents, with their thousands of waterfalls.

To one who regards this Alpine land as an organic whole, it is an admirable work of art, in which nothing is wanting to its completeness, even to the animals that walk or creep on its surface, or fly in its atmosphere. On the one hand is the glacier, with its mysterious life, and the little snow-mouse that lives among its crevices; even above these the chamois, defying the bold hunter to follow it in its devious and dangerous course; and on the other, the classic beauty of plain and lake.

Among these mountains we find the woodmen, the hunters, and the shepherds, and in the plains the mute inhabitants of the deep blue or emerald lakes; every-where there is life of beast, or bird, or fish. And in the Summer a new industry is created by those who seek the crystals beside or beneath the glaciers, or the flowers and the herbs that grow upon the elevated and almost unattainable heights. The lofty passes are nearly all provided with hospices, within whose walls the season virtually never ends, for Winter and Summer find the monks of St. Bernard ready with their dogs to succor or their board to cheer the traveler, weary or exhausted with the long ascent.

In midsummer these high passes sometimes present quite a lively sight, especially when the lumbering diligence meets the lowing herds, wending their way to other valleys, or a group of tourists with knapsack and staff, seeking the Alpine rose beside the goat-herd of the bordering crags. One meets, on these lofty ways, a varied company. Now, it is the Italian organ-grinder wending his way northward, to carry to Germany or Switzerland the classic airs of Verdi or Donizetti; again it may be the German student, going South with light heart and lighter pack and purse,

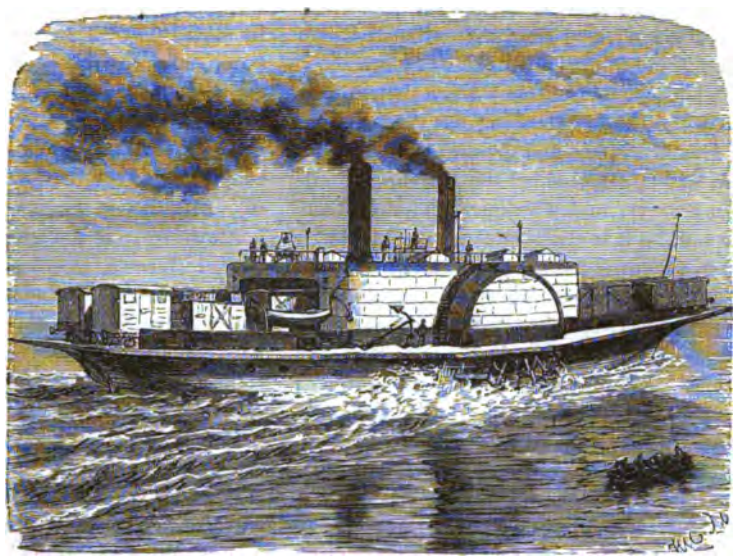
to the land of his youthful ideal. On his way the Alpine plants tempt him to deviate to right or left, so that night-fall overtakes him with his journey half accomplished, and bids him seek shelter with the monks of some neighboring refuge, while those who started with him for the day's journey have reached the mountain hostelry, and are reposing in security.

Switzerland has thus for many years been the Mecca of the lovers of nature, and will doubtless remain so as long as its lakes sparkle, its plains grow green with Spring verdure, and its lofty peaks rear their snow-white heads to the clouds. Of late years there has come to be a class of pilgrims who know in Summer no other goal than these mountains; who are happy only when snuffing the mountain air or planning and making new conquests among the mountains. This spirit has been greatly fostered of late years by the "Alpine Clubs," the members of which regularly repair to their Summer haunts, and spending the season in exploration among the glaciers or the peaks, only happy when they have ascended some crag hitherto accounted inaccessible, and upon which the footstep of man had not before pressed.

A genuine Swiss guide must be born to his calling. He is a guide from his earliest youth, and can scarcely recount the number of times he has been on many of the most dangerous peaks. His home is perhaps a lonely village, where the snow may fall in midsummer, and where poverty stood godfather by his cradle. During the warmer season his playground was the little spot of turf that surrounded his native cabin, and in the forest behind it there were continual dangers threatening his boy life,—the wild rush of the mountain torrent, or the sudden fall of rocks or earth threatening to crush or overwhelm him. But it is war and not peace that makes heroes, and so all these dangers of his youth insensibly reared him to be a genuine son of the Alps, and shaped his strength for the dangers to be encountered among them. His brother, perhaps, may have been more successful, for it is the ambitions of the poor Swiss family to have one member that may have lived awhile in some neighboring town and learned the secret of the confectioner's art, for the Swiss are skillful in the preparation of sweets and pastry and can make a delicate cup of coffee or of chocolate. But the mountain boy never tastes these delicacies; but grows strong among the peaks, nourished only by the coarsest fare. His ambition is to go wherever the chamois can make its way, and in so doing he forms a supreme contempt for the greatest dangers. Among the precipices he knows no such ideas as steep or rugged or inaccessible. He is accustomed to the grandeur and majesty of the Alpine world, at which

ISLAND OF MAINAU, LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

we gaze with awe and terror, so that where others tremble with fear he is perfectly at home.



TRANSPORT STEAMER, LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

And Switzerland may well train up her guides into a profession, for she lives from the strangers that flock to her gates at the return of every season. The time was when the Switzer would leave his rock-ribbed land to seek a livelihood in some more favored country; because the scanty plains could not yield to him and his a support. During the Summer he might wrest this from the stubborn soil in some sections, and from the upland pastures for his flocks in others; but when Winter came, and locked up this source of treasure, he was wholly without means of earning his bread, except by the scanty gain from the work of the hands of his wife and children in some skilled handicraft that required no capital. But when the lace or gloves or pretty trinkets were made, there was for them no market at home, so that the father in Summer, with pack on his back, wandered over Europe to sell the product of the Winter's toil.

For ages the stalwart men of the mountains found occupation as soldiers in the pay of foreign sovereigns, and the "Swiss guards" became famous, not only at the Court of France, but at many other smaller courts of Europe. They were favorites among the rulers, because they were always loyal to the hand that fed them, and knew no other duty than that of protecting, at all hazards, the sovereign that employed them. As they were foreigners in the countries where they served, they were supposed to have no political principles, and to take no interest in the many questions that might excite other men.

Many stories are told of their bull-dog courage, while fighting for no other principle than fidelity to their "salt;" and in some parts of Switzerland, as in Lucerne, the proudest monuments are raised to those who have fallen at the post of duty in the defense of those whom all others had abandoned. But it was an odious and inglorious calling, and of late years their presence has become so distasteful to the people of the countries in which they served that the system has almost disappeared.

But with every succeeding year the Swiss are more inclined and encouraged to stay at home and engage in industries for which they find a market on their own soil; for the strangers now come to them whom formerly they needed to seek in distant lands.

At the north-east and south-west corners of Switzerland lie the two great water basins of the lakes of Constance and Geneva. By their mountain streams both of these are connected with the chilly heights of the St. Gothard, both are the portals to the Alpine world of Switzerland, both are famous in song and story, both have been consecrated by the arts of painter and of poet. In their large and deep basins are gathered the waters

of the two largest of Alpine streams, where these are purified from the sediment which they bring from their highland homes.

The Lake of Constance lies a little higher than the Lake of Geneva; but the latter has a greater surface and depth, and is favored with a more diversified shore, richer mountain scenery, and a warmer climate. Lake Leman, as it is also sometimes called, is rich in Southern fruits, and its beautiful banks, covered with charming villas, seem like the Garden of Hesperides. It is far superior to the Lake of Constance in the majestic views which it affords of the distant peaks around Mt. Blanc; and Voltaire, who lived for some time on its borders, was in the habit of exclaiming, "My lake is the first."

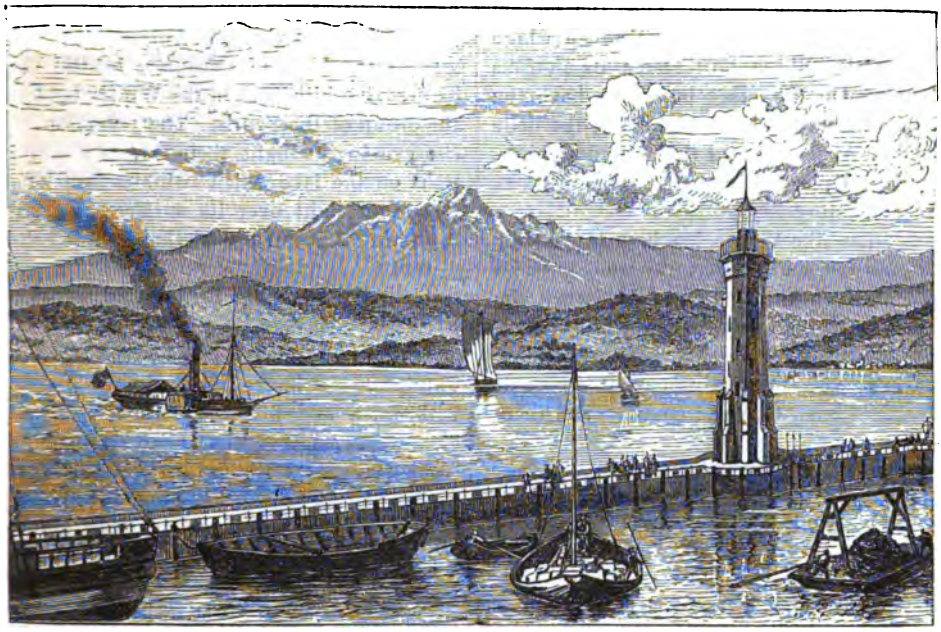
The city of Geneva is a little capital, and it is not inappropriately called a little Paris, although this term is more properly applied to Brussels. Its attractions are so great that it receives the visits of more tourists than any other city in Switzerland, and very few visit the land of lakes and mountains without visiting this Protestant Rome. It is a charming spot for a transient Summer's sojourn, and a most eligible center in which to study for a Winter.

The lake itself is a charming body of water, whose banks are rendered picturesque by such beautiful retreats as Vevay or Lausanne, and no sheet of water among the Swiss lakes affords a more beautiful sail than can be enjoyed on Leman's floods, while gazing on the lofty peaks in the distant horizon, or drinking in the quiet beauties unrolled like a panorama as the vessel pursues her way from Geneva to Chillon, the location of Byron's famous poem.

The Lake of Constance presents no cities like Geneva, and no rural retreats along its banks so attractively situated as those of its rival city; but it is important as being the avenue of approach to Switzerland from Germany, and having its banks more cosmopolitan in character than those of any of this group of inland waters. It is in all respects worthy of being regarded as a model lake for the study of Swiss peculiarities and the countless phenomena of its surface as of the inhabitants of its banks and its depths. In place of Mont Blanc in the distance, it has the lofty Sentis in its immediate vicinity, with its steep declivity rising from the lake in imposing majesty. The Sentis is the great mountain of the Lake of Constance, and is plainly seen from nearly every point.

These mountain heights in Switzerland should be studied not only in their towering altitude but also in their æsthetic form and beauty. The inhabitants seem to regard them as guardian spirits watching over their destinies and controlling their fortunes. They talk of them as old friends, and careful protectors, and as loving monarchs; they watch their physiognomy by Summer and

STORM ON THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.



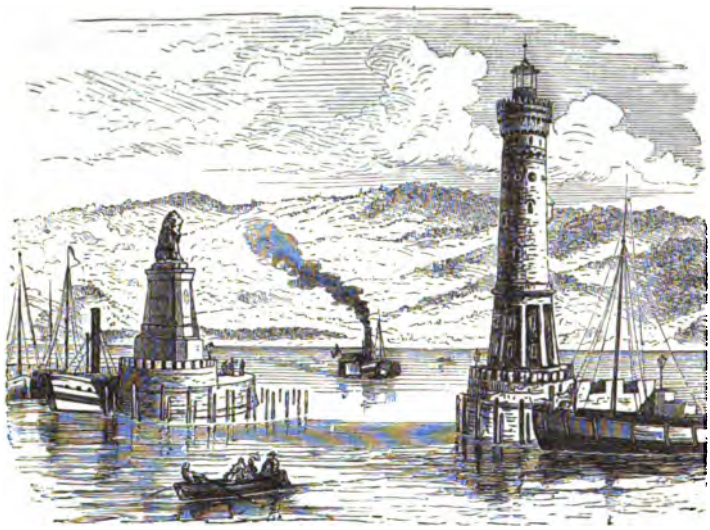
HIGH SENTIS, FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, LAKE CONSTANCE.

Winter, and their varying appearance at morning, noon, and night, and study their peculiar beauty in every phase of light and shade. Thus one can hardly imagine Geneva without the shadow of Mont Blanc, or the Lake of Constance without the watchful oversight of the Sentis. To the inhabitants of each region the mountains have their peculiar beauties in which they stand unrivaled in the estimation of their adorers. So that when one arrives from the beautiful lakes of Italian Switzerland, or those of Lucerne or Zurich, and would make a comparison, there is always something that is new or quaint. Along the shores of Lake Constance we find many queer old towns that for centuries have been standing still while the world has been moving on, and they are now in this busy period scarcely awakened from their slumbers by the tourists that seek in them the types of a vanishing age. This is especially the case with the old rocky fortress of Meersburg, which, in its time, has been the retreat of princes, philosophers, and poets, who, from its castle turrets, have gazed across the waters to the cathedral of Constance, and found their ideal beauty in the varied surface and surroundings of this inland sea. In all the Lake of Constance there is scarcely a more beautiful spot for observation than the little island of Mainau, with its hillock crowned with a modest inn, from whose piazza one has the freest outlook over the entire lake. He who has a sharp eye sees without the aid of glass not only the steeples of Constance, but both the German and the Swiss shores, while at his feet is the Austrian soil; and the entire scene resembles a map spread at one's feet.

The little island town of Lindau, often spoken of as Little Venice, is one of the curiosities of the Lake of Constance. After viewing from the park on the high ground behind it, and thus at the same time catching a view of the gorgeous scenery of the upper lake, which seems to push its way deeply into the Rhine valley, one will be ready to affirm that the Lake of Constance need have no fear of a comparison with that of Geneva. Here is the most beautiful combination of mountain and highland, plain and mountain-chain, lake and river. From this elevated point we can also command the Bavarian plains and the broad

valley that was probably once the bottom of an arm of the lake, and through whose center the Rhine now stems its devious course. On the other hand, we have the Alps of the St. Gallen highlands, the little land of Appenzell, and the Canton of Thurgovia, all places of much renown in Swiss song and story.

Lindau, like Venice, has been invaded by the railway, and by that way we entered its precincts on the fortunate day when the Emperor of Germany was expected to land on his way to Munich to visit the King of Bavaria. The people were out in great numbers from town and country, and there



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR AT LINDAU.

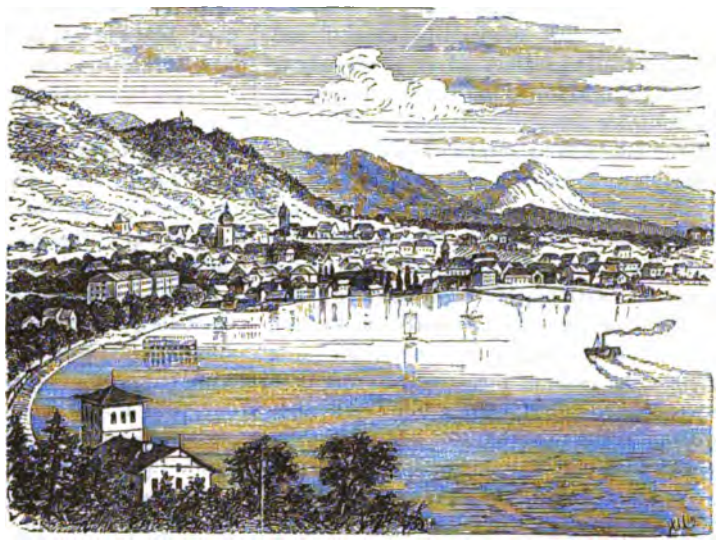
was a rare display of peasant costume, for which Bavaria is famous. The entire town was gay with flags and streamers, bearing the national and the local ensigns, while the military was ranged in long lines as guards along the passage from boat to rail. We were struck with the apparent loyalty and good feelings of the Bavarians in their preparations to receive the Prussian king who had so recently become their national ruler, notwithstanding the ceaseless efforts on the part of the Bavarian Ultramontanes to prejudice the people against the veteran soldier and the Northern Germans.

The views on the Swiss lakes vary greatly according to the season, and the direction of the sun. In the late Autumn the sun sets on the Lake of Constance behind the Thurgovian hills, and in the Winter behind the group of the Sentis. The reflection of the evening twilight then throws a warm light on the lake which twinkles in a long stream of light over its surface. During the warm, Autumnal days that show all the distant mountains in clearest outline, the waters are clothed in a brilliant garment of purple. Sometimes, in the Fall, a bank of fog lies heavily on the broad surface of the water, and for hours the sun will struggle with mist, and finally gain for itself an outlook, through which one perceives the blue sky. With returning Spring the setting sun comes forth from behind the Swiss mountains, and inclines to the German shore of the lake. In March and April the lake enjoys its richest sunsets, when its waters are clothed in all the colors of the rainbow.

The sunsets in midsummer, as they are enjoyed on the promenades of Lindau and Bregenz, remind many a traveler of the Venetian and Neapolitan concerts of light and shade. And even the play of vegetation is quite as various from different stand-points of the shore. On the German side it is the cherry and the plum, and on the Swiss side the apple and the pear. When these are all in bloom the lake banks resemble forests of fruit trees. The white and pink tints of this sea of blossoms afford an enchanting sight. Later in the season appear the modest blossoms of the vine, which has chosen the banks of the Rhine, and this, its supplying lake, as its favorite retreat.

A true ideal of landscape harmony is given

in the charming contrast afforded by the two islands in the lower parts of the lake, — the Reichenau and the Mainau. The former rises so little out of the lake that it seems imbedded in soft meadows, orchards, and grain fields, with here and there a hillock for the vine. In the immediate neighborhood of the shore the landscape is varied with cloisters, villages, towns, and castles.



BREGENZ.

The Mainau is the property of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, and would seem a fitting home for the nereids and dryads. The land rises in gentle terraces from the water nearly a hundred feet, and affords beautiful sites for gardens. The inhabitants of Bregenz and Lindau appreciate these beauties so well that in the fine season they frequently repair thither for Summer excursions on the jaunty little steamers that flit about the lake, taking with them bands of music and refreshments for the day. The sail from Constance to Friedrichshafen is the best direction to see the beauties of the lake, for one thus enjoys all the mirror of the lake and the mountain scenery in the distance at the same time, with the freest outlook on the groups of the Sentis and those of Appenzell.

The Lake of Constance is renowned for the variety of its fish, of which there are more than twenty kinds that are well known and in continual use during the season. Of these the salmon variety is the most prized, it being very delicate and savory, and having a flavor peculiar to this lake. It requires seven years to mature, and when full-grown is about eighteen inches in length. It winters in the depths of the lake, and appears in the Spring, and has so regular a course from its Winter retreat to its Summer resort, that the fishermen know just where and when to expect it. Some years it is very plenty, so that in one season, not long ago, no less than forty thousand were taken at a single draught. By the aid of the rail these are now sent to many parts of Europe, and especially to Paris.

Some of the finny tribe of this lake may be counted among the giants. A species of sturgeon grows sometimes to the length of ten feet, and they are so large that a man can scarcely embrace them, and will weigh a hundred pounds and over. Old fishermen maintain that since the introduction of steamboats on the lake the fish are less plentiful, being annoyed and destroyed by the action of the vessels. Others, with more reason, maintain that the decrease is caused by reckless fishing at unseasonable periods, and the citizens of some of the towns are now moving with great energy in the effort to secure legal protection to the fish. And this is, indeed, the case with all the Swiss lakes of late, in proportion as they are becoming Summer resorts, and their hotels demand the fish for their guests. While sitting at the table of one of these last Summer, we heard at the distant end of the table a series of ejaculations that followed the

steward as he passed along the table with a magnificent fish beautifully dressed and served on a large silver salver, previously to distributing it to the expectant company.

In earlier times when the only navigation of the lake was by means of sailing vessels, nearly every body of water had its own peculiar craft, like the double lateen sail-boats on the Lake of Geneva. These, when approaching from the distance, look like a great bird with expanded wings, and a group of them in the offing resembles a flock of large, white crows, the double sails inclining from either side of the vessel causing it to appear like the body of the bird. As transporting craft, these have of late almost entirely disappeared, giving way to heavier vessels that are towed by the steamers. But the pleasure sail or row boat is a very popular institution on the Swiss lakes, and especially on that of Geneva; and the finest view of Mont Blanc and the neighboring range is obtained about sunset from the bosom of the lake in a row-boat. At Lausanne, and especially at Vevay, there is quite a fleet of boats maintained at reasonable prices for the use of strangers, who frequently run up their own flag while on a sail, the boat-owners having a fair supply of the best known ones, so that while sojourning at Vevay, we frequently looked out to see the stars and stripes skipping over the waters at the stern of some agile craft.

There is, indeed, as may be inferred, a very busy life on these lakes, and especially on this central channel between Germany and Switzerland, which is largely increased by the pleasure travel in the season. During this period the lake is nearly always pleasant and safe, but in the early Spring there is danger of sudden storms; and in the Autumn the greatest enemy to navigation is the dense fog, which sometimes lies like an impenetrable mass on the surface of the water, through which no navigator can make his way, and during which it is almost impossible for the pilot to find such narrow entrances as that to Lindau, given in our cut, made necessary by the fact that there is no natural port, but only that formed by the great moles which act as breakwaters.

As the surface of the lake has its ebb and flood, being lowest in Winter and highest in Summer, so the beauty of the lake reaches its acme when the days are longest, when the glow of the western and north-western sky often casts its golden gleam over the bosom of the lake until ten or eleven o'clock at night. After this the lake becomes a true mirror of the heavenly lights, reflecting them faithfully in its bosom, and inviting out into the waters the light gondolas from the little island city. Sometimes a miniature flotilla of fifty or sixty gondolas, all adorned with lanterns of various colors, will float out into the lake from "Little Venice," and while on its bosom the inmates will throw up rockets and sing the Swiss songs of the country, while bands of music on the land will respond to them amid a cloud of Greek fire. The stranger, enchanted by the scene, imagines himself transported to the wonders of the Thousand and One Nights, or lingering on the shore of the Bay of Naples.

Mountain traveling is still kept up through the passes between Switzerland and Southern Europe, but the genius of modern engineering is threatening to rob us of its beauty and romance. A few years ago the French became tired of clambering over Mont Cenis into Italy, resolved on going through the mountain instead of over, and the result, after years of labor and a vast outlay of treasure, is a tunnel successfully carried through the bowels of the mountain, so that now the railroad train passes on into Italy as prosily as in any other underground road. Twenty-five minutes takes one through the tunnel without a particle of romance, doing eight miles in the dark instead of twenty-five miles among the peaks. It was supposed that the good road over the mountain would be kept up for Summer travel, but facts show that very few can be induced to go over the mountain while there is so easy a way of getting through it. In a few years the pass over the summit will probably go to decay, and be impassible.

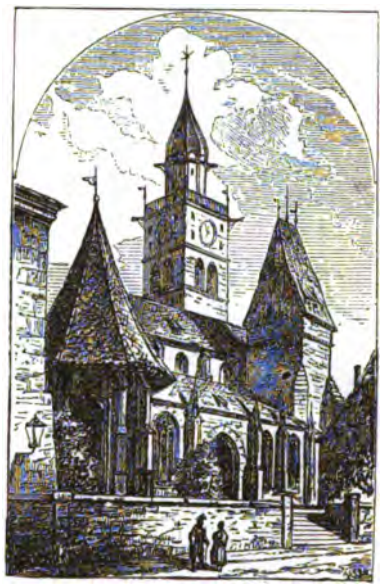
The same evil genius is now at work with the sublime and awe-inspiring pass of St. Gothard. The demon of the engineer is

penetrating it with a great bore that in a few years will doubtless be finished, and then will sound the death-knell of St. Gothard's glory. Those who would yet see the pass, with the present facilities, need to bestir themselves.

The tunnel through the St. Gothard will be still longer than that through Mont Cenis, being about nine miles in length. The work is a stupendous one, and has several times seemed on the point of failing for want of funds. The enterprise is so gigantic that Switzerland could not do it alone; and so Germany stepped in, and lent a helping hand, in view of the great interest that she has in the completion of the work. But there has been a continual cry for money, so much more being required than was at first calculated. Thus the Swiss Cantons have been in continual struggle with one another, those remote from the work being unwilling to bear their quota of the expense.

The passes of the St. Bernard and the Simplon still hold their own, and the hospice, the monks, and the dogs of the former flourish as of old, while the Brenner Pass, leading from the Tyrol to Northern Italy, has been scaled by a solid and skillful line of rail possessing a remarkable power in surmounting steep ascents. The great Stelvio Pass, from the Lake of Como over into Austrian Tyrol, is the highest of all the passes, and the refuge or hospice on its summit is said to be the highest habitable retreat in Europe. It is a magnificently constructed road, but one which entails great expense to keep it up, which is borne mainly by the Government, as the road was constructed principally for military purposes. We once crossed in the early Spring with a Government party of exploration to inspect the damages made through the Winter, and the wreck of the storms and the great masses of snow still encumbering the road would lead one to believe that it would take most of the Summer to repair the damages of the Winter.

This great pass is not now so useful to the Government as in former years, for Austria has now less need of a military road than in the days when she controlled a large part of Northern Italy, including Venice. Her own great line of rail over the pass of the Semmering also gives her easy access to Italy and the Adriatic from her capital. A very noted pass is that from the Lake of Thun over the Gemmi into the valley of the Rhone, being among the few that can not be entirely made in comfort any other way than on foot. Many of these passes are such fine



CATHEDRAL AT ÜBERLINGEN.

specimens of road engineering that one jumps into a diligence at their base and thus crosses over the entire journey; but this immunity from fatigue and danger has only been obtained at great expense and skill, dangerous places being protected by walls, short curves being passed by galleries, and chasms crossed by solid and secure bridges. But all this so detracts from the wild beauty and romance of the passage that those who wish to see Alpine heights prefer those that show less evidence of the shaping and protecting hand of man. The peculiarity of the Gemmi, and a great portion of its attraction, is found in the descent into the basin containing the hot springs and baths of Loeche. This is made by a passage hewn into the side of immense perpendicular precipices, and the road thus descends in zigzag terraces cut into the side of the solid rock, and is often so narrow that

two animals can scarcely pass, and giddy brains are forced to cling closely to the wall in order not to be made to reel by gazing into the immense chasm below. Very narrow passages and abrupt and dangerous turns are guarded by balustrades, a measure found necessary some years ago, after a very painful accident, in which a lady lost her life by being precipitated from the path into the frightful chasm below.

Many of the most attractive mountain ascents are in the interior of Switzerland,

MEERSBURG.

and are made with a view to gain a nearer view of celebrated peaks, or to pass from valley to valley in search of waterfalls or glaciers. Of these, one of the most charming is that of the Wengern Alp, which brings us to the very bosom of such famous heights as the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Eiger. When one has toiled for hours to reach the summit of the pass, these peaks still tower far above, and though it at times seems as if he might cast a stone into their snows, a deep and wide chasm still separates him from them, and makes the sides forbidden ground except to the professional guide and practiced Alpine climber.

In the Bernese Highlands every peak and mountain range has its peculiar name; indeed, every unusual formation is in some way distinguished, so that the Swiss guides and coachmen are as familiar with every thing in the landscape far and near as with the houses of their own village or the peculiarities of their own garden. They speak of the mountains by the proper names as if they were old friends or household gods, and refer their good fortune to them as the guardian angels of the country. They seem attached to them by a peculiar tie, and when for a time separated from them seem anxious to return to their protecting shadow.

The Swiss authorities seem to have discovered that all the accommodations they can offer to strangers will redound to their profit by drawing visitors from all parts of the world. The wealth of the country lies far more in its attractiveness as a Summer resort than in any other feature, and the more comfort and pleasure people can find the more readily will they choose Switzerland as the spot for a retreat or a tour. And thus roads are being opened to desirable spots, railroads and steamboats are in a constant course of improvement, the general facilities for travel are being greatly improved, the hotels are becoming the finest in the world, and all the attractions are being enhanced and protected, even to some of the mountain flowers, which the law protects from being plucked up by the roots, that the species may not be exterminated. Thus the country is becoming with every year a more desirable and profitable retreat for the curious of all lands who are able to make the grand tour.

HENRY ROGERS.

THE name of Henry Rogers represents a kind of service to the kingdom of Christ which few men have been qualified to render,—the service which we associate with the names of Blaise Pascal in France and Bishop Butler in England. In each department of Christian work there are many varieties. Preaching, for instance, is a function common to ministers of Christ; but when we think of preachers, the impression of distinctive and diversified gifts is perhaps greater than that of the common function. So it is in the department of apologetics. Among the writers who by evidence and argument vindicate Christianity and the Bible there is almost equal diversity. Mr. Rogers did his chief work in the field of apologetics, although he did much in general literature and much in tutorial instruction; and in apologetics his strength lay in acute and destructive criticism of anti-Christian arguments, such as is done in his "Eclipse of Faith" and the "Defense" of it; his articles on the "Tractarian" movement contributed to the *Edinburgh Review;* his critique on Rénan; and several of his minor papers,—

notably some of the "Greyson Letters;" in which, with large knowledge, inimitable wit, and merciless cross-questioning and logic, he exposes the untenableness of various social and anti-religious theories. It is scarcely too much to say that since Pascal's "Provincial Letters" no polemic has equaled the "Eclipse of Faith" in its brilliant and complete demolition of the anti-Christian speculations of F. W. Newman. So completely did it do its work that it ended the controversy. No reply to it was possible. Mr. Rogers's last and most elaborate work, on the "Superhuman Origin of the Bible," belongs to the same class of apologetics, although it is constructive in its form. It is an array of evidence for the Holy Scriptures gathered from their own characteristics: their great features of wisdom, holiness, and truth; their congruity of character and purpose; and especially the harmony of their multitudinous minor features—such as incidental statements and allusions, the writers and their writings, facts and doctrines—which could scarcely have been purposed, and which can be accounted for only on the assumption of their historical truth and supernatural character. It is really a great work, in the sense in which the charge of a great judge is great; the points of evidence are sagaciously fixed upon, clearly brought out, relatively adjusted, and their value when brought into combination justly appraised. For this kind of apologetic Mr. Rogers had natural gifts, and acquired knowledge above any man in recent times. His friend, Archbishop Whately, possessed similar qualification—as his clever brochure, "Historical Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," shows—but not in equal degree.

Like most men whose gifts are of a distinctive character, Mr. Rogers did not at once find his proper sphere of work. In realizing the great economic law of the kingdom of God, "every man in his place," there is often need for processes of readjustment; the place into which a man is born is not always the place for which he is born; and it is often very interesting to watch the providence which directs the transition. There are what our American friends call "all round men," who, possessing good natural powers, easily occupy whatever place presents itself, and do respectably any work that may happen to lie next them. They have no gifts so distinctive as to impel them to seek and struggle until distinctive work is found. No doubt a man of great intellectual force can make that force tell, whatever work he may do; but a man equally good at all things will not be specially good at any. For eminent service demands special sympathies as well as special powers; and the greatest men have these so strongly developed that they are restless and inefficient until they find work in which all their powers of thought, of sympathy, and of faculty, can be absorbed. Mr. Rogers was a man of great intellectual powers, and every thing that he did indicated these. But it was not until he found a fitting sphere for his distinctive qualities that he vindicated his claim to the possession of what may be justly designated genius.

The son of a medical man, he was born at St. Alban's, in the year 1806. As a boy he was intelligent and precocious,—a great devourer of books, with special aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He received his education under Mr. J. C. Thorowgood, first residing in his house when he was one of the masters of Mill Hill School, and afterwards in his well-known establishment at Totteridge, of which he was the founder and proprietor. Mr. Rogers's father died when he was fourteen years of age, having destined his promising son to the medical profession. In accordance with this designation he began his medical education, and acquired knowledge which afterwards served him in good stead for both argument and illustration, as, for example, in the amusing "Greyson's Letters on Homœopathy." But, like most literary and pious youths of Nonconformist parentage, his own aspirations were strongly directed to the Nonconformist ministry. He was a Nonconformist by intelligent conviction, as well as by family and educational association: and, being such, he had been necessarily excluded from an education at the national universities by barriers which have since happily been removed. He,

therefore, sought his theological education at Highbury College, which he entered in the year 1826, and of which Dr. Henderson, well known as an accomplished Oriental scholar, and Dr. Halley, were then tutors. He then, in 1829, became co-pastor with Mr. Durant, minister of the Congregational Church at Poole, in Dorsetshire, with whom, in the same relationship, his friend, Mr. Morell Mackenzie, was afterwards associated. Mr. Mackenzie, a young minister of great promise, was lost in the wreck of the *Pegasus*, on the Ayrshire coast, and his calm, heroic piety in the face of death made an impression upon the public mind almost equal to that made by the tragic shipwreck itself. Mr. Rogers wrote for private circulation a very tender and beautiful memoir of his friend.

Mr. Rogers did not find in the ministry his proper sphere of work, nor was it at all clear where he would find it, or even what it was. Intellectual and religious qualifications for the pulpit he possessed above many; but other qualities in addition to these are essential to efficient preaching, such as intuitive sympathies with the common life of men, and practical aptitudes for ministering to their common necessities; emotional enthusiasm and contagion; forms of speech and of thought colloquial and level with ordinary apprehension. That Mr. Rogers had the essential religious sympathies no one who knew his piety and his tutorial work could doubt; but his instinct was towards exact exposition, philosophical thought, and dialectical form, rather than towards popular oratory. He was better fitted to form the minds of preachers than to preach himself; and it was soon evident that he would never, through the preacher's work, attain the eminence which his great intellectual and literary powers gave promise of. To cultured men, who could disregard oratorical forms, it was a great treat to listen to his scholarly, dialectical, and spiritual expositions of divine truth; but he demanded an audience so qualified. His habits of thought, his thin voice and rapid speech, were obstructions to popular impression that could not be overcome. After a couple of years, therefore, he had the sagacity to see that his powers could find no adequate expression in the pulpit, and he resigned his pastorate, much, however, to the grief of Mr. Durant and the congregation. It had been marked, moreover, by a bitter sorrow. In 1830, a few months after he had taken up his residence in Poole, he had married, and a few months afterwards he lost his young wife. As a diversion from this great grief he applied himself to the completion of a life of John Howe, which he had contemplated, and which he had just begun to write. When about sixteen he had read Howe's "Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls," which had made a deep religious impression upon him, and which no doubt contributed to make him the admiring student of John Howe, which throughout life, in common with Robert Hall, he was. Although written in a very short time, it is, in literary brilliancy, in keen appreciation, in large knowledge of the men and movements of Howe's day, and in broad catholic sympathies with all forms of goodness, a model biography. It has been republished by the Religious Tract Society, and is likely to remain the standard life of the great Nonconformist divine. Many years afterwards, at the request of the same society, he undertook to edit Howe's works, which up to that time had been printed so inaccurately and ignorantly as greatly to confuse the meaning of the author. With a spirit of devotedness rare in a man so eminent, Mr. Rogers undertook the immense drudgery of correcting the punctuation and removing the blunders of the text,—maintaining, however, the most reverent regard for the words of the author. The result is an edition of Howe which has the effect of a great picture from which smoke and dirt have been removed by a skillful and reverent hand. What was before a difficulty to even a practiced thinker is now easy to ordinary readers, so that both Howe and his readers are benefited. We have heard him speak of this as the most laborious task of his literary life.

In 1832 he removed from Poole to London, with no immediate prospect of a vocation, his general purpose being to give himself to

study. His love for languages, and perhaps a general presentiment of the work that he would do, led him to study the Anglo-Saxon language and literature, and to make himself master of the German language,—both at that time somewhat rare acquisitions of English scholars. Shortly after his settlement in London he was invited to the Mathematical Chair in Highbury College.

In 1836 the London University was established by Royal Charter, and in January, 1837, Mr. Rogers was appointed to the Chair of English Language and Literature: this he filled for two years, during which he published two lectures,—the one on English Composition, the other on Bacon. The latter was one of the many replies provoked by Macaulay's famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review;* and in critical acumen, philosophical knowledge, and literary beauty, it may fairly claim equality with the production of the brilliant essayist. While in London he began to write for the periodical press. For a short time he was associated with Mr. Conder in the editorship of the *Patriot* newspaper, and to the *Eclectic Review* he contributed several articles.

In 1838 he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Language, Mental Philosophy and Mathematics, in Spring Hill College, Birmingham, which he retained for nineteen years. In October, 1839, he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* the first of the brilliant series of articles—since collected and reprinted—which has associated him in equal eminence with Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay.

Indeed, his scholarship was more extensive and exact, and his philosophical acumen greater than those of any of the three; while he possessed a humor which, although different in species, was scarcely inferior in quality to that of Sydney Smith, a literary knowledge and critical acumen fully equal to those of Jeffrey, and a pure and beautiful English style, which, if it had not quite the gorgeousness and the rush of that of Macaulay, was superior to it in pellucid beauty and artistic finish. For eighteen years he contributed to the *Edinburgh* an average of one article a year. In his preface to the fifth edition of the collected essays, Mr. Rogers classifies them as "Literary Essays and Theological Essays." This is a utilitarian rather than an exact classification: they are biographical and philosophical, literary and theological. The biographical series includes critical analyses and estimates of Thomas Fuller, Andrew Marvel, Luther, Leibnitz, Pascal, Plato, Descartes, John Locke, and Archer Butler. In these essays Mr. Rogers proved himself a master in philosophical knowledge and acumen. They are permanent additions to philosophical thought, and present to great advantage the constructive as well as the analytical qualities of Mr. Rogers's mind. What Macaulay's essays did for the historical epochs treated in them, that Mr. Rogers's essays did for the philosophical themes, the representative names of which he selected. The essay on the literary genius of Plato is perhaps as fine a criticism of both the disciple of Socrates and his great master as has ever been given to the world. The literary essays are not so numerous. They are on the "Structure and the History of the English Language," "Sacred Eloquence," "Sydney Smith's Lectures," "Huc's Travels in China," and the "Vanity and Glory of Literature." Many remember yet the impression made by the tender and solemn beauty of the latter, in which lights and shades blend as in cloudland. The theological essays on "Reason and Faith," "Anglicanism," "Ultramontanism," "The Right of Private Judgment," "Rénan's Vie de Jésus," and "Various Phases of Modern Skepticism," were not only important contributions to passing controversies, but are valuable permanent additions to the apologetic literature of Christianity.

Very few of his essays, indeed, are ephemeral in their character; those on "Reform" and "Crime" are such, the very substance of which was a passing phase. Instinctively, Mr. Rogers treated accidental forms in the light of great principles which have universal applications. His essays, therefore, are undiminished in value, even when their accidental occasion has passed away.

In March, 1858, Professor Rogers became

Principal of the Lancashire Independent College at Manchester, which office he filled for nearly twelve years. In 1869 failing health compelled him to resign this office, but for two years more he continued to lecture on philosophy and dogmatic theology. In 1871 he relinquished professorial work altogether. His students, in whom he inspired warm affection as a sympathetic friend and counselor, as well as profound respect for his many great qualities, presented him with his bust in marble. Few men better knew how to evoke latent talent or to encourage modest merit, and few men were more conscientious in professorial work. His students, if worthy, became his life-long friends.

On leaving Manchester he took up his residence at Silverdale, Morecambe Bay, where he resided for two years. In 1873 he removed to Pennal Tower, Machynlleth, in Wales, where he died August 20, 1877. He was buried in the grave of Samuel Fletcher, Esq., his father-in-law, at St. Luke's Church, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Through life Mr. Rogers was a prolific writer. He contributed largely to the *British Quarterly Review*, and to *Good Words*. Some of his articles have been reprinted; others have been permitted to remain unacknowledged. Some were of temporary interest, but others were of a character to be permanently valuable. To several important works he wrote introductory essays, notably to Lyttleton's "Letter on the Conversion of St. Paul," in the edition published by the Religious Tract Society, the Introduction fully equaling the apologetic value of the Letter. He collected the letters of eminent Christian men and women, which in 1837 were published under the title of "Montgomery's Christian Correspondent." He wrote "Three Letters to a Friend on the Sunday Question," by N. M. P., which obtained a wide circulation. He contributed also several important articles to the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

His "Eclipse of Faith" was a reply to Professor Francis Newman's "Phases of Faith." It is much more than a mere criticism or polemic. It is constructive in form, and dramatically exhibits various phases of belief and unbelief in the persons of different interlocutors. It is full of keen satire and argumentative humor, and, as a specimen of dialectical skill and force, can be compared only with the "Provincial Letters." The intellectual side of the Christian argument which this work and some of the "Greyson's Letters" predominantly present has led to the characterization of Mr. Rogers as a "slashing captain" of the "Hard Church." The charge is scarcely just. Mr. Rogers was no doubt supremely skillful in intellectual fence; but that he chose its weapons in these and other instances was not from insensibility or disparagement of the moral and spiritual argument for Christianity, but because it was required by the form of the attack. A man who defends can rarely choose his ground. In this he has not only the justification of Christian apologists of all ages, but also of Jewish prophets and Christian apostles. Whatever the supreme value of the moral argument, it can not be unimportant to fight infidelity with its own chosen weapons, and to show that, in criticism, history, philosophy, and dialectic, it is as feeble as it is in the spiritual domain of things. Fór this service Mr. Rogers was better qualified than any man of his generation.

The selections from the correspodence of R. E. H. Greyson — the title nearly an anagram of his own name—were published in 1857. They were devised as a vehicle for discussing miscellaneous topics of passing and of general interest in a colloquial and diversified way, to which essays would not have lent themselves. They overflow with wit as delightful as that of Charles Lamb, and with humor as searching as that of Rabelais, and yet they have characteristics wholly his own. He is grave and gay, lively and severe, as the turns of thought and the necessities of argument may require. With an earnest purpose always before him, he pursues it by infinite varieties of method. A letter on "Death-bed Consolations" follows one on "Extemporaneous Cookery." He describes a "Bustling Man," and discusses "Immortality." Prayer, the atone-

ment, neology, novel reading, deism, dyspepsia, homœopathy, mesmerism, beards, transmutation and development theories, are discussed in turn; and his reverence is as deep and his sympathy as tender as his wit is brilliant and his argument cogent. A more delightful book, charged with high purpose, and yet redolent with vivacity, can scarcely be mentioned.

The last, and perhaps the most valuable, of Mr. Rogers's books, "The Superhuman Origin of the Bible Inferred from Itself," was prepared as the Congregational lecture for 1873. It was the result of the thinking of a large portion of his life-time, and the substance of much that he had delivered to his students from the professorial chair. Its literary form is equal to that of his most successful essays. Five editions of it have already appeared, and it bids as fair as any recent book to take a permanent place as a theological classic. It is singular that against both the deistical and the sacramentarian forms of modern theological error, and especially as represented by the two brothers Francis and John Henry Newman, Mr. Rogers should have taken up arms, and that upon both he should have inflicted such damage. Like the Apostle Paul, he opposed his doctrine of Christ crucified to both the Jew requiring a sign and the Greek seeking after wisdom.

Mr. Rogers was a delightful social companion. Out of a mind stored with all kinds of knowledge, and practiced in dealing with all forms of thought, he poured out a wealth of illustration, argument, and wit, which almost realized the perfection of conversational brilliancy. He never indulged in monologue; he was never pretentious; in no way did he monopolize conversation, or make ordinary men feel that he thought himself their superior. Conversation with him was really such—humor gleamed, wit sparkled, fit anecdote was told, argument was rapidly and skillfully parried, and tender reminiscence was touched. He was an antagonist that few men would willingly encounter; no man could more skillfully expose a fallacy, or impale a pretender; he could be terribly scathing, but this was reserved for fools and for men who rashly and ignorantly assailed sacred things. He was the pleasantest of companions, a warm-hearted and a faithful friend, a devout and holy man, who exemplified what he so well defended,—simple, child-like trust in the love of God and in the salvation of Jesus Christ.

WINDING TANGLED SKEINS.

WE remember hearing of a shrewd old lady who professed to be able to form a just estimate of the characters of the young friends whom she loved to gather around her in her pleasant home. She used to give them each a difficult skein of thread to wind, they being of course unaware of her motive in so doing, and then she watched how they set to work about it. And the test was undoubtedly a very ingenious one.

Our gentle readers are aware that there is always an end to a skein of thread, and that the first thing they have to do is to get hold of it, which is not always as easy as it may seem. Some want to see through the whole skein at once, and so endeavor to run it out into a single thread before they begin to wind; but this attempt only causes the most bewildering confusion.

It frequently happens that one gets hold of the wrong end of the skein first; but, even when this is unfortunately the case, it is wonderful how much may be done by patience and perseverance, not forgetting a little gentle humoring whenever it seems inclined to get into a twist or "snarl," which, if not softly and tenderly handled, ends in becoming a hard knot.

Some fling away the tangled skein with an impatient declaration that it is of no use trying to set it right; while others, Alexander-like, cut the Gordian knot they are

too idle to unloose, and thus solve the problem and destroy the material, rendering it a hopeless confusion of odds and ends.

It is certain that some skeins are less easy to wind than others, and require a vast amount of pains in order to bring them to a successful issue.

A great deal undoubtedly depends upon the manner in which the skein is held. Some persons are apt to strain it too tightly; while others hold the threads with so loose a hand as to render them peculiarly liable to fall into confusion; or they suffer them to drop altogether, and thus the whole skein becomes entangled. The observant old lady especially noticed that almost all the fair silk winders invariably flung aside the loose ends and knotless threads as useless, instead of gathering them carefully together, and endeavoring to make the best of them.

Flavel compares the ways of Providence to "a curious piece of arras, made up of a thousand shreds, which singly we know not what to make of, but put together, and stitched up orderly, they represent a beautiful history to the eye." And we may imagine, in like manner, the web of human life with all its varied and wonderful patterns woven out of separate existences—let us for the present call them skeins. Well has the poet said that

> "Each spirit weaves the robe it wears
> From out life's busy loom;
> And common tasks and daily cares
> Make up the threads of doom"

The mystic Parcæ, or Fates, were supposed by the old Greeks to be constantly at work spinning and cutting the threads of this mysterious web. But we, who are better instructed, rejoice to know and believe that warp, woof, and loom are all in the hands of our Heavenly Father. It is a comforting thought that every individual skein that goes to make up the wonderful whole is placed in that position, or "station of life," be it high or low, rich or poor, into which it hath pleased God to call us.

There is an old German proverb, nevertheless, that "it signifieth much what song is sung beside a child's cradle." Our figure of the skein may give a similar lesson. It is certain that a great deal depends upon the manner in which a skein is first held; that is, when we are young. Some parents strain it so tightly that there is always danger of the threads breaking suddenly away, and so running wild, and, it may be, getting lost. It is very sad when this is the case, as we have known it to be in more than one instance.

Others, on the contrary, are apt to hold the skein so loosely that it can scarcely help falling into confusion for the want of a restraining hand. It appears to us that the latter extreme is the one into which parents of the present day are most prone to fall. Both, however, are alike productive of very serious consequences. A firm but kindly hand is indispensably necessary in early life.

We commenced by observing that there must always be an end to every skein, and that the first thing we have to do is to get hold of it. Our blessed Savior tells us in that wonderful book, the book of Revelation, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Let us once find this great and glorious aim of Christian life, and lay hold by faith on Jesus Christ, and we shall not mind a few hinderances and difficulties, a few "snarls" and tangles, or even a hard knot or two. As good, old Rutherford says, "The rough places in our road to heaven will only serve to make its rest all the sweeter."

Some persons, we have observed, want to see into the whole skein at once, and so endeavor to run it out at once before they begin to wind, to attempt which only serves to cause the most bewildering confusion. "I find it a great help," says the Rev. John Milne, "not to look at things in the heap, but to take them one by one, hour by hour, day by day,"—thread by thread; to which a well-known author writing on the same theme gives eloquent testimony when she says, "Let us live on from day to day, striving to do our daily duty, and believing that it is a righteous as well as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page carefully folded down." It is well for us that we can not see through the whole skein at once, or we might oftentimes lose heart, and be

tempted to give up all hope of unraveling it. We read in the inspired language of Scripture that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," together with the sweet promise that "as our day so shall our strength be." "Trust in the Lord." Seek for strength to discharge the simple duties of the passing hour, and leave all the rest to him. The day will come when all that is perplexing will be made clear and straight, when there will be no more tangles, no more hard knots, but when we shall know even as we are known.

As we have said, it not unfrequently happens that one gets hold of the wrong end of the skein first. But even when this is the case much may be done, nevertheless.

"Have patience with all things," observes a quaint old writer, "but chiefly with thyself." Nothing tangles the skein of daily life like impatience. Of course there will be much to undo, many threads to unwind, many twists to reverse, and many loops to go through; many mistakes to be set right, many sins and errors to be confessed and repaired. But fear not, only believe, and all will come right at last, God helping us. In taking up the skein of life it is often safest to choose the nearest thread, the duty that lies nearest home, instead of looking out for others that may appear at the time to be more attractive. If this simple rule were only followed, we feel convinced that much of after sorrow and confusion might frequently be avoided.

We have already noticed that some skeins are more difficult to wind than others.

"The life of some," writes Miss Bremer, "is, up to a certain point, a tangle which must be unraveled by friendly hands if it is not to be tightened into an irretrievable knot." Nothing seems to go right with them. They wind on and never get any the forwarder, but are continually falling into difficulties, and divers perplexities and entanglements, and coming to hard knots, and wanting others to help them. Most of our readers can probably recall some such skein. It may be that they have felt hopeless at times of ever setting it straight, and half tempted to leave it as it was, or cut the Gordian knot at once and have done with it. If it be so, dear reader, your task is, indeed, a trying one. But do not give it up. Nothing is impossible to God. Leave all in his hands in prayer and faith, and he will make it plain in his own time and way.

It is certain that some skeins are less difficult than others, and never seem to get into knots and tangles. Every thing goes smoothly with them. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." They prosper in the world; they increase in riches; the world envies them; even the believer is staggered at the sight of their prosperity. But what say the Scriptures: "Because they have no changes therefore they fear not God." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. The sunshine is a glorious and pleasant thing, but after a little while—and more especially in the bright Summer noontide—one is apt to feel dazzled and bewildered, and to need the dark cloud and even the passing storm to refresh and to purify the atmosphere. Smooth paths are not always the safest to walk in. We want a few difficulties, a few rough places now and then, to make us take heed to our ways.

We can not help thinking that if those fair young girls of whom we spoke at the first had known that their kind old friend was always on the watch to see how they set about the winding of their different skeins, it would have rendered them more careful over their tasks, if it had only been to please her, for they all loved her. Well would it be for us as we go on, hour after hour, thread after thread, winding the oftentimes tangled skein of daily life, if we could remember that God sees us, that the eyes of our Father are constantly watching the way in which we set about our work,—if we could feel the constraining love of Him who cares for us.

In conclusion, let us never forget that prayer is the silver thread running throughout the whole web of human existence, "the hem,' as Philip Henry calls it, "of all other work, keeping it from unraveling."

LAST DAYS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FEW historical scenes have been so frequently attempted on canvas as the execution of Mary Queen of Scots; and yet no painter seems ever to have read the minute accounts given by several eye-witnesses, which have within a few years been brought to light from the dusty manuscripts where they had been buried for two and a half centuries. The scene as it actually occurred transcends in pictorial effect any thing which imagination could create; and the most dextrous playwright would in vain attempt to present upon the mimic stage a tableau more dramatic in grouping, or more effective in color, than that which was presented on the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle, on the 8th of February, 1587.* For the benefit of some future painter we purpose to present a word-picture of the scene as described in English by Master Richard Wigmore, who had been sent down by the Lord Treasurer Burghley, to inform him of all that took place; in French by Burgoine, the physician of Mary; and in Spanish by Gorion, her faithful friend and apothecary.

Mary was brought to trial at Fotheringay Castle, October 12, 1586, before a commission comprising nearly every English peer, upon a charge of complicity in the plot of Babington for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth, and the invasion of England by the Spaniards. Notwithstanding her emphatic and persistent denial of any complicity in, or even knowledge of, the design of the plot for assassination, Mary was found guilty of having been "not only accessory and privy to the conspiracy, but also an imaginer and compasser of her majesty's destruction." Parliament confirmed the sentence, and both Houses, by a unanimous vote, urged upon Elizabeth that "for the cause of God, of the Church, the realm, and her own person, a just condemnation might be followed by as just an execution." The sentence was announced early in December; but Elizabeth was for many reasons extremely unwilling to issue the warrant for the public execution of her own nearest kinswoman, and the undoubted heir to her crown. Mary was privately given to understand that mercy should be extended to her if she would confess her guilt. She would not even listen to such a suggestion, declared her innocence of any design upon the life of "her dearest sister," although she avowed, as she had done at her trial, that she had done what she had warned the Queen of England she would do. She had come to England, she said, on the express promise of succor from Elizabeth, had been wrongfully detained a prisoner, and had thrown herself upon the support of the Catholic powers. She took a high and haughty tone; she dared her enemies to do their worst. "They had no more right over her than a highwayman had over an honest person whom he might meet at the corner of a wood. Having condemned her to death, they might complete their work. English kings had been often murdered, and, being of the same blood, it was like enough she would fare no better; but God would avenge her."

She represented herself as about to suffer as a martyr for her faith. And for this, indeed, the English Government had given her plausible reason. In the petition for her execution Parliament had stated, among other reasons, that "she was poisoned with Popery, and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and every-where. Popery was thriving through her presence, and mercy, if mercy was shown to her, would be cruelty to all loyal subjects." Her almoner, or chaplain, had not been allowed to execute his functions for three years, although he was suffered to remain in the castle. Lord Buckhurst, who had been sent with a copy of the sentence, told her that neither religion nor her majesty herself could be safe while she lived. Mary replied that so far from having intended the death of Elizabeth, she "would not have her suffer the fillip of a finger; but she was happy to give her own

* The dates are given according to the Old Style, then used in England. According to the New Style they are just ten days later.

life as a sacrifice in the cause of God and the Church." To Elizabeth she wrote urging that her execution might be public, so that the spectators might testify that she died a Catholic, and begging that since the Catholic rites, with which their common ancestors had been buried, were no longer permitted in England, her body might be taken to France. To Catholic potentates she wrote pathetic letters, which her servants found means to secrete and deliver long afterwards. To Philip, of Spain, she wrote that she was dying in the good cause. To her kinsman, the Duke of Guise, that "the House of Lorraine had always been ready with its blood in the Church's quarrel, and now, that she was called upon to shed hers, it should not be said of her that she was degenerate." To the Pope she declared herself a true child of the Holy Church, and averred that she was "coming like the prodigal to Christ, and was offering her blood at the foot of the cross."

But December passed, and January came and went, and still no indication came to Mary that the sentence was to be carried into effect. James, of Scotland, could not for decency's sake do otherwise than make some effort to save the life of his mother. Her near kinsman, the King of France, sent a special embassador to urge that her blood should not be shed. The embassador said that if the life of the Queen of Scots were spared "not only his own master, but every prince in Christendom, would become bound for Elizabeth's security; but if she were put to death, the King of France would not only resent the execution on the ground common to all princes, that the Queen of Scots, being a sovereign princess, was not amenable to English laws, but that he should look upon it as a special affront to himself." One the other hand the Council of Elizabeth pressed for the execution as imperatively demanded for the safety of the State, as well as of the royal person. It was not, indeed, easy to say on which side lay the path of safety, or, rather, of least danger. So Elizabeth hesitated. Lord Howard, of Effingham, the same who, eighteen months later, was to save the realm and the Queen by his victory over the Spanish armada, spoke the decisive word which brought the matter to an issue. He was among the most moderate of all the Council, and was really quite as much a Catholic as a Protestant; but he was above and before all things an Englishman. On the 1st of February, 1587, he presented himself before the Queen, and assured her that the condition of the country was such that there must be no more trifling; some positive action must be taken with the Queen of Scots, and that action must be the immediate execution of the sentence of death. Elizabeth ordered that Davison, the acting Secretary of State, should come to her, bringing the death-warrant. The secretary was close at hand. In a few minutes he appeared bringing a number of papers which required the royal signature, the death-warrant being among them. Elizabeth affixed her signature to all of them, seemingly without taking special notice of their contents. Her first impulse was, apparently, to make it appear that the warrant was signed by accident. But she soon changed her mind, and told Davison to take the warrant to Bromley, the chancellor, have it sealed, and then dispatch it to the persons to whom it was addressed, who were to see the execution done, adding that she wished to hear nothing more about the matter until all was over. But in a few minutes another idea struck her. Three years before, during the alarm excited by an apprehended Spanish invasion, an association, comprising almost every Englishman of note, had been formed, the members of which bound themselves by oath to pursue till death "all manner of persons, of whatsoever estate they be, and their abettors, that shall attempt any act, or counsel or consent to any thing, that shall tend to the harm of her majesty's person." This association had been legalized by act of Parliament, the bond, however, being modified by a clause that "every English subject might, *on her majesty's direction in that behalf*, pursue any person to death by whom, or by whose assent, such act should have been attempted." Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, the present custodians of Mary, were members

of this association, and Elizabeth's idea was that these men might be induced to put the Queen of Scots to death without any warrant, so that she herself should have no apparent hand in the matter, although under the statute her express direction was necessary to legalize the transaction. She directed Davison to write to Paulet and Drury, she herself dictating the words which they were to use. They were to say that "the Queen had noted in them a lack of that zeal in her service for which she had looked, since they had not of themselves found means to shorten the life of the Queen of Scots. They seemed to care nothing for her nor their country nor their oath; but were casting the burden upon her, knowing her unwillingness to shed blood." The letter was written and sent.

Davison, however, was perfectly assured that Paulet and Drury would not listen to the implied suggestion, but that if Mary was to be executed it must be in virtue of a warrant signed by the queen, and duly sealed by the chancellor. To him, therefore, Davison took the warrant to be sealed. The chancellor affixed the great seal, as a mere matter of form, only noticing that it bore the royal signature. The French embassador, indeed, wrote to his master that Davison gave Bromley to understand that the paper related to some trifling Irish matter, and did not require his perusal. Not improbably he was correctly informed. But the warrant had now received all the formalities requisite for its legal validity; but still it remained to dispatch it to the persons who were directed to take charge of its execution. Early next morning Davison received a message from Elizabeth, directing him, in case he had not seen the chancellor, to do nothing more until she had spoken with him again. He hastened to the Queen, and told her that the great seal had already been affixed to the warrant, and asked her if she had changed her mind. She said she had not; but complained that the burden was thus thrown upon herself. Davison was in great perplexity what to do. He knew enough of his royal mistress to be assured that if it should suit her purpose she would not hesitate to shift the responsibility from her own shoulders. Burghley, to whom Elizabeth yielded more than to any of her other ministers, was confined to his bed by gout. To him Davison went, and as many of the Council as were in London were summoned to a private meeting in his chamber. Ten were present, and Burghley laid the whole matter before them. The Queen, he said, had signed the warrant; but there was no doubt that she wished to leave room for throwing the responsibility of its execution upon others. For his own part, he believed that its immediate execution was necessary; he would not act alone, but if the Council would support him, he would venture the hazard. They all agreed with him, and early on Saturday morning, February 4th, Beale, the Secretary of the Council, was sent to Fotheringay Castle with the death-warrant. It was addressed to Andrews, the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, and to five earls, any three of the whole being empowered to act.

On the way Beale crossed the messenger bearing the reply of Paulet, to the suggestion that he should, without warrant from the Queen, take upon himself the responsibility of putting the Queen of Scots to death. "It is an unhappy day for me," he wrote, "when I am required by my sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbid. My goods and life are at her majesty's disposal; but I will not make shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my posterity as shed blood without law or warrant." Elizabeth, ignorant that the death-warrant, which would remove all the scruples of Paulet, was on its way, was enraged. She said Paulet was "a precise fellow, who professed zeal for her safety, but would do nothing when the time came." Two days after, she took Davison to task, "swearing," he says, "a great oath, it was a shame for them all that it was not already done." At that very hour, if she had but known it, the deed had been done; the head of Mary Stuart had fallen under the headman's ax.

Of the five earls to whom the warrant was directed, only Shrewsbury and Kent happened to be in the neighborhood of

Fotheringay. These, with the Sheriff and Beale, were assembled at the castle on the morning of Tuesday, February 7th. At eight or nine in evening, so writes Burgoine, Beale presented himself in the ante-chamber to Mary's apartments, and asked if the lady had retired. He was told that she was preparing for bed, and was partially undressed. Mary, hearing of this, hastily threw on her mantle, and directed that Beale should be admitted. He expressed briefly his regret that he was to be the bearer of such grievous tidings, adding: "But I can do nothing less than obey the commandment which the Queen has given, which is, madame, to admonish you, as I now do, to dispose and hold yourself ready to-morrow, at the 10th hour of the morning, to suffer the execution of the sentence of death, which has been pronounced on you a little time ago."

Mary was taken by surprise. She had come to believe that, after all, the sentence would not be carried into execution; and now she knew that there was no hope, and hardly ten brief hours of delay. But she bore herself bravely. She replied "with great firmness, that she thanked and praised God that it pleased him to put an end to the miseries which she had been compelled to endure;" but protested that she "had never designed to injure the Queen of England, and that she went to render her spirit into the hands of her Maker with a pure heart, innocent, and of a conscience clear of the crimes which had been imputed to her." Master Wigmore, who probably got his information from Beale, writes to Burghley:

"She seemed not to be in any terror for aught that appeared by any outward gesture or behavior (other than marveling she should die); but, rather, with smiling cheer and pleasing countenance digested and accepted the said admonition of preparation to her (as she said) unexpected execution; saying that her death should be welcome unto her, seeing her Majesty was so resolved; and that souls were far unworthy of the joys of heaven forever whose body would not be content in this world to endure the stroke of the executioner. And that spoken she wept bitterly, and became silent."

If there were any giving way, it was but momentary; for, says Burgoine, "Her attendants began to scream and shed tears; but she comforted them, and begged them to watch and pray to God continually with her, which they did till an hour or two after midnight, when she threw herself on her bed for half an hour; when she arose and went into her private oratory, praying until break of day. Then she went into her cabinet to write." Gorion gives some further details of what passed during that night. She wrote a note for her chaplain, De Preau, telling him that she had meant to receive the blessed sacrament; but as this had been denied her, she must content herself with a general confession. She bade him watch through the night and pray for her; perhaps in the morning, when she was brought out for execution, she might see him and receive his blessing. This, however, was not to be, for the chaplain was not permitted to be present at the execution. She supped cheerfully with her attendants, drinking with them a farewell—almost a sacramental—glass of wine. When the other attendants had been dismissed, she took Gorion aside, and said that she wished to send a diamond to Mendoza, the Spanish embassador at Paris, and another to Philip of Spain, which was to be a token that she was dying for the truth, and also to bespeak his care for her friends and servants. The apothecary said that he would melt some drug, and conceal the diamonds in it, until he could find means of delivering them. She bade Gorion tell Philip that it was her last prayer that, notwithstanding her death, he should persevere in the project of the invasion of England, for it was God's cause, and worthy of the greatness of the King of Spain, adding: "And when His Majesty is master of England, let him bear in mind the treatment I have received from the Treasurer Burghley, the Earl of Leicester, the Secretary Walsingham, Amyas Paulet, and Wade." To Elizabeth, according to Burgoine, she sent a message, which we may well imagine was never delivered. "Tell her," she said, "the judgments of God will follow her so closely and strictly that her

own conscience will accuse her all her life, and God after her death, with my innocence, in which I will fearlessly render my spirit into his hands."

The two hours passed in her cabinet, after she had finished her orisons, must have been busy ones. During that time she wrote her will, a long document, in which she gave minute directions as to the disposal of the considerable money in her immediate possession, and directing the King of France what disposal he was to make of that which was due to her as Dowager Queen of France. She then called her maids, and began to attire herself for execution. One can scarcely doubt that she had rehearsed with them the manner in which her part should be enacted in case the long drama of her life should end upon the scaffold. So skillfully was her part arranged, and so admirably was it performed, that one might almost fancy that the scene had been so ordered, that Kent and Shrewsbury, the sheriff, and Paulet were compelled to play their parts in just the manner which she could have wished. At eight in the morning, says Burgoine, she was interrupted by a message from Beale and Paulet demanding her presence. She sent out to ask for a delay of half an hour, which was granted, they remaining in the ante-chamber. When the half-hour was past the doors were thrown open, and the Queen of Scots entered the ante-chamber, attired as befitted a widowed Queen of France. Paulet and Beale might well be astonished, for they had never seen her dressed except in a plain gray robe. She had even been so attired at her trial.

Painters have persisted in depicting Mary Stuart at this time as in the full flush of her early beauty, forgetting the eighteen long years of her imprisonment, and the months of illness which she had experienced. She had just entered her forty-fifth year; but time, which had robbed her of much of her youthful loveliness, had spared her unequaled grace, and had added to the imposing dignity of her aspect.

Master Richard Wigmore gives to his patron a word-picture of her as she now appeared to him. She was "of stature tall, of body corpulent, round-shouldered, her face fat, double-chinned, and hazel-eyed; her borrowed hair *aborne;*" that is, elaborately arranged. He goes on to describe her dress, with almost the precision of a milliner. "Her attire was this: on her head she had a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace; a pomander-chain, and an Agnus Dei about her neck; a crucifix in her hand; a pair of beads at her girdle, with a silver cross at the end of them. A veil of lawn fastened to her caul, bowed out with wire, and edged round about with bone lace. Her gown was of black satin, painted, with a train and long sleeves to the gown, set with acorn-buttons of jet, trimmed with pearls, a pair of purple sleeves under them. Her kirtle whole, of figured black satin." He proceeds to describe even her under-garments—which, of course, he could have seen only after the execution—down to her "green silk gaiters," "worsted nether-stockings clocked with silver," and "white Jersey hose next to her leg."

Supported by her attendants—for, owing to a rheumatic affection, she walked with difficulty—she passed toward the hall in which she had been tried. The many members of her household were grouped before the door. She looked in vain for her chaplain; but he had not been allowed to be present even there. To Sir Andrew Melville, long her master of household, she said, "I pray thee to carry this message from me, that I die a true woman to my religion, and like a true queen of Scotland and France; but God forgive them that have long desired my end, and thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the water-brook. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have not done any thing prejudicial to the state and kingdom of Scotland." She did not tell him that she had solemnly bequeathed to Philip of Spain all her rights in the English crown. Shrewsbury, Kent, and the others were waiting for her in the hall; and then ensued a scene which Master Wigmore shall describe. After making some requests in behalf of her faithful servants, she added: "I conjure you, lastly, that it would please the lords to permit my poor

distressed servants to be about me at my death, that their eyes and hearts may see and witness how patiently their queen and mistress would endure her execution, and so make relation, when they come into their own country, that she died a true constant Catholic to her religion." The Earl of Kent, a stern Protestant, replied: "Madame, that which you have desired can not be conveniently granted; for if it should it were to be feared lest some of them, with speech or behavior, would both be grievous to your Grace, and troublesome and unpleasing to us and our company, whereof we have had some experience. For if such an access might be allowed, they would not stick to put some superstitious trumpery in practice, and if it were but in dipping their handkerchiefs in your Grace's blood, whereof it were very unmeet for us to give allowance." To this brutal refusal Mary replied that she would answer for it that nothing of the kind should be done, and pressed her request again, adding, pathetically: "I hope your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I shall have some of my own people about me at my death; and I know her Majesty hath not given you any such strait commission but that you might grant me a request of far greater courtesy than this, even if I were a woman of far meaner calling than the Queen of Scots." Seeing that the lords still hesitated, she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I am the cousin of your queen, and descended from the blood-royal of Henry the Seventh, am a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland."

The lords could not for very shame persist in their refusal; and, after a long consultation, agreed that she might choose six of her attendants to accompany her to the scaffold. She selected Melville, Gorion, Burgoine, and another not named, who is described as an old man, and whom some suppose to have been De Preau, her chaplain, in disguise,—but this is not probable; most likely it was her surgeon. Elizabeth Kennedy, her old nurse, and Barbara Mowbray, a favorite young tiring-woman, made up the six.

This point, essential to the carrying out of what she designed to follow, having been gained, Mary said, "Now, let us go;" and the cavalcade passed down the broad stairway into the great banqueting-hall of the castle, where were gathered some three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county, who had been admitted to witness the execution, and many of whom, according to Master Wigmore, had been waiting there all the long Winter night. The tables and forms had all been removed. A great fire was blazing in the ample fireplace, casting its red glare from one side, while on the other shone through the windows the cold gray light of that February morning. Near the center of the hall, but just above the fireplace, was the scaffold, four yards square, and two and a half feet high, surrounded by a low railing. On the scaffold was a block, with a square cushion behind it; behind this was a chair for the queen, and on the right of this two chairs for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. The ax, not a regular executioner's ax, but the common rude implement used by wood-choppers, leaned against the railing at the back, and beside this were the two black-masked executioners. Platform, railing, cushion, and chairs were all covered with black cloth. Around the scaffold were a guard of halberdiers to keep an open space near the scaffold, while the remainder of the hall was densely packed with spectators.

Slowly the procession filed through the great door, which was closed and bolted behind them. The queen ascended the scaffold with a calm and even smiling countenance, and took her seat, the earls, the sheriff, and Beale following. Dr. Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, whose spiritual services had been coldly declined by Mary, was standing in the space kept clear by the guard, and into this space the six attendants of Mary were admitted.

Beale then read the warrant of execution. "Madame," said Shrewsbury, when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do." "You will do your duty," said Mary, and arose as if to kneel in prayer. Fletcher now thought it time to exercise his spiritual functions. Bending lowly, he be-

gan: "Madame, the Queen's most excellent majesty,"—two or three times he repeated the words before he could get fairly into the set speech which he had prepared for the occasion, of which Master Wigmore has given at least the outline. Getting at last under way, he began his exhortation, which was divided into three heads. The Queen was admonished to consider "First, her state past, and transitory glory; second, her condition present, of death; third, her estate to come, either of everlasting happiness or perpetual infelicity." Three or four times Mary interrupted him, begging him not to trouble himself on her behalf, "for," said she, "I know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and in defense thereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood."

At last the earls thought it time to come to the relief of the dean, who was becoming bewildered. "Madame," said one of them, "we will pray for your Grace, with Mr. Dean, that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and his Word." "My lords," replied Mary, "if you will pray with *me*, I will even from my heart thank you, and think myself greatly favored by you; but to join in prayer with *you*, in your manner, who are not of one religion with me, it were a sin, and I will not."

The doubly baffled earls now bade the dean to "go on with what else he had to say." He broke out into a long prayer, which, if Master Wigmore correctly reports it, must have been carefully prepared beforehand; and "all the assembly except the Queen and her servants joined." But loud over the voice of the dean, and through the reponses of the three hundred, rose and swelled the clear tones of Mary Stuart, praying for herself and in her own fashion. She recited in Latin the penitential Psalms, introducing at intervals petitions in English; and when at last the dean had come to an end, she continued wholly in English. She prayed for the Church, for her son, and for Elizabeth. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England. She forgave her enemies; she besought the saints to intercede for her; and then crossing her breast and kissing the crucifix, exclaimed, "Even as thy arms, O Jesu, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgiveness."

As she rose from her knees the two executioners stepped forward, and, in the customary phrase, begged her forgiveness for what they were about to do. "I forgive you," she replied, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help to arrange her attire, and, according to one account, awkwardly, perhaps not unkindly, pulled off the purple undersleeves, leaving the arms bare. "Truly, my lords," she said, with a smile to the earls, "I never had such grooms in waiting before." They could not do other than permit her two women to ascend the scaffold and assist her. They carefully removed the wired lawn veil from the head-dress, and hung it over the black rail. She laid the golden crucifix upon her chair. The chief executioner took it up as his lawful perquisite. Some one—Wigmore says it was the Queen herself, but more probably one of the earls—told him to leave it where it was, and he should have his perquisites in money. The flowing black robe was removed, and under it was a petticoat of crimson satin; the black jacket was removed, and under it was a close-fitting body of crimson satin. One of the women handed her a pair of sleeves of crimson satin, which she hastily drew over her bare arms. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the stately figure, amply draped in black, had been transformed into a living statue succinctly clad in fiery crimson—the color of martyrdom.

The painter is restricted to a single moment of time. This is the moment which our painter shall choose. In it are concentrated every feature of dramatic incident, of effective grouping, and of gorgeous coloring. The black platform and rail and chairs, only relieved by the delicate veil and golden cross hanging or lying thereon; on the scaffold, the courtly Shrewsbury in the rich attire befitting his rank, and the stern Kent, clad in the somber colors already affected by the Puritans; the motionless, black-masked executioners; the two women, one old and the other in the freshness of youth; and, central and dominating over all, the crim-

son-clad form of Mary Stuart. Below, and within the circle of guards, the Dean of Peterborough, hardly recovered from his recent discomfiture; Beale and Paulet and Drury, and the four servants of Mary; while pressing upon the ring of halberdiers, and filling every corner of the spacious hall, are the throng of knights and gentlemen who had waited so long for the spectacle, little dreaming of the strange aspect which it had been foreordained to assume—all this seen under the mingled and crossing lights of the fire blazing in the great chimney on the one side, and the cold, gray rays of that February morning streaming in from the windows on the other sides of the hall.

The two women, who had hitherto held up bravely, began to give way, bursting out into spasmodic sobs. "Do not cry," said Mary, soothingly, in French; "I have promised for you." They restrained themselves, while she made upon them the sign of the cross, and bade them pray for her. She knelt again upon the cushion, and the young Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a white cloth, embroidered with gold threads. Some say it was a Corpus Christi napkin, emblematic of the white linen cloth in which had been wrapped the body of the crucified Redeemer. Mary smiled and waved her hand to the women, saying "*Adieu, adieu, au revoir.*" Their pious work was done, and they stepped softly down from the scaffold. Mary, still kneeling, repeated in Latin the Psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido,*—In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Then, with hands crossed upon her breast, she murmured, "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam,*—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and so awaited the fatal stroke. "She had knelt upright," says Burgoine, "expecting that her head would be stricken off, as in France, by a blow of the sword; but the executioner, with his assistant, placed her head on the block, and then struck a blow." The blow was unskillfully given, and fell upon the thick knot of the napkin, and scarcely broke the skin. Perhaps the handle of the awkward weapon turned in his hand, and so the blow was not given fairly with the edge; but its force stunned her, for she neither moved nor spoke. Again he struck with better aim—twice more, says Burgoine, but others did not observe this third blow, if such there were. Still the head hung to the trunk by a shred of integument, which the executioner severed by a saw-like movement of the axe.

As the executioner raised the head aloft, to show that his work was complete, the coif, with its elaborately arranged "borrowed hair" fell off, and exposed that of the queen herself, "cut short," says Master Wigmore, "and gray as that of a woman of threescore." As the head was held up to view the Dean of Peterborough exclaimed, "So perish all the enemies of the queen!" and a loud "Amen" from three hundred throats resounded through the great hall. "Such end," said the stern Earl of Kent, as he rose and bent over the headless trunk, "to the queen's and the Gospel's enemies!"

Another striking moment for the painter would be that in which the Queen of Scots was kneeling, blindfolded, awaiting the expected stroke of the sword. Upon the scaffold at that time were only Mary, the two earls, and the executioners; while below would be Elizabeth Kennedy and Barbara Mowbray, with averted faces, most likely in the act of descending from the scaffold.

In removing the queen's garments it was found that a pet lapdog had somehow managed to hide itself in their flowing folds. When discovered there it gave a sharp cry, and seated itself between the head, which had been laid down on the scaffold, and the neck, from which the blood was still spouting. Orders had been given that every thing which the queen had worn, or upon which any of her blood could have fallen, should be burned. And for this purpose, not for comfort, the great fire had been kindled in the chimney. Every article of her attire—the crucifix, beads, Corpus Christi napkin, and the black cloth on the scaffold—was flung into the fire. The lapdog was carefully washed, and the bloody water disposed of. The doors of the hall were then opened, and the spectators suffered to go their ways. The two women were permitted to wrap up the gray, trunkless head, and take it with

them. The body, after being stripped and examined in the presence of the earls was rudely embalmed, or rather salted, and placed in one of the inner apartments of the castle which had been her prison. And so all was over.

Most likely the coincidence was undesigned; but it was just twenty years, lacking as many hours, since that other fatal February morning, from which dated all the woes of Mary Stuart, when Darnley, her unworthy second husband, was foully murdered—whether with or without her complicity, who shall now dare speak with certainty?

If Mary died, as she would have it, a martyr for the faith and for its re-establishment in England, she suffered in a lost cause. In a few brief months the great Spanish Armada lay wrecked all along the stormy waters which girdle the British Isles, and with it passed away the dream of reconverting England to the Catholic faith.

For weeks and months the body of Mary Stuart lay in Fotheringay Castle, watched over by her faithful servants in turn, on bended knees and with murmured prayers, until at length these pious observances were pronounced to be rites of "Popish superstition," and their continuance was forbidden. In July following her death the remains were borne to Peterborough Cathedral, and buried by the side of those of Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth closed her long reign fifteen years later, and James, the son of Mary, acceded to the throne of England. Ten years later he had the dust of his mother removed to Westminster Abbey, and placed in a stately tomb facing one which he had also built for Elizabeth. About the same time he ordered Fotheringay Castle, where she had suffered, to be demolished. Not one stone was left upon another. Its very foundations were torn up; and now tradition only vaguely points out a gentle hill, somewhere upon which the castle once stood.

THOU LOVEDST ME.

O LORD, thou lovedst me, ere shone the light
Upon the worlds thy voice had called to be;
Ere yet the sun, rejoicing in his might,
Shed life in floods athwart their orbits bright:
My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when hung the lifeless frame
Of Jesus Christ upon the accursed tree;
When to redeem me from the eternal flame
Thy holy Son endured my sin and blame;
My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when fires of love divine,
Lit in my heart by thy good Spirit free,
Opened new heavens upon my soul to shine;
When peaceful fruits of righteousness were mine;
My God, thou lovedst me.

And thou *wilt* love me:—whom thy love hath crowned.
Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell shall pluck from thee:
Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound:
Only my love to thine be answering found,
O thou, who lovest me!

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XIII.

"COULD there possibly be any thing more exasperating than for Hugh to fall ill and keep them waiting at Norfolk?" said Florence Reid, glancing at an open letter, which her mother had just placed in her hand.

"I told his father so," answered Mrs. Thorn. "I knew he would take him away, and have the comfort all to himself, and bring him home ill for me to nurse."

Absorbed as she seemed in some private vexation of her own, Florence yet saw the injustice in her mother's remark, and, as her own unreasonableness did not induce patience with the unreasonableness of others, she responded somewhat sharply:

"Aunt Patience will doubtless save you that trouble by nursing my brother herself."

"You speak as if I would allow Aunt Patience, or any one else, to spare me, Floy,—I, who have nursed him all his life. Furthermore, I doubt if she arrived before they left Florida. The letter does not mention her being with them."

"That 's true," said Florence, glancing over it again, and reading snatches in an undertone—"no danger," "best of care," "delay of a few days, more or less, according to the rapidity of his recovery." "It 's vexatious; but I see nothing to make *you* doleful," and she tossed the letter on the table and turned to the window, answering the patter of the falling rain with her fingertips upon the glass.

It was a dreary day, and the old elm was dashing rain-drops against the window of the library, where Mrs. Thorn sat before the fire in her husband's great arm-chair. Her countenance was very placid, considering the recent announcement of the illness of her only son; far more placid than that of her daughter, who, to judge from the little frown below the pale, fluffy waves of her hair, and two sulky lines that inclosed her mouth in a parenthesis, was taking the bad news very much to heart.

The fingers kept up the restless tapping till her mother looked around at her, an aggrieved expression creeping over her face.

"I do indeed think you are the most heartless daughter any poor mother ever had. Here am I, left alone, my boy ill, and you—you show no more feeling than a wooden doll."

"Nonsense, mother," said the girl, impatiently; "I feel as much as any one. This news annoys *me* far more than it can any body else, but,"—seeing her mother was ready to cry—she added, "now if you do that I shall go to my room, and stay there! It makes me perfectly wild to see hysterics."

"Florence Reid! And in my state of health!"

"Now, mother," said Florence, softening her voice and manner, for she knew by experience the power of a diversion, "only think how the whole Winter has been spoiled for me!" Her mother sobbed with her handkerchief to her eyes, but Florence knew she would listen.

"Just as the season begins, and I am ready to enjoy myself, away goes papa! Of course I lose half the pleasures for lack of an escort. Then, after a few parties, you think you are too feeble—"

"I was too feeble," came from behind the *mouchoir*.

"Yes, you were too feeble to go out, and so I had no *chaperon*. Then the people you bring to the house bore me to death; and to the people whom *I* like either you or papa objects. There 's Harry, for instance—"

"I 'm sure I have made no objection to him," interrupted Mrs. Thorn, with a resentful sniff; "and I do n't see why your father objects. He is a very nice young man, and I have said so over and over again."

"So you have, mamma; and the misery of it is, that I *do* see that he *is n't* altogether a nice young man. But what in the world is a girl to do? I can not sit in a corner and work worsted dogs."

ry often,

ıy

ı your

ıot needed
ınd have not
mily woe. So
one do not know
en he returns. It
etly easy, and I was
with you"—Mrs. Thorn
ubtfully—"when the news
d Aunt Patience south. Of
it up, expecting daily to hear
rt was dead."
ıust be dead, and we have missed a
Your father never would have left
while he lingered."

"But, mother," exclaimed Florence, seizing the hope that it might not be too late for her pleasure, "what right have we to infer his death? Perhaps he has left his brother with Aunt Patience; perhaps he found the climate bad for Hugh."

"Perhaps ten thousand things, child," began Mrs. Thorn, impatiently.

"Then you were always writing that you needed him," persisted Florence. "And he would surely never write without mentioning Uncle Robert, if he had died."

"Yes he would; that's exactly like him. If he tells me the fact of his death and the date of his burial, it is all I shall hope to hear."

"Well, one need n't grieve over that. I never could comprehend why people liked to know all the dreadful details of things done and endured at such times. It's much better to think of a friend as having gone out some fine day and never come in again."

"Do n't talk so, Floy! You have such dreadful ideas."

"You flatter me by allowing me *any*, mamma. I have this one certainly just now, that we are crossing our bridge before we come to it. Why it's absurd to suppose papa would not have mentioned Uncle Robert's daughter, the girl with the queer, outlandish name, if her father were gone, and she were coming home with him."

"True," said Mrs. Thorn, wavering, "but then we must have missed a letter."

"Well, mamma, if you insist on going out to meet this misery, I shall not keep you company. Uncle Robert may not die after all, and it is early enough to be afflicted when they arrive and it is expected of us. They can not come now for ten days, and I want to give the reception and have at least one more cheerful time."

"I can not give my consent, Florence."

"Oh, yes you will, mother dear. I will take all the trouble; and then when it's all over you shall see how dutiful and comforting I will be. I will even play the sympathetic guardian angel to the poor orphan."

"I hope you will; for with my nerves I don't know what in the world I'm to do with her. Of course the care will all fall on *me*, and your father will expect me to console her, no matter how I suffer myself. As if an invalid son was n't enough for one mother to nurse!"

"Never you mind, mother; you give me the party, and I'll take on myself the duty of chief consoler. I'll never let her know I don't enjoy my mourning. Kate Campbell says she thinks it will be quite becoming."

"What would the party cost, Florence?"

"Oh, mother, there's Harry's coupé at the door. How funny the coachman looks in that rubber wrap! and how cross at being ordered out in the storm! And there's Harry himself. Now is n't he a love to come and enliven this dull day? I can talk the party over with him, and make him help with the list. Cost? Cost did you say? Oh, not much; for I should not need a new dress, at least, I think not. Yes, Tom, say I will be down directly." And she went so directly that her mother had no time for further remonstrance.

And Mrs. Thorn sat by the fire while the wind and rain quarreled outside, and considered the objections she must make quickly, if at all. There was force in all Florence said.

she reflected. If Richard proposed to exclude Harry Field, he should surround her daughter with other friends. It *would* be dreary after they came. Richard had no right to expect them to mourn with him if he would not tell his sorrow; no right to expect her to refuse her daughter the indulgence of a party because of his vague hints concerning economy. Let Richard trust her as she chose to fancy other men trusted their wives, and no woman could be so ready to sacrifice herself. He would be displeased at her consent; Floy would be displeased at her denial. So she would suffer in either event; but she would not take a present discomfort to save the future one. She did not think this all out definitely, but mused about it vaguely, till her spiritless musing, like the lazy wash of a sluggish stream against a weakened barrier, undermined the wall of her resolution.

And down in the parlor Florence talked it over with Harry Field, partly because there was no time to be lost, and partly because it kept him from talk which she liked less to hear. Glad of any thing that made him indispensable to her, he entered eagerly into her scheme, placing himself entirely at her service, with many friendly suggestions which would have seemed less disinterested could she have read his thoughts. They were whispering to him that Mr. Thorn must be a very rich man to admit of such a scale of expenditure as Florence proposed. He grew abstracted, and twirled his mustache as if he would twist from it the secret of how to make sure of this non-committal and slippery little puss, when she brought him back by the apparently innocent mention of a rival, whose name he had purposely omitted from the list, "a dear fellow, whom she would n't leave out for the world."

Between these two there was a mutual understanding. She had given a half-reluctant consent to be his wife, in an hour when the home-life chafed her spirit till she was ready to welcome any escape; but she made a condition that he should guard their secret till she should consent to have it known. He was not at all the sort of man she had meant to marry, but that sort had never asked her, and Harry was more agreeable than any one who had. She grew tired of his talk about himself and his belongings, and sometimes wondered if she could endure breakfast, dinner, and tea, three hundred and more days in a year, for indefinite years, with that shining bald head and the pale blue orbs and the flaxen mustache for her *vis-a-vis*. But then she supposed she should get used to it; other women did; and he had "nice" manners, and would have a "nice" fortune; mothers thought him a great chance, and he certainly thought himself one. Why should she not marry him, then, if nothing better offered? There was that unaccountable prejudice of Mr. Thorn's, which only made him the more interesting; for it supplied an element of romance that nothing in himself could furnish for the imagination of a girl. For he had n't even the personal beauty of hair, the absence of which from the head of a lover is harder to bear sometimes than the absence of brains.

Yet Harry Field—bald and blonde, reputed rich, really poor, in debt, in love, voted a "swell" by young men, and "sweet" by young women—was not, as Richard Thorn believed him to be, altogether and hopelessly bad. He was only another product of godless generations of men whose vices dominated their virtues and of women whose weaknesses surpassed their strength. But in this case vices and weaknesses alike had been kept by wealth and good fortune under the glamour of society's smile, till it ignored the thoroughly apparent fact that the race had degenerated until the present bearer was utterly unworthy of the good old name he bore.

He was in love with Florence Reid, or as nearly in love with her as he could be with any one. She had the second place, certainly, in his estimation, the first being occupied by Harry Field. He long ago decided to marry whenever he met the proper combination of pretty girl and ducats which would meet the profound necessities of his lordly nature. When it was whispered that Mr. Thorn had lost heavily in business, somehow in his mind, naturally enough, the ducats came first; but this rainy day, when

he thought about the expensive party, Florence came first, and he was more than ever eager to have their mutual understanding announced.

But Florence said, "No, not yet;" and though he submitted, the longing to be the envy of all the other fellows remained. So it was not strange that after dinner at his club, when, over the wine, the talk turned to society topics, he mentioned the coming party as an affair that would "turn the old gentleman's pockets inside out."

"Mighty pretty girl, Harry, and Thorn has a mint," said Fred Watson, nodding wisely as he rolled his cigarette. "He is a lucky fellow that gets his hands into that pile."

This was too much for the mixture of vanity and champagne working in Harry's brain, so he gave them just a hint as to who the "lucky fellow" was to be, and the hint led to a partial confidence, and the confidence, aided by another bottle of Heidsieck, overflowed in a full confession of every thing he did not mean to tell. Of course they were all bound on their honor, and so they only told a few others on their honor; and thus it chanced that days before the party it was well known that Harry Field and Florence were "engaged."

It was the night of the party, a glorious night, clear and cold, with countless stars glistening in the dark depths of the Wintery sky. A broad field of light spread its inviting glow from the brilliant windows of the old Thorn mansion. Across it weird shadows danced and flickered, for there was breeze enough to make the twigs of the old elm quiver. Carriage after carriage rolled up, and daintily clad damsels and dames descended and vanished under the awning. Tall policemen kept back a staring throng, on the fringes of which draggled belated workmen, ragged newsboys, and even hollow-eyed old women, looking homeless and cold.

There is a pitiful pathos in the curiosity of such a crowd, gathering at church doors to watch for a bridal party, or crowding under the lights—as if they were warmer there than in the darkness—watching bright figures pass through the doors of mansions into a world of which they know no more than they know of heaven. To-night they caught glimpses of beauty in festal garments, they breathed the fragrance of flowers and heard sweet strains of music; and yet within there were countless blossoms and smiles which they could not see, and low words and laughter which they could not hear, and pleasure in which they had no share.

It was all as brilliant as even Florence could desire. She had changed her mind about the new dress, and was beautiful in a robe of sea-green velvet, over the shimmer of which the white lace tossed, lightly as foam on the curling crest of a wave. She wore one water-lily shining through half-shut green leaves, the golden brown of whose edges seemed stolen from the hair where it hid, and a cluster of water-lilies at her throat. It needed only a girdle of trailing sea-grasses, held by a clasp of coral, to complete the impression of her beauty, which seemed half of the sea and half of the sky; but which was—alas for the commonplace combinations that produce artistic effects!—only a product, the factors of which were, a delicate constitution, a modulated gaslight, and a skillful *couturière*.

There were toilets of far greater splendor than Floy's, but the "crush" was quite sufficient to prevent a full appreciation of their beauty, if not to insure their complete destruction. Madame Thorn was magnificent in all the glory of velvet and diamonds, and in the excitement of the hour forgot, for once, to bemoan any of her misfortunes. But for the presence of her daughter she could for the time have fancied herself again the attraction of a brilliant assembly at the nation's capital, the admiration of the gay circle in which she had moved as the daughter of Senator A., the fascinating wife or the still more fascinating widow of Leonard Reid.

No one who saw her would have fancied that she was an unwilling sacrifice to the welfare of her daughter, as she thought herself to be. She seemed to be sailing quite on the crest of the wave of pleasure, that, breaking, flooded the whole beautiful man-

sion with happy talk, with feasting, and with dancing to the bewildering music which lovers of the dance declared called them as the fife of the piper called the children of Hamelin town.

And Florence was fully gratified; followed by admiring eyes as she flitted here and there among her guests, dancing with one, flirting—yes, I must admit it—with more than one, especially, when Harry Field was near. Coquetry was a part of her inheritance, and she could not let her weapons rust, especially when she knew she had Harry to thank for the frequent whispered congratulations of her friends. She answered them with no acknowledgment beyond a look of cold, puzzled inquiry, and she plied pitilessly upon the offender the lash of an indifferent disfavor. He had never seen her so bewildering and bewitching, and never wanted her more for his wife! but she would hardly have dared trust herself to him if she had seen the jealous anger she aroused, and which he was hiding under the quiet society smile.

It was after midnight. The gayety was at its height, and music and light and laughter combined to make the scene one of enchantment.

Mrs. Thorn was in the full glow of the consciousness of admiring envy on the part of her friends,—for herself, her charming daughter, and her rarely beautiful home,—when up to the door rolled a carriage, and from it descended a slight figure veiled in deepest black, followed by Rachel Huldah Hopkins, laden with bandbox, bag, and the inevitable "umberell."

"Have you not made a mistake?" asked the polite attendant who opened the carriage-door, as the young lady looked around bewildered, and drew back.

"Wall, I calkerlate I know where I be; but what 's goin' on?"

"It's a reception; Mrs. Thorn gives a party to-night. Perhaps you do n't care to go in, if you 're not expected," said the hired servant, glancing at the odd figure with a supercilious smile, which was interpreted by the lingering bystanders into permission to increase their grin into a laugh.

"Say, you reporter," shouted a newsboy to a seedy-looking individual, who, notebook in hand, was stretching his neck in search of another item, "put her down, 'Miss Methusily Noah, jest out o' the ark, comin' to a party with a water-proof and a blue umbrelly!'"

A policeman made a dash at the offender, who, ducking under the elbows of a fat man, ran, laughing, down the street, while Rachel, nothing abashed, exclaimed:

"Not go in! Wall, I hain't traveled hundreds o' miles, and been seasick into the bargain, not to go in. Step one side, young man. I knew this house 'fore you 'd done yer teethin'; though I must say I never went into it afore through a blue and white caliker tunnel. Come along, Miss Rubetty;" and seizing the frightened girl by the hand she drew her after her under the awning. At the other end, as they mounted the steps, they were met by a still more dignified English attendant, who stared, without opening the door.

This was too much. Rachel was fast becoming, what she called in her after-recital to Aunt Patience, "riled" to the point of "bilin' over." She drew herself up in an attitude worthy of her tragic namesake, and broke forth:

"What do you mean, you little, spindle-legged, good-for-nothin' piece, a snickerin' in the face of Miss Rubetty Thorn and Rachel Huldy Hopkins? Open that door. And do n't ye give me any of yer white-chokered, swaller-tailed, side-whiskered impydence, ef you do n't want me to take ye over my knee!"

And the stiff young man unbent as suddenly as if he feared the threat were to be at once executed, and threw open the door, keeping at a respectful distance from the hand that held the wrathful umbrella. There was but one revenge possible to his impotent defiance, and that was to announce, in a high key:

"Miss Betty Thorn and Miss Rachel 'Uldy 'Opkinks!"

Clearly the names rang out above the music, the dance, and the talk, and many eyes turned to the strange-looking pair,

while men adjusted their eye-glasses, and well-bred maidens whispered and tittered behind their fans. From the inner room Mrs. Thorn saw the arrival, and, comprehending at once the situation, seized "Tom," who was bearing a tray through the crowd, and whispered:

"Take them up-stairs at once, Tom; do n't delay an instant!"

But before they were half up the broad stairway Florence saw them, and yielding to some sudden, gracious impulse, either of uncontrollable curiosity or of real kindliness, darted from the group of merry young friends, and in an instant was at Rubetta's side. She threw her arms around her, and with her own hand lifted away the black veil, and stooped and kissed the stranger's forehead, and gave her a welcome as low and loving as if she felt a real gladness at her coming. Nothing could have been sweeter or more graceful than the act or the manner, and she was never lovelier than in that impulsive moment. Perhaps she knew she looked pretty, and that every body could see her from her position on the stairs, under the myrtle-wreathed chandelier. There were girls ungenerous enough to say so; but the gentlemen gazed admiringly at her, and Ruby's eyes were filled with grateful tears. To her the whole scene was fairy-land, and this creature, with the changeable glimmer and sheen of sea-green draperies about her, with the fragrance of water-lilies in her breath, was to her excited imagination a very queen of the mermaids, come up to greet her from the caves of the shining sea. Every sense yielded to the subtle influence of beauty of sight and sound, and she forgot for the moment her loneliness, her timid dread of this meeting, her agonies over Rachel at the gate of this enchanted palace; and her pale face began to glow, and her eyes to shine through her tears with the sudden kindling of the half-smothered fires of her youth. It was all over in a moment, and they passed on; and Florence came down at once to rejoin her guests.

"Who is she?" "Do tell us about her." "Why, she has a face such as Rembrandt loved to paint."

"A glorious type of beauty," said Ralph Horton, a young artist, to his friend; "a refreshment to one's eyes, after all this washed-out and sallow delicacy of which we Americans boast."

"She can not be American, can she?" asked the listener.

"No," said Florence, who had overheard the question; "her mother was Italian, and her father"—then suddenly she remembered the strangeness of the whole situation, and added, in a lower tone, "her father died recently, but we had not heard of his death."

Then her lashes dropped down pensively, and she looked more interesting than ever; or, at least, so thought Harry Field, who watched her furtively from a distance, wondering "where the mischief Thorn could be all this time."

And all this time Mr. Thorn was in the house. The two carriages had left the pier together; but the second, containing Richard, Aunt Patience, and Hugh, had been delayed by one of those inextricable confusions of coaches, carts, and trucks that defy every thing but patience and time. Freed at last, they neared the house some minutes later than the others, and Mr. Thorn discovered the festivities in time to order the coachman to approach by the side-door, where his ring was answered by Tom, who quietly conducted them up-stairs, without coming in contact with the guests.

Aunt Patience busied herself and Rachel in making Hugh comfortable in his pleasant room. She gave to Ruby a little apartment adjoining her own, which Summer and Winter was known as "Aunt Patty's room." Tom flew up the back staircase and down the front, in frantic effort to serve the travelers and at the same time to perform the duties assigned to him by Mrs. Thorn. In the excitement his native propensity for lying was allowed most reckless indulgence. Richard had bidden him not to disturb Mrs. Thorn with the news of his arrival; but he told it to Florence, and whispered it to one servant, and denied it to another. Fabulous stories of the young heiress were distributed gratis. "Her mother was a princess in de land whar de slaves was all white folks, wid

der faces tatooed wid freckles, and Rachel, she was de slave;" and he chuckled to himself, thinking he was even now with Rachel, who had visited upon him many a "snub" in the old Thornton days, and kept him at "dat woodpile in berry frost-bitin' wedder."

He lied to young Field, with whom he was on good terms, and told him "Mass'r Richard was up dar', stannin' on his head, swarin' in his wrath;" and he told Mrs. Thorn, with face of sorrowful sympathy, that he had felt "berry 'flicted by sech wurlliness in de house." Meantime he told the other waiters it was his last chance at a few extra quarters, and he meant to make them by "mixin' up de overcoats an' ulsters, an' takin' a heap o' trouble to find 'em for de gemmens."

He told Hugh how he had sorrowed for his illness, when the truth was he had never known it till he helped him up the stairs; and he lied indiscriminately all around, even to Aunt Patience, who said "she hoped he had behaved himself," and to Rachel, who cut him short in a story of how "he'd shaken dat sassy English waiter-boy dat sassed about her," with an impatient, "Go 'long, Tom, I know better; and I'll shake *you* if yer lie to *me*."

CHAPTER XIV.

AND upon the travelers and the revelers silence and darkness settled at last. Of all disenchanters there is none so powerful as sleep. Take a nap between the chapters of a tale, and, lo! the thread is broken. Sleep, and the sorrow or the joy over which the curtain falls is never quite the same again.

It was not an unpleasant group that gathered for the late breakfast in Richard Thorn's dining-room the morning after the ball. The firelight cast a rosy glow over crimson walls and the odd bits of antique china upon the sideboard.

Hugh felt all the subtle sense of satisfaction that, after an absence, hallows familiar things. Loving glances rested upon his flowers, which seemed to have blossomed a special welcome. He was weak and tired, and would have been kept in bed but that Aunt Patience knew happiness to be a better medicine for him than sleep. And he was very happy among them all this morning, and his mother seemed happy with him, and so touched by his pale face that she nearly forgot to remind his father that she had "told him so."

And Richard, quiet and grave, and as like his old self as if but a night had passed since he last sat here, was more than ever a stranger to those who thought they knew him best. He said nothing then, nor ever after, concerning the party, and Mrs. Thorn was right in supposing he would confine his mention of his lost brother to necessary facts and circumstances, and even this seemed to cost a painful effort, and the subject soon ceased to be mentioned in his hearing. But for the presence of the young stranger in her mourning garb there was nothing to indicate that the household life had been interrupted.

The two girls had entered the room together, Florence talking volubly in contrast to her usual languid air, and Ruby silent, trying to reconcile the somewhat faded and sallow face beside her with her last night's vision of a beautiful angel of welcome. The red was gone from Floy's cheek, the light from her eye, and the hair, that seemed a dark, rippling bed for the water-lilies, now showed how its life had been tortured under the oft-repeated inquisition of crimping-pins.

She knew the morning light was unfriendly, and she read instantly the puzzled disappointment in Ruby's face. At the same moment she realized that now the household included two young ladies instead of one. She had thought to see a tall child in short frocks, with long, thin legs in black stockings; a pale child with straight hair tied with black ribbons, with narrow chest and angular manners,—a girl to whom she meant to be kind, and whose admiration she expected to enjoy.

Though Florence was not a girl to be indifferent, she had felt no jealous unwillingness to have Ruby come, but thought that, as company for Hugh, and for her mother in her dull days, and as an admirer for herself, she might even be an agreeable addition to the family circle.

Florence even had kind wishes for her. Among others, she "hoped to goodness" (she often hoped to goodness when she was alone, it was her way of praying) that Ruby would be left so rich that she would never have to ask for money. "Asking" had always been Floy's special trial, though if she must ask she preferred to make her request of Mr. Thorn. He sometimes "looked unutterable things," but she got what she wanted. Her mother talked and talked, and then ended by keeping the money herself. For her little inheritance from her own father she had been told she must wait till her marriage, which was enough, she thought, to make a girl accept her very first offer. So it was not strange that she ended her meditation concerning Ruby by returning "thanks to goodness" for that which was Ruby's chiefest sorrow; namely, that there was no one to prevent her doing as she pleased.

And here was the stranger, not a child, but tall as Florence herself, old enough to go into society whenever she chose to lay aside the mourning, and—Florence gave her another glance across the table—beautiful, even in black.

The shining hair had known no torments of coiffure, and looked as if it would be quick to rebel. The vivid red of her lips seemed tempting a little color into her cheeks to keep them company, and her eyes shone softly through a mist that shadowed them when Florence, speaking to Richard, had said "papa." The awkward figure of Floy's imagination vanished before this lithe young form, strengthened by walking and rowing and daily exercise in the saddle. She was weary with travel and grief-stricken now, but the poise of her head and the light that came and went in her face revealed the vigor of the spirit within. She was gentle and grave, glad Hugh and Aunt Patience were near, but neither abashed nor overcome; and, before the breakfast ended, Florence was less assured that Ruby must perforce admire her, and wished she could read clearly the impression she was making on the girl. Between them was the difference of the opening and the slowly fading flower. Ruby was coming to her blooming-time, while Florence knew, perhaps, that she would never be fairer than on the night just passed. This consciousness did not arouse jealousy or dislike, only the regret that was deepened by a tinge of both.

And Ruby liked this Florence of the daylight, though she never was able to identify her with the Florence of that night. So she put the vision away with other pictures and dreams, and learned in time to think it was her own fancy that had clothed her cousin with the beauty of the mermaids of the sea.

Aunt Patience kept the table-talk away from topics painful to the stranger. Aunt Clara was affectionate, but evidently glad to feel no responsibility about the new-comer; and Hugo, who had anticipated with some misgivings Ruby's entrance to the family life, was singing in his soul a little psalm of thanks that all had begun so well. He took Ruby to see his flowers, his rooms, his books, and the house that was now to be her home. They chanced upon Tom in the act of aiding Rachel to transfer Ruby's effects to rooms which Aunt Patience thought better adapted to the life she was to lead; but the girl's face grew so sad that Hugo interceded, and Patience ordered them back to the wee nest near to herself.

Here Mrs. Thorn, in passing, paused a moment to say "she was really so overcome now that the excitement of greeting them all was over, by thought of poor dear Robert's death, that she would spare the feelings of the others by keeping her own apartment for a while."

Thither with lugubrious solemnity Tom soon conducted mysterious women laden with various parcels, who proceeded to measure her grief for its proper draperies of bombazine and crape. And Florence interrupted abruptly a *séance* with Harry Field on the back parlor sofa, and came up to her mother to get her share of the customary consolation.

And together in characteristic fashion the two women mourned for Robert Thorn. Any one heartless enough to listen to the accents of their grief would have heard Florence, not in her softest tones, exclaiming, "I'll not make a fright of myself for

any man, dead or alive, not even if he left me a fortune."

"Hush, Florence! Not every one is so heartless. How many yards of crape did you say?" turning to the woman who awaited her commands.

"Well, it may be a ruffle is heartless, and a bias fold is a proper expression for unmitigated grief; but I think I'll try the ruffle, since," she added, as the woman closed the door behind her, "the dear departed is only one of the relations of my mother's second husband."

"Florence! Your utter heartlessness distresses me. I can't conceive where you ever learned it. You might spare *my* feelings if you have none of your own."

"Nonsense, mother, the whole thing seems such a farce—the change in our dress and our life! That Lent is near is all that makes it endurable. I am glad we had the party, any way. Papa did not say any thing about it."

"No; I wish he had, for his silence is severer than speech. No doubt it hurt his feelings to find us trying to be gay. I am sure I was wretched enough with all my worry about Hugh, if only he could believe it."

"Some people have a genius for being wretched, mamma, and," she added in an undertone, "for making others so. For my part if the silent spell only lasts till the bills are paid, I shall be happy. It's painful to have a man look as if drawing a check and drawing his teeth were equally severe."

"And he never used to mention economy," sighed the mother.

"He certainly has besprinkled his recent letters generously with hints of it," answered the daughter. "What can it mean, mamma?"

"How should *I* know? He does not tell me any thing. I presume he has no end of business worries. But it's little enough I spend on myself, and you have always had whatever you wanted, even if your poor mother denied herself to get it."

Floy felt a storm brewing, and adroitly added a little admixture of flattery to her next remark:

"Of course, mother dear, since he has not told you, there can be nothing amiss to tell. You would surely know it if he made heavy losses. Harry intimated something of the sort, though I suspected him of doing it to find out if it were true."

"It was a great liberty for a stranger to take, to speak to you of such a thing."

"Well, I don't know; there are different views as to what constitutes a liberty. And Harry is n't a stranger; we are as good as engaged, and I am afraid every body knows it; for I was offered repeated congratulations last night. Harry denies that he told it, but I have had my revenge this morning all the same," and Florence laughed a low laugh that ended in something like a sneer.

"Did you refuse him?" asked her mother.

"Oh, no; I only tried the effect of the truth of my poverty upon him. I told him that Papa Thorn's losses could not affect my prospects, as I had no share in his fortunes, and all that was yours was lost long ago, and the pittance my own father left me was permanently beyond the reach of Florence Reid."

"But you do not think he wants to marry for money, child?"

"Of course not, you dear little unsophisticated mamma. Indeed, he said 'for richer, for poorer,' was the sweetest thing in the service to him," and Florence laughed again a laugh of more bitterness than mirth.

If over the mother's mind there crept a dim suspicion that, by her own complaining distrust of Richard, she had deprived her daughter of her best protector, it was too late to undo the mischief now. Still some tardy sense of justice made her say:

"Florence, no one could have been kinder to you than Mr. Thorn, and I know he means to provide handsomely for you."

"Not if I marry Harry Field, mamma."

"And my own fortune is not lost," she went on, "and Harry knows it, and knows it will all be yours. I told him once you would never have to face the wolf—never know a care that could be warded off by a mother's tender hand."

Florence winced under her mother's sentiment, but controlled herself enough to say:

"And since you were so confidential con-

cerning my prospects, may I ask what he replied?"

"He said, 'mothers who had the will might not have the power,' and I proved to him that I had it. I told him all about our affairs."

"O mother, how could you? He meant to find it out. He just played upon your feeling! Do n't tell me any thing more or I shall hate the man, and he is waiting in the parlor for me to come back to him now."

"So this is the thanks I get for setting you right before people. You think me a silly girl to have things flattered out of me that I should not tell? Indeed, I wished him to understand that he could not come in your father's absence and take my daughter without a word to me. I wished him to know *I* had the control of—"

"Stop, stop, mother!" said Florence, as the voice took a higher key, and she saw hysterics so close at hand that her mother was past all counter-irritation. "You were quite right, and Harry is well enough—like every other man, I suppose. There, there! do n't fret!" And she set coolly to work with hot bottles and smelling-salts, while amid a storm of gasps and sobs, she heard, "And this is what a mother gets who gives her life to her children!"

And Florence soothed her to sleep, and left her, inwardly "wishing to goodness" she ever *could* talk to mamma without her getting into a "state of mind."

Once more in her own room, naturally the subject of their conversation returned with an irritating annoyance that questions of fortune should have such disturbing power. Her long training in distrust led her to hold Richard responsible for all the discontent in her mother's life, and so, indirectly, for all the friction in her own. If he was in trouble why did he hide it? If he could return her mother's fortune, why did he keep it? If he despised Harry Field, why did he not give his reason? It did not take many minutes of such musing to bring a mood in which she loved Richard less and doubted him more than ever. She had no patience with the mannish obtuseness that took for granted her desperate love for Harry Field. The truth was, she did not want to be engaged to him, but she did not want to let him go. It angered her to hear her name coupled with his as if all were settled, but she was enough a social coward to dread the world's remarks if all were unsettled. Of all the men she knew she liked none better than Harry; and about the money, she wondered if they would not all be alike about that. If she married him, she knew she would wish ten thousand times that she had not done it; but if she did not marry, she would wish she had. And out of all this chaos of questioning and musing and shrinking and liking, came the resolve that took her one evening to the library after the rest of the household had retired.

Richard was there in the same old leathern-bound arm-chair, his head upon his hand, and his eyes searching the embers for some answer to the problems that had wrinkled his forehead and compressed his lips in harder lines than Floy had ever observed. She could not help seeing how he had changed; the iron-gray of his hair was taking even a silvery tint, and his eyes seemed hiding under the shadow of his brows. At sound of her step he rose at once and met her with the same stately old-fashioned courtesy that marked the manner of his father, and that could not be destroyed by any contact with the busy world. It was more than courteous, even kind and tender. She would have been ashamed of her distrust if she had not been so full of her disagreeable errand, and so resolved to have it over. He placed her in his own seat, and stood quietly beside her till she broke forth:

"Harry Field wanted to see you about my marrying him, papa, and I would not let him; but I have come to speak of it myself."

A sudden change passed over his countenance, and he said abruptly:

"I am glad you came yourself, Florence."

"Why?" she asked, not knowing how to interpret his clouded looks.

"Because I can find patience to listen to *you*," he answered, smiling. "I should not like to hear him talk of such a thing."

He paused, but she did not answer; and, after waiting for her a moment, he asked, gently:

"You surely do not *wish* to marry him, Floy?"

Strange as it might seem, the usually calm and cool Florence was abashed and hesitating. She could not say "yes;" she would not say "no." So she met his question by another.

"You told me before you went away that there were objections. I want to know what they are."

"Would you marry him if there were none!"

"I suppose I must marry somebody, and why not Harry Field?"

"Why *must?* I do n't see the necessity."

She blushed, and then, as if determined to have it out, answered, rapidly:

"Mamma has always told me that I can not inherit my father's property unless I marry."

"That is a mistake. She meant you would not come into possession till later in life, not that you would lose it altogether."

"How late, papa?"

"Not until your twenty-eighth year."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, an angry flush mounting to her forehead. "Who ever heard of a girl's wanting money at that age? Why, I shall be an old woman! I shall not wait for it."

"But you need not marry to secure it. If you remain in my home even to the very advanced age of twenty-eight, I will see that all your reasonable wants are met."

"I know it," she stammered. "You have been very kind, but—I would rather use my own."

"I did not suppose daughters felt so," he said, sadly, and as if speaking to himself.

"But I am not your daughter. Even this strange girl is nearer to you than I am."

His eyes flashed, but he answered:

"Nearer, but not dearer, Florence. The sister of my son has always had a daughter's place in my heart."

Hard as she was, she was touched; but she remembered her mother's distrust, and her own returned in full force. It was natural he should want to keep her, for only so he kept her money.

Ah, what a mysterious thing is retribution! Was it a part of the punishment for evil purposes that even this pure purpose should seem foul to this young girl, whom he always had loved and longed to protect?

Realizing he was making no progress in influencing her decision, he returned to the attack.

"In any case, Florence, you would not give your life into the keeping of an unworthy man?"

"How unworthy? That is what I wish to learn. What dreadful thing has he done?"

"I would like to spare you details, my child. It ought to suffice that honorable men do not trust him; that his life is one of fashionable vices; that wine and horses and the gaming-table take all he can earn or borrow or wheedle out of his doting relatives,—old women over whom he domineers in their presence, and about whom he sneers before other men."

"You draw a flattering picture, certainly," said the girl, angry at herself for having called it forth.

"Flattering or not, it is true," he replied with spirit, for she irritated him by her manner; "and if you need know more I can show you that he has actually forged the name of the childish old aunt whose home he shares, because she did not supply him with money."

"I never heard of that," she answered, trying not to seem to care. "It is probably untrue; for such a thing would be known and punished."

"It ought to be, but was not in this case," answered Mr. Thorn, angrily; "the vicious often escape through the foolish tenderness of those who love them." And then he paused suddenly, checked, perhaps, by some memory of the might of his own temptation.

But all that was most like her mother in the girl seemed aroused by his severity, and she answered, stoutly:

"Well, I shall never believe he did it; or if he did I presume those forlorn and miserly old relatives drove him to it. All they have will be his some day. Where 's

the harm of wanting a little as he goes along? I have often wished I had a little myself?"

Mr. Thorn raised his shoulders slightly, and lifted his brows, half in contempt, half in discouragement at this display of Floy's logical reasoning power, her moral sensitiveness, and her obstinate adherence to her own views. Of what use to waste evidence on a woman so unlike what a woman ought to be? And yet he knew very little about women, or he would have detected that at this very moment of her defiance this one would have been almost as glad to be freed from this lover as Richard would have been to free her. He needed Aunt Patience to tell him the time to speak a tender word. She was not there, alas! but on her knees in her own room, telling the good Lord her perplexities about them all. And the one precious moment of relenting passed, and he thought she did not care. After a silence he said:

"Well, Florence, if you take the matter in your own hands, remember, I will have nothing to do with this man. I will never consent to any such wreck of your life. He is utterly unworthy the love of any one."

"I do not think so," she persisted, sullenly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can love him? No, I will not hear it; for I wish to retain some respect for your common sense." And he turned away from her, and abruptly left the room.

Florence sat a long time just where he had left her, weary and dispirited. She had not known, herself, how strong had been her secret hope that some way would open out of it all. But Richard had been harsher than she ever knew him, and she had said things she did not mean, and shown more than she felt.

And now it was over. It was useless to hope any one would care very much what became of her. She would keep silent henceforth, and take care of herself—when the right time came.

And it came all too soon; for, before she recovered from her soreness of spirit, Harry had an interview with her,—soothing her with welcome avowals of devotion, and almost before she knew it she had told him every thing Richard had said.

Harry was not slow in asserting his innocence, and not quite wise enough to see if he failed to prove it, though his ingenious stories of the gossiping old aunts, who wished him to marry some hideous creature of their choosing, and his tales of the envious attempts of fellows who wanted Florence for themselves, to injure his reputation, would have proved a spiritual kinship with black Tom, who, according to Rachel, "never would speak the truth, no matter how much good Gospel was thrown away on him, till within smellin' distance of the brimstone lake."

Florence was flattered, and if she doubted she did not say so, and he believed he had proved himself an injured but unconquerable man, willing even to suffer calumny for her sweet sake.

He talked wisely of business, called things "squally" down town, said good old firms were "shaky;" and there were rumors—only rumors, of course—concerning the house of Thorn. If they were true, then they need look no further for a reason why Mr. Thorn did not wish her to marry. He hoped nothing would come of the rumors; but if there was trouble ahead, his grief would be that he was not in the position to protect her.

And when she was feeling the effect of such talk, he asked her why they should not marry without Richard's consent.

And Floy colored and was indignant, and he apologized and went away, but the subtle suggestion remained.

There were many other morning visits in which to nurse it, while Richard was engrossed in business, and Ruby and Hugh hard at work with masters, and Aunt Patience off on a visit to Thornton; but the weeks ran into months before Floy's misgivings were overcome. It was settled at last, however. They should be married privately, and she should remain at home. He could not take her to his aunts', as his own home was their gift, and his life was lived in longing expectation of their departure to the place where people are "better off." Then, if Mr. Thorn should experience busi-

ness troubles, Harry could claim and save Floy's fortune by virtue of this marriage. And when it was too late to object they thought Richard would accept the inevitable, as every body else did. If he did not keep them at home, then they would live abroad upon Floy's fortune. But, in telling Floy he would take her abroad, Harry entered into no details concerning what Aunt Rachel would have called the "wherewith."

Once decided, there was an excitement and romance about it, that gratified man and maiden alike. One day there was a little excursion made to a quiet suburban town, and a visit to the somewhat dingy parsonage of an out-of-the-way struggling parish. The minister's wife sent in the maid to open the shutters, and Bridget, returning as she hung up her feather duster, put her head on one side and muttered the one word,

"Stoylish."

Her mistress gave her a reproving glance for the worldliness of her observation, but improved upon it, nevertheless, by sending her to call the daughter, and as soon as she was out of sight putting on her very best cap. Then she passed into the adjoining room, and rousing her husband from his half-written sermon on the "Reconciliation of God's Sovereignty and Man's Free Agency," helped him out of the dressing-gown into the clerical black coat.

"Thanks to the ladies' good supply of dressing gowns, the nap is n't worn a bit," she said, as she patted and smoothed it with her hand.

"And thanks to their slippers, my boots are holding out amazingly," he answered, "though nobody knows how a man hates to live in his slippers to save his boots."

"Never mind, dear," she whispered, adjusting his neck-tie, with a glance of admiring pride, "this may be a rich couple, and perhaps the fee will help out the salary, and give us new boots all round."

"The fee is yours, little mother," he answered with an affectionate glance; "and for your sake I wish there was more marrying and giving in marriage than there is."

And while this little love scene was going on above, below, in the room with the faded carpet, and the uncovered piano, waited the other lovers. Agitated, yet silent, Florence was in no mood for conversation, and kept her eyes fixed on two oval frames that hung against the wall. They were of dark wood, lined with white; and against the ghastly background of one lay a wreath of roses that had been preserved after their fragrance and bloom had been spent on somebody's coffin.

The other was one of those mysterious blendings of the sacred and the horrible, a memorial wreath of the hair of nobody knows how many dead, in which the locks, that soft and living felt only tenderest caresses, are tortured and twisted and stiffened and screwed by professional fingers into the semblance of brown forget-me-nots, or coal-black immortelles. Floy looked at them, partly to keep her eyes from meeting those of her lover, yet with a dim, horrible consciousness of their significance. So vividly did they impress themselves upon her mind that she was never able to recall the hour without these strange garlands coming before her as if they had been woven for her wedding wreath.

The ceremony was soon over, the fee was munificent enough to be a comfort to many a better shod and better fed household than that of the parson, who duly blessed and congratulated and bowed out the "stoylish" wedded pair.

"They seemed to be a very nice young couple, certainly," said he to his daughter; "and it is gratifying that people are becoming more sensible than to spend money on extravagant and showy weddings. In much better taste is a quiet affair like this;" but later, when he showed the fee to his wife, he added, "something wrong there, wifey, I'm afraid. That young man suggested, as he slipped this into my hand, that I need not hasten about sending in the record. Think, on the whole, I had better attend to it to-day."

And before nightfall, even before he went back to his slippers and to the contemplation of the broken thread of his argument, a statement was on its way to the office of

the recorder that Florence Reid was Mrs. Harry Field.

She came home again before the evening, entering the house soon after Richard returned from business, and almost in time to hear Tom say, as he took his master's coat:

"All dem young people, dey gone out, Massa Thorn. Misse Rubbetta drivin' wid Massa Hugh, Miss Reid walkin' wid Mr. Field."

The master turned angrily upon him,

"When I want any report from you, Tom, as to the movements of my family I will ask you."

And as Tom slunk back rebuked, Florrie passed through the hall.

She paused at the foot of the stair, conscious of wishing he would speak to her. There had been such a cold silence and distance between them since that night so long ago, and she was already so frightened at what she had done.

But he was too angry at Tom's information for any kindly notice. He only said in passing:

"So you have taken that matter into your own hands, Florence?"

What a pity he could not have seen her heart that hour. It answered, "Yes, yes; but I wish you would save me from him;" but her lips got no farther than the "Yes," and he gave her a troubled look, and entering the library closed the door.

And Florrie passed on up the stairs bearing her new name, which no one had spoken and no one knew, and yet which weighed her down with a weight she could hardly bear.

CHAPTER XV.

And Rubetta came into her room, and told her of delightful hours among new pictures she had been to visit with Hugh for company; and while she talked her cheeks glowed, and her eyes smiled as in the old days when her father talked to her of the wonderful art galleries in her "mother's land." Fast coming into full possession of maidenhood's full heritage of beauty; already at an age where the sober routine of lessons is irksome, Ruby was yet most assiduously working at whatever she felt her father would have her learn. Constant occupation had proved, as Robert told Richard it would, her great diversion from sorrow, and her great salvation from the tendencies of a dreamy nature.

This had been supplied partly through Aunt Patty's loving insight into her intellectual need, and the influences to which she would be susceptible, and largely through Hugh's desire to share whatever was irksome.

In many things he seemed to know just where to help and where to let her try her unaided strength. Many a subject that she would have laid down when the novelty wore off was continued because Hugh had begun for her sake, and she could not leave him to go on alone. Hugh never gave things up, and why should she? and so almost hand in hand the two young souls as yet unspotted from the world, explored the store-houses of wisdom for treasure to enrich their lives.

But into whatever fields her studies turned, her drawing and painting were still her chief delight. Nothing else she did so recalled her father's presence and voice and words. She sometimes forgot, as she sat at work, that the little boat was not rocking gently beneath her, and that his face would not bend down to see and his hand be raised to point out her mistakes. And though, after a dreaming time so real that she even heard the sigh of the wind among the sycamores, the waking was sad, the dream yet helped her to feel she was at work for *him*. His command to be and do her best, not to rest with *meaning* to do and to be, was to her more than the recollection of the wishes of the dead; it was a living daily inspiration. Her sorrow for his absence softened as the sense of absence departed. She lived *with* him, holding her life up for his approval, and Aunt Patience loved her and let her alone; but Ruby knew that as she lived with her father, so the gray-haired disciple lived with and loved her Lord.

It is to be hoped that Robert knew, ere this, that his anxieties concerning his child's development were needless, and that her hinderances were fewer than her helps. She

received more love than indifference, and love from hearts so noble that its power was great to bless. Aunt Patty's constant soothing covered Aunt Clara's frequent rasping, and left a wide margin of tenderness in which she could abide. Hugh's devotion relieved Richard's reserve, and even Florence conspensated for one day's abstracted indifference by affectionate demonstration on the next.

And she found much pleasure in Floy, for girlhood is rarely so unlike itself as to be unattractive to girlhood. At times the atmosphere of gloom about the home was to her spirit like the chill of the east wind to a sensitive body; but she did not take it, as Hugh did, as something that *must* be set right, no matter what the effort to scatter sunshine cost. If she helped him brighten the others, she did it to brighten him. For her part, she would let people who enjoyed having a mood, or a "spell," as Rachel called it, alone, till they were tired of themselves, and ready to come out of it.

But as time wore on and Floy's depression and discontent increased, Hugh sympathy was so real that Ruby found her own heart aching against her will.

"What can her trouble be, Hugo?" she asked, one afternoon as they saw her going dejectedly up to her room, at the usual hour for Harry Field's daily visit.

"She will not tell me, Ruby, though I believe I could help her, and if I had been her elder brother I *would* know. But here I am a man, and she can not think of me as any thing but lame little Hugh."

"I never think of you except as a man," said Ruby; "for I never knew you when you were not." He gave her a grateful glance, and Ruby asked, "Does not your mother know?"

"No. We never have troubled mother with things. She is not well, you know," and he turned away to hide the flush that crept up to meet the gold of his hair.

"Well, I think Mr. Field is tormenting her," said Ruby. "I wish I were the girl he wanted; I should take such delight in dismissing him."

Hugh laughed; but he gave his crutch a threatening grasp that implied he would like to assist in the dismissal after a fashion of his own. After a pause he said:

"Ruby, what do you girls have to do with money?" and then as if he repented having asked, he said, "Poor Floy, she is so changed these last months."

Ruby saw he did not wish an answer to his first question, but she was not lacking in the faculty that puts this and that together. Floy wanted money. Hugh had had none lately for any use. Hugh was supplying Floy, while she was every week receiving from Aunt Patience money which she supposed came through Richard from her father's estate. Could it be possible that she was richer than these cousins and had not shared with them?

Carried away by a generous girlish impulse, she started to find Floy. It was a cloudy afternoon, and nearly dusk. The door of her room stood open, and Floy was standing at the window. Before Ruby could speak the door-bell rang sharply, and a little nervous shiver crept over Floy. She leaned her head against the pane, and said wearily to herself:

"Now he has come again, and I have n't the money; and I can not ask for it—I can not ask for it!"

Ruby started to go silently away, and met Tom in the hall. As Florence turned to take the card from his tray she caught sight of her, and called:

"O Ruby, come here, will you? It 's Mr. Field's card. I am not well. Would you mind excusing me to him? Ask him to call to-morrow morning, I shall be better then."

Ruby looked lovingly into her agitated face, and turned to go down, when Floy stopped her. "No, I might as well go. Thank you, Ruby."

"But *why* go, dear Flossy?" said Ruby, throwing her arms about her; "what does he want?"

"What does every body want in this miserable world?" she said bitterly, attempting to go on. But a firm little hand was laid upon her own, and Ruby said:

"Now, Florry, I am not going to have

you tormented to-day. You wait here, and I will tell Tom to send him away."

"No, not Tom; he talks too much. I can't bear to send Tom."

"Then I'll go myself." And before Floy could prevent, she was half-way down the stairs.

He was not in the drawing-room, and she passed on to the little alcove room beyond, from which a door opened into the conservatory. It was a secluded little niche, heavily curtained except where the green leaves shadowed it. As Ruby entered, the light from the room behind her fell on the back of her head. A tall figure rose from the darkest corner of the sofa, and a voice said coldly, with a faint tinge of displeasure in the tone:

"Well, Mrs. Field, it pleases you to keep me waiting a long time to-day."

The tone told much, the name told all. Almost before it was uttered Rubetta had turned away, passing through the door into the conservatory. Almost before he had discovered his mistake she was gone, and he did not even know if she had heard him or not. He slunk back into his corner, and twirled and bit his mustache, and muttered something about his luck. She went straight on through the conservatory, conscious of a strange pleasant thrill at the odor of Southern plants. She did not see Hugh loitering in the twilight, enjoying the tropical atmosphere and fragrance, nor did he notice her as she passed on.

Straight up the stairs she went to Florence, with a new, strange pity astir at her heart, and a sense that something terrible had happened. She followed a blind instinct to protect her secret, and keep him from meeting any one but Floy.

"My courage failed me, Florry," she said. "I think if you are able, you better run down a moment."

"Then you did not tell him?" asked Floy eagerly.

"No; I did not speak to him. I saw him in the alcove. Ring for lights, Flossy; Tom has forgotten them, and it is nearly time for Uncle Dick to come."

The last sentence had a warning in it, but Florrie hardly heard it, as she passed hurriedly on. She did not see Tom, but she found Harry, who, recovered partially from his fear lest he had betrayed himself, gave her a kinder tone of greeting than he had used toward her messenger. He was really fond of her in his way, but his idea of fondness did not include sacrifice. His young wife knew already that a velvet glove might hide an iron hand. The marriage had brought him some discomforts, and he disliked being uncomfortable. No dashing honey-moon; no bearing away of a lovely bride, the envy of all observers; no triumph over the other fellows. His aunts had refused him money; Mr. Thorn had met him, and looked over his head; and last, but not least, Floy herself had nothing to lend. No vanity gratified, and no money to be had, surely it was not strange if life looked like a desolate waste to him to-night. Yet he was now the one who hated to go to Mr. Thorn. The coward in him, alas! was better grown than the man.

Who was there, then, on whom he could pour out his vexation but his wife? To her he had grown so confiding that he occasionally used his club vocabulary, as to-night, when, instead of saying the above-mentioned grievances were unpleasant for a gentleman, he said they were "deucedly and devilishly hard on a man."

And remarks of such eloquence require a strong tone of voice to convey their full significance. This being true as the conversation went on in the dim alcove, it chanced that its utterances reached the ear of the young man in the conservatory. Hugh was startled by hearing some one say angrily, "I must have money, and you must get it from your father."

"I can not go to him again, Harry."

"But he has not asked you what you did with it?"

"No; but his very silence and look makes me think he knows."

"But it is your own money. He is only giving you your own."

"I don't know that. I only know he will ask me if I go to him again; and if he asks, I shall tell him."

"You will tell him? And he will then devise some way to keep your fortune altogether; and my aunt will know, and I shall be thrown out of home, prospects, every thing, and just for the lack of a few miserable dollars that you would supply if you loved me."

"I could not, Harry."

"Floy, the fact is, I have had such abominable luck lately, a little money now would help me to retrieve all I have lost. Then I would not care how soon you told your father, or what course he took, for I could take you away."

"I have n't the money, Harry. I have n't enough to help you in the least."

"But you have something. Bring me that, and I shall not feel as if this miserable affair was such a hinderance to my prospects. I believe the old ladies suspect it, or I should never have been kept in so tight a place."

She waited to hear no more, and as she left the room he threw himself back on the sofa, locking both hands behind his bald head. He yawned, and confided to the toe of a patent-leather boot, which he lifted lazily in air, till it reached the proper angle of vision, "that a man might as well earn his living as to go through all this wear and worry to get it."

As he raised his languid blue orbs, "heavenly blue," the ladies had often called them, they met another pair of blue eyes, any thing but heavenly in their expression of scorn and anger with which they flashed down upon him like lightning from the clouded sky of Hugh's white face.

He had heard them talk; he had seen "Florrie" leave the room, and he knew for what she had gone. As her figure disappeared, he entered the door of the conservatory, and one step brought him to young Field's side.

"What, you here?" asked Harry starting up.

"Yes, I am here; and I will protect my sister. You can not see her again. You must go before she comes down, and you must never return." The voice was very low and steady, but the man did not know its tones, or he would have preferred the shriek of wrath to this calm. After the first instant he did not mind it much. If it had not been for the discomfort of what he mentally called a "row" he would have been amused. As it was, he said carelessly:

"Well, my boy—"

"You will find I am not a boy," interrupted the other.

"Well, my *man*, then," he said, casting an impertinent side glance at the arm that held the crutch, "I shall go when I am ready."

"Be ready now, then. You can not wait for my sister."

"Look here, youngster; you might as well understand that your sister belongs to me more than she does to you."

Hugh waited for no more; but, leaning on the crutch with his left hand, with the other he grasped the astonished young man by the collar. With a strength born of excitement he kept his hold, turning his choking captive around until he faced the door. Then, loosening him with an energy that set him staggering, he said: "Go; get out of the house, and quick, quick! for I am afraid I shall kill you." And, strange as it might seem, he went, without a word or a blow, but with a fire ablaze in his heart that, fed by all his real disappointments and fancied wrongs, might by and by burn into the very soul of the defenseless woman he had won.

Floy's face was white, her hands clinched, as she mounted the stairs. She entered her room half-staggering, and began to fumble in her drawers.

"What is it, Flossy dear?" said Ruby, springing up from the sofa.

"I was looking for my purse," she said, faintly. "Do not light the gas; I can feel for it."

But Ruby was already at her side. She threw one arm about her in the old impulsive fashion, and pressed her own purse into Flossy's hand.

"There is mine, Cousin Flossy; do not try to find yours now. I do n't know what in the world to do with the money, and should be so happy if you would help me spend it."

"No, no, Ruby," said Florence, choking; "but I will take it just now, and return it to

you another time;" and, hardly knowing what she said, she broke away from Ruby's arms, and hurried down the stairs.

At their foot stood Harry, struggling into his overcoat with excited haste that was more than a substitute for Tom's ready hands. His hand was on the door when Florence reached him. He gave her a look so fierce with anger that she recoiled a step with a feeling that was almost fear.

"If you think I am going to endure this—" he began.

"I have brought it, Harry," she said, in a nervous tone. "I thought you could wait for me to come down;" and she offered him her hand, not empty now.

To tear the notes in pieces and trample them under his feet, and go away showering curses on the whole house of Thorn, would have been very tragic, and he wanted to do it; but the revenge would come in time, and the price was too great to pay for the tragic element. For the present he pocketed the bills with the insult, and if his fingers burned at thought of a strong young hand twisting at his tie, he took the fever out of them by the touch of Ruby's bank-notes, crisp and cool.

He stopped once on the street, in the angle of two houses, and lighted a cigar. When he went on, his languid swagger showed he was more at ease. He had counted it, and knew how much there was. She had found it very quickly, too, when once she made up her mind, he thought. There must be more where this came from. But it was time matters came to a crisis. If Mr. Thorn would do right by Floy he would go abroad and take his chances of his aunts' relenting. Or if the old ladies would be so obliging as to transplant themselves to the celestial region, where they would not need money, he would go abroad with Florence and take his chances with Mr. Thorn. He was tired of this country, and preferred Hamburg or Baden Baden. The waters would be good for Florence, who was looking paler, and not as pretty as a while ago. Who could wonder, living with such people! He liked Florence; he grew tender and very sure of it over his wine at dinner, and he meant to take her away very soon from that dreadful family. But, before he went, he meant to break that young Thorn's crutches over his head.

So Hugh Thorn had made his first enemy. He had taken in fully, afterward, the meaning of Harry's words, and wondered that he had never thought of this solution to Florence's trouble. He knew now, and the knowledge stirred all that was protective and chivalrous in him. He would shield her from such a man with his life, if need be. He no longer felt he had nothing to do because his infirmity shut him out from every thing but loving. Loving meant striving for those he loved. In that moment, when he flung Harry Field from him with the force his indignation gave, he had flung off his boyhood forever. A man's work, and a man's care, and a man's right to stand between his sister and this "hard thing that had come to her" was now his portion. He never thought of blaming her. He only said, "Poor Flossy!" and feared he had forgotten to be good to her in caring for his cousin.

He kept his secret, even from Florence, and Ruby kept hers, even from Hugh; but they both ceased to talk of Floy to each other. Aunt Patience was told privately by each that Floy was not happy, and perhaps would open her heart to her. Aunt Patience had a theory of her own concerning the cause and cure of Floy's depression. She thought she held the remedy in her own gentle heart, but she had waited, hoping there would be no need of the painful revelation she could make. She thought that Florence loved young Field, but her womanly perception told her it was not the heart-breaking love of a life-time. She had, however, gone to Richard one day, after Harry had been there, and months before Ruby's discovery, and said to him:

"Richard, I think you ought to know that young Field, who comes here so often, is married."

He eyed her curiously, as if to learn how much she knew, and replied:

"Thank you, Aunt Patience; but I did know it."

"Very well," she said, surprised; "he seems to care for Floy's society, and I feared she might become entangled. Do you think she knows it?" after a pause.

He hesitated. Never until recently had he felt, as he did now, that he did not like to talk things over with Aunt Patience. She was too incisive in her probing of motives. He did not care to subject himself to her scrutiny. So he smiled, and answered:

"Oh, yes; Floy knows it, but I would n't talk of it just now before her. I have my reasons."

"But do you think she should see him so frequently?"

"Certainly; why not? It's the surest way to cure her if she cares for him."

Aunt Patience waited, but Richard's face was inscrutable. At last she said:

"Richard, there is more to this."

He raised his eyes.

"Yes."

"More than you wish me to know?"

"More that I do not like to explain at present. You will know all soon."

"But I want to serve that girl, Richard."

"Perhaps you can by and by, but at present there is nothing can be done. But how did you know he is married?"

"Why, brother Locke—do you not remember dear brother Locke? No, indeed; why should you, for you were only a child? I forget how old I am growing, Dick. Mr. Locke was your father's college-mate, and a friend of mine when I was young, about the time your mother died"—

"About the time you forsook the Church of your fathers and became a Methodist, auntie?" asked Richard, archly.

"No, dear; I became a Methodist later, but Mr. Locke was stationed at Thornton, and married and went away before you and little Robbie were out of my arms." Richard knew the story of the lover who waited for Dick and Robbie to get out of her arms and finally ceased to wait, and had his own conjectures about the old friend; but he did not interrupt her story, except to bend on her a glance of love, such as a mother might be proud to meet from the eyes of her son. "I have always known where these friends were settled, Dick, and followed the progress of their work in many places. Recently they have come to the little town of N——, only a few miles away from here, and one day brother and sister Locke came to visit me here. And while we sat chatting, who should come in but Harry Field?

"They both recognized him, and he was obliged, though much embarrassed, and I thought rather reluctant, to return their greeting. And I heard them ask for Mrs. Field. He said that she was well; but not at present with him, and he went out as soon as possible. Then Mr. Locke told me he had married him early last Summer to a lovely girl, whose name they could not recall. He told them that morning that 'he was keeping it a little quiet, as his aunts, who held his "expectations," had made a different choice for him.' So I have kept it quiet, for, indeed, it is not my business to destroy his prospects, provided he does not make Florrie unhappy."

"It is too late to save her, auntie. That is done already."

But even then, Richard did not tell her that on the very morning in question he had been passing out of the house as the aged couple had been mounting the steps. Close behind them, descending from his coupé, was Harry Field. When they saw him, they exchanged a quick glance, and the lady said:

"Father, that young man is the Mr. —what's his name?—you married to the pretty girl, last Summer. Don't you see?"

"Sure enough, so it is," was the answer.

And Mr. Thorn rang the bell for them and took them himself to the drawing-room, and sending Tom for Aunt Patience, departed.

Field was still on the pavement twirling his mustache, and pretending to give directions to his coachman, but in reality waiting for Mr. Thorn to turn the corner. Aunt Patience did not tell Richard at once of the information gathered from Mr. Locke, and Richard never told her of the hint he had received from the same source, or of his subsequent inquiry, which resulted in the full knowledge of all the particulars. She hoped

that the young man would take himself away soon, and that Florence would learn to forget him.

Richard hoped, he hardly knew what; but he held his peace, waiting for developments. He was very angry with them both. He knew he must accept it; but he was resolved the young man should not profit by his scheme, as long as he could prevent it. A remnant of pity, too, made him feel Florence was safer under his roof, and secretly glad each night that he found her there. He would have talked it all out with Aunt Patience, but when it was done, would he be willing to follow such advice as she would give? She would want him to pay the money belonging to Florence, and he did not wish her to know he was not ready. It was a mercy to Florence to keep it, he said to himself, and he meant to do it as long as he possibly could.

She still gave Ruby her money, which Richard handed her month by month, and Ruby as regularly gave it to Florence, who cried at first, and refused it, and cried again, and took it, "as a loan." Harry rarely came to the house, and never when Hugh was at home; and one day Florence made Tom the bearer of her letter and inclosure. He did not reach home till late, taking advantage of the errand to have a little outing of his own. And Richard, who had wanted him, questioned the reason of his absence. He replied, that he "could not tell."

"Why not?"

"Has to 'bey orders, Massa Thorn."

"Whose orders?"

"Yours, Massa Richard. You tol' me not to entail de mobements ob de family. I has been out on one ob de family mobements," he said, looking very mysterious.

"You need not be afraid of entailing or detailing any errand on which *you* have been sent. No one would confide to *you* any thing that required secrecy."

"Dun no, Mass'r. Do n't reckon Miss Flo' neber meant I sh'd entail she sent heap o' money to Mass'r Field."

ABOUT WITNESSES.

WE wonder some industrious collector of *Ana* has never given us a book about witnesses. The strange statements, extraordinary admissions, prompt retorts, funny mistakes, crooked answers, and odd distortions of the Queen's English, heard in the courts, would make a plethoric volume of amusing reading.

The subjects of legal vivisection do not find the process so agreeable to themselves as it is entertaining to uninterested listeners. Mrs. Elizabeth Martha Selina Georgina Augusta Euham Burrows might not be pained at proclaiming that such was her Christian name, although she did not generally write it in full; but the old fellow who had "married three wives lawful and buried them lawful," would probably have preferred keeping to himself that a buxom laundress declined to make him a happy man for the fourth time in his life, because he was not prepared to take her to church in a basket-carriage drawn by six donkeys. It was not pleasant for a young husband to let all the world know how, shocked at his wife's avowal of atheism, he sent a parson to talk to her, and going to see how he was getting on, found the lady chasing the clergyman round the room intent upon flooring him with a pillow; and a certain false milkman doubtless considered he had been sufficiently punished by the jilted lady following hard upon him, as he went his daily round for thirty-five years, without the fact being published far and wide, when the revengeful dame departed life without the doctor's aid.

The immaculate elector who was sure he had not breakfasted at a candidate's cost, because he had never breakfasted in his life, always taking his morning meal in the middle of the day; and his neighbor, equally certain on the same score, because he had, twenty years before, made a resolution never to eat or drink at any one's charge but his

own, had as little chance of being believed as the Scotsman assuring a Parliamentary committee that his countrymen were "unco' modest;" or the Irishman who swore the last time he saw his sister was eight months ago, when she called at his house and he was not at home. More careful of his words was the constable who deposed that a certain individual was neither drunk nor sober, but "mixed,"—a medium state unrecognized by the London barmaid, who laid it down that a man was sober so long as he did not stagger or use bad language; thereby displaying as much consideration for human infirmity as the witness who, called upon to explain what he meant by saying the plaintiff's character was slightly matrimonial, answered, "She has been married seven times." Euphemisms are wasted upon lawyers, since they will insist upon having their equivalents. Said one man of another, "He resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence." "And pray, sir, what are we to understand by that?" inquired the counsel. "That he lied," was the reply of the witness; whose original statement was worthy of the doctor, who testified that the victim of an assault had sustained a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding tissue, which was in a tumefied state, with abrasion of the cuticle; meaning simply that the sufferer had a black eye.

The witness-box is prolific in malapropisms. The man whose friend could not appear in court by reason of his being just then superannuated with drink; the Irish woman whose husband had often struck her with impunity, although he usually employed his fist; the believer in the martyr to Jesuitical machinations, who recognized the baronet by the gait of his head; the gentleman who found a lady in the arms of Morpus; the impecunious wight whose money had become *non est inventum;* and the Chicago dame, who indignantly wanted to know who was telling the story, when the judge suggested that when she spoke of the existense of a family fuel, she must mean a family feud,—might one and all claim kindred with Sheridan's deranger of epithets. Nor could Dogberry himself have shown to greater advantage than Officer Lewiston, when, mounting the stand in a New York police-court, he related how Tom Nelson punched him twice on the head, scratched his face, and bucked him in the stomach, without aggravating him to use his club, because it went against his feelings to mistreat a human being, winding up what he called his "conciseful" narration with, "I am willing to let up on him, your honor, but not altogether. The law must be dedicated; give him justice tampered with mercy."

The London policeman, who found arrears of fat upon the blouses of two men suspected of patronizing a butcher without paying him, would have smiled in scornful superiority to hear the Glasgow constable deposing that a riotous Irishman "came off the Bristol boat wi' the rest o' the cattle, and was making a crowd on the quay, offering to ficht him or any ither mon." "Was he inebriated?" asked the bailie. "No; he was na' in Edinburgh, for he came by the Belfast boat." "Well, did he stand on his defense when you told him to move on?" "No, your honor, he stood on the quay." Were members of the force always so exact, the magistrate who asked a street Arab, before putting him on his oath, what was done to people who swore falsely, would not have had his ears shocked with the reply, "They makes policemen out of 'em."

In a trial at Winchester, a witness, failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result: "My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord. I said I would not have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—" "No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord; I was the first person that spoke." "I mean, do n't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping the pig.'" "I assure you, my lord, there

was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if any thing had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." The baron gave in.

Lord Mansfield once came off second best in endeavoring to make a witness use intelligible language. The man had deposed that he had not suffered any loss at the defendant's hands, because he was up to him. "What do you mean by being up to him?" asked his lordship. "Mean, my lord? why, that I was down upon him." "Down upon him?" repeated the judge interrogatively. "Yes, my lord; deep as he thought himself, I stagged him." "Really," said Lord Mansfield, "I do not understand this sort of language." "Not understand it!" exclaimed the unabashed adept in slang; "not understand it! Lord, what a flat you must be!" A New York magistrate was equally incapable of comprehending how a police officer could be guilty of skylarking with a girl when on duty, until the "roundsman" explained that "skylarking" meant "pulling and hauling, laughing and talking." More humorous in his way of putting things was the gentleman who said a stock-exchange bear was a person who sold what he had not got; a bull a man who bought what he could not pay for, and that "financing" was "a man who does n't want shares buying them from one who has none to sell." A Jew, speaking of a young man as his son-in-law, was accused of misleading the court, since the young man was really his son. Moses, however, persisted that the name he put to the relationship was the right one, and addressing the bench, said: "I was in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters; when I come home I finds this lad. Now the law obliges me to maintain him, and, consequently, he is my son-in-law." "Well," said Lord Mansfield, "that is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever yet heard." It may be doubted if that legal luminary would have acquiesced as readily in a witness whose name was not to be found on the law list, calling himself a solicitor, on the ground that he had been soliciting advertisements for a newspaper for eight years; or held a bill-poster, who could not read, justified in describing himself as a professional man connected with the press. Assuredly he would not agree with the street-nigger, who admitted that his calling was a low one, but still thought it so much better than that followed by his father that he felt inclined to be proud of it. "And pray, sir," inquired the learned gentleman, cross-examining him, "what was your father's calling?" "Well," demurely replied the sham darky, "he was a lawyer."

A Californian declining to swear to the size of a stick used by one of the parties in "a heated discussion," the judge insisted upon knowing if it were as thick as his wrist. "I should say," said the badgered man, "that it was as thick as your head;" and the court's curiosity was satisfied. A less excusable want of recollection was displayed by a Benedict, who only thought he had been married three years, while he had not the faintest notion when or where he made his wife's acquaintance. A woman never pretends to ignorance on such matters, oblivious as she may be regarding the number of birthdays she has seen. Forgetting that a woman should be at least as old as she looks, a lady told a Paris magistrate she was twenty-five. As she stepped out of the box a young man stepped in, who owned to twenty-seven. "Are you related to the previous witness?" he was asked. "Yes," said he; "I am her son." "Ah," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young." Mdlle. Mars parried the obnoxious query with a vague "H'm, h'm," causing the judge to observe, "I beg your pardon, Madam; what did you say?" "I have answered the question put to me," said the actress, and the court gallantly took the hint. The inquiry so cleverly disposed of by the famous stage queen was met by an Aberdonian spinster with a protest against an unmarried woman being expected to enlighten the public on such a subject. Finding that of no avail, she admitted she was fifty, and, after a little pressure, owned to sixty. Counsel then presumed to inquire if she had any hopes of getting a husband, and was rebuffed for the impertinence with:

"Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee. I hinna lost hope yet; but I wudna marry you, for I am sick o' your palaver." She could be frank enough if she chose, like the gentleman who proclaimed, "Every man has his pawnbroker, and I have mine"—a somewhat bold assertion, but one that would not have been gainsaid by the bluff Yorkshire "uncle," who, pressed by a parliamentary committee-man to give his opinion as to the advisability of imposing a penny stamp upon certain documents, replied, "If ever you come to my place to pop any thing"—"My good man," interrupted the horrified M. P., "do n't think that I could ever do such a thing!" "Who can tell what bad luck 's in store for him?" retorted the pawnbroker. "But, my good man," exclaimed the member, "it is quite impossible;" only to bring the response: "Impossible! not at all, not at all; and if ever you want to pop any thing, and come to my shop, I'll treat you like a man ought to be treated. No penny stamps. I'll clap a handsome sixpenny bit of government paper on the transaction, in a way that would be proper on an agreement between two gentlemen."

Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence ever tendered in support of an alibi was advanced in behalf of a man tried at Sydney, when two witnesses swore that, at the time the robbery with which he was charged was committed, the prisoner was in his hut with them, listening to the recital of the "Old English Baron," which occupied two hours and a half. Lane, the novel-reciter, corroborated their statements, averring he could repeat several other stories of equal length, word for word. "Now, sir," said the attorney-general, "do you wish to persuade us that, without a book, you could occupy two hours and a half in reciting the 'Old English Baron?'" "I could, and I will, if you please," replied Lane. "Well, we will have a page or two, then," said the attorney-general. The witness at one began: "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the Holy Land;" and so went on until the attorney-general cried, "Enough." The prisoner's counsel, however, insisted upon Lane's going on to the end, to prove the tale would occupy the time his witnesses had sworn it did, unless the other side conceded that important point. This, after some demur, the attorney-general agreed to do, providing the witness repeated the last page of the book as he had repeated the first. Lane did as was bidden, and the prisoner was acquitted.

An American delinquent was not so lucky in his alibi. That worthy swore that the prisoner had been plowing for him all day long on the 29th of November, and chopping wood for him all the following day. So far, all was well. Then the counsel for the prosecution rose, and put the question, "What did Ellis do on the thirty-first?" "That was Sunday," replied the unsuspecting witness, "and we went squirrel-hunting." "Well, what did he do on the thirty-second?" "Thrashed the wheat." "On the thirty-third?" "It was raining, and he stayed indoors, and shaved out some ax-handles." "What did he do on the thirty-fourth?" "Chopped wood." "Yes, and on the thirty-fifth?" What Ellis did on the thirty-fifth was never known; for here the wife of the witness whisked him off the stand with, "You old fool, do n't you know there are only thirty days in November?" The calendar-ignoring farmer overdid the business, like the Scotch woman who identified a chicken by its likeness to its mother, and the positive damsel who recognized certain turkeys by their countenances, walk, and manner of roosting.

An Irishman, examined before a fishery commission, seemed so inclined to avow any thing that one of the commissioners asked if there were any whales on the west coast. "Is it whales?" said Pat. "Sure, we may see 'em by the dozen, spouting about like wather-engines all over the place." "Are there many dog-fish" was the next question. "Dogs, begorra! ye 'd say so 'ad ye passed the night here. Sure, we can 't sleep for the barkin' o' thim." "Do flying-fish abound here?" queried another gentleman. "Flying-fish, is it?" quoth the veracious fellow. "If we did n't put up the shutters every night there would n't be a whole pane o' glass in the house for the craters batin'

against thim!" When he came up for his expenses Pat tried to coax something extra out of the commissioners, on the plea that he had sworn to every thing their honors "axed" him. Irish witnesses are not usually so tractable, no small amount of skill and patience being required to extract a definite answer to the simplest of questions. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a diologue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic." "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am?" "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion is that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion?" "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "You bless yourself, do n't you?" "When I 'm done with you I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convaynient." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out." "What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled." "Do you confess" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am." "And why did n't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things; but you never axed me; you were drivin' crass words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behavior on your own patthern."

An examiner's perseverance is not always successful in eliciting the desired answer. "Was there any thing in the glass?" asked a counsel of a somewhat reluctant witness. "Well, there was something in it," he replied. "Ah, I thought we should get at it in time," observed the triumphant questioner. "Now, my good fellow, tell us what that something was." The good fellow took time to think over it; at last he drawled out, "It were a spoon." Equally unsatisfactory, from a legal point of view, was the following short dialogue: "You have property, you say; did you make it yourself?" "Partly." "Are you married?" "Yes," "Did your wife bring you any thing?" "Yes." "What?" "Three children." The witness had the best of that bout. And the lady was too much for the lawyer when they tried conclusions in this fashion: "On which side of the street do you live, ma'am?" "On either side." "How can that possibly be, ma'am?" "Why, if you go one way it is on the right side; if you go the other it is on the left." The information imparted was as little to the purpose as the answer to the question, "When you called upon Mr. Roberts, what did he say?" propounded to a voter before an election committee. Ere the man could open his mouth to reply, the question was objected to. For half an hour counsel argued the matter; then the room was cleared, that the committee might consider the subject. After the lapse of another half-hour the doors were opened, and the chairman announced that the question might be put. All ears were strained to catch the impending disclosure. But the mountain did not bring forth even a mouse. "What did Mr. Roberts say?" asked the counsel; and the witness replied, "He was n't at home, sir; so I did n't see him."

HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

As one by one our friends depart,
So long united to the heart,
In joy and sorrow too;
Thou who did'st weep, forgive the tear;
Who did'st console, now deign to cheer;
Who said'st, Fear not, bid us not fear,
And peace of mind renew.

At most, but a few years can glide,
Ere each shall join the loved one's side;
Soul-cheering promise given.
They are not lost, but gone before;
Have cross'd the river, reach'd the shore;
And from the eternal heights look o'er,
And beckon us to heaven.

THREE ERAS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

PART I.—THE PRINCESS.

ON the Second of May, 1816, a marriage of unusual interest took place at the palace of St. James, in London. It was the union of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg and his cousin, the Princess Charlotte, of England, only daughter of George IV, then Prince of Wales.

From the comparatively humble palace of the Duke of Coburg, at a time when every throne in Europe seemed to be tottering over a surging volcano of revolution, Leopold, at sixteen years of age, had entered the army as aid-de-camp of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, an uncle, by marriage, of the young prince.

Saxe-Coburg lay in the very pathway of the rushing armies, when the troops of Napoleon swept over Germany, and invaded the quiet palace of the reigning duke, who, ill in body and crushed in heart, fled with his wife and little son of thirteen years to the strong fortress of Saalfeld. This castle was bombarded and stormed and taken, after stout resistance on the part of the besieged. The horrors of that awful scene proved too severe for the weary, nerveless invalid, who, prostrated by pain and sorrow, tortured by the clangs of struggling armies, yet tended with careful affection from wife and child, happily breathed his last not long thereafter, leaving, as an inheritance to his eldest son, Ferdinand, the Lilliputian Saxon principality of Coburg, with its eighty-three thousand inhabitants.

Although immersed in the confusion and terrors of war from the years 1806 to 1814, including his sixteenth and twenty-fourth years, Leopold seems never to have lost his thoughtful, almost romantic temperament. The scenes of wretchedness, which were always familiar to him, seemed to intensify his naturally grave and meditative turn of mind. His personal presence also is described as most dignified and attractive, with an elegant address, and a temper at once generous and noble, which, added "to a disposition of poetic and romantic pensiveness," says Abbott, "often gives to character its most resistless fascination." In the turmoil of arms, the prince was still cultivating all the graces, and cherishing all the tastes of a pure domestic life. In the study of botany, languages, and the fine arts, and by the graphic use of pencil in every ramble, he was perpetually storing his port-folio with charming sketches, and preparing himself to diffuse the highest enjoyment around some tranquil home, when the hateful clangor of battle should be heard no more.

It was to this suitor that Charlotte, the youthful maiden of England's royal house, intelligent, lovely in mind, endowed with great personal beauty, and heiress of the most exalted throne on the globe, gave preference over every other aspirant to her hand.

"He is so poor, your royal highness," objected one of her attendants. "Why, all his dominions will be hardly larger than a country parish!"

"So much the better," replied the princess, "he will have the more time to attend to me."

There probably was never a marriage solemnized in which the chief parties were in more perfect unison than that of Charlotte of England and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. They were alike of cheerful, ardent temperaments, eminently intellectual, and united in heart by the most tender ties of virtuous love. We read of a few months filled with a happy domestic life at beautiful Claremont, where the heartless pageants of court fashion were utterly ignored, not quite a year of almost unalloyed bliss in reading, visiting the cottages of the poor, riding, and sketching the lovely scenery about them. Succeeding these sunniest of months are three days of keenest anguish to the young princess, then the birth of a lifeless child, a few hours more of writhing convulsions, and the king's granddaughter, the Char-

lotte so adored by the nation and her own household, with hopes so brilliant, lay dead in the royal chateau of Claremont. As we peruse the sad record of Leopold's delirious agony; as we see him gather around him, one by one, those objects which recalled the loved idol, sitting for hours by the side of her bonnet and cloak, "hung by her own hands only three days before, on a screen in the parlor, on her return from their last ramble;" as we see him cast himself with frantic grief upon the coffin, so convulsed by violent sobbing as to have to be torn at last by force from its embrace, when having the masonry removed from the too contracted tomb that his own body might at last be placed by her side in the royal cemetery, we deem it an impossible thing that such frantic devotion and imperishable memory could ever find solace in any other consort.

Yet mourning over the dead lasteth not forever, and importunate friends are many, who never cease their urgent appeals or kindly solicitation for a second marriage. Many and sad were the years, however, that passed over the desolate life of his royal highness, before such a thought could be harbored within his breast. Still sorrow-stricken and burdened with a load of grief, he attended the nuptials of his sister, Victoria Maria Louisa, with the Duke of Kent, in 1818, and the next year, giving a welcome to the infant Victoria, his sister's child, wherein, it is said, he exhibited the first gleam of joy that had visited his heart, since the fatal bereavement. We find him standing by the side of his dying brother-in-law, Edward of Kent, in 1820, and afterward devoting himself to his widowed sister, in training her child for the high destiny that awaited her; then, by the good, old King George III, when, after ten years of insanity, he died in the eighty-second year of his age. In the festivities attending the coronation of the new king he could not find heart to participate, for his sympathies followed the repudiated wife, the mother of his lost bride, who was then traveling on the Continent. Although he never forsook the unhappy Caroline until her sudden death in 1821, and mayhap fulfilled her last request that her remains should be conveyed back to the home of her childhood in Germany, and inscribed upon her tomb this epitaph, "Here lies Caroline, England's unhappy and injured Queen," he also watched over the latter years of the new King George IV; until the poor wretch, tortured by disease and pain, with the lash of keenest remorse following him, filled with terror, silent and solitary, in the innermost recesses of his palace, departed to his final reckoning, nine years after the death of his persecuted wife.

From this life of seclusion and sorrow, ten years after the death of the princess Charlotte, Leopold was summoned by the allied powers of Europe, who, through a long and sanguinary conflict, had emancipated the State of Greece from the thralldom of the Turk, to accept its throne. He considered with favor the tempting offer, and even sent in his acceptance of the glittering bauble; but an earnest protest from his sister, the Duchess of Kent, who required his presence as adviser for the young Victoria, if not regent of her kingdom, induced him to retract his first consent, and on the twenty-first of May, 1830, he resigned the undesirable crown.

The three days' revolution in Paris, shortly after, led to earthquake agitation in Belgium, and its Congress, with perfect unanimity, elected Prince Leopold as their sovereign, urging most strenuously his acceptance of the kingdom, to which he finally gave his consent, and was crowned.

His former rival, William of Orange, now asserted his rights to this portion of his dominions, and appeared on the frontier in battle array. Leopold, always brave and skillful, accustomed to the din of arms from his childhood, headed the troops to repel the aggressive foe. At the first onslaught, when the panic-stricken Belgians retreated in dismay, France and England came at once to the rescue, and in the midst of the most peaceful scenes of busy life, war made its appearance, more as a splendid pageant than as embodying a drama of riot and bloodshed. The insurgents being soon defeated, a treaty signed in May, 1833, gave

Leopold undisputed possession of the kingdom.

The time had now fully come when a second marriage for him appeared to be an imperative duty. The State of Belgium, like every other nation, desired heirs to whom the elected king might transmit the crown. Leopold therefore selected as their future queen, Louisa, second daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France, a lady of varied accomplishments, and who, in moral worth, in rare gifts of mind and heart, was indeed worthy to succeed the lovely Princess Charlotte in his affections, and to be the sharer of his throne.

"In the pensive and rich beauty of its Autumnal day," was born of this fortunate and auspicious union, a little princess, who was destined to bear the name of that lovely Princess Charlotte of England, whose untimely death opened the way to the British throne for her fair young cousin. At her baptism she was called Maria Carlotta Amelia; but history will ever recall the unfortunate lady by the simple name of Carlotta, by which she was always designated in her infantile years. We catch only an occasional glimpse now and then of her earlier childhood, which tells of her as constituting the worshipful idol of the royal palace in Brussels, and we learn that at ten years old she lost her excellent mother, of whom says a biographer: "She was a most amiable and virtuous woman, who would have been remarkable for her sense and acquirements, had she not been overshadowed by the superior qualities of her husband." Courageous, discreet, wise, as the daughter of Louis Philippe and wife of Leopold of Belgium should be, she yet sank under her father's misfortunes, which preyed so deeply upon her spirits that she died about the same time as the exiled king, leaving two young sons, an only daughter, and a pleasant and sanctified memory; her only regret in dying, save the desolation of her three motherless children, as expressed by herself, was the grieving to leave her husband to second widowhood, in a situation of political difficulty, the more anxious for being uncertain and obscure.

After this deplorable event Carlotta passed much of her time with her cousin Victoria at the English Court, where she was often joined by the boyish Archduke Maximilian as companion in recreation and study. That her education was of a high order is attested by the fact of her speaking with equal fluency and elegance English and German, and being nearly as familiar with the Italian language as with her own French vernacular. Her personal qualities appear to have endeared her, not only to England's queen, but to every court and every commoner with whom she came in contact. And this is nearly all we can glean of the young maiden until at seventeen, called at that time "the prettiest princess in Europe," she left the palace of her father at Brussels for the more stately and formal one of Vienna.

Not even the union of her royal father with the Princess Charlotte could have been more perfect in its tender affection and complete symmetry of circumstance than that of his daughter and Maximilian. To the royal house and people of Belgium it was a cause of sincerest rejoicing, and the marriage was particularly agreeable to the young queen of England, who delighted in the archduke's liberal principles both in politics and religion, and was captivated also by his graceful manners, his fine person, and his avowed admiration for the prince-consort of Great Britain. Both the father and mother of Carlotta were morally and intellectually decidedly superior persons, and the princess inherited the virtues and excellencies of each. The father a Protestant, the mother a Roman Catholic, Carlotta adhered to the faith of Louisa of France. It is a source of regret that the more ardent and impulsive nature of the princess should have brought about at last a kind of absolutism in her political notions, making her also a devotee in religion. This unfortunate change gradually induced an estrangement between herself and her English relations, which was heightened on the part of Queen Victoria by her Majesty's disapproval of the Mexican scheme.

Upon the shores of the Adriatic Sea, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from Trieste, over a good level road, which runs

along the water's edge, stands the royal marine villa, or, as it is generally styled, the Castle of Miramar—the home of the young Austrian Prince, Maximilian. Its pretty, cream-colored walls gleam out conspicuously at every turn, situated as it is on its high projecting rock, the central object of interest to all visitors. Winding along from headland to headland, the white palace never fails one in its guiding beauty, although the whole region round about this inland territory is a most savage mass of rocks, being a part of the mountain land of Istria and Dalmatia. A hard, compact, yet crumbling soil, which is said to defy the efforts of the most painstaking and persevering husbandman, the bare stone scarcely allowing any room for the hardiest vegetation, incessantly seamed and riven by the trickling water—a wilderness to drive equally the plowman, the woodman, and the grazier to despair—it seems indeed one of the least promising of earth's skeletons that Maximilian bade his gardener go to work upon. A late visitor to the deserted chateau thus speaks of its surpassing beauty and the means by which it attained such perfection:

"The climate is Italian, to begin with, and what was wanting in the black, arid spot, *earth*, was brought in boats from wherever it could be found, while water was supplied by a stream coaxed down from the height of Nabresina, through an aqueduct following the line of a railway.

"By these means and appliances, parterres of flowers of unsurpassed luxuriance were made to bloom in beautifully laid beds. Walks, and spacious terraces on the right and left and rear of the house; broad alleys and winding paths, fringed with the cypress, the myrtle, the oleander, and all other semi-tropical evergreens—here and there shaded by straggling forest trees—lead to sylvan recesses, where temples, statues, and all the marvels of modern, and especially Italian, gardening are intended to delight the eye. Your conveyance drops you at an invitingly open door—within there is no one to hinder or to guide your movements.

"You proceed along a sunny avenue, the castle being of course the first object of your curiosity. The building, of cream-colored stone, consists of a square mass, with a projecting tower in front and a pavilion somewhat in the rear, the whole turreted, battlemented, machicolated, merely with a view to give the mock fortalice the look of quaint elegance, without suggesting the remotest idea of warlike strength.

"The edifice stands on the very edge of a pointed rock, launched out boldly into deep water—as much in the water as the prow of a ship—the very ultimatum of a sailor's home.

"Miramar, as a building, struck me as lovely; its neatness and the beauty of its matchless situation blinding me to any defect. Round and round that terrace which encompasses the house we wandered. We stood on the broad platform in front, and notwithstanding the noontide sun, which, to use an Italian expression, was 'splitting the stones,' we found it hard to tear ourselves away, even to inspect the garden and grounds, which, after all, constitute the pride and *miracle* of the place."

Another visitor to the castle, the venerable historian, John S. C. Abbott, thus tells us of its interior and general aspect a dozen years and more ago:

"It is one of the most attractive palaces in Europe, placed in the midst of scenery of rare loveliness, and in a delicious clime. In the rear of the castle are gardens, parks, and lawns, embellished with every attraction that wealth and taste can confer. A massive marble staircase descends from the eastern front to the tideless waters of the sea. On the one side its occupants were cheered by the breathing of wind through the foliage and the flowers and the song of birds. On the other the spirit was lulled to repose by the soft murmurs of the sea. The castle is sixty feet high, eighty-four feet wide, and is flanked by a tower which rises to the height of one hundred and forty feet above the surface of the water. In its interior arrangements it has all the elegance and convenience which modern art and wealth can confer."

And in this almost paradisic retreat, for a brief, halcyon term of years, resided the Archduke Maximilian and his tall, graceful, beautiful wife, Carlotta, a woman remarkably mild and affectionate in disposition, one equally capable of holding her place upon the highest summit either of happiness or misfortune, and upon whom, apparently, every blessing and enjoyment that earth possesses had been lavishly conferred,—youth, health, rank, and the enthusiastic homage of all who surrounded her.

From her childhood Carlotta appears to have had little sympathy with the pageants of courts or royal displays; but, on the contrary, she spent much of her time, both before and subsequent to her early marriage, among the poor and sorrowing; and in the constant perusal of works in various languages—in five of which, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and English, she was fully versed, speaking each with equal fluency—occupied many hours of each passing day.

Maximilian had reached the age of twenty-five at the time of his marriage, that event having been delayed on account of delicate health, which thus enabled him to escape the hereditary error of the Austrian royal family, which from generation to generation had been victimized by too early marriages, subsequent unhappiness, and early decay. Indeed, a fatal shadow of gloom has for centuries brooded over the royal house of Austria, and calamity in some form appears almost inherent to the name of Hapsburg. We find the skeleton within the palace of Maximilian I, when the crazy wife of his eldest son, Joanna, gave birth to the illustrious Charles V, who in turn laid aside all his kingly power and renown, his royal purple and ermine, mocked as they had been for long, bitter years by his false-hearted son, Philip II, and still more by his debased yet tortured grandson, the Prince of Asturias, taking refuge at last in a monastic cell. We trace it through the multiplied and promising race of the adored Empress Maria Theresa, whose sun of life went down amid disappointment, the relentless death of those she loved, political reverses, and domestic woe, born of a stern despotism which triumphed over every tender affection, and tore away the glittering trappings of an imperial reign that has scarcely ever been equaled.

One of the most pathetic episodes in modern history belongs to this fated race. The grandfather of Maximilian, Francis II, married when barely twenty a very lovely creature, Elizabeth of Würtemberg. They had a very merry wedding, as merry as the young archduke and Carlotta, but the merriment did not last long. Francis went off to the wars, leaving his sweet wife in a delicate state of health. During his absence the Emperor Joseph was taken ill, and soon passed beyond the reach of medical aid.

Between the emperor and Elizabeth the most sincere and filial affection existed; she called him by the fond name of "papa," and loved him scarcely less than her husband. When Joseph knew that he could survive but a few hours more, he sent for his favorite to take his leave of her; but fearing that his emaciated aspect might shock her, he had the room carefully darkened before she came, the windows closed, and a single taper lit. But the gloom only aggravated the shock. The young archduchess threw herself on the bed in an agony of grief, kissed her beloved "papa's" cheeks and hands, could not bear to listen to his last blessing, and was carried out of the room in a fainting swoon. She was soon seized with the pangs of maternity, and died in a few hours. The news of her death was borne to the dying emperor.

"I thought," said he, in a feeble voice, "that I was able to bear all the agony of death which the Lord would vouchsafe to lay upon me; but this dreadful calamity exceeds every thing that I have suffered in this miserable world."

It is further related that Francis consoled himself more easily. Returning from the wars, and finding his wife dead, he married the fast and dashing Theresa of Naples, who bore the emperor five children, and at the close of her life, his contemporaries tell us, set a good example to the court. But it made no difference to her husband, who was unmoved when she frolicked and unmoved

when she died. No need is there, however, for the reader to travel backward through by-gone ages, when in our own day such ample proof is furnished of Austria's gloom.

In the pale, wasted reigning empress, it would be difficult to recognize the blooming romantic little Bavarian girl, who, at seventeen, experienced such elation at the brilliant prospects opening before her. She had a dream of joy, poor, thoughtful child, in the hope of becoming one of the beneficent Queens of Hungary, and fancied that already she could see how the Austrian dominions might be more closely knit and truly re-established. Her life, instead, has been a constant fear for the empire, and for the safety of all she loved, and of which she was so justly proud when she received the gift of a royal coronet. The Russian war proved a source of most harassing anxiety to Austria while it lasted; the Franco-Italian war lost her the fair provinces of Lombardy and Venetia; the Prussian war, which expelled Austria from the German Confederacy, brought the nation to the verge of despair; and once more is the empire, that "mosaic of Temples," as one calls her, ominously threatened. The empress, fragile in health, full of tender sensibility, and refined grace, torn also by domestic griefs, moves through her royal palace a mere shadow of her former self; but the people love her calm, pale face, and never forget the consuming grief of her heart when, at twenty-three years of age, she laid her first-born son within a royal tomb.

But in the peaceful, happy life at Miramar, the bright, young archduchess, transported thither from her gay palace in Brussels, wherein no adverse trial had ever been suffered to come near her, took small heed of these melancholy retrospects of Austria's past, nor could any ominous cloud of coming misfortune be expected to rest down upon Carlotta's stately home of the Adriatic.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

AT break of day, on the morning of the battle of Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus summoned his chaplain, and spent an hour in prayer with him. He afterwards took part in the religious service performed every morning for the soldiers. It was remarked that, contrary to his usual custom, he remained on his knees the whole time. He was absorbed in deepest meditation. He commanded the celebrated war-song, composed by himself, to be sung, which aroused the spirit of his warriors on the eve of battle:

"Fear not, little flock, the tumult and the threatening cries around thee; thine enemies are rejoicing over thy downfall; but their joy shall not endure. Let not thy courage fail. Thy cause is the cause of God. Fulfill thy mission, commit thyself into the hands of the Lord, and thou shalt fear no danger. Another Gideon shall arise to defend the people and the Word of God.

"We trust in the name of Jesus; and the violence and craft of the infidel shall be turned against themselves. They shall become objects of scorn and contempt. God is with us, we are with him. Victory is ours!"

It was the 6th of November, 1632; a thick fog overspread the scene of the expected combat. Even the most advanced troops were invisible to each other. They heard only the chanted Psalms, overpowered occasionally by the roar of Wallenstein's cannon, which announced the approaching attack. Gustavus Adolphus, waiting the rising of the sun, arranged his army in order of battle, and gave it the ancient watchword, "God is with us." He was on horseback, and without armor. His friends entreated him to shield himself from the fire of the enemy, especially on a day such as that on which they were entering. He replied, "The Lord is my shield." He subsequently passed through the ranks to encourage the soldiers. He first addressed the Swedes: "Beloved countrymen and friends, the day has arrived

wherein you must avail yourselves of all you have learned in your numerous engagements. You have before you the enemy so long sought for, and he is no longer sheltered by formidable intrenchments or lofty mountains; he is there on the plain before us. Not willingly, as you know, does he accept the challenge, nor because he believes himself sure of victory. No; but because he finds it impossible longer to avoid the rencounter. Wherefore be ye ready; conduct yourselves as valiant soldiers; fight bravely for your God, your country, and your king." He passed from thence to the left wing of the army, formed by the German auxiliaries. "My brethren and loyal comrades, I entreat and exhort you, by your conscience as Christians and by your honor as soldiers, to do your duty this day as you have done it heretofore. A year ago, and not far from this spot, you conquered old Tilly and his army. I trust the enemy now in front of us will have no better fate. March on with courage; you will fight not under my orders, but with me and by my side. I will lead the way. I am ready to risk my life, and shed my blood with you. Follow me. Trust in God, and gain a victory of which you and your descendants shall reap the fruits for evermore. Remember that if you are conquered, farewell for ever to your religion and your liberty." The soldiers responded to the words of their leader by enthusiastic shouts of joy.

Gustavus Adolphus, far from joining in their transports, was more grave than usual, and appeared almost sad. He had made all his arrangements as a man preparing for death. He had appointed the Duke Bernard de Weimar his successor in command, in the event of his falling in the battle. The melancholy overshadowing his countenance indicated the solemn thoughts which stirred his soul, and the last regret bestowed on the purest earthly affections before giving himself unreservedly to God forever. Toward eleven o'clock the fog dispersed, and the rays of the sun illumined the fields of Lutzen. When the two armies were in sight, Gustavus Adolphus inclined his head and prayed for the last time mentally and with astonishing fervor. Then raising his eyes to heaven, his hands clasped over the hilt of his sword, he exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, be thou my aid in this day, wherein I strive for the glory of thy holy name." He waved his sword above his head and added, "Forward now, in the name of the Lord."

After a fierce struggle the soldiers of Gustavus remained masters of the field of Lutzen. But the victory was turned into mourning that day for the Swedish army. Their beloved king was dead. Nothing could compensate for that irreparable loss. The troops mourned for him as for a father; and all the Protestants of Europe regarded their dearest hopes as buried with him in his tomb. But the cause of which he was the champion was, by the wonderful workings of Providence, carried on in a way inscrutable to human calculation. Who would have believed, when fell the hero of the north, the most valiant and enlightened defender of the Reformed faith, that it would not be the exploits of his gallant successors, but the policy of two Roman cardinals, that would give to Germany the religious freedom for which she had struggled thirty years?

When Gustavus Adolphus was implored to be careful of his life, so precious to the cause of truth, he replied, "God, the all-powerful, ever liveth!" The unexpected issue of this long and cruel war has justified his pious saying, which is otherwise confirmed by many facts in the history of nations, when human calculations are baffled and human combinations brought to nought by the omnipotence and beneficence of the Ruler of the universe.

Gustavus was scarcely forty years of age when he died. He is the very ideal of a Christian warrior. While deploring the sad circumstances of the times, which rendered an appeal to arms necessary for the preservation of higher blessings than mere outward peace, he displayed throughout the conflict as much the piety of the saint as the heroism of the soldier.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE bestowment of the divine Spirit upon faithful men—which is simply God's spiritual access to and abiding with his believing and obedient ones—is a promise for all times and dispensations of the Church, of the fulfillment of which promise the Divine Word is the perpetual record. It was the consolation and guide of the patriarchs; the inspiration of the prophets, and the light and life of the Old Testament Church. That which is now given to believers and to the aggregate Church differs from the former in degree, and in some of its modes of manifestation, rather than in its substance or kind. Indeed, as the Church has been and is essentially the same under all its dispensations, having the same precious faith, with the one atoning Sacrifice as its object and end, so the animating Spirit that guided and sustained the faithful ones of the earlier Church is the same with that which we recognize and worship, and in which we rejoice in this our day of the fullness of Gospel grace. It is evident, however, that for obviously good reasons a special and peculiar manifestation of the Spirit was given to the apostles; first on the day of Pentecost, and afterwards continuously, though evidently with steadily decreasing outward manifestations, till it finally entirely ceased with the apostolic age. But though its "signs" failed from the Church, as did the power of working miracles, its substance and reality with all its blessed results continued as Christ's perpetual legacy to his disciples, all down through the ages, and will do so till the great consummation of his kingdom.

The term "baptism," used in the New Testament to designate the bestowment of the Holy Ghost, is probably simply an accommodation of the idea of John's baptism, and is used to indicate the substance of which that ceremony was but the shadow and type; and, therefore, it should not be made to signify any thing in respect to the method of the impartation of its grace, nor conversely any thing as to the mode and form of the initial Christian ordinance. It is enough that we are assured that the Holy Ghost shall be given. The gift of the Holy Spirit was promised by Christ to his disciples under circumstances calculated to impress them with a deep sense of its value and importance. In his last and strangely tender interview with them (John xvi), he represented the promised Comforter as more than equivalent to his own personal presence; and after his resurrection, because of its importance and necessity for them, he charged them not to enter upon their great commission until they should receive this promised endowment (Luke xxiv, 40). Its original bestowment on the day of Pentecost is recorded with unusual detail (Acts ii), and its possession is frequently referred to in both the earlier and later Scriptures in such emphatic terms as to leave no doubt of its cardinal character in the Christian scheme. Nevertheless, it would seem to have been strangely overlooked in many ages and sections of Christendom, and its distinctive features have not seldom been imperfectly apprehended even by those who have cordially embraced it as a doctrine and personally experienced its power. A careful looking into the subject may, therefore, not be without its practical utility.

The great importance of this matter to the Christian ministry is all along and with great emphasis set forth in the New Testament. The same truth plainly appears from the altered complexion of the apostles' language and conduct after their reception of this gift. Peter, the self-confident and yet timid disciple, was immediately transformed into the bold but dignified champion of his Lord. The whole eleven, who had before been such weak believers and such dull scholars, at once rose to a just comprehension of the evangelical

scheme. The resistless power with which Stephen spoke before his murderers (Acts ii, 10) was but a sample of that with which all were endued.'

But we greatly err if we suppose that this gift was limited to the apostles or to preachers. In the account of the first effusion it is explicitly stated that *all* present partook of it (Acts ii, 4); namely, the entire number of the one hundred and twenty disciples, including men and women (Acts i, 14, 15). The universality of the gift appears in the case of the Samaritans converted under Philip's preaching (Acts viii), and likewise in the family of Cornelius (Acts x, 44). The four unmarried daughters of Philip, "which did prophesy" (Acts xxi, 9), were doubtless enabled to do so through this gift. Indeed, none of the prophecies of this endowment, whether in the Old Testament or the New, limit it to a particular class. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, quoted the prediction of Joel as applying to "all flesh," servants and handmaids alike (Acts ii, 17, 18); and Jesus himself had already referred John the Baptist's declaration of the higher baptism to the same event (Acts i, 5). This gift, then, is the universal privilege of Christians. The "all power" (Matthew xxviii, 18) abides in the aggregate Church and in each individual believer.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the *ordinary* and the *extraordinary* features of this divine gift, as exhibited in the apostolic days. There were certain peculiarities then present, such as the power to work miracles, to speak with languages that had not been learned, which history shows have not been permanent in the Church. These special gifts, or miraculous endowments, seem to have been symbolized by the "cloven tongues like as of fire" that sat upon each of the primitive recipients. They were in the first instance directly conferred by God himself, namely, on the day of Pentecost, as was obviously proper and, we may say, necessary; but after that event they were invariably, so far as we know, imparted through the instrumentality of the apostles. The only exception to this is in the case of Cornelius, where a special lesson was to be taught concerning the admission of Gentiles into the Church by God himself; and even here an apostle's presence seems to have been requisite. In all other examples recorded the imposition of apostolic hands seems to have been an essential condition to the conferment. (See Acts viii, 17, 18; xix, 6; Rom. i, 11.) The miraculous power once imparted seems to have been permanent with each individual; but none except the apostles had the right or ability of communicating the Holy Ghost to another person. Hence after the death of the apostles the power itself became extinct. This was, no doubt, a principal one of their peculiar functions. We commend this fact to the consideration of those who claim to be their lineal successors! The ordinary and exclusively spiritual endowment, which is the perpetual heritage of the Christian Church and the privilege of all true believers, we understand to be still conferred, as it always was, directly by God in answer to prayer, without any intermediation or human instrumentality being necessary, though such may be of use by way of preparing the subjects to expect, and appreciate the sacred gift.

Many questions, curious rather than profitable, are sometimes raised respecting these supernatural endowments; but we must here pass them by as a thing of history and speculation, and of very little personal interest. The manifestations of the Spirit evidently differed widely in individual cases, and were altogether of an arbitrary and abnormal character. The principal information concerning them is contained in 1 Cor. xii–xiv, respecting the proper meaning of which Scripture commentators and exegetes are by no means agreed among themselves.

One example, however, of the experience of this bestowment, recorded in Holy Writ, is of so marked and instructive a character that we must note it somewhat at length. It occurs in Acts xix, 1–7. During Paul's third missionary tour he visited Ephesus, where Apollos had previouly labored. The apostle there found twelve men who had become converts to John's baptism, possibly under the preaching of Apollos, prior to the superior enlightenment of the latter by the more spiritual instructions of Aquila and Priscilla. These men had not, therefore, received the gift of the Holy Spirit; indeed, when questioned on the subject, they averred that they "had not so much as heard whether there be any [a] Holy Ghost." By this they could not have meant an utter ignorance of such a divine being, nor of his office work upon human hearts; for not only is the Old Testament, with

which they must have been familiar, full of allusions to the Holy Spirit, but John had expressly taught his disciples to look for the long predicted baptism. We can not suppose that the Hebrew saints had been destitute of that heavenly influence without which no genuine religious fruit can possibly grow in the human heart; for the very heathen owed all their real piety to the unconsciously anticipated virtue of the incarnate Redeemer. The same Spirit which brooded over the primeval deep (Gen. i, 2) was the Spirit of Christ (John i, 3), without which none are his (Rom. viii, 9). It was he, as the Jehovah, Logos, who wrought all the wonders of the Mosaic dispensation. (1 Cor. x, 3.) The inspiration, whether personal or official, of all the Old Testament characters proceeded, by their own acknowledgment, from this source. The seventy elders (Exodus xxiv, 10) stood on the same spiritual platform with the beloved disciple in Patmos (Rev. iv). Abraham, entering into God's covenant, symbolized by the lamp and the smoking furnace (Gen. xv, 17), rejoiced to behold Christ (John viii, 56). Jacob's ladder (Gen. xxviii, 12) was a lively type of Christ (John i, 51), the sole medium of intercourse with heaven. David and the prophets abound with recognitions of the Holy Spirit's presence and power in religious experience. Most of the above instances seem to indicate in respect to their subjects unusual frames of mind and special inspirations, but some of them speak the ordinary language of private devotion. The Ephesian converts, therefore, must obviously have meant that they did not expect for themselves what they were entirely familiar with in past history as the privilege of a few favored individuals, or, at most, that they did not look for an immediate fulfillment of the Baptist's announcement concerning the Spirit [of which probably they had as yet only very inadequate appreciation]. Their experience then and after this was of course similar to that of their fellow-Christians.

We come, therefore to the difficult task of discriminating the perpetual from the transient manifestations of this precious gift of Christ to his Church in its bearing upon ordinary religious experience. We must clear the way for the discussion by a few preliminary considerations, which we will treat with as little metaphysical abstraction as possible.

All the functions of the Holy Spirit are in one sense preternatural, that is, they are outside of, and superior to, our natural faculties; and the spiritual capabilities with which they invest us are in that sense supernatural. But a miracle is more than this. It is not only beyond and above nature, but still within the realm of nature. The gift or gifts of the Holy Spirit to which we now allude are not opposed to our essential nature, but they come from beyond its sphere, but often become supplemental, auxiliary, or recuperative to it. This is in accord with another important truth, which we are apt to overlook. Our Lord, in his discourse to Nicodemus declared that as "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii, 8.) The operations of the Spirit are inscrutable, even to the subject of them, as to their mode of action; consciousness reveals to us only the *fact*, not the manner nor the origin of our religious experiences. These last we must learn from some other criterion or source. The apostle, therefore, very properly exhorts us to "try the spirits [both in ourselves and in others, by means of the written Word, and their fruits], whether they are of God." (1 John iv, 1.) If we had, like the apostles, the inspired gift of "discerning spirits," perhaps we might, to some extent, dispense with these accessory tests. Now the reason why we are unable to distinguish by any infallible internal mark or quality the author or tendency of our cognitions, impulses, or emotions, even when they are really due to the influence of the Holy Spirit, is because these divine influences, however genuine or powerful, all lie in the plane of our own proper mental faculties, appearing to the consciousness as of subjective origin. They, in fact, use these faculties as their channel or vehicle, just as the electric current runs along the telegraphic wire precisely the same whether the thunder-storm or the magnetic machine give the impulse, and whether the telegram be from friend or foe, a truth or a lie. It is a great and dangerous error, alike unscriptural and unphilosophical to assume for any one that he is directly *conscious* of any divine influence as such. Whether it is God himself, or Satan, that is operating the wires in his soul, he can only tell for a cer-

tainty, by a comparison of the character and bearing of the message with some external rule or standard.

It follows from this law, that aside from the miraculously inspired experience of prophets strictly so called—which no sound Christian now claims, and of which we could only speak theoretically—we are to expect no ecstatic, frenzied, or extravagant demonstration as the essence, concomitant, or mark of the spiritual endowment which we are considering. We say not this from any sympathy with such a quietism as Upham has learned from Madame Guion, which teaches that no influence of the Holy Spirit tends to flutter, disturb, or agitate the soul. Unquestionably some terribly disquieting convictions often reach the bosom of the penitent, and many distressing emotions sometimes invade the peace even of the believer; and we are far from dissociating God's Spirit with these. We only mean that fantasy, rhapsody, and spiritual transcendentalism are no more signs of the religious endowment which we are considering than is catalepsy, vociferation, or glee. All these may thrill the nerves; and so may music, or poetry, or a landscape. It is only when God plays upon the key-board that the divine harmony is wakened, and only when he speaks the sacred whispers of soul respond. It is said that some of Mr. Wesley's most impressive sermons were delivered with wonderful calmness. There was more power because more pathos in the "still, small voice" which spoke to the despondent prophet at Horeb, than in all the "thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud" at Sinai. Both in bodily exercises and mental transports heathen devotees have often excelled, and Mohammedan dervishes are adepts in these unprofitable bodily exercises.

But we must give a positive, and not merely a negative statement of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This involves a somewhat close analysis of religious states and processes, in the formulation of which Christian denominations are not fully at one, though the agreement may be more nearly complete than it sometimes seems.

The acts of God's part in conversion are essentially two, justification, or the pardon of sin, which takes place in the divine mind; and regeneration, which is also an initial santification, which takes place in the human soul.* These two co-ordinate elements are inseparable from the very beginning of any true religious life in the Bible sense, and they are, therefore, characteristic of every genuine believer, whether in the Old or the New Economy. Thus Saul, the first Hebrew king, was "turned into another man" when he met the company of the prophets (1 Samuel x, 6), although he afterwards fell from grace; and Saul, the first chief persecutor of the infant Church, received the same change on the way to Damascus, and continued steadfast in it to his life's end. Jacob experienced a similar spiritual transformation as he wrestled with the angel—for be it carefully noted that his vision of the ladder resulted only in a conditional promise of future consecration to God (Genesis xxviii, 20, 21); but the apostles were no doubt converted men long before the day of Pentecost; for Judas could not otherwise have been an apostate (John xvii, 12). Both these acts—forgiveness and the new birth—are necessarily instantaneous and complete at once, because they are *acts*, and divine ones. They are not processes, but each is a fact, which must be perfected whenever their conditions are met, matured, or perfected. Sanctification, on the other hand, is the outcome of a progressive work, begun at conversion and completed, whether gradually or instantaneously, at a subsequent stage. Possibly it might have been completed at conversion, had the subject possessed adequate intelligence and faith, and it might be perfectly attained at any other point of the Christian's career on the concurrence of the same requisites; but this all-conquering faith is itself a divine endowment. In point of fact, it is usually deferred till fatal sickness or utter decrepitude has weaned the heart from earth, or it is even postponed to the hour of dissolution, if, indeed, it is granted, as is generally assumed, but not proved, that the saved soul entering Paradise, must be, in the fullest sense, "cleansed of all sin." At whatever moment this great change may be fully achieved, it is, of course, entirely the work of

* Justification, or pardon, is not an act implying any *change* in God's mind; but, rather, a recognition on his part of the changed relation which the sinner has himself assumed (by the power of the Holy Spirit), by ceasing from his rebellion, and submitting to the divine terms of reconciliation.

God, that is, of the influence of the Holy Spirit.*

Now there are two other and more special offices of the Holy Spirit, which it is the privilege of Christians to experience, accessory to, but not necessarily implied in, any of the three acts or operations already specified. It is these that are the distinctive features of Christianity, as a personal religion. They were not known, at least not in this precise form, to the Old Testament saints. They are very nearly allied to each other, and have strong affinities, especially to regeneration; but they have some peculiar features in both these aspects. They are *the witness of the Spirit*, and *the baptism of the Spirit*. The former is the seal of adoption, and the latter the earnest of the inheritance. They are both very clearly set forth in Paul's writings, especially in the Epistle to the Romans. They are not identical. The "witness" is *objective and conclusive;* it looks to our relation as children of God, and is incapable of growth, although it may occasionally be somewhat obscured. The "baptism" is *subjective* and *cumulative;* it drinks in the luxury of the divine communion, and expands by successive impartations. The one is a recognition of our relation to God, the other our enjoyment of him. The apostle seems to have expressed their mutual correlation in an admirable figure: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii., 18.)†

We have said that these two great blessings properly attend the conversion of the soul. We think they would always accompany it simultaneously, if the subject were duly instructed to expect them. But in point of fact there often is an interval, sometimes a considerable one, between that event and these. We are not sure that the "witness" and the "baptism" may not themselves be occasionally separated by a longer or shorter interval of time. Certainly many believers do not immediately enter into the assurance of adoption, and it is quite as certain that very many know little if any thing, for a long time or for all their lives, of the true baptism of the Spirit.

It is proper that we should, if possible, discriminate a little more closely still. In describing, as well as we may, in a last analysis, this "baptism," we premise, of course, that only by actual experience can it be truly apprehended. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned (1 Corinthians ii, 14), and only they who are taught of God by the Holy Ghost can understand the deep things of the Spirit. In the gracious economy of this gracious gift is the common privilege of believers, giving fervor to the heart, earnestness to the life, and unction to the words in divine things. By virtue of this endowment, prayer is changed from a cold and formal routine to a living and spontaneous intercourse; heaven becomes a present reality, instead of a dim prospect; Christ dwells in the heart, and not merely reigns over it. There is a glow, a joy and a freedom in all the feelings, looks, and acts of the possessor of this gift that shows he has found peace, rest, and satisfaction. The emotions may not always rise to rapture; they may at times be even depressed to grief; but there will be a sweetness in sorrow itself, and a gladness in the very humiliation; for the company of Jesus will still be realized. In one word, it is the sunshine of the elder brother's presence in the soul that makes all the difference between the [spiritually] unbaptized servant of God and the baptized son. This baptism is especially evident in season of revival, to which, indeed, it often holds the double relation of cause and effect, not only enabling believers to enjoy such "refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" but especially qualifying them for useful labors at such times. A word uttered under the inspi-

* Few if any evangelical theologians are prepared to maintain that physical death itself has any purifying power over the soul, and certainly none but Romanists assert a purgatorial cleansing in the intermediate state. [And, yet, may not the state be one of great spiritual growth, in both the positive and negative aspects of sanctification?]

† [In its mode, is the witness of the Spirit made directly to the human consciousness, assuring the believer of his acceptance? or, is that assurance a logical inference, necessarily resulting from the fact that "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?" If he creates his "peace" in the lately sin-oppressed soul, such change comes at once within the sphere of consciousness, so giving assurance of reconciliation, while the abounding joy, and power of access to God, become also evidence of sonship, in answer to which spiritual estate, the Divine Comforter became the "Spirit of Adoption," by whose teachings we realize our sonship, and instinctively cry, ABBA, FATHER.]

ration of such a baptism, is often more effectual in reaching the heart both of believers and unbelievers than a sermon without it. Indeed, the success of all human efforts in this line depends almost wholly upon the presence and extent of this power.

It will not be inferred, as has been already intimated, that such baptisms are limited to any special times or places or occasions. They may come in the solitary and silent meditation of the closet; but we believe they are more frequently experienced in the social exercises of "the communion of saints." They are various in both form and degree, and may often be repeated, until the soul at length becomes "full of glory and of God."

This baptism is neither the same with entire sanctification, nor is the latter the invariable result of the experience of the former. Some may have, perhaps, unwittingly, but not therefore harmlessly, confounded the two under the vague name of "the second blessing." This is rather the doorway, the roadway to that exalted attainment. Multitudes, it must be believed, are walking in its light and peace and joy, who are, nevertheless, conscious of numerous spiritual failings, who may even, though not of necessity, be overcome by temptation, and fall into momentary—never into deliberate—sin. But if they abide in the Spirit, they are enabled by divine grace immediately to take hold upon the Great Restorer, and to taste anew the "mystic joys of penitence;" and to rejoice anew in the power of saving grace. All those who thus faithfully hold on to Christ by the Spirit, will at length prove completely victorious, and will be enabled to shout on earth as well as in heaven their triumph over every inward and outward foe.

In conclusion, the sad truth must be conceded, that this great boon has been and still is but very inadequately appreciated by Christian believers. There are whole classes of good men and women—entire Christian denominations, in fact—who decry or neglect it altogether. They deem and style it fanaticism, enthusiasm, hallucination. Methodists, we are sorry to say, are occasionally heard to speak slightingly or derisively of it. But more frequently is its experience unknown rather than denied among us. The fathers and mothers prized and enjoyed it, perhaps, but in sadly many cases the sons and daughters, although born in the covenant, cradled in the sanctuary, nursed in the Sunday-school, and reared in the prayer circle, have failed to realize it themselves. How many are brought into the Church, and live and die in our communion, whose hearts and lips have never quivered with its inspiration! Hence, class-meetings decline, because there is no real spiritual experience to tell. Such persons may be valuable members in many respects, they may be real Christians in principle and purpose; it may be hoped in our all-embracing charity, that if they persevere they will at last reach heaven; but oh, what a treasure of experience they miss on earth, what rich antepasts of the final bliss, and what divine comfort under mortal ills! And in what perpetual danger of coming short finally do they pass through life! How much more useful would they be if the Spirit's coal were touched upon their mouth, and burned down into their soul. Methodism, if we have read her origin and history and success aright, has the special duty and office of reviving, maintaining, and spreading this form of Scriptural holiness through the lands; and if she allows the fire of devotion and the zeal of spirituality to decay in her ministrations, whatever else she may attain to or become, her greatest glory will have departed, and her highest mission will have failed. But God will not leave himself without a witness in the earth. If we prove unworthy, other organizations or agencies will be raised up to take up the discarded or deserted banner, and bear it over the world. The motto that has ever signalized wide conquest for Christ's kingdom, from the days of the Redeemer's herald to the modern evangelist, is the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the same is the prophetical token of the millennium.

J. S.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE.—The Prince de Montmorency-Luxembourg, who died recently at Paris, was the last descendent of two of the oldest noble families in Europe. Their name figures on nearly every page of French history, away back to the year 1000. In that extraordinary line we meet no less than six constables, twelve marshals and admirals, generals, cardinals, and ambassadors without number. The records of the family were perfectly kept from the times of Matthieu I, Grand Constable of France, who was then so much of a personage that his hand was accepted by Adelaide de Savoy, widow of Louis le Gros, and mother of King Louis VII. Under King John, Francis I, Henri IV, and many other monarchs, the Montmorencys were famous. Another joined Gaston d'Orleans in his plot, and had his head cut off by order of Cardinal Richelieu. It was the sister of this Montmorency who was so celebrated for her beauty in the court annals of the time, and who became the mother of the Grand Condé. At the same time this gentleman was the last descendant of the family of Luxembourg, all celebrated as warriors. The family gallery of portraits is one of the most famous in the world. Prince de Montmorency-Luxembourg was a quiet, modest, unassuming old gentleman, who refused to have any thing to do with the politics of his time. He shunned the court; he could not bear notoriety of any kind. Every house in France was open to him; yet he lived among a very small circle of friends. Once, however, he was forcibly drawn out of his privacy, and that was when the Emperor, Napoleon III, bestowed the title of Duke de Montmorency, upon his young relative, de Talleyrand-Perigord. The heir of Prince Talleyrand had the blood of Montmorencys in his veins, and was the one of all others who should have been adopted by the prince as his heir. But the prince resisted the decree of the emperor, and asked the law courts to prevent Talleyrand from bearing the name of Montmorency. He lost his case; but public opinion was on his side. Duke Talleyrand-Perigord is now Duke de Montmorency, but he is only connected with that famous family through the marriage of a Talleyrand with a Demoiselle de Montmorency. He is the owner of the famous Talleyrand memoirs, that will be published some day or other, probably when the leading contemporaries of Talleyrand have passed away.

SOUTH AMERICA.—In 1876, the Columbian Republic appointed a Commission, to which was intrusted an investigation into the feasibility of cutting a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, by way of the Tuyra River, which discharges itself into the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific Coast. Lieutenant Wyse, who headed the expedition, has written a brief account of his operations during the year 1876 to 1877, to the French Geographical Society. Two routes were suggested by the expedition, one by way of Paya River (a tributary of the Tuyra), and the Caquirri, where the watershed between the two streams is only two hundred and fifty yards long, but its height is one hundred and fifty yards above low water. The other route, Lieutenant Wyse considers more practicable; but unfortunately the early setting in of the rains prevented its being completely examined. It lies more to the north, along the valley of the Tupisa, and the furthest point reached by the expedition was thirty-four yards above the sea-level, and much closer to the Atlantic than any other place of corresponding height on the alternative route. Lieutenant Wyse considers, that with ordinary energy and perseverence, the construction of a canal across Columbian territory may be looked upon as a certainty.

LAPLAND.—An important exploration of Russian Lapland is being carried out by the Swedish Lieutenant Sandeberg. Hitherto only the coast of the region has been known with any thing like accuracy, the interior features being set down solely from conjecture. Lieutenant Sandeberg commenced his work in 1876, and we learn from the *Geographische Blatter* (Heft 1, 1876), of the Bremen Society, it will be continued till 1880. The country will be carefully explored, and accurate observations taken, which will enable Lapland to be at last mapped satisfactorily. Lieutenant Sandeberg is accompanied by several zoölogists, who

are investigating minutely both the main-land, island, and sea fauna, and have already made considerable additions to our knowledge in this direction. During the last two Summers Sandeberg has found seventy-eight new species of birds in the Rola Peninsula, of which one at least is stated to be quite new to science. Large collections in other departments have also been made. Previous to Sandeberg, no educated European has explored Russian Lapland, which is of such great importance to the zoölogist, geologist, botanist, and archæologist. Among other finds it may be mentioned that near Golotizk on the east coast of the White Sea, he found a great ancient manufactory of flint implements of the stone age, of the purest and highest Scandinavian forms, which previously had been seldom found east of the Baltic, and never on the coast of the Arctic Ocean or the White Sea. The collections will be divided between the State Museums of Russia, Sweden, and Norway, all three countries affording facilities for the conduct of the exhibition.

Air Travel at the Paris Exposition.—One of the most interesting and amusing objects to be afforded to the visitors of the French Exposition is the balloon of a dimension far exceeding any thing ever heard of. It is now constructing under the direction of the world-renowned æronaut, Gaston Tissandier, of Paris, and is to contain not less than twenty-five thousand cubic metres of gas, which is prepared in apparatus especially constructed for this monster balloon. It will be higher than the Arch of Triumph, of the L'Etoile, at the end of the Elysian Fields, and is to carry fifty persons. The ropes on which it is fastened, are, in its descent, rolled up by two boilers of six hundred horse-power each. The balloon will ascend to the height of five hundred metres, and therefore afford a most magnificent bird's-eye view of Paris and surroundings.

Foreign Items.—In October a *General Conference* on Foreign Missions will be held in London, at which representatives from all the Evangelical bodies are to be present. A like conference was held in Liverpool, March, 1860, which was attended by one hundred and twenty missionaries and directors of mission work. The approaching conference, it is hoped will be larger and not end like the former in mere consultation.

—Skobeleff is the only Russian among the generals who have distinguished themselves during the recent war. Gourko is a Lithuanian, Radetzky is a Gallician, Todleben, a German, and the conquerors of Asia Minor are Arminians.

—Hawaii has had its centennial. The exact date was January 18, 1878. Little notice was, however, taken of the event, except in *The Friend*, the bright newspaper, long edited by an American missionary, and now the oldest periodical sheet in the Pacific. The first missionaries arrived at Honolulu, April 18, 1820.

—It is announced that a great Roman Catholic Congress, similar to the one held at Poitiers in 1875, will take place this year in a town near Paris. The spot will be chosen on a line of railway leading to the capital, so as to enable the Catholics visiting the exhibition to take part in the meetings.

—On the first Sunday after the opening of the Paris Exposition eighty thousand persons visited the grounds. Now the French papers in Europe and in this country point with pride to this Sabbath desecration as an evidence of how un-puritanic France is.

—Quite in contrast with the foregoing is the report from two Wesleyan stations in France. Creucy, an interesting village in the Haute Marne, has become Protestant almost to a man. And at and around St. Dizier, at the opposite end of the same department, there exists a similar hopeful state of things. Surely the scoffers have it not all their own way.

—A divine, of high attainments as a scholar and logician, has been removed by death not very long after having achieved a reputation for rare ability as a theological writer,—the Rev. Dr. J. B. Mozley, Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, at Oxford, and Vicar, Old Shoreham, who died lately in his sixty-fifth year, "one of the most remarkable thinkers and writers of our time." He stood very much alone as a theologian, and after the Gorham decision he published, in succession, three volumes, which separated him distinctly on the doctrine of *baptism* from the High-church party, to which in the main he belonged. He is also known as the author of a very scholarly treatise on "Miracles."

ART.

HEGEL ON CLASSIC ART.

As classic art represents free spirituality under human, individual, and corporeal form, it has often been reproached with anthropomorphism. With the Greeks, Xenophanes had already attacked the popular religion, in saying that, if lions had had sculptors among them, they would have given to their gods the form of lions. The French have in this sense a witty saying, that "God created man in his image, and men have shown their appreciation by providing themselves with gods in human form." But it is to be remarked that, if classic beauty is, in one respect, imperfect when compared with the romantic ideal, the imperfection does not reside in anthropomorphism as such. Far from this, we must admit, that, if classic art is sufficiently anthropomorphic for art, it is too little so relatively to a more advanced religion. Christianity has pushed anthropomorphism much further; for, in the Christian doctrine, God is not merely a divine personification under the human form; he is at once very God and very man. He passed through every phase of human existence. He was born, he suffered, and died. In classic art, sensuous nature does not die, but neither is it resuscitated. Thus this religion does not wholly satisfy the human soul. The Greek ideal has for its basis an unchangeable harmony between spirit and sensuous form—the unalterable serenity of the immortal gods; but this calm has about it something cold and inanimate. Classic art has not comprehended the true essence of the divine nature, nor penetrated to the depths of the soul. It has not known how to develop its inmost powers in their opposition, and again to re-establish their harmony. All this phase of existence—the evil, the sinful, the unhappy, moral suffering, the revolt of the will, remorse, the agonies of the soul—is unknown to it. Classic art does not pass beyond the proper domain of the veritable ideal.

As to its realization in history, it is scarcely necessary to say that we must seek it among the Greeks. Classic beauty, with the infinite wealth of ideas and forms which compose its domain, has been allotted to the Greek people, and we ought to render homage to them for having raised art to its highest vitality. The Greeks, to consider their history only from the external side, lived in the happy medium of self-conscious subjective freedom and moral substantiality. They were not enchained in the immobile unit of the Orient, of which the result is political and religious despotism, where the personality of the individual is absorbed and annulled in the universal substance, and thence has neither rights nor moral character. On the other hand, they proceed no farther than to that stage where man concentrates himself within himself; separates himself from society and from the world which environs him, in order to live retired within himself. Hence they connect their conduct with real interests only in turning toward a purely spiritual world. In the moral life of the Greek people the individual was, it is true, independent and free, yet without being able to isolate himself from the general interests of the State, or to separate his freedom from that of the city of which he formed a part. In Greek life the sentiment of general order as the basis of morality remains in changeless harmony with that of personal freedom. At the epoch when this principle reigned in all its purity, the opposition between political and moral law, which is revealed by the moral consciousness, was not yet manifest. The citizens were still penetrated by the spirit which constitutes the basis of public customs. They sought their own freedom only in the triumph of the general interest.

The sentiment of this happy harmony penetrates through all the productions in which Greek freedom has become conscious of itself. So that this epoch is the medium in which beauty begins its true life, and enters into full possession of its serene domain. It is the medium of free vitality, which is not here merely a product of nature, but a creation of spirit, and by this right receives its manifestation in art; it is a mingling of spontaneity and reflection, where the individual is not isolated, but where also he can not connect his faith, his sufferings, and his destiny with a more elevated principle, and knows not how to re-

establish harmony within himself. This moment, like human life in general, was only a transition; but in this instant, so brief, art attains to the culminating point of beauty, under the form of plastic individuality. Its development was so rich and so full of genius that all the colors, all the tones, are there combined. At the same time, it is true, all that has appeared in the past finds its place here no longer as something absolute and independent, but as elements which are subordinate and accessory. Whence, also, the Greek people has revealed to itself its own spirit, in a sensuous and visible manner, in its gods. It has given them in art a form perfectly in accord with the ideas which they represent. Thanks to this perfect accord, which reigns as well in Greek art as in Greek mythology, this was, in Greece, the highest expression of the absolute; and the Greek religion is the very religion of art; while, at a later epoch, romantic art, though it may be as truly art, still gives intimation of a higher form of consciousness than art is capable of representing. (Translated in *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.)

WOMAN'S ART COLLEGE IN ROME.

A FEW months since we noticed the fact that attempts were made to establish an Art College at Rome for the special benefit of women. No capital of the world has so many things to educate the artist as Rome. In no place on the globe is there so much a felt art atmosphere. To study in the Eternal City has for two centuries been the dream and hope of the aspiring artist; not to have enjoyed these associations has been a confession of imperfect opportunities for study. If women are to find in art a sphere for generous activity and honorable rivalry, then should all needed facilities for their thorough training be freely enjoyed. Probably in no city of Europe is there found a more genuine chivalry than in Rome; perhaps in none do women enjoy a more complete immunity from annoyance. It is claimed by some who have been long resident there, that women are unmolested and are secure when visiting the ruins at any hour of day or night. Nevertheless, it is not in accord with the feelings of parents or guardians to leave their daughters or wards to push their way unaided and unguarded in a strange town. The artists of Rome can come together in their clubs, and lead a life of strong and vigorous independence. In these associations they find much to encourage, to stimulate, and to enliven. But it seems hardly to comport with the nice delicacy of woman's nature, that she should be left thus to rough it in her artistic life, without some special encouragement and protection.

It was with the thought of supplying some such shelter to worthy women, of high art purposes, that an institution has been established in Rome, under the special patronage of the English embassador, Lady Paget, Lady Marian Alford, Lady Eastlake, and others. The theory is to admit *en pension* all female artists at prices barely sufficient to make the institution self-supporting. It is to be under the care of a lady superintendent, and able instruction is to be afforded to any who may desire it. Professor Cammarairo, of St. Luke's Academy, is at present the able art-director in this College.

During the excessive heat of Summer and early Autumn, it is proposed to remove to the higher lands,—as to the very picturesque scenery of the Alban Hills, or in the vicinity of that old art-center, Perugia,—and continue study under a professor. The establishment is at present under the management of Miss Mayor, the initiator of the movement, and promises to supply just that need which has long been felt by women who desired to study art at Rome. Certainly our American women of wealth should most heartily co-operate with their English cousins in pushing this enterprise to a point of self-support and achieved success.

CHEAP DECORATIVE ART.

PEOPLE will ride their hobbies, in spite of the ridicule which these may provoke from the cooler and more sensible. Fashions will have their "run," and "rages" must burn out; it is impossible to appease them by solid reason. This fashion for decoration, which is now so prevalent, what good is to come out of it? The truth is, the dealers in coarse jugs and second-hand wine-bottles have driven a thriving trade for the past few months. Paints have dazzled us, and decalcomanie has kept the fingers of the girls busy from the oldest to the youngest.

Much can be said, on both sides, of this question of ephemeral decoration. First, we are not to despise any process or study which may

be quickening to the artistic faculty. Doubtless among the first things which we Americans need to have done is to awaken a more general appreciation and love of art. And since nothing is better calculated to quicken attention than actual handling and participation in an attempt at art-creation, it might seem that this alone were enough to justify the practice of even that which may have little claim to permanent excellence. The simple handling of colors, and the study and arrangement of even well-prepared bits of paper may arouse the worker to a better endeavor, and direct the novice to that patient working which is so necessary a part of the education of the true artist. There will something stick to a person who has to do with beautiful things. It may be only a sort of loose surface contact, it may not very profoundly move the nature, but even small improvement is better than none at all. The possible awakening of some to a better, purer, more beautiful world around them may justify a large venture, even the precious time which Mr. Trowbridge's "Criticus" so much regrets.

We have thoroughly acquainted ourselves with the other side of this question, and with the stubborn objections which are urged against this sort of endeavor. The education of the decorator to practice the hollow, the deceptive, the meretricious, is urged as the wicked phase of this subject. If this is the sole result attained in households, there can no longer be any hesitation about discouraging and rejecting it. No one claims that our wives and daughters are practicing the highest or the greatest art when they are using varnish and patterns on a jug. No one for a moment claims that the result of such effort would fall under Mr. Ruskin's definition of greatness in art, namely, "that art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received."

But is it not true that we must begin art education with the alphabet, and not with some advanced treatise? "I grant it," says the objector, "but the alphabet is true, not false and deceitful." We see the point of such argument. Nevertheless, it is a fact that a taste for useful reading has been awakened in dull, or in wild, frolicsome boys by a story of daring adventure which has in it hardly an element of sobriety. So is it a fact that some good, true, lasting artistic results are flowing from this rage for cheap decoration. Truth was one of Mr. Ruskin's lamps of architecture. It must be one of the chiefest elements in any high art work. Yet we must not forget that the great mass of people have little time to enter upon extended comparative studies, and must be benefited artistically in that degree and kind which their daily life will allow. We were once strolling through the grounds of a very wealthy gentleman, of the shoddy order, in one of our inland cities. The grounds were most scrupulously cared for, but were broken up into a multitude of little parts which confused and misled. The decorations were correspondingly numerous and trivial. "Barbaric!" exclaimed Father Gavazzi, who was our companion. "Why did not the fellow have *one good thing!*" said the Italian priest, whose delicate taste had been educated by the accumulated art treasures of the Eternal City. "And yet," he added, after a moment's thought, "here is the *promise* of better things, and I would not, therefore, remove them, however offensive to my sense of propriety." Is not here revealed the true principle to guide us in condemning or encouraging this decoration mania? In so far as we see in it a promise or a prophecy of more solid, faithful work and of more real and worthy art products, it would seem the part of wisdom to tolerate it, but it should be the constant aim of our endeavor to substitute for it something more true, more real, and, therefore, more lasting as an art educator and inspiration. As the moral reformer encounters hard problems in the progress of his work, to lift men out of their vices and crimes, and as he is sometimes sorely puzzled as to the means to be used to secure a desired end—as the student of the history of education is sometimes at a loss to choose the wisest methods of instruction, and the best sources of intellectual stimulus—just so does the question of means press upon the thought of one who is engaged in the work of artistic training. All alike feel that ours is a *mixed* condition, and that the "Problem of Evil" is not confined to the theologic world.

NATURE.

MEANS BY WHICH PLANTS ARE PROTECTED FROM ANIMALS AND WEATHER.—Plants are protected from animals by the possession of runners; by close growth; by growing under sheltering bushes (this applies of course to herbs); by twining habits; by epiphytic habits; by the presence of spines and thorns; by all forms of trichomes; by production of organs and tissues suitable to ant-habitation; by growing in water, and by having leaves adapted to holding water at their bases; by rings of hairs on stems (against crawling insects); by slippery, waxy surfaces; by milky sap (this, besides being poisonous to grazing animals, by its exudation impedes the movements of small climbing creatures); by possession of leathery leaves which may be distasteful to grazing animals, etc. Protections against unfavorable weather are runners (which support plants against overweight of snow in alpine and polar regions); aërial roots (which act as props against land-storms and dash of waves); gregarious habits lessening the force of the winds, a result accomplished also by the horizontal position of the branches, deep roots, and strong or slim stems; hairy clothing (which protects against cold, rain, and dew); irritability to light or touch; possession of a waxy outer layer and of a strong cuticle; a thick sap which keeps the circulation active during the period of greatest sunheat and dry season; ethereal oils which, gradually evaporating, produce resin, a layer of which accumulating on the evaporating surfaces lessens the amount of transpiration; the thick sap of plants growing in deserts, when the difference between the temperature of day and night is very great, protects them from the injury which would otherwise result from this variation; presence of corky tissues which protects against frost; absence of stomata, which, in some cases, prevents entry of thawing snow; thickened roots, which are stores of nutriment and water, and preserve life during times of drought; besides many arrangements by which the reproductive organs are protected from dew, rain, and wind.

TIME AND LONGITUDE.—The following problem is propounded by Latimer Clark, in a recent scientific journal, accompanied by this remark: "I purposely avoid giving any reasons, and do not assert that all my views are correct; but I throw out the problem as an amusing one for argument and discussion, as it abounds in apparent paradoxes, at the same time it can not fail to be instructive." Although we often lose sight of the fact, it is, nevertheless, true that any given day or year does not begin all over the world at the same moment, but commencing first at some point in the east, it travels round westward with the sun, so that two different years are co-existent at the same moment, and it is possible for two events to occur a few hours apart, and yet that which happened *first* to occur in 1878, and the later event in 1877. In the same way each day of the weeks starts somewhere to the eastward of us and dies somewhere in the west. Taking, then, any given day of the week, say Monday, the problem is, when and where did last Monday first commence? where did it end? and how long did it exist? Or, to put a similar question, Where did the year 1878 commence, and at what Greenwich time? Suppose that Monday commenced in New Zealand somewhere about noon on Sunday, but not exactly at noon, its commencement at that time and place being in no way connected with its position as our antipodes, but being a mere accident of civilization. If the whole northern hemisphere should become inhabited and civilized, the day would then begin at Behring Straits, and would last forty-eight hours. A person crossing Behring's Straits east or west would gain or lose a whole day just as he now does by sailing round the globe; so that he might easily cross over and spend a few hours of *to-morrow* with his friends, and return in time for dinner *to-day*, or might enjoy New Year's eve on two successive days. If the Pacific Ocean became inhabited land, a meridian would have to be chosen as a starting-point for the day, and a person stepping across this imaginary line would gain or lose a day. At the same moment that Sunday morning was commencing on one side of this line, Monday morning would be commencing on the other, and there would be constantly two dif-

ferent days going on, side by side with twenty-four hours' difference of time between them, though only a few yards apart. It would be possible for a person standing astride this line to have for an instant one foot in Monday morning, the other foot in Monday night, and his body in the previous Sunday.

A Sheep's Sense of Hearing. It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others, all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lamb during the shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn the lambs would be confined in a fold by themselves, and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma," which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and most deplorable-looking creature. At sight of this it would wheel about, uttering a most piteous cry of despair, and perhaps run away. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again; the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away; sometimes repeating this conduct a dozen times before it could fully accept this gaunt creature as its mother.

The Nerves.—It seems a simple thing for a person to extend the hand and touch—say a table. Let us consider. The wish originates in the mind. Through the nerves, then, flows this wonder-force as the consequence of the desire. Flashing down the arm and finger, it intrudes itself upon the muscles; rousing them from their state of rest, it calls them into action, and, like a stern task-master, that brooks no opposition, insists upon the instant execution of its commands. The muscles obey; the arm and finger are duly moved, and the latter member brought into contact with the table. The desired action has been accomplished, you say, through the transformation of brain-force into nerve-force, through the transmission of this force to the muscles, and through the subsequent stimulation, contraction, and movement of these latter structures. So far, the steps of the action are clear enough. But this is not all. The details just given involve only one-half of the action of touching the table. How do you know you have touched the object in question? You reply, "because I see I have, and I feel I have touched it." Quite right; but "seeing" and "feeling" are both nervous acts, involving operations as complicated as those by which you set your muscles to work. Suppose, for the sake of clearness, that a blind man touches the table. His knowledge of that part of the outer world represented by the table is gained by one sense only—that of touch. You say he knows he has touched the table, "because he feels it." And what is feeling? To answer these questions we must try to understand what these "senses" of ours are, and what the possession of a sense implies. Professor George Wilson long ago called the senses the "gate-ways of knowledge," and the term is an exceedingly appropriate one. For through these five or six gate-ways comes information upon all manner of subjects, and upon which information, like sagacious policemen, we are bound to act.

"Tea-pot Spinning."—The manufacture of table-spoons and forks, many forms of brass-work, cutlery, percussion-caps, copper pans and kettles, medals and coins, and a thousand other articles of every-day use, all depend upon the possibility of forcing the metal into various shapes without fracturing it, by mechanical processes, such as forging, punching, pressing, embossing, and the like. One of the prettiest illustrations of the application of the pressing and shaping force is afforded by the processes in use for tea-pot spinning; that is, the production of a britannia-metal tea-pot by a process technically termed "spinning." The alloy being rolled into sheets of convenient thickness, a circular disc is cut out and placed in a kind of lathe, the disc being pressed against a nearly hemispherical wooden chuck. The lathe being set in motion, the workman presses against the off side of the disc with a peculiarly shaped tool, held steadily by means of a rest, so as gradually to bend the metal over the mold, converting the disc into a bowl. The bowl thus formed is taken off the lathe,

and set with the convex side fixed into the concavity of a hollowed-out chuck; by the aid of two differently shaped tools, held one in each hand, and applied, the one within and the other without the rim of the bowl, the metal is gradually bent inwards as it revolves, so as finally to take an almost globular shape. The lid, spout, handle, etc., are attached, and the whole polished for the market. During the spinning the edge of the disc becomes diminished to almost half that in the bowl, and to about one-quarter in the globular pot, the metal being as it were pressed in upon itself, as well as somewhat extended. In a similar fashion jugs and analogous vessels are "spun up" out of plates, the lips for pouring being subsequently shaped by carefully hammering or pressing out the metal on a wooden mold. Silver articles are frequently curved by a like operation; the second stage, however, can not be so well applied to silver, so that if a closed-in vessel, like a tea-pot, it is usually made in two pieces, and afterward neatly soldered together.

RELIGIOUS.

THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.—This body is the historical continuation in this country of the Reform branch of the Protestant Reformation of Germany. The great movement of the sixteenth century in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church first gave to all who opposed the errors and corruptions of Rome the name *Reformed*. But in due time, after the success of the Reformation, the advocates of a distinct tendency in the Protestant Church constituted the "Reformed Church." It was not, like the Lutheran, related to the peculiar spirit of one man. Its type and character were not dependent primarily upon the genius, faith, and spirit of Martin Luther, but were wrought out rather by a succession of ministers and theologians of many lands. Switzerland, France, the Low Countries, and the German provinces bordering on the Rhine, where labored Zwingle, Bullinger, Calvin, Melanchthon, Olevianus, Farel, Ursinus, and others of the same type, were the generators of this type of the Christian faith. The first embodiment of "Reformed" theology was the "Palatinate Catechism," so called because it was adopted by a Synod convened for the purpose January 19, 1563, by order of Frederick III, in the Palatine, but better known by the popular name of *Heidelberg Catechism*, from the university in which Ursinus and Olevianus, the authors of the work, were professors of theology. The adoption of this catechism and an order of worship conformable thereto signalizes the birth of the *German* Reformed Church.

The religious persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the Continent of Europe drove many Protestants to this side of the Atlantic. Among those who came in our later colonial days, the Quakers have played a most important part in our national history. But next to the settlements which the Society of Friends effected here we know of no class of religionists who have contributed so largely to the material and spiritual growth of the State which William Penn founded as the "Reformed" immigrants from the Palatinate. In a country so prevailingly English as ours is these German ecclesiastical ancestors were, of course, excluded from much public notice by reason of their distinct language and social habits; yet "in their own sphere and way," as has been well said, "they have rendered most important service to American Christianity." It is now more than one hundred and fifty years since their first settlement in Pennsylvania, and yet they not only hold the ground originally occupied by them geographically, but religiously stand so firmly by the faith and culture which their forefathers brought with them, that most persistent efforts have failed to entice or push them from the old foundation.

For a long time dependent on the "home" Church, the German Reformed in America, in 1793, established themselves independently of foreign oversight and control, and adopted a "Synodal-Ordnung," which has ever since remained in force. Until 1825, with two or three exceptions only, all Churches of this

body conducted public worship in German, but since that time the English has been adopted by many congregations west of the Susquehanna and south of the Potomac. There are, however, still fifty thousand of these people, mainly in Pennsylvania, among whom the German, or the Pennsylvania dialect of that language, is exclusively used, and owing to the extensive immigration of Germans, the number for whom the service must be performed in the German is rather on the increase, now that the lines between native and foreign Reformed have been clearly drawn. Two of the six synods into which the Church is divided are German; so are four of the sixteen periodicals which they publish, and two of the five colleges which they maintain. Here and there a Church performs the service of the Church in both English and German.

The distinctive title of "German" it was voted to drop about eight years ago, yet it is generally still affixed to distinguish it from the Dutch Reformed, which has also dropped its distinctive appellation. The latter now goes by the name of "The Reformed Church in America," while the German Reformed bears the name of "The Reformed Church in the United States." At the recently held triennial session of the German Reformed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the seat of their Franklin and Marshall College, and of one of their theological seminaries, the Church was reported to count 680 churches, 1,368 ministers, and 146,901 confirmed members, representing a population of about 250,000 souls.

In regard to doctrine and government the principles and distinctive peculiarities of the "Reformed Church in the United States" are those of the Reformed Churches generally. Next to the Bible, the Heidelberg Catechism, in its true historical sense, is the only standard of faith. There is a leaning to the Calvinistic ruling, modified, however, in regard to the divine decrees and related doctrines. The only peculiarities of this Church in distinction from some other reformed Churches, appear in *forms* provided and recommended for use mainly for sacramental and other special services and in the observance of the leading festivals commemorating the cardinal Gospel facts—Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day, and Pentecost. All innovations in doctrine and worship by those cherishing a High-church tendency and strong leaning towards pre-reformatory principles have been steadfastly and firmly opposed, and the discussions to which the Church has been subject for over twenty years have finally resulted in a clearer apprehension, a warmer and more intelligent appreciation, and a more resolute maintenance of the doctrinal standard.

THE UNITED BRETHREN in Christ are sorely agitated. There is a decided demand for lay representation in the councils of the Church, and for the repeal of the anti-secrecy law. A convention of the disaffected was held at Dayton, Ohio, and it was there resolved to hold another convention in 1880.

WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from its organization, has been summed up as follows: In all, three hundred and fifty Churches have been organized, into which have been received over eighty thousand communicants; while the missionaries have scattered abroad, through upward of twenty-three hundred different publications, in forty-six languages, more than 1,300,000,000 pages of educational and religious literature. They have reduced twenty-six languages to writing, and prepared grammars and dictionaries of great value both to missionaries and to students of comparative philology.

THE SEATS IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Church of the American aristocracy has at last come to the conclusion that the Gospel of Christ is for the poor as well as the rich, and that permanent prosperity is only insured to an ecclesiastical body ready to admit to its folds all classes and conditions of men. Three years ago a society was formed within the pale of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the sole purpose of breaking down the present general practice of renting and selling pews in the churches. This "Free Church Association" recently held its third annual meeting at Philadelphia, and reported 285 clerical, 13 life, and 126 annual contributors; besides enjoying the patronage of 21 of the bishops. Its great prosperity enables the society to go beyond its originally intended mission, and it now assumes also the work of Church extension, standing ready to grant pecuniary assistance to such feeble Churches as will agree to maintain the free-seat system.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

PARADOXES.—Is there any thing more curious or strange in fiction than the simple fact expressed by Thucydides, that ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved? or that by Thomas Fuller, that learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost? What is more remarkable than that labor should be so scarce in China, that vast tracts of land lie waste because there are no laborers to reclaim them? That the best building in Iceland should be the jail at Reikiavik, the capital, and that it should never have contained a prisoner? It is hard to believe that Molière, the famous French humorist, and writer of comedies, bore himself with habitual sadness and melancholy. That Cowley, who boasts with so much gayety of the versatility of his passion amongst so many sweethearts, should have wanted the confidence even to address one. That Young, the author of the somber "Night Thoughts," was known as the gayest of his circle of acquaintance. That the pious Cowper should have attempted suicide. That Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," should have composed so much classic and vigorous verse in bed.

THE SEAL HUNTERS OF GREENLAND.—In recent years the use of the seal's skin as a fur has become so very general that the hunting of this animal is now made the common profession of the far north. Many seals are taken at the Magdalen Islands on the northern shores of the Shetland Isles, and on the Labrador coast, but the principal hunt is on the coast of Greenland. A writer in "The Field," a London periodical, vividly depicts the home of these hunters, when made merry by their return from their venturesome exploits. "Evening is the liveliest time in the Greenland hut. Then the bright lamps are burning, the kettles and pots (made of soapstone) all steaming and boiling over each lamp, the women busily chatting at their work, and half-naked children running about on the warm reindeer skins on the ledge behind them. This is the scene going on before us. The seal-hunter has just arrived at home from after his day's toil on the sea, and while he is hanging up his lines, his water-proof gloves, and other paraphernalia, a piece of skin is drawn forth from beneath the ledge and spread before him. Its contents, the small, dried fish called 'augmagsat,' he eats in silence, weary as he is. This is only a preliminary meal, an appetizing pastime, while the more substantial things over the lamp are getting ready—and it does not take long to boil seal-flesh. After the fish, he takes a draught from the water-pail behind the door. The skin curtain of the ledge hiding the mysteries of the lower regions, is once more drawn aside, and the skin with the remnants disappears behind it to join a host of the most heterogeneous articles. A good deal of talking, in the relating line, or in the chatting, prattling, merry-making style, is generally going on. What I remember most distinctly from my many visits and stays in the Greenland huts, are the stories and descriptions of the men relative to their sea adventures, accompanied by the most animated gestures, showing how the seal had first appeared, and then again dived down on his approaching it; how he (the hunter) had in his turn lingered behind till the animal, made incautious by the ensuing silence, again rose to the surface; and now the hunter, leaning back with a graceful movement, shows how he resolutely swept across a long surge, and came within reach of his mark, took aim, and threw his harpoon and bladder-float; how the wounded animal dived and again came to the surface, and so forth. In fact, he paints the scene with the most lively colors, as we all listened in rapt attention."

GARIBALDI'S CANDLE FACTORY ON STATEN ISLAND.—European patriots have measured the world almost as much as true *salts*. The mariner quits his home in quest of trade and for the sake of gain and adventure; the politicians of Europe, who feel compelled to advocate democratic principles of government until very recent times, found their homes uncomfortable, and not unfrequently were forced to cross the great deep to find on our hospitable shores the freedom their own country denied them. Of all the great patriots of Europe, none excel in adventurous journeyings the

mit of Caprera." Banished in 1834, he fought four years later in South America, for the Republic of Uruguay; and six years later still bled at Montevideo, and only two years after led his Italian legion to victory at San Antonio. The great revolutionary struggle of 1848 drove him home again, and in the May days of 1849, was first in the Eternal City to found the Roman Republic and defend her against the French Army. When superior force made defense impossible, we see him cutting his way out with the help of only a handful of men, and a short time after we encounter him at New York, a refugee from tyranny and injustice. He formed a house at Stapleton, Staten Island, with a compatriot and friend of his, Signor Antonio Meucci. This gentlemen still resides in the house where the illustrious revolutionist then made his home, and Meucci has finally been "interviewed," by one of our *irrepressibles*, who thus narrates his conquest in the *New York Times:*

"Signor Meucci I found to be a portly old gentleman, with white hair and beard, excepting where the national cigarette has tinged his mustache. He seemed at first a little loath to talk of his old friend; but at last, when he had worked around to a table and cigars, his full face flushed a little, and then relaxed with kindly loquacity, in spite of the broken English and French serving as a means of communication. He said:

"'Salvi, the tenor, was my partner in a candle factory here where the brewery now stands, and Garibaldi worked with us.'

"'What wages did you pay him?'

"'Ah,' said he, with a slightly displeased shrug and wave of the hand, 'I paid Garibaldi no wages; Garibaldi was my friend. He worked when he liked, to dissipate his *ennui*. He came here in 1851, after the revolution, without any money, and he lived here with me.'

"'How did he get along?'

"'Our compatriots helped him; but he gave away as fast as he received. He was generous and democratic in every way. He used to fish off the dock at Clifton, or in a boat I owned. And we used to go hunting. Sometimes we went to the city, but he lived very quietly. Then, in 1853, he resumed his profession of seaman, and left here as Captain of the *Carman*, bound for China. He returned here in 1856, and stayed a month before he sailed for Italy. He writes me very often, and addresses me as Dear Boss. I will show you his hand.'

"While the old gentleman went for the letters I examined a portrait of Garibaldi, painted in Italy, that hung over the table. The sad eye, the face of a sweet feminine type, and a dreamy, uncertain smile, all seemed very winning, and equally surprising in a man who shook the world.

"'You see,' resumed my host, 'his letters of ten years ago are in a firm, clear hand, but those of recent years are quite different; he is about seventy-seven years old now, and rheumatism makes him unsteady. Many people want his letters and offer me money for them, but you know such things can't be bought. Here is one of them that I will read you, for it shows how quick he is to hear the voice of an old friend:'

"'CAPRERA, 28 *November*, '76.

"'*Mio Carissimo Principale:*

"'I do not understand whether you wish a position in the Consulate. Write me at once what you want, and I will submit your application to the Minister. Thank you for the present of the beautiful barometer you sent. Un caro saluto alla Signora Ester.

"'Dal sempre vostro,

"'G. GARIBALDI.

"'Now come, and I will show you his room.'"

"We went up-stairs to the north-east corner bedroom. There on the bed were several mementos of the leader.

"'This,' resumed Signor Meucci, 'is the scarlet shirt he wore in the streets of Rome in the Revolution of 1848. This is a bronze medal that the Italians struck in his honor, and he sent it to me. This dagger, with a carved Mazeppa for the handle, he brought from Montevideo. Here is a cane of his. This is the room just as he used it.'

"When we were seated again down stairs, I tried by every means to get some characteristic anecdote of the man, or some clew to his inner life while enduring exile in the frustration of his lofty and generous ambition. But my host did not give me so much as a crumb."

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. To estimate the enormous size of this pyramid, a traveler says he waded in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit. Taking one hundred Boston churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid. Take another hundred and throw the material in the hollow square and it would not be full; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man.

LITERATURE.

THE long-promised, and somewhat patiently waited for, new hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church has at length been given to the public.* Outwardly it is scarcely to be distinguished from its predecessor, nor would a hasty glancing through its pages detect any very marked differences, though in fact, the differences are not altogether inconsiderable. The changes made in the new work, as compared with its immediate forerunner, may be set down in three classes: (1.) A new classification by subjects; (2.) Omissions and additions; and, (3.) Revisals of the old hymns that are retained. In respect to the first, which must in the nature of the case be largely arbitrary, it would be difficult to decide whether or not the changes are improvements. It is quite possible to carry such a classification too far for utility; but we would not say that such an excess is here reached, though, at first sight, some things do appear rather fanciful than philosophical. But that will be a matter of very little consequence, when the new arrangement shall cease to be new. The omissions and additions are matters of very much more interest. It was judged to be quite undesirable by the committee to increase the size of the new book to any considerable extent beyond that of the old one (many persons believed that a large diminution might have been made with decided advantage), and therefore the omissions must be in quantity not less than the additions. This purpose has been very nearly reached, for while the old books had six hundred and eighty-four pages, not including the indexes, the new has just seven hundred. The real test of the comparative excellence of the two collections must be sought by comparative excellence of the matter exscinded from the old collection with the new matter brought into this one. And we think that most competent judges will agree that the change has been for the better rather than the worse. Of the more than three hundred hymns rejected from the old collection, very few were of much value as hymns for public worship, though some of the rejected were quite as good and as available as the average of either the old or the new collection. About two-thirds of the hymns in the new book are the same that are in the old, of which the Wesleys, Watts, Cowper, and Doddridge are the principal authors. The newly admitted hymns are more "popular" than were the old; but in this case, as in many others, popularity is not a just criterion of merit. In the department of hymnology there has not risen any star of the first magnitude during the nineteenth century; indeed, the whole number of first-class hymn writers in the English language may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Second-class positions, however, must be conceded to a considerable number of our own age, as Montgomery (from whom our compilers have taken no less than forty-eight hymns), Bonar (11), Kelly (11), Faber (10), Heber (10), Ray Palmer (8), and Miss Anne Steele (18). Some of the pieces by these writers are of a high standard of excellence, and all of them make a decidedly respectable average. There are also some hymns of real merit by authors but little known to fame, and also, sometimes single ones, or two or three only are from authors well known in other departments of letters; while in some cases there is room to suspect that the reputations of the writers rather than any special merit in their productions have procured places for them. A compromise must have been made by the compilers in respect to two very widely different classes of hymns. We find a pretty liberal selection from the ancient hymnology of the Church, which is excellent for study and literary criticism, but not well adapted for use in public worship; and next we have a sprinkling of the modern revival songs and ditties, which are having a temporary popularity, but possess no real merit, and must soon be cast aside. Embodied in such a collection these fugitives will perhaps be carried down to a future generation, "like insects preserved in amber," if, indeed, they shall not act like the "dead flies" in the "ointment of the apothecary," and so render necessary another revision by which to get rid of them.

* HYMNAL OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 16mo, 24mo. Pp. 776 (with Ritual, pp. 792). Pearl Edition, HYMNAL AND TUNES, 8vo and 12mo.

It is the fashion of the times to have big hymn-books, this one, like its immediate predecessor, being about the regulation size, ten to twelve hundred hymns, and six to eight hundred pages. The plea for such large books is that it is necessary in order to embody a proper amount of the psalmody of the language. But it is a doubtful policy to make a manual of devotion serve as a cyclopædia of devotional literature. The reading of devotional poetry is unquestionably a profitable exercise, but that is a service for which Church hymn-books are not intended. Should a congregation use all the hymns in this book in their order, using six each Sabbath, it would be nearly four years in the progress. But of the hymns of our large "hymnals" only about one-third are ordinarily used at all, and these with very unequal frequency. With only those most used do the people become acquainted, while the rest are made, bought, paid for, and carried as surplusage, not absolutely worthless, for they are sometimes read; and yet it may be a question whether that is the best way to get good reading into the hands of the people.

On the whole, we can heartily congratulate all concerned on the successful close of the work of providing a new "Hymnal" for the Church. Since it was decreed (whether wisely or not, in respect to which opinions differ) that a new book should be prepared and published, it is a matter of very great interest that it should be well done; and the finished work, now in hand, affords a comfortable assurance that no great loss (beyond the inconvenience and the cost of making it) will result from the exchange.

CYCLOPÆDIAS are the order of the day. It may be said, indeed, that they are a necessity of the time, since the range of subjects upon which an ordinarily well informed person needs to have a general knowledge is so wide that they can be studied only in epitomes. Accordingly, it is only fitting and proper that Methodism should have its Cyclopædia, since by no other means could its superabundant *memorabilia* be brought within tolerable limits. And the requirements in this case are now quite satisfactorily responded to in the shape of a volume of more than a thousand imperial octavo pages, well printed on good paper, and abundantly illustrated with portraits and views of churches and other edifices, all prepared under the editorial care of Bishop Simpson,* and the various articles written by a great number of persons, chosen on account of their special adaptation to each subject. In the preparation of such a work the most important point, and the most difficult as well, is to decide what shall be admitted and what omitted, and the amount of room to be allotted to each subject. The size of the volume being limited by the nature of the case, which in this instance seems to have been stretched to the utmost, the first practical task is properly to distribute the possible space. While all would agree that, as respects both their selection and the space to be allowed to each, their relative importance should govern, probably no two would entirely agree in the practical application of such a rule. Of course the editor's point of view must largely affect his decisions, and as Bishop Simpson has been now, for half a century, in close contact with his own denomination, in whose operations he has himself been a prominent actor, and a not inconsiderable factor among its forces and agencies, the affairs and the persons of his own branch of Methodism would naturally stand most conspicuously in his field of vision. And yet so fully has the editor kept himself informed in respect to all other branches of American Methodism that each seems to have received a fair share of notice.

The work is very largely biographical; at a rough guess, we would say there must be two or three thousand names; and of course any one can have but a very narrow allotment; and, in this case, the space so allowed seems not to be any indication of the relative greatness of the subject detailed. Something of the character of a local gazetteer of Methodism is given in a brief statement of "its present statistics in each city or village of three thousand inhabitants." A good deal of attention is devoted to educational matter—institutions and enterprises—and also to foreign missions. The illustrations (wood-cuts, except two frontispieces on steel, respectively of Mr. Wesley

* CYCLOPÆDIA OF METHODISM. Embracing Sketches of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, with biographical notices, and numerous illustrations. Edited by Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Philadelphia: Evarts and Stewart.

and the editor) are chiefly portraits, and views of edifices, churches, and schools. These are of widely differing degrees of merit, some decidedly good both as likeness and as works of art, and others equally far from good in both particulars. We know something of the difficulties and perplexities of these things, and can freely sympathize with the editor and publishers in their vexations, on account of adverse criticisms, more cruel than unjust. Possibly, too, some little sympathy may be due to some of the subjects portrayed, which we also share.

In looking through this gallery of celebrities, one may naturally have the same feelings that somebody has fancied will be experienced by saved souls in heaven,—a wonder at finding some there who were not expected in such a company, and a still greater and more grievous surprise at the absence of some that had been most confidently expected. It was, perhaps, quite impossible that there should not be some rather remarkable mis-selections, and since no two independent judges would agree at all points in such a case, any possible arrangement would be liable to censure. It will scarcely be questioned, however, by any one, that among the many names here enrolled not a few are and must remain but little known, even in Methodist history, while some others who have well and ably filled important places are not named. Of the worthies of the old New York Conferences we find the names of the Bangses, Sandford, Jewett, and Kenneday; but miss those of their compeers, Ostrander, Rice, Richardson, and Floy. Of the worthies of New Jersey a fair showing is made of renowned names, of both the dead and the living; but among these are not found those of Manning Force, S. Y. Monroe, and John S. Porter. Selections from among the laity are more difficult to be made than of ministers; but to one who has known the laymen of a given locality for half a century, the insertions and omissions must seem to be as arbitrary as the old Calvinistic plan of election and reprobation. New York Methodists can not but wonder, after seeing that places have been found for some of the not most eminent of their laymen, that such names as those of Joseph Smith and Daniel Ayres and Francis Hall and William B. Skidmore, and those of Samuel and Schureman Halsted, of James H. Taft, and C. C. North, are not there also. But after all, quite possibly, the list is about as well made out as the case would allow.

This volume, that now goes forth to the public, is, first of all, a monument of patient labor and painstaking industry, accomplishing an important work, on the whole, fairly satisfactorily. It is also a record of a great work done, and of wonderful results achieved.

THE second volume of the "History of the English People,"*—the first volume was noticed by us two months since,—covering the periods of English history from A. D. 1461 to 1603, more than sustains the high character achieved by its predecessor. As the former volume was made up of four Books, this one begins with Book V, which is devoted to *The Monarchy*, and extends over a period of about eighty years (1461–1540), having as heads of its four chapters severally, "The House of York," "The Revival of Learning," "Wolsey," "Thomas Cromwell." Book VI, which fills more than three-fifths of the volume, is devoted to *The Reformation* (1540–1603), and though it deals freely with political affairs, is more especially occupied with ecclesiastical, socialistic, and literary matters. Most of this period was covered by the reign of Elizabeth, which is recognized as among the most fruitful of events that have projected their influences into the later life of the English nation. The facts of the Reformation, as that great revolution was wrought out during the reigns of the Tudors, have effectually determined the character and the after history of the English people, for both good and evil. The Wars of the Roses largely depopulated, and both impoverished and demoralized the kingdom, from which depression it slowly recovered under the blessings of comparative quiet and the return of industry and the revival of letters, with the able administrations of such consummate ministers of state as Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell. But the "Monarchy," which seems to the view of the superficial reader of the history of these times, to have been the whole of the England of that day, rested upon a teeming mass of heaving and surging life, which at length as-

* HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume II. The Monarchy, 1461–1540. The Reformation, 1540–1603. New York: Harper & Brothers.

serted itself in the upheavals of the Reformation, out of which came the England of the period that culminated and closed with the coming on of the great Parliamentary war, of which our author will have to treat in a future volume.

Mr. Green has evidently made good use of the original sources of information, which lie so abundant within easy reach; and he devotes an unusual amount of attention to the less conspicuous but not less important facts of private or non-political life—social orders, industries, learning, and the religion of the common people. It is indeed a history of the nation, the people, rather than simply a collection of political and military annals. And while he evidently means to be liberal, catholic, and especially non-partisan, yet he can not, perhaps would not, conceal his sympathies and sentiments, which seem to be those of a large-hearted and liberal Englishman.

In these times of financial distress and reduced prices, especially for real estate, house-building is nearly out of the fashion. But since there must be houses for people to live in, the "hardness" of the money-market may increase the demand for carefulness and economy in their construction. A well prepared manual on that subject is, therefore not out of place just now; and such a one we have in the elegant volume by Mr. H. H. Holly, just now issued by Harpers.* Since nearly every man who is at all able to do so, tries his hand at house-building, and since every mechanic deems himself competent to play the architect, a popular treatise on the subject, written in very plain and non-technical language, and describing buildings of moderate cost and pretensions, is demanded to meet a public necessity. This little treatise of Mr. Holly very well answers to all these requirements. Could it be thoroughly examined by any who may be about to engage in the perils of house-building, it might save him some altogether needless expenses, and also vastly increase the capacity of his dwelling for both elegance and convenience, matters as to which many unnecessarily expensive American houses are sadly defective.

The evening time of a long and active life, especially if blessed with a comfortable condition of mind and estate, is apt to be retrospective, and often it is not less fruitful than earlier times. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, having reached that time of life, accompanied with these favorable conditions, is well and wisely giving to the public, through the press of D. Lothrop & Co., some of his later productions. First we have "At Eventide,"* a collection of fifteen sermons, delivered from his Boston pulpit, and marked by the well-known characteristics of his productions, clearness, force, and evangelical orthodoxy. This Dr. Adams used to be distinguished from his New York namesake, Dr. William Adams, by the *sobriquet*, "Southside," and a single vestige of his southsidedness is seen in this volume, in the fact that its publication was solicited by the ministers of Charleston, South Carolina (*not* including the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church), where these discourses had been repeated by the venerable author, during a Winter's sojourn in that city. We can heartily concur in the appreciation of their value, expressed in the prefixed letter. They make a good book.

Next we have his little work on "Endless Punishment,"† written some years ago for a Universalist paper, argumentative, and somewhat polemical in substance, but carefully avoiding every thing like a controversial form of discussion. Its appearance at this juncture is eminently timely, and the work is all the more valuable, because it was prepared, not to meet a special demand, but to assert and defend a great religious truth.

Of the same family with the foregoing, though by another author, is the little volume‡ made up of seven discourses, each founded on one of our Lord's utterances, while hanging on the

*Modern Dwellings, in Town and Country, Adapted to American Wants and Climate; With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With one hundred original Designs, comprising Cottages, Villas, and Mansions. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. Pp. 219.

*At Eventide. Discourses by Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Senior Pastor of Union Church, Boston. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. Pp. 278. $1.00.

†Endless Punishment. Scriptural Arguments for, and Reasonableness of, Future Endless Punishment. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co 16mo. Pp. 168. $1.00.

‡The Seven Words from the Cross. By William H. Adams, Pastor of Circular Church, Charleston, South Carolina. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 18mo. Pp. 146. $1.00.

cross. The subject matter of all these discourses is the Atonement, showing what it is; its efficacy for Penitent Sinners, and for Believers; its Price; Extent; Consummated; and Triumphant. Under these several heads, the writer succeeds in bringing forward most of the chief points of the great doctrine of Atonement, which he neither seeks to minify nor explain away.

HARPER & BROTHERS having carried their "Library of Select Novels"—paper-covered octavos—up to more than six hundred volumes, have now begun two new series, both similar, but still unlike their predecessor. First, they announce the "Library of American Fiction," "devoted exclusively to works of American authors." Of this series we have the first and second numbers—"Esther Pennefather," by Alice Perry, and "Justine's Lover," anonymous. They are large octavos, of one hundred and seventy-five and one hundred and five pages respectively, thoroughly well-made books, in stiff paper covers. The publishers' promise that "only works of a very high order of literary merit will be placed on the list" will be interpreted by the performance, which is not especially assured by what has already appeared. There is just now a plethora of second and third class writers of fiction, chiefly women, who are willing to work cheap, and there is a corresponding number of readers of fiction, almost utterly without taste, and perfectly omnivorous, and between these two classes publishers find their account in the production of such works as these.

Next, they propose a new series, to be called the "Franklin Square Library," to consist of novels, usually reprints of foreign authors, in the form of folded newspapers, without covers, imperial octavo pages, with three broad columns to the page. The specimen number contains Anthony Trollope's "Is He Popenjoy?" which has been running as a serial in several periodicals. This series will probably rank higher than the other; and as they are offered at the nominal price of fifteen cents each, and because they may be readily sent by mail, they will probably have a large sale. They seem to be designed only for temporary use, to be read and then thrown aside, or used for waste-paper, rather than to encumber the shelves of the library.

Number sixty-six of the "Half-hour Series" contains *Reaping the Whirlwind*, by Mary Cecil Hay. Pp. 110.

EX CATHEDRA.

DEATH OF EARL RUSSELL.

ON a morning in the last week of May, the newspapers announced the death of Earl Russell, which had occurred the day before. To the mass of newspaper readers the fact announced seemed not to differ from the ordinary current of events, especially as the deceased nobleman had attained to a very ripe old age. To those well informed respecting affairs in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, for the last half-century, it was the announcement of the departure of a great historical character, who had, however, survived his own activities, and had seen the world drift past him. To the few whose own personal recollections go back over that half-century it calls up a great many stirring and important affairs, in the process of which the government, laws, and usages of Great Britain have been very largely modified, in fact, revolutionized, so that the British Constitution of to-day is quite another than that of fifty years ago. And it will also be recollected by those veterans of other times that not only did these changes occur during the life-time of the now deceased statesman, but that he himself was a chief actor in bringing them to pass. His biography, when duly written, which can not be separated from the history of his country during the period of his public life, will constitute a history of Great Britain during one of its chief transition periods.

The house of Russell, of which the deceased earl was one of the side branches—the direct line is held by the Dukes of Bedford—is among the oldest of the English aristocracy. Soon after the Norman Conquest, its founder, Roselle of Normandy, settled in Dorsetshire, where his descendants are still the chief land-owners In the reign of Henry VIII the then head of

the family had the good fortune, if such it may be called, to attract the attention and receive the favor of that monarch, who created him a peer of the realm, and in the subsequent spoliation of the monasteries Mr. Russell came in for a large share of the forfeited lands. He must have been a man of rare qualities, and possessed of unusual facilities for adapting himself to his circumstances, for he continued in favor not only to the end of the life-time of that capricious monarch, but also through the subsequent reigns of Edward and Mary, and far into that of Elizabeth. His oldest son and successor in the earldom was the famous Lord William Russell (so-called), who suffered death with Algernon Sidney, martyrs to the cause of liberty. That event, however, rather elevated than depressed the fame of the family, and made the name of Russell one of the proudest of the English nobility.

The now deceased nobleman was the third son of the sixth duke of Bedford, to which order of nobility the Russells had been raised. At the time of his birth, his father was a lord only by courtesy, being a younger brother of the then living duke. But that nobleman died without a direct heir, and so the younger brother succeeded him, and thus his hitherto untitled sons became lords by courtesy, though still only commoners, and Lord John, as a younger son, not likely ever to be any thing else. Like most others of the Russells, the future statesman was educated at Westminster, but, for some cause, instead of going to one of the English universities to complete his studies he went to Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the advantages of the celebrated professors of the institution, at that time Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and others of scarce inferior renown. After leaving the university he traveled extensively on the Continent, during two or three years. On attaining to his majority, he entered Parliament as member for Tavistock, a constituency then held by his family as a kind of "pocket" borough.

The time of his entry upon public life was not only a critical one, but also specially adapted both to his tastes and his capabilities. The abuses of the Parliamentary representative system had become simply monstrous, and they were beginning to be felt and acknowledged to be intolerable. Lord Russell's associations and recognized opinions, united to his birth and his well-known capacity, soon brought him to the front as the advocate of reform. Among the first points of attack were the abuses of the representation, though at the same time his own constituency was itself an instance of the complained of abuses. But the case seemed an almost hopeless one, since the House of Commons, through which the asked for reform must come, was largely made up of men who held their places through these abuses. The leaders of this crusade were Earl Grey, Lord Apthorpe, and "Lord John," as Russell was called for nearly forty years of his public life. In 1830, he brought forward resolutions in favor of reform, which were rather summarily negatived by a vote of nearly two to one in the affirmative. Not at all daunted, the next year he introduced the first Reform Bill, and as the whole kingdom had become agitated by the movement, it passed to the second reading by a majority of one, when the Whig ministry, that had opposed it, resigned, and dissolved the Parliament. The new House of Commons passed the bill by a decided majority, but it was rejected by the Lords with equal emphasis. The whole kingdom was convulsed, and the most violent riots prevailed in many parts, destroying the estates of the recusant nobles and bishops, and offering all sorts of indignities to their persons. But the Lords were not to be coerced, and at the next session they refused to pass even a modified Reform Bill. Then Earl Grey resigned the premiership, and the Duke of Wellington undertook the task of conducting affairs; but he found more than a Waterloo to contend against, and after ten days Earl Grey again assumed the helm of State, and on June 10, 1834, the Reform Bill became a law—a work due to no other man so largely as to Lord John Russell.

Some faint recollections of those times remind us that the Lords were brought to terms by a somewhat peculiar process. It is known that the members of the upper House of Parliament hold their places in their own rights, and therefore seem to be independent of all interference. But since the creation of additional peers is a royal prerogative, which is virtually exercised by the "Government," the composition of that house is not at its own disposal, and by a liberal disposition of patents of nobility, the party in power in the Commons may at any time create for itself a majority in

the House of Lords. This, if our recollection serves us, was not only threatened, but also in part executed, in the creation of some thirty new peers, with the assurance that more would be forthcoming if needed, at whose advent among them the Lords surrendered.

From 1832 till 1861, Lord John was nearly all the time a member of the "Government," a part of the time as Premier, and during most of this time a system of organic reforms on the laws and administration of the kingdom was carried forward. First came the Municipal Reform Act. After this came the Encumbered Estates Act (relating chiefly to Ireland). After these were his measures for the admission of Jews into Parliament, which, after being once or twice defeated by the Lords, succeeded at last. By a comprehensive system of legislation, the whole spirit and purport of British law were so liberalized, that without sweeping away the traditional privileges of special orders in society the common and natural rights of all men, whether civil or religious, were guaranteed to every British subject in the United Kingdom. Under the first of these acts complete liberty of faith and worship was accorded to all classes, and from that date the equal right of Dissenter, as British subjects, is conceded and guaranteed.

After nearly forty years of actual, though at times divided, leadership in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, the first Commoner in the Kingdom, accepted, at the hands of his sovereign, a patent of nobility, and, as "Earl Russell," took his seat in the House of Lords. A similar offer had been made to Sir Robert Peel, and declined, and not a few of Russell's admirers thought at the time that he had made a mistake, and subsequent events have not changed that opinion. With his "elevation" to the peerage the brilliant career of the great commoner ended; and his later twenty years have added nothing to his renown.

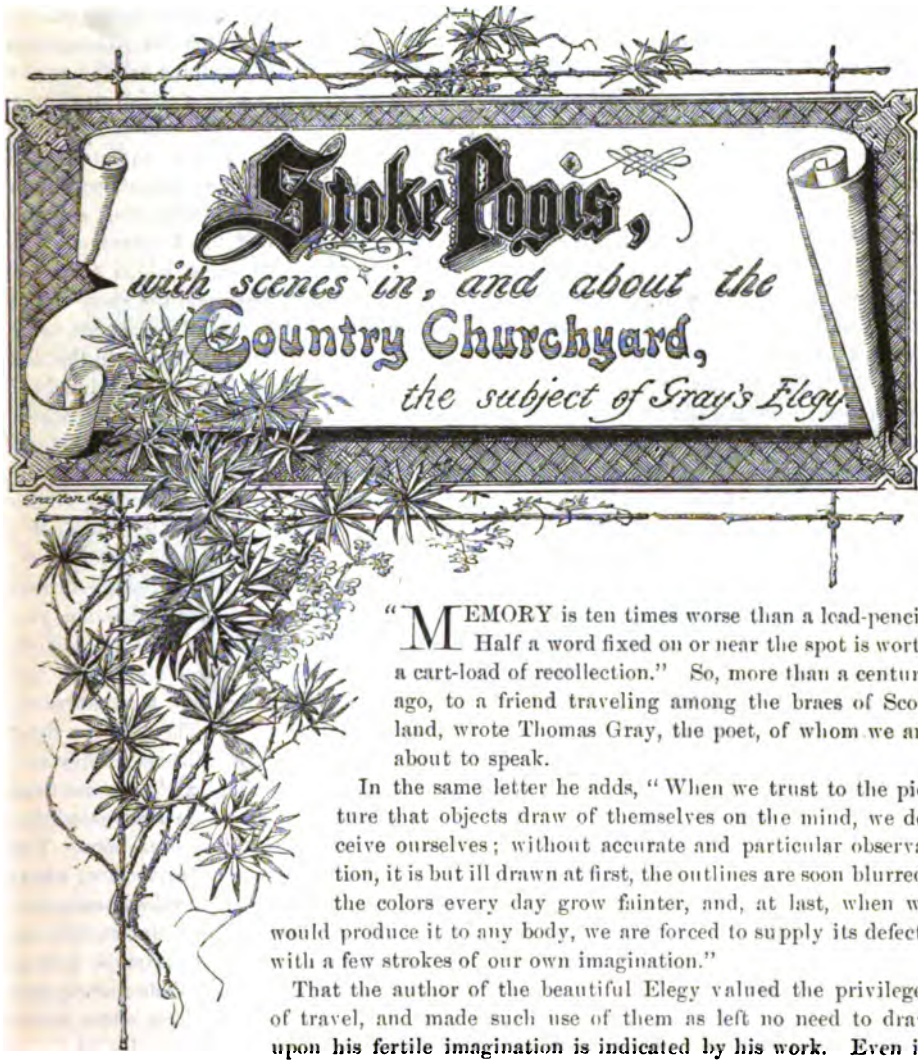
Lord Russell is an eminently favorable specimen of the Englishman of the nineteenth century. For more than seven hundred years his family has been a distinguished one in the kingdom; and, to-day, they show no signs of decay,—a fact that does not conform to our ultra democratic fancy, that noble houses are doomed to decay and extinction. The love of liberty seems to have been inwrought into the life and blood of the Russells, and ever and anon, in the course of history, some member of the family stands forth as its champion, whether as a martyr or a successful advocate. To occupy this historical place was the rare privilege, which he well employed, of the now deceased statesman.

But the proudest day in all his eventful life-time was that when only a very short time before his death, on the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Test and Corporation act, a large and highly respectable deputation of the Dissenting Churches of the kingdom came to congratulate and thank him for his services to the cause of religious liberty, especially in his connection with the passage of that act. In respect to that affair the *Saturday Review*, not an extreme Liberal surely, among other things, says:

"At the age of eighty-six Lord Russell can look back to the day when, fifty years ago, he had the glory of carrying the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts; and a deputation of those who, or whose fathers, have most benefited by his exertions have waited on him to profess the gratitude and respect which this remote passage in his history awakes in their minds. The bulk of the English public would also be quite ready to testify its feelings in favor of Lord Russell as the apostle of religious liberty were it not that religious liberty has become so familiar to all Englishman that it is hard to realize a state of things when it did not exist. That the Church can thrive, and thrive much better, without excluding members of other communions from their fair share in political and municipal life has sunk from a discovery into a truism. . . . Fortunately for his fame, Lord Russell associated himself more conspicuously and more successfully than any one else with its establishment. He has associated his name with the passing of great measures, and, therefore, even fifty years after the time of his first triumph, the memory of his services is still green. In the conduct and passing of these measures he displayed many high qualities—courage, tenacity, and a hearty genuineness of conviction. He believed in himself and his cause; and his high social position, his power in debate, and his command over his followers, gave him a force which prevented any cause he espoused from being lightly treated."

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.



"MEMORY is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed on or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection." So, more than a century ago, to a friend traveling among the braes of Scotland, wrote Thomas Gray, the poet, of whom we are about to speak.

In the same letter he adds, "When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on the mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colors every day grow fainter, and, at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination."

That the author of the beautiful Elegy valued the privileges of travel, and made such use of them as left no need to draw upon his fertile imagination is indicated by his work. Even in his poetry, elaborate description, either of natural scenery or of objects, performs a very prominent part. To it he gave the office of graceful decoration. Description was the adornment of his poetry, the garment of his sentiment, the drapery that revealed while it clothed and beautified his emotion. Yet with what subtle delicacy he wove it! With what distinctness the various threads of color ran in the landscapes that he painted with

his pen! What elegance and precision, what extensive yet minute observation characterized his charming letters to his friends, Horace Walpole and Richard West! How vivid, especially the descriptions of travel, written to his mother, and gathered in the biography by Mason, who became his literary executor after having been his life-long friend! These word-pictures read as if the writer had lingered over them lovingly till they came out under the touch of his tenderness like photographs under the sun.

Yet Gray was not a great traveler, judged by the standard of the present day. Very limited would seem his opportunities to the tourist who sets out to go around the world with a ticket in his pocket, "good for so many days," or takes a run over the Continent in the time Gray spent in a little tour of Wales. He had his year, or two at most, on the Continent with Horace Walpole, when first out of college. He was nearly forty years old before he saw much of Scotland. Only twice in his life did he get into Cumberland and Westmoreland to enjoy the lake scenery, and he never went a second time to climb the heights of Savoy and to visit in Dauphiny his beloved convent of the Grande Chartreuse. Fortunately for us his first memorable visit among the followers of St. Bruno did not have the effect to make *him* also a "son of silence," but, on the contrary, it inspired some of the grandest utterances of his life. To the inspiration of this ascent to the wonderful mountain world, we owe not only his noble "Alcaic Ode," but the hardly less noble letters to his mother and friends, in one of which he speaks of the scenes as "so full of poetry and religion that they would awe an atheist into belief without the aid of other argument."

With the exception of these few journeys, much of Gray's life was passed in Cambridge, only varied by occasional residences in London. Yet so significant did even these ordinary travels seem, that he once wrote to a friend, "Do you not think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles from home, and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if only we would furnish the apartments?" We may be very sure that when he had traveled a hundred or any other number of miles, he had seen what was to be seen, found the "vacant rooms" in his own mind, and done an amount of generous furnishing which we modern tourists rarely achieve. Could one be sure of having trodden with as careful a step, or of having seen with such observant eyes as his who wrote the opening sentence of this sketch, the ground which its illustrations cover, he might with courage ask the reader to wander with him over a region so charming in natural beauty and hallowed by such varied associations. But if the writer of this sketch must, to some extent, pore over the "cart-load of his recollections," our artist, who has supplied the illustrations, can claim for them the value which Gray attaches to "lines fixed upon the spot." For such faithful delineation of the scenes, more or less intimately connected with the life and work of Thomas Gray, we are indebted to Mr. E. D. Grafton, of Cincinnati, whose original sketches were made during several visits in the years 1870 and 1871.

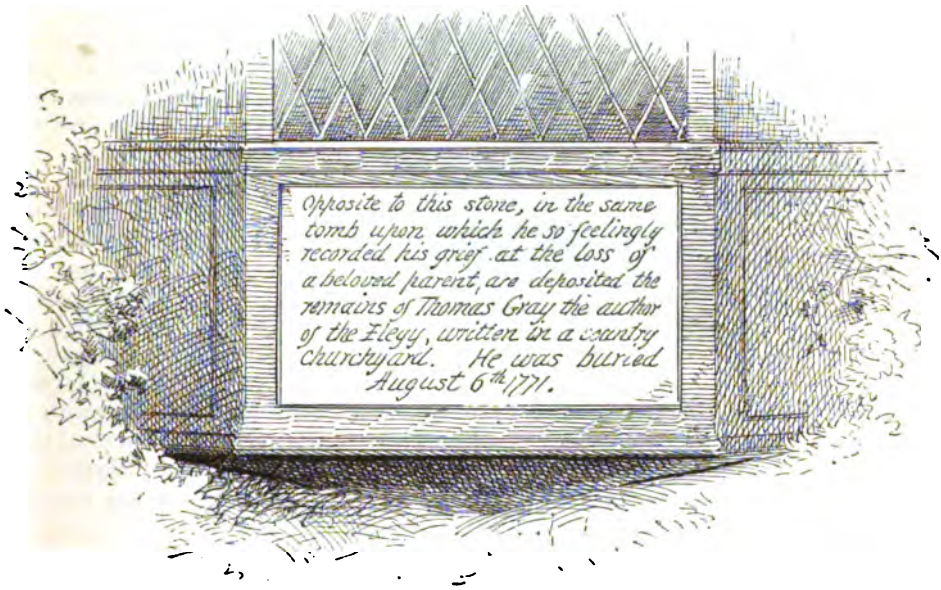
The life of the poet, many of whose events and incidents stand in our minds against a background of rural stillness and beauty, yet began in the midst of the great and noisy city. If, in your tour of London, you are not too weary after your visit to the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, tell the "cabby" to drive you to Leadenhall Street through Cornhill. There on the right at number 41, with St. Michael's Alley and Church on one side, and a chop-house over the way, is the spot where once stood the house in which the bard was born. The spot is sufficiently unattractive now, whatever it may have been a hundred years ago.

While there exists some uncertainty as regards the occupation of Gray's father, some writers calling him a linen-draper, and some a money-scrivener, there seems to be no doubt as to his character. Philip Gray was a most respectable citizen, but of so tyrannical and turbulent a home temper that his poor wife sometimes found existence with a sister, who was a milliner, more endurable than a life with her irascible lord.

To her exertions rather than to those of his father, young Thomas was indebted for his early advantages. That he never forgot what he owed her was proved by his devotion to her in life, as well as by the touching inscription placed on her tomb in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, which reads:

"In this tomb sleeps the remains of DORATHY GRAY, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

Here, when his own life ended, Gray was laid beside her. The tomb is described as a plain, oblong structure, built of brick,


Opposite to this stone, in the same
tomb upon which he so feelingly
recorded his grief at the loss of
a beloved parent, are deposited the
remains of Thomas Gray the author
of the Elegy, written in a country
churchyard. He was buried
August 6th 1771.

now somewhat dilapidated and weed-grown, presenting altogether a neglected appearance, and only brought to notice by the tablet in the bay-window of the adjoining church.

Perhaps no spot could be more suggestive than this of the twelfth stanza of the immortal Elegy, written in this same old churchyard by the hand long folded beneath that stone:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked in ecstasy the living lyre."

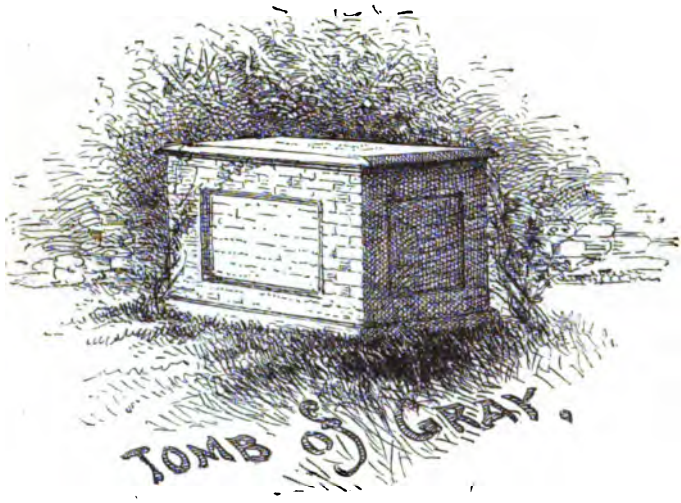
The church itself is a quaint, ivy-clad, moss-grown structure, not unlike many another in English rural districts. Its years are running on toward their third century. From time to time it has undergone slight modifications, as the hand of man has been outstretched to save it from the hand of time. The ivy clothes its square tower as with a garment. The elms stretch their long arms lovingly toward it, and the mosses cling to the gray old stone. The graveled walk that leads to the church-yard, where

"Each in his narrow cell, forever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep."

passes the ancient porch beneath the "yew-tree's shade," with its rude seats on either side. Here, on Sundays, may still be seen weary worshipers resting after their walks. Aged men leaning on their staffs, gazing out over the grass-grown graves; tired mothers holding restless children, whose toddling feet would sooner run among the daisies than go into the somber church; gay young maidens with bright ribbons in their hats, and a flower in their bosoms, watching timidly the lovers who have walked over from Stoke village with them, and now slink away, half-ashamed, to join the group of men who talk in subdued voices beyond the church. Here they rest, sturdy men and women, with strong, English peasant faces, just such peo-

ple as Gray loved to study a hundred years ago, while they waited in the vestibule of this sacred house of God, or strolled among the sunken graves of the forgotten dead.

Once within the church, the stranger may hope to be forgiven, even though he lose the voice of the rector, and forget to join the worshiper in his responses, while hearing the answer of the wind to the whisper of the leaves above the graves. If here for the first



time it will not be strange if, instead of the hymn, there runs in his head, line after line of that Elegy which is fuller than sermon or psalm of a profound and pathetic sense of mortal littleness and of the greatness of man's immortal need. And he who lingers at eventide, after the service is over, must be wanting in some fine, unnamed sympathy, if his heart is not open "while all the air a solemn stillness holds," to the sounds that are for us as well as for the poet who sleeps below. It is not even hard to fancy that *he* may turn sometimes from the high harmonies of heaven to hear again the drone of the beetle, "the drowsy tinkle of the distant folds," the "lowing herd," or the tone of the "curfew bell."

One writer mentions being present at this church on a clear, Christmas day, when at the close of the service, the customary dole of bread was distributed to the people, and speaks of his surprise at finding that not the poor only, but the well-to-do, and women in silken robes cheerfully accepted and bore away the gratuitous loaf.

But no special service is needed to add to the charm of venerable simplicity that hangs about the spot. It is a haunted region to us because of Gray; and it was haunted ground to him because the poetry of its past must have hung over him like a rain-cloud that had for two centuries been drinking up the dew. *We* go no farther back than Gray; *he* went back perhaps in his mind to the day when Hampton Court was crowded with the followers of King James, and Holland welcomed harassed pilgrims driven from the land they loved.

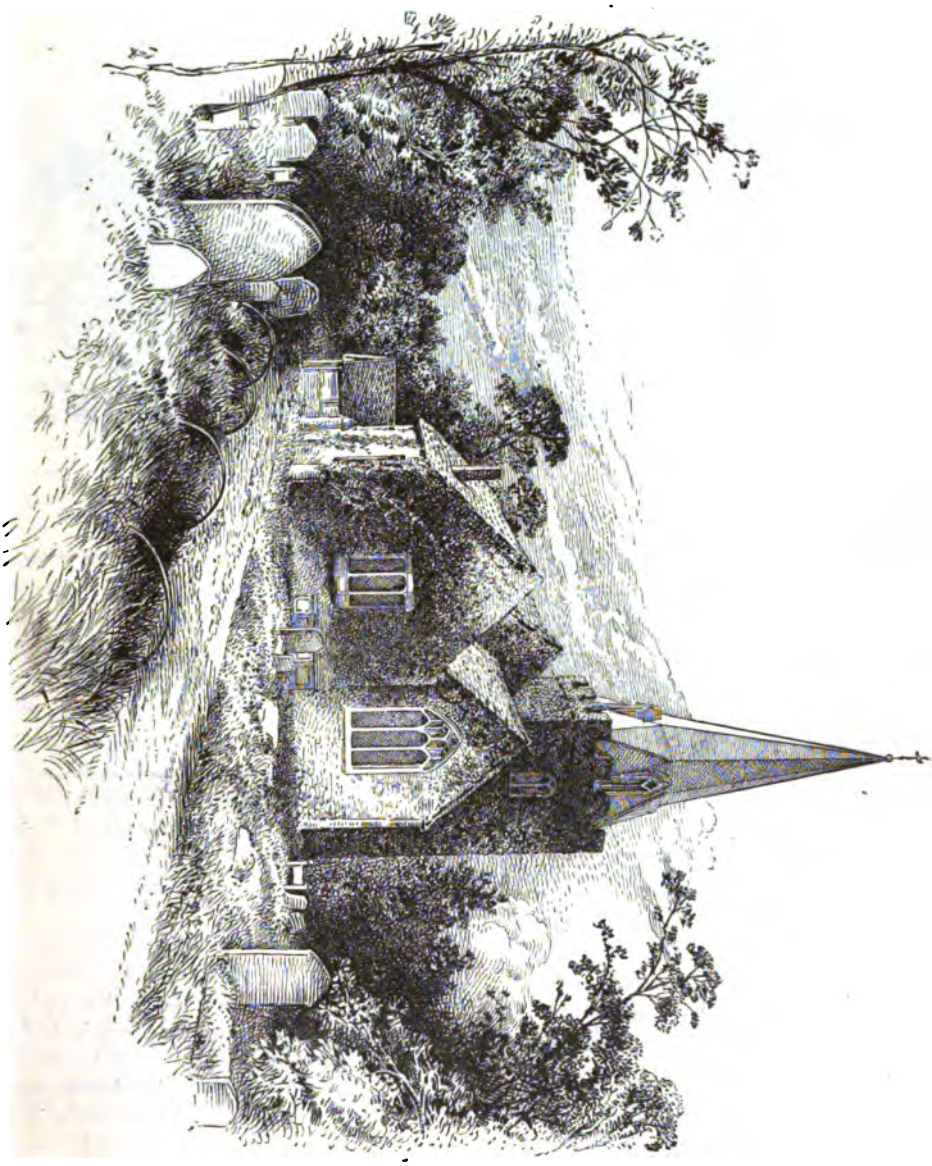
The Elegy and the poet seem old to us; the church was twice as old when Gray was young. The American who would feel its antiquity has only to remember as he gazes at this old tower that it stands now with its gray head bare to the sky just as it stood that day the Pilgrim band knelt together on Plymouth rock, while "God was thanked for liberty."

The number of our countrymen who count a visit to this place well worth the five-mile drive from Windsor, or even the twenty-six miles out from London, is surprisingly large. The visitors' record shows our most distinguished names, and the generous contributions made by Americans for a "memorial to Gray" testify to their practical appreciation of the poet's life-work.

Hawthorne came here during his consulate at Liverpool, and made his visit the theme of one of his finest (unpublished) letters. Daniel Webster was a frequent visitor, and loved the spot. That his great soul felt the spirit that pervades the place and the poem was revealed in his dying days, when he begged that "some one should read to

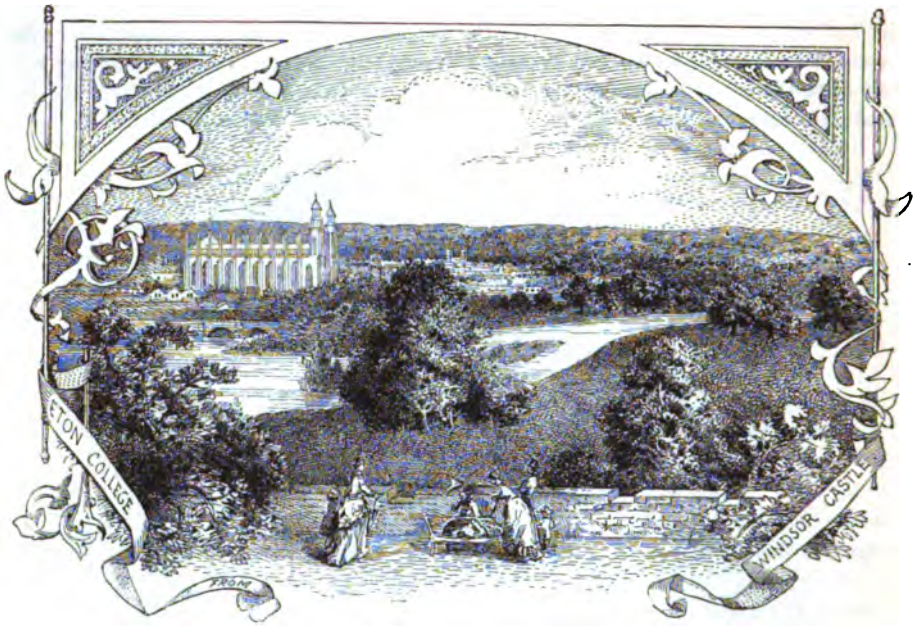
him Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'"

As another notable instance of the appreciation of the Elegy by men under the most exigent circumstances, we may mention that given in his history by Lord Stanhope. He relates that, just before the assault on Quebec, General Wolfe repeated with much feeling the stanzas to the officers with him in the boat. At the close of the recitation he added, "Gentlemen, I would rather be able to have written that divine poem than take the city of Quebec." Before that day was done the gallant soldier had "met the inevitable hour," and realized in his own experience that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."



STOKE POGIS CHURCH-YARD.

Upon an adjoining park, not a hundred steps from the gate of the church, a monument was erected in 1799 by Granville



Penn, Esq., a descendant of the founder of Pennsylvania, as a "tribute to the great lyric and elegiac poet who died at Cambridge, July 31, 1771." The monument bears quotations from the Elegy, one stanza appearing on each façade:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love."

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree.
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he."

The commanding position this granite monument occupies, in full view of Windsor Castle and Eton College, renders singularly appropriate the following quotations from Gray's poem on "A Distant Prospect of Eton College," which are also inscribed upon the stone:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade."

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

This poem may have been suggested at his simple home at Stoke, or when some ramble took him to the Northern Terrace of Windsor Castle. From the latter point the view of the "antique towers" and classic outline of Eton, seen across the beautiful slopes, forms a picture in which the placid Thames flows softly under silvery ripples of light, that come and go like smiles on the face of a sleeping child.

Eton is so well known to our readers as to require only a passing notice. For more than four hundred years its work of training the youth of England has been going on, and probably no institution of learning in the world can present in its alumni record more names distinguished for renown in the field, the cabinet, and the varied pursuits of literature. Conspicuous among these names are those of Wellington, Walpole, Fox, Canning, Boyle, and Hallam, the historian.

The buildings of the college form two large quadrangles, built of brick, with the ex-

ception of the chapel, and with battlemented roofs. The principal front faces the Thames, and the pleasant gardens slope to the water's brink. In the center of the court-yard rises a bronze statue of Henry the Sixth, the founder, a somewhat imposing figure, in full robes and cap of state, bearing in one hand the globe and cross, and in the other the scepter of the king. On the pedestal is a Latin inscription to the following purport:

"To the never-fading memory
of the most pious Henry the Sixth,
King of England and France
and Lord of Ireland,
Henry Godolphin,
Provost of this College,
has erected this statue
of its most munificent founder,
A. D. 1719."

It was while at Eton that Gray formed an intimacy with Horace Walpole and Richard West, a son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, two friends whose lives were more closely identified for a time with his than any others, if we except that of William Mason, to whom we are indebted for most of what we know of his real individual life.

It is not difficult for one familiar with this beautiful region to account for the charm its varied and picturesque beauty exercised over the poet's mind. Nothing is wanting in the combinations of slope and meadow and winding stream to give the perfect English landscape. The village of Stoke is a mile from the little church. No doubt Gray knew every step of the way, and almost every flower that grew by the wayside. The parish of Stoke Pogis includes the little hamlet of Ditton and Ditton Park, the residence of the Duke of Buccleugh. He knew every cottage in the hamlet, and, better still, he had a sympathetic consciousness of what went on within the minds of simple peasant folk. He dreamed many a bright hour away under the noble old trees of the park. He stood often, doubtless, on the ground where this monument now stands, and thought other thoughts as high and true as these upon the stone. How often his feet must have trodden the old road to the adjoining town of Slough, resting now and then to watch the silvery gleam of the Thames as it winds in and out among the hedge-rows! A part of Slough is in the Stoke parish, and now, as then, the old Stoke road gives the loitering pilgrim many a glimpse of "fields in living green," of bending boughs and close-clipped hedges and sunny slopes and glades.

In his walks how often the poet must have turned aside to gaze at his beloved Eton, or the lofty towers of Windsor Castle, rising not more than three miles away. The view of Windsor presented in the cut is that seen on approaching from Eton, from a point near the south-western terminus on the Datchet road.

It is obvious that an edifice so commandingly situated, so extensive, and of such architectural grandeur, must afford a great variety of beautiful views. Both the poet and the artist have found here rare material for pen and pencil in its historic revelations and its inherent picturesque beauty.

PORCH OF STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

We can not linger even to take the tourist's customary look at all the objects of interest within and around this most celebrated of England's royal homes, much less to see as Gray saw, to whom it must have been such dear and familiar ground. One can hardly come direct from Stoke Pogis hither without feeling as if the poet's footsteps

might be traced, and his voice heard telling in his own grave, tender way his reflections on all "this boast of heraldry, this pomp of power." Mason, the friend and poet, whom

MONUMENT IN THE PARK.

Gray loved and delighted to aid, speaks of sharing sometimes his visits to the castle. What walks and talks they must have had! The terraces alone, from which they gazed on landscapes of quiet beauty, gave them a promenade of twenty-five hundred feet. The gardens and the grounds and the little park extend on the eastward for a circumference of four miles. On the south lie the shady vistas of the three-mile avenue, and Windsor Park nearly twenty miles in circuit. And then beyond to the westward, for nearly three times twenty miles, stretch the glooms and shades of Windsor Forest. What a field they present for the lover of nature! We can not even glance at the distinctive features of the landscape they present to view, for within the castle gates we have an area of nearly twelve acres, covered by the buildings, courts, and towers. Of the latter there are thirteen; and of these we see clearly in the cut the old Round Tower, and the Curfew, or Cæsar's Tower. The Round Tower is in the center, and the great masses of buildings occupy the quadrangles on either side.

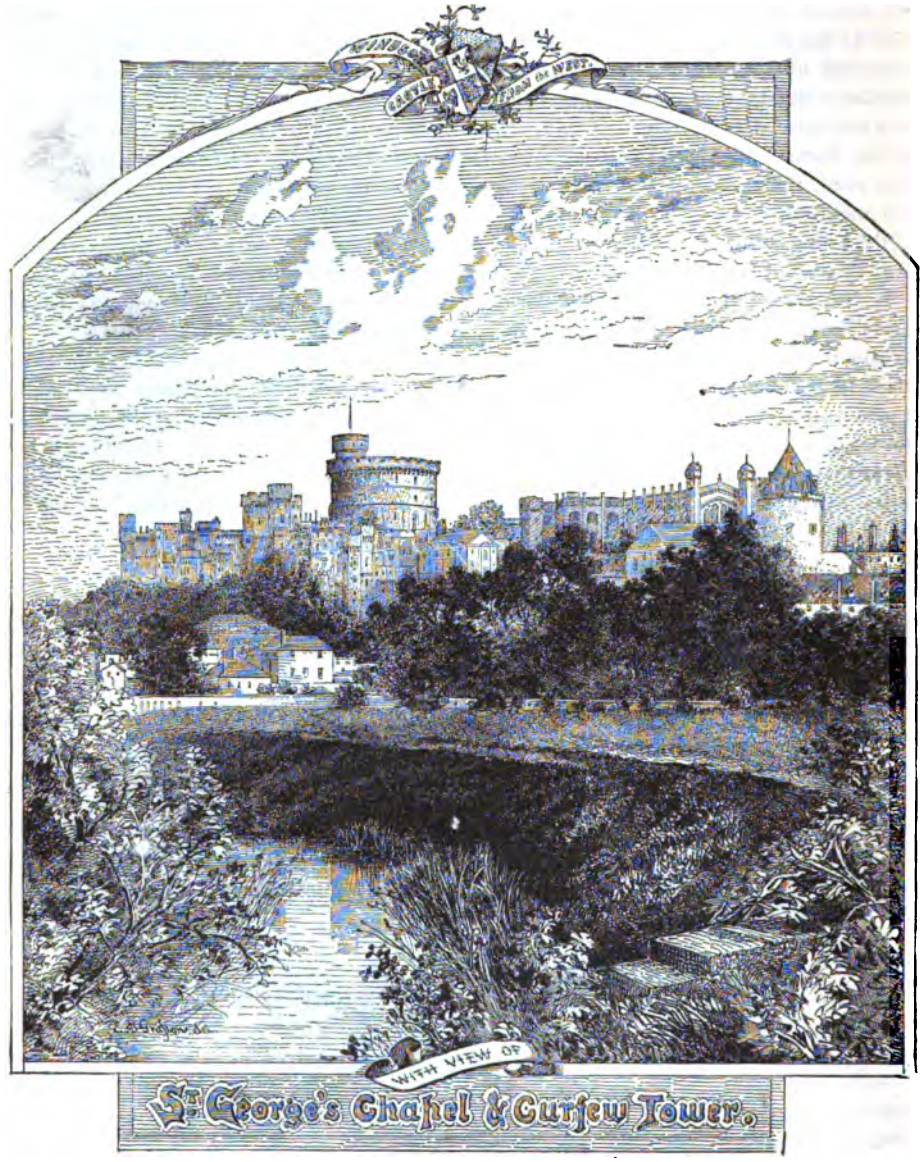
Within we may still be permitted, at proper times, to view the splendors of the state apartments, to walk through the royal drawing-room, dancing-hall, and banqueting-hall. We can gaze at the rare paintings that adorn the walls, and walk through the long corridor, longer than the Cathedral of Milan, peopled only by silent statues in marble or in bronze. We can see the Keep, and perhaps, by special favor, the prison in the old Round Tower, sometimes occupied by royal prisoners, of whom James I of Scotland was said to be one. We can see where English royalty *reigns*, but not where it *lives*. Whatever part of the castle the sovereign makes her home is guarded from the eye of the curious public, save when some special order from the Lord Chamberlain opens the door to a pilgrim more favored than the rest.

But if curiosity may not behold the cradles of princes it may behold their tombs. In St. George's Chapel we pause a moment by the marble tomb of one monarch, Henry the Seventh, and the tomb of steel of another, Edward the Fourth. Under the choir are buried Henry the Eighth and Charles the First, and from the altar's foot a subterranean passage leads to the vault where lie the Georges and others of Britain's royal line. But in this beautiful Gothic chapel

we should look upward to the wonderful roof, to the east window glowing in all the beautiful hues in which the colored glass drinks in the light, to the drooping banners and emblazoned escutcheons of the Knights of the Garter. We should remember, before this altar, the christenings of baby princes, the weddings of royal brides, the crowning of the living, and not only the past and dead that lie discrowned below.

It is a spot full of historic associations. From Saxon to Norman, from Norman down to the present time, from a royal hunting lodge to a feudal fortress, from a fortress to a modern palace, including within its walls an English home, every period and every change is replete with interest. Round every turret winds a story, every chamber could tell its tale either of national or individual events.

It is not strange that a poet like Gray, a child of the people, a lover of nature and of books, cultivated and reflective, living for years almost within the shadow of Windsor, should have felt all the power of its history, and touched the spot reverently and lovingly with his pen. This he did again and again, not in any servile spirit of loyalty, but as one capable of reading and weighing the various phases of the nation's growth, each one of which had put its enduring mark upon the stone. He knew something of the life of the court, though he was not of it or in it. The king's chariot swept in at the gate, sometimes, while the poet, as truly a king in his own realm, haunted the shades of the park, unheralded and uncrowned. His kingdom was that of the mind, his scepter the pen, his palace but little better than a cottage; his retainers, two humble women, gave him the loyal service of love, and whom he loved in return for reward. Of one of them he said, what might also be said of the present occupant of Windsor, she was the tender, careful mother of her children; of the other, his aunt, with whom they lived, he speaks as his mother's sister and friend. Good reason had he to feel she had been his mother's "friend." She was that "Mary Antrobas, spinster," who helped his mother in the time of her greatest need, placing her home and her all at the service of her sister



and her children. She died only four years before his mother, and it was for her the plain brick tomb, covered with its slab of blue slate, and which afterward received the remains of both the poet and his mother, was prepared. She was identified with his early life almost as much as was his mother. The school-boy and college youth and law student and young traveler came back always to the two women who made his home; and later, when his income enabled him to make theirs, and he came now and then to share it with them for a time, their love indulged and encouraged the fastidious scholar in all the delicate niceties of personal and home life which were the necessities of his over-refined and sensitive taste.

After his life at Eton and Cambridge Gray studied civil law; but the death of his father

occurring at about the same time that his travels with Walpole terminated, he was able to live modestly without resorting to the practice of his profession, and to bestow his time and vigor upon occupations of a purely literary life. He made Cambridge his home henceforth, residing at one time for only three years in London.

Distinguished as he was as an author he was yet more highly regarded as a scholar. Scholars were his chosen companions, and among his intimate friends he was said to be delightful, though quiet and reserved in general society. In authorship, the critics who chided him for not doing more, yet marveled at the excellence of his work. Its subtle criticism, its humor, its research, its intense, if not very fertile imagination, its delicacy of feeling, combined to create a quality that more than compensated for lack of quantity. His letters, acknowledged to be among the most charming ever printed, had all the refined beauty of style of the most picturesque English writers. His Latin poems surpassed those of any of his contemporaries in elegance and grace. He was considered the most learned man of his day; but great regret has often been expressed that he was not a more industrious and productive author. His friends seemed to forget that such a poem as his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which is said to have lain unfinished for fully seven years, might well have been sufficient work for a life-time. So elevated and poetic in thought, so pure and perfect in diction that it is no marvel that each line seems to have an individuality and an immortality of its own, even apart from the very harmonious whole. It must have been the result of some subtle processes of mental crystallization, analogous to those in nature, where the most perfect crystalline beauty depends upon long seasons of silent and dark assimilation and arrangement. How long and how often he brooded and dreamed in Stoke Pogis church-yard, while in his brain and heart the poem grew, we shall never know. What sudden flashes of inspiration gave some stanzas shape, what strange insight into the "short and simple annals of the poor," brought others forth; what mystical union of emotion and thought finally wrought it out,—all lies beyond our ken.

The poem was popular from the first, and ran through four editions at once. The original manuscript, translated into almost every known tongue, was purchased some years ago by the late Mr. Granville Penn, for one hundred pounds; it is said, however, since that time, to have fallen into the possession of the British Museum.

Previous to its publication in 1749, it was handed about in manuscript for perusal, and among other admirers was Lady Cobham, who resided at the mansion of Stoke Pogis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, her relations, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and not finding him at home, they left their cards for the poet. Mr. Gray surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit, and as the beginning of this acquaintance bore some resemblance to a romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it, in the verses which he entitled "A Long Story," printed in 1753, with designs by Mr. Bentley. This unfinished poem refers in its opening stanza to an "ancient pile of building," which in the sixteenth century belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. Upon the death of Lady Cobham, 1760, the first year of George III's reign, this ancient old manor house of the Huntingdons, then, Lady Cobham's, was purchased from her executors by the late Hon. Thomas Penn, Lord proprietary of Pennsylvania. His son finding the interior of the mansion in a state of considerable decay, it was taken down in the year 1789, with the exception of a wing, which was preserved partly for the sake of its effect as a ruin, harmonizing so much better with Stoke Pogis church-yard, Gray's house and the adjoining scenery.

The walk from this old Stoke mansion to the house occupied by the poet's family is peculiarly retired. It is a charming spot for a Summer residence; but has undergone great alteration and improvement since Gray

gave it up in 1758. It is to be presumed that these two high-born visitors

> "A brace of warriors, not in buff
> But rustling in their silks and tissues,"

put themselves to a great deal of trouble in venturing over stiles, to hunt after that wicked imp they call a poet, and in his modest home, Gray must have been surprised at the "spell upon the table," or card which these ladies left there.

Of Lady Schaub, the wife of Sir Luke, who, some years before had been embassador to Paris, and of Miss Speed, the two silken warrior callers, Gray humorously says in his "Long Story."

"The first came *cap-a-pie* from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon, kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air,
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her "*nom de guerre*."
Alas, who would not wish to please her?

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armor;
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. Purt
(By this time all the parish know it),
Had told that thereabout there lurked
A wicked imp they call a poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She 'd issue out her high commission
To rid the parish of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task.
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask
But bounce into the parlor enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up-stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each crack and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber.

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio.
Under a tea-cup he might lie
Or crossed, like dog's ears, in a folio."

Of course these ladies departed without gaining much by their visit. Gray is said to have purposely avoided meeting them at this time, although, as before stated, he called on them afterward. Rev. Mr. Purt, mentioned in the poem, was tutor to the Duke of Bridgewater, then at Eton College, and was much impressed with the poetic ability of Gray, and had freely spoken of his genius. The "Long Story" happened to be a very short one as given to the public, but it was mentioned that upwards of five hundred stanzas were lost in the misplacement of the manuscripts. Gray paid a handsome compliment to the artist, Mr. Bentley, who drew a series of designs for his poems in 1753, especially a head piece to the "Long Story."

In this edition of 1753, the number of poems being too few to make a book of ordinary size, they were printed only on one side of the leaf. These original drawings are still to be seen in the library at Strawberry Hill. Strawberry Hill was the Gothic Toy-house at Twickenham, filled with antiquarian and ornamental knickknacks, built by Walpole, the friend of Gray, with whom he traveled and quarreled. Richard West, the other dear friend of Gray's youth, died, and it was after the loss of both, one by estrangement and one by death, that Gray, while much depressed, wrote his "Hymn to Adversity." Though Walpole lived, in the House of Commons, and afterward as the Earl of Orford, an active and clever public and literary life, with every aid of wealth and rank, perhaps the one thing most frequently mentioned of him is that he was the friend of the poet Gray. And the same thing may be said also of William Mason, who became the chosen companion of the poet's later years. Mason was a clergyman, and became Canon of York. He was esteemed for knowledge of music and painting. He wrote some plays and more poems. Gray believed in his talent, and aided its development, till he achieved a certain distinction; but he is remembered now only as the biographer of the poet, Gray. His edition of Gray's poems is considered the best of many, and his memoir of Gray with his letters has been frequently republished. The same is

true also of the memoir and letters of Mitford. In either, one has the prominent facts of his life and character, and in either, one can not fail to be charmed with the letters. They abound in exquisite fragments of description, in imagery most touching, in style most chaste and graceful. His writings do not reveal the great attainments to which his friends bore witness. He hated mathematics, loved philosophy, was an architect, an antiquary, a zoölogist, and a botanist. He loved Greek classics, and tried to incorporate in English verse the spirit of Italian poetry. He was induced, by his friend West, to abandon his only effort in the drama, the "Tragedy of Agrippina," in which Nero and his mother and Seneca were to be prominent characters. Mr. Mason says that he was probably induced to choose the subject by his great admiration for the "Britannicus" of Racine, which was his favorite play. He adds: "The execution of it, as far as it goes, is so like Racine, that I suspect if he had been born an Englishman he would have written in the same style and manner."

A learned friend, who perused the manuscript, speaks of its admirable strokes of nature and character, and its majesty of diction, as so great as to forbid withholding it from publication in deference to the prejudice against declamatory plays. Gray's literary merit received, on the death of Colley Cibber, the compliment of the appointment of poet laureate, which he declined. He became Chancellor of the University, and afterward Professor of Modern History, a post which yielded him about four hundred pounds a year, and which he kept as long as his health would permit. His inheritance from his father included gout, from which he was a sufferer for many years, alleviating, but not curing his misery, by occasional change and travel. His delicate constitution succumbed, however, to an attack which occurred in the hall of the college, in July, of 1771, and where, after a week of terrible suffering, he died.

And they opened his mother's tomb in the little church-yard of Stoke Pogis, and laid near the heart that loved him best, all that was mortal of the man whose genius, after a century of time, still sheds upon the silent spot, the glory of his own immortal words.

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

THE woman of to-day has a well-defined individuality. She stands in the rarefied atmosphere of this upland of the ages, clearly defined in character and attitude against the horizon of the future. She does not wear the misty aureole of the saint; but one may note in her face and figure that which is better; she has grown glad and strong in the purer air and increasing light of the last century.

Through the mists that lie below us we may discern the typical woman of yesterday, luminous through the mist—and so a saint—but she is "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes," and there is that in her uncertain step and wistful face which shows that the word "come forth" comes to her faintly and from far.

"Education is deliverance," said Froebel. The lesson has been long and difficult, and the patient souls who have painfully spelled out their little part by a rush light, appeal to us out of the past.

Elizabeth of Hungary, princess, saint, martyr, woman (the last the highest title), stands, as we look down through the centuries, this side the heavy bar of mist that we call the Dark Ages, and just within the light of that strange dawn of religious feeling, the age of chivalry. She did not share the peculiar spirit of her age, but lived in bondage to it. "There were giants in those days," whose natural inheritance was self-will, physical courage, passion, pride, and religious fanaticism, and among them she was a "spirit in prison." But let us speak of her life, which, though touched here and there with the fancies that marked the poetical superstitions of the Middle Ages, and especially of the thirteenth century, is, in all the material facts, perfectly authentic.

In the year 1207, Gertude, Queen of Hungary, wife of Andreas II, gave birth to a daughter. That year, it is recorded, was crowned with singular blessings to the whole country; for the wars which had ravaged Hungary ceased, and nature poured out upon the land an abundant harvest. Many things are told of the wondrous child that came to the court of Hungary that year. She was free from the unreasoning petulance of childhood. Her earliest utterances were prayer, and at three years of age she was of radiant beauty, affectionate, generous, and religious as a nun.

Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia, a good and gentle prince, of poetic renown, and a patron of the Minnesingers, held his court at this time in the Castle of the Wartburg, Eisenach. The fame of the little Hungarian princess was brought to his court by the poets and wise men who thronged there, and he said to himself, "Would to God that this fair child might be the wife of my son." The thought pursued him until he resolved to send an embassy to the King of Hungary. He intrusted his message to the Count Reinhard of Muhlburg, Walter de Tarila, his seneschal, and Bertha the Beindeleben, a noble widow, and sent with them a train of knights and ladies from the court bearing gifts. The message and the messengers were received with royal hospitality. And strange as it seems to the mothers of this age and nation, they were permitted to bear back to the court of Herman the little princess Elizabeth, then four years old. With her went stores of costly gifts of jewels, silks, and horses from the East, and a cradle and bath of pure silver of rare workmanship. Two baggage wagons bore gifts to the Hungarian court, but thirteen returned to Thuringia.

There was great rejoicing at the betrothal of Elizabeth and the young Prince Louis, which was performed with great pomp at Eisenach. After this the children called each other brother and sister and grew up as such, though Louis knew that his new sister was different from his own sister Agnes, and, indeed, unlike all the children of the court. She was heavenly-minded even in her plays,

* Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders;" Kingsley's "The Saint's Tragedy;" Count Montalembert's "Histoire de S. Elizabeth de Hongrie, Duchesse de Thurenge."

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

and exercised a peculiar ascendency over her playmates which they could not understand. The noble passion of her life, charity, was largely developed at this early age, and it was her care to gather the food that remained from the royal repasts, to give to the poor children who came to the castle gate.

The spirit of the child was pleasing to the Landgrave Herman, but after his death, which occurred when Elizabeth was nine years old, she began to feel dimly the bars which were to prison her.

The Landgravine, Sophia, was proud and ambitious, and had little patience with the charity and humility which led Elizabeth to a group of beggars sooner than to a court banquet, and the ladies of the court were quick to reflect the feeling of the Landgravine and her daughter.

It is said that on the day of a great religious festival, Sophia and the two young princesses went to the Church of St. Catherine at Eisenach. According to the custom of that day they wore long embroidered mantles, over which their hair fell loosely, and a golden coronet upon their heads. They knelt upon entering the church, before a crucifix, and as Elizabeth raised her eyes to the thorn-crowned brow of the image of the Savior, she involuntarily took off her coronet and laid it at the foot of the cross. Her royal mother-in-law elect whispered a bitter reproach, and bade her replace her coronet.

"Dear lady mother," she replied, weeping, "reproach me not. How can I, in his presence wear this crown; it is a mockery of his."

Then, as the eyes of the people were fixed upon them, the Landgravine and the princess Agnes removed their crowns also, "which they misliked greatly," adds the chronicle.

The years that followed were full of trial and sorrow to the young princess. The court jeered at her religious whims and low associations (among the suffering poor), and the Princess Agnes told "her that her brother Louis would never marry such a *Beguine*,

but would send her back to Hungary to her father."

Louis was quietly watching her through these years. He, like his father, was a good and gentle prince, and held Elizabeth in a reverent affection. He did not openly show her attention, or come like a true knight to her defense; but he comforted her with tender words, and often brought her little gifts as tokens of his affection. He was her only comfort, and she prayed constantly that his heart might not be turned from her; for she knew that every earthly influence was employed to make him false to her.

Walter de Varila, who brought her as a little child from Hungary, was devoted to Elizabeth. He watched with jealous eye the gathering feeling of dislike to his favorite, and resolved to speak to Prince Louis.

"It is thought by many," he ventured one day, as they were hunting, "that you love not the Lady Elizabeth, and will send her back to her father."

Louis threw his hand vehemently toward the Inselberg, which rose before them, saying:

"Seest thou yon high mountain? If from base to summit it were all of pure gold I would not exchange it for my Elizabeth. I have only her. *Ich will meine Elsbeth haben.*"

These words, borne by Walter to Elizabeth, with a little token, a silver mirror surmounted by a crucifix, drove away all her fears.

About a year afterward they were married, and three days of feasting marked the event. Louis was then twenty years old. He was of the true German type, of a ruddy complexion, and with long, fair hair parted over an ample brow. His face marked his princely temper. It was serene and mild, but resolute. It is recorded of him that "in his words he was as modest as a maid," and in his life a "blameless prince." Elizabeth was about fifteen years of age. She had the peculiar beauty of her race: a tall, slender figure, clear, olive complexion, and dark, abundant hair. Her eyes were often spoken of in later years as "glowing with love, but as if through tears."

There are many touches of romance in the accounts of her earlier years, which may have grown out of the poetic tendency of the chronicles of the age; but as the story of her life as the mistress of the Wartburg and Landgravine of Thuringia becomes more clearly a part of history we feel the power of her pure and patient spirit, her loving and suffering woman's heart. Only in outline, however, may we trace the short, sad life, "filled with pangs and struggles such as then haunted the unreasoning minds of women, distracted between their earthly duties and affections and their heavenward aspirations,—as if this world were not God's world and his care, no less than that other world." (Mrs. Jameson.)

The married life of Elizabeth was most happy—too happy, she feared—and so with her new blessings she began a course of penance and self-denial, for beside her happiness she saw "a gulf threatening to devour her." She wore hair-cloth next her skin, often scourged herself and caused her ladies to scourge her, and rose to pray in the coldest nights. Her husband was troubled by these things, and sometimes remonstrated; but he dared not forbid her prayers or penance, for he felt that they were, perhaps, the safeguard of himself and his people. It is recorded of her, however, that she always bore to her husband a cheerful and loving face and manner, and dressed to please him, though in his absence she always wore a black robe.

Conrad of Marbourg, a man of the sternest character, was her spiritual director and confessor, and he ruled her with a rod of iron. He imposed upon her sensitive conscience and gentle, womanly nature to the last degree of endurance, and doubtless, at her canonization by Gregory IX, four years after her death, felt that Heaven had made him instrumental in the creation of a saint. She dared not eat of the food prepared for the royal table, because Conrad had declared the tax upon the people which furnished it unpleasing to God, and so lived much upon bread and water; but it is related in a legend that Louis, sitting beside her at table one day, tasted the water that she drank, and found it a rare wine, of a flavor unknown to any earthly vintage, and he thereafter

believed that his wife was served by the angels.

In the year 1226 the Landgrave Louis accompanied the Emperor Frederick II into Italy. It was a year of famine throughout all Germany, but the poor Thuringians were the greatest sufferers. The tender heart of Elizabeth was oppressed beyond measure by this calamity, and she began to distribute corn from the royal granaries. As she was prudent, as well as charitable, she so dealt it out that her resources lasted through the Summer, when the harvests were again ready. It is related that the Wartburg was a busy place during these months. A certain number of loaves of bread were baked, and distributed to the crowds who gathered to receive it, sometimes to the number of nine hundred. The famine was followed by great mortality and distress, which taxed her sympathies and powers of endurance still further. In the town of Eisenach, at the foot of the Wartburg, she founded a hospital for poor women only, and another, called the Hospital of St. Anne, where all who applied were received. These were afterward the scene of her tender ministries to the sick with loathsome diseases, from whom the ladies who attended her were wont to turn away in disgust. She also founded a hospital for poor children, to whom she was both mother and ministering angel. To the support of these charities went all the means she could draw from the treasury, her own jewels and state robes, and at last the jewels of state. The councilors were in a state of alarm at this, and upon Louis's return hastened to charge upon his wife the loss of the royal treasure, but he would not listen to them. "Let her give what she will," he said, "if she but leave me my castles of Wartburg, Eisenach, and Naumburg." Elizabeth, meeting him with her children, threw herself into his arms, crying, "See! I have given to the Lord what is his, and he has preserved to us what is thine and mine."

It was in the following year that all Europe was stirred by the zealots who inspired the third crusade. In Germany Frederick II assumed the cross, and sent a summons to Louis to join him. He took the cross, with many other princes and nobles, but dared not tell Elizabeth. After many days she found the cross, which he dared not wear in her presence. She was playfully searching in his purse for money to give to her poor, and drew forth the badge that told its own story to her quick eyes. She swooned away at his feet, but said, on recovering, "Let it be as God wills; I will stay behind and pray for thee." But a shadow of the coming cloud must have touched her even then; for she accompanied him on a two days' journey before she could part with him, and then she was brought back half dead by her knights and ladies.

Prince Louis shared the fate of thousands of the "flower of chivalry" who went on those mad and perilous missions to seek "the living among the dead." He journeyed as far as Otranto, in Calabria, and then was arrested by a fever. He died in the arms of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, commanding his knights with his latest breath to bear his body back to his own country, and to defend his wife and children with their blood against wrong or oppression. When the evil tidings came to Elizabeth she would have died, it is said, but for the little baby daughter that had just come to claim, with her other children, a mother's care.

Then the pitiless storm began to fall thick and fast upon the young mother, whose castle was no refuge against the designs of evil men. Henry, the eldest brother of Louis, aided by wicked counselors, assumed the right to take possession of the Wartburg, and drove Elizabeth and her children from it. She was but little past twenty years of age, but through the Winter snow she passed down the rocky path, her baby in her arms, and her women following with the three elder children. She took refuge in an inn, and for weeks supported herself by spinning wool, for Henry had issued a proclamation that forbade the people to receive her. She had no expectation that redress could ever come from that far grave in Calabria; but in time—and how long were journeys and how wide were sep-

arations in that day!—the knights who received Louis's dying command returned to Thuringia, bearing his body. They had learned, before reaching Eisenach, of the cruel treatment Elizabeth had received from Henry, and were ready to avenge her. They placed the young Herman, Louis's eldest son, on the throne, under a regent, and gave to Elizabeth as her dower the city of Marbourg, to which she retired with her daughters.

And now the power of Conrad, no longer tempered by the will of Louis, began to fall with tenfold strictness upon the young widow, who had already learned to fear every thing, even her God. He held absolute sway over her will by virtue of his holy office, and, conscious of this, he set himself to the task of her "purification." She already wore the cord which is the badge of the Franciscan Order, and would have given away all her possessions that she might fulfill the vow of the Order—absolute poverty. One by one she parted with her children, lest she should give them too much love; for Conrad had doubtless assured her that God had in wrath taken her husband from her, because she lavished upon him a part of that love that He alone should have. Her charities, which had been the joy and consolation of her life, Conrad limited, that she might not find pleasure even in these. But, if not allowed to give her possessions to the poor, she was allowed to earn her bread, and so suffer the limitations of poverty as really as if she possessed nothing. She spent her days in spinning wool; but sorrow and penance and exposure had done their work, and the poor weak fingers and faltering feet made such sorry work that she could not earn enough to meet her wants. She earned less and less, until her clothes became ragged, and she patched them with shreds of any color, until the children in the street pursued her as a mad woman. Who shall say that the tender woman, shut in this iron cell devised by a fanatical priest, and feeling its walls closing around her day by day, did not feel her brain reel as her heart and her flesh failed?

Her two faithful women Conrad had sent away; and now, as if her cup were not already full to the brim, the rumor spread that she was living in unholy union with Conrad. Walter de Varila, her old friend, who had sorrowfully watched her course, but could do nothing for her, now came to protest against her subjugation to the will of Conrad. He told her of the floating rumor that he had heard, but she was too far beyond the sense of things present to be deeply moved by it. She only bared her shoulder and showed him the marks of the penitential lash inflicted by Conrad, and her life-long friend went sadly away, leaving her to the mercy of God.

At last she lay down to die, and it is recorded that she turned her face to the wall and chanted a hymn in a sweet and tender voice; then as her strength failed, she muttered the word, "silence," and fell asleep.

Conrad's work was over; he had made not only a saint but a martyr; and because of his proclamation of her sanctity, a most disgraceful scene took place over her remains. Crowds came to view them, and bore away shreds of her garments, her hair, and even mutilated her poor body for relics. There were miracles and lamentations at her burial, and within a year the Church of St. Elizabeth was founded at Marbourg. It was forty-eight years in building, and is a rare specimen of the pure early Gothic. All Germany poured its offerings at the shrine of the gentle woman, whom they pitilessly pursued to an early grave, and she now has a tomb, the stone steps around which are worn hollow by the knees of pilgrims.

And all this filled the few fleeting years that we call "a girl's life," for Elizabeth, at the time of her death, had just completed her twenty-fourth year, and had survived her husband three years and a half.

Surely Protestantism can not say, "We have no part in this woman—a canonized saint in the Romish Church." Protestantism did say this when, at the time of the Reformation, her own descendant, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse (styled the Magnanimous), "caused her tomb to be violated with brutal levity, and her remains dispersed no one knows how or whither." And Protestantism *does* say

this when pilgrims' feet from Christian lands visit the Castle of the Wartburg, and Christian hearts muse and commune with the mighty and sainted dead in the chamber where Luther found a refuge from priests and princes, and where he completed the translation of the Bible, and yet are careless of the fact that it was also the chamber of Elizabeth. They look with awe on the ink-stain upon the wall, and remember how Luther threw the ink-stand at the head of Satan in one of his terrible mental conflicts, and forget that in this very room were waged contests as terrible between love and duty, between nature and a cruel creed, and these in the heart of one of the loveliest of women.

As a pendant to this outline of a real life, we will quote from Mrs. Jameson's work one of the many legends that the German Catholics preserve with religious care, and which is the subject of the illustration on a preceding page of this paper.

"Elizabeth, in the absence of her husband, daily visited the poor who dwelt in the suburbs of Eisenach and in the huts of the neighboring valleys. One day, during a severe Winter, she left her castle with a single attendant, carrying in the skirts of her robe a supply of bread, meat, and eggs for a certain poor family; and, as she was descending the frozen and slippery path, her husband, returning from the chase, met her bending under the weight of her charitable burden.

"'What dost thou here, my Elizabeth?' he said. 'Let us see what thou art carrying away?'

"And she, confused and blushing to be so discovered, pressed her mantle to her bosom; but he insisted, and opening her robe he beheld only red and white roses more beautiful and fragrant than any that grow on earth. Then he was about to embrace his wife, but, looking in her face, he was overawed by a supernatural glory that seemed to emanate from every feature, and he dared not touch her. He bade her go on her way and fulfill her mission; but taking from her lap one of the roses of Paradise, he put it in his bosom and continued to ascend the mountain slowly, with his head declined, and pondering these things in his heart."

Such is the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, princess, saint, martyr, WOMAN.

OUR FATHER!

A SONNET.

IN happy days of childhood, when the wide
Far-stretching sea of life lay calm and still,
Or softly rippled by some childish ill,
How often have we knelt at eventide,
Wee, white-robed figures at our mother's side,
While she would clasp our hands, and bid us pray
To him, "Our Father," who would hear alway
His children's griefs, and soothe them when they cried.
So now, when strong, fierce storms of sorrow beat,
Bringing us agony so hard to bear,
That we fall prone and senseless on the sod,
Our mother earth, with kindly touch and sweet,
Clasps close our hands, bidding us cast our care
On him, our loving Father and our God.

THREE ERAS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

PART II.—THE EMPRESS.

IN the year 1861, England, France, and Spain entered into alliance for the invasion of Mexico, ostensibly to redress grievances and collect debts by establishing a permanent government and a throne; in reality, to secure an unvarying and stable supply of cotton, the war in the United States having taught Europeans that it was a precarious trust to rely upon any single nation for so important a commodity. Generals Miramon and Almonte, distinguished Mexicans of the Government and Church party, visited the courts of these three powers with an earnest petition that they would intervene to save their revolutionary country from utter ruin. The bigoted religious creed, Roman Catholic, that swayed Mexico, from swarthiest Indian to the loftiest descendant of the old Spanish hidalgos, created a barrier to the interference of Protestant England, and accordingly she soon withdrew from the compact.

Spain would gladly have given a Bourbon prince to her revolted province, as she still styled Mexico, but it was futile to contend against the aggressive power of the French Empire.

Not even the finally hard-wrung consent from King Leopold to the undertaking could alter the feelings of Queen Victoria, who believed it was a mistake and must come to evil. Unfortunately, "the balance of power" lay in the hands of two other charming women, renowned as well for mental gifts as for their loveliness of person, their fascinating ways, their lofty ambition and relentless bigotry,—the Empress of the French and the Princess Carlotta herself.

Of Maximilian, a whole parterre of blooming memories was cherished in the heart of Eugenie. During the early years of her reign she first met the young imperial stranger, whom she found accomplished, amiable, bright in his untrammeled youth, and clothed with that fascinating prestige of personal independence and spirit which archdukes are not often permitted to enjoy. Maximilian visited the Tuileries just before his marriage to the almost infantile Princess Charlotte of Belgium. He had crossed the Atlantic, had ruled in Northern Italy. He was a sailor, a man of science, generous to a fault, with gentle and winning manners, tall and graceful. Indeed, with his clear blue eyes, and his six feet of well-developed, manly vigor, the young imperialist was a man to be observed anywhere and in any company. His exalted rank made it proper that the empress should treat him with the cordiality due to an equal, and when he left France the lovely Eugenie could not soon forget him.

Thus, when the question arose of an emperor for Mexico the empress looked back on these blooming memories, rather than forward to an uncertain future, and impulsively suggested the gallant, handsome, and highly cultured duke. A suggestion by the irresistible empress was equivalent to an acquiescence by Napoleon III and his cabinet officers; and so the young Hapsburgh, who had been so idolized at home, so honored by the Italians, who thoroughly believed in his good intent and desire to do them full justice, allowed himself to be used. Every republican heart in Europe softened toward him as a royal duke who accounted man to be nobler than his antecedents, and who was, perhaps, well selected to rule over a discontented, sovereign people. The conqueror of Solferino, as was meet, offered the throne to the brother of Francis Joseph, to whom, equally with himself, was the peace just proclaimed at Villafranca of deep interest.

The Mexican envoys, Romanist to the heart's core, went jubilant over the suggestion of their favorite devotee, Eugenie, elated and proud that a descendant of Charles V should enter into the inheritance of Cortez, unmindful that, manly and martial as he might be, possessing every requisite, as did Leopold, his father in-law, for the

happy quietude of domestic life, Maximilian might yet not, like the latter, prove well fitted to govern a revolutionary people, or capable of founding an empire in unruly Mexico.

On the 3d of October, 1863, the Mexican deputation, consisting of nine distinguished Mexicans, under the presidency of Señor Estrado, visited the Castle of Miramar, and announced to Maximilian that their nation had adopted a limited monarchy for its form of government, and offered the crown to his Imperial Highness, the Archduke, with the title of Emperor of Mexico. Maximilian gracefully declined the throne until receiving a more definite and full expression of the Mexican people. The commission returned to Mexico, and again, on the ensuing April, 1864, visited once more the chateau of Miramar, apprising the archduke of the popular vote in his favor.

All nature seemed to rejoice in the glad event, as on a serene and lovely Italian Sabbath-day the deputation, with their carriages and mounted escort, left Trieste for the palace and pleasure grounds of Miramar. In the grand reception hall the council was held, Maximilian dressed in the uniform of vice-admiral of the Austrian navy, and Carlotta by his side in very elegant attire. The oath of office was then administered by high dignitaries of the Church, the assembly repairing to the chapel, where the grand *Te Deum* was chanted.

And thus it came about that four days thereafter, on the 14th of April, Maximilian, the descendant of the Cæsars, and Carlotta, his young and accomplished wife, herself the daughter of a king, the sister-in-law of an emperor, the cousin of the queens of England and of Spain and of the kings of Italy and Sweden, bade farewell to their stately and splendid home on the Adriatic Sea.

So great was the personal popularity of both that the journey from Trieste to Rome was constituted a continuous demonstration of affection from the multitude. At the holy city their arrival was announced by a salute from the Castle of San Angelo, and a palace was furnished with the most costly decorations for their entertainment. A day of brilliant festivities followed their interview with the pope, and after attending mass all Rome apparently accompanied the royal pair to the railroad station,—the only moment of quiet repose enjoyed during the brief stay of Maximilian and Carlotta being a midnight visit to the Coliseum, as the moon shed its silver light over the magnificent ruin. At Civita Vecchia the emperor and empress re-embarked amid the shouts of the multitude and booming of guns, while night with its saddening gloom soon hid the departing fleet on the darkening sea.

From Gibraltar to Vera Cruz the journey occupied a month, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of delight which their royalties received at the latter city. At Cordova, Puebla, Soledad, the demonstrations at their arrival were equally intense and gratifying. At Puebla especially the processions and religious ceremonies of the welcome were in the highest degree imposing. In this city, on the 7th of June, Carlotta celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday, attending mass in the Cathedral, according to her devout custom. That the sympathy of her heart continued with the poor and the sorrowing, above her love of court pageantry, was manifest by the gentle letter which on that occasion she addressed to the mayor:

"Señor Prefect,—It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla on the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my old country. Such a day is, for every body, one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me if the care, attention, and proofs of affection of which I have been the object in this city did not cause me to recollect that I am in my new country, among my people.

"Surrounded by friends, and accompanied by my dear husband, I have no time to be sad. And I give thanks to God because he has conducted me here, presenting unto him fervent prayers for the happiness of the country which is now mine. United to Mexico long ago by sympathy, I am to-day united to it by stronger bonds, and at the same time sweeter—those of gratitude.

"I wish, Señor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you. I send you seven thousand dollars of my own private

funds, which is to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the Home of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday, so that the unfortunate ones who have found themselves deprived of shelter may return to inhabit it.

"Señor Prefect, assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess and will always possess my affections. CARLOTTA."

On Sunday, the 12th of June, the sovereigns made their triumphal entry into the imperial capital. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the decorations in splendid arches, flowers, and banners prepared for them, the multitude conducting the imperial rulers to the cathedral, where a throne was raised for the emperor and empress. The dress of Maximilian, the uniform of a Mexican general, that of Carlotta a dress of blue and white brocade, with a blue scarf, and a hat simply decorated with natural flowers.

In the national palace, built on the ancient foundation of that of the Montezumas, the happy, yet ill-fated, pair took up their abode.

There is no need to pause longer in the new land over which Carlotta, for a few troubled months, ruled as empress. The exquisite beauty of the cities of Cortez and Montezuma, the soft, enticing climate, the snowy tops of distant mountains, the antiquity, the mystic ruins, the grim and silent volcanoes,—all rendered the new home of two intelligent, thoughtful, and refined persons, as were Maximilian and his young wife, attractive in the highest degree. And although nature had done so much for this country of "seething fire," the two royal exiles left fresh imprints of beauty and artistic taste wherever they sojourned. Around the castle, or president's palace, as this had been styled, bloomed dainty flowers and tropical fruits in the very highways, and every quiet pathway glowed warm with the drooping orange-boughs and sweet clematis. The portrait-gallery and State departments were filled with rich and gilded upholstery, whereon lay embroidered, in rare design, the monogram of each, while on the walls hung their portraits, and delicately carved busts rested in quaint niches. The picture-gallery contained not only those of Mexican and Spanish grandees, but other nations were also well represented; Washington and Bolivar occupying a prominent place. But every trace of Maximilian and his lovely bride disappeared from the castle on his downfall, and nothing to remind one of them has ever again been permitted to appear.

The days of Maximilian, during his short reign, were without doubt energetically devoted to studying the wants of the people and the state of the empire. His manifestoes were for the most part acceptable, but failing to duly appreciate the temper of the people and the power of the lately dominant party, a proclamation issued to the Mexicans on the 2d of October, 1865, awakened the most intense resentment.

"The cause which Benito Juarez defended," it proceeds to say, "with so much valor and energy has already succumbed under the force, not only of the national will, but also of the very law which that officer invoked to support his pretensions. The national government for a long time was lenient and exercised great clemency, in order to give the misled and misinformed men time to rally to the majority of the nation, and to place themselves anew in the path of duty.

"Hereafter the contest will only be between the honorable men of the nation and the gangs of criminals and robbers. Clemency will cease now; for it would only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder peaceful citizens, poor old men, and defenseless women.

"The government, resting on its power, from this day will be inflexible in its punishments, since the laws of civilization and the rights of humanity and the exigencies of morality demand it."

The next day, October 3d, the emperor issued an imperial decree:

"Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, having heard our council of ministers and our council of State, we decree:

"All persons belonging to armed bands, or corps not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who

compose said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty even only of the fact of belonging to the band they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following the sentence. From the penalty shall only be exempted those, who having done nothing more than being with the band, shall prove that they were made to join it by force, or did not belong to it, or were found accidentally in it.

"All those who will voluntarily assist the guerrillas with money or any other means whatever; those who give them advice, information, or counsel: those who voluntarily and knowing that they are guerrillas, will put within their reach, or sell them arms, horses, ammunition, subsistence, or any articles of war whatever, shall also be tried and sentenced, conformably with Article 1st of this law. And it is prohibited that any demands for pardon be gone through."

Although the decree was apparently in force, it was never intended, if we are to credit the assertions of the royal party, by his majesty to carry it out to any extremity, but merely to hold it as a terror over the enemy, believing thus to prevent bloodshed.

From henceforth, however, the pathway of the royal pair began darkening to its final gloom. Juarez had never been at rest, nor ceased his insurrectionary influence among the native Mexicans. The moral influence of the United States was known to be opposed to the establishment of an Empire in Mexico. Guerrilla bands scoured the country, putting to death, mercilessly, all the French and Mexican Imperialists.

France, observing the menacing attitude of the United States, and dreading her military prestige, resolved to withdraw her troops, and the Church party, on promise of having their confiscated property restored, with other additional emoluments from the French Government, also withdrew its support from the new government, and the Republican faction rose in open rebellion, it became evident that the days of the New Empire were numbered; and therefore Napoleon and the heads of the Government party earnestly desired Maximilian to accompany the French in their departure from Mexico, which he consented to do, provided Juarez would grant amnesty to all the Imperialists. But when this was refused, he determined to remain, and share the fortune of his friends. He however insisted that the empress should return to Europe, under the safeguard of the French envoys, ostensibly as an agent of her husband at the foreign courts; but really, as a refugee from the hands of the already dominant Republicans. At Vera Cruz, the last sad parting took place. Carlotta was borne away to the land of her birth, and the home of her childhood, and Maximilian went back to his capital to die.

PART III—POOR CARLOTTA.

THE fleet that bore away the young empress from Vera Cruz went forth with the shadow of a coming tragedy hanging over it. To Maximilian was not reserved an imperial court in the palaces of the Montezumas, but the death volley of a file of Mexican soldiers, under the frowning heights of Queretaro. To the family of the Emperor of Austria was not reserved the homage of a transatlantic crown and empire; but in return for the imperial brother, sent over the ocean with such lofty anticipations, Mexico was soon to return him only a coffin and a corpse; while at the elbow of Napoleon III must have ever thereafter stood the grim specter of the victim of his ambition and his baseness. The dispatch sent to America, that the pope had given his countenance to the plot for the dethronement of Maximilian, having received the promise that the Mexican Church should be again elevated to its former splendor, and its confiscated estates restored, was the crowning insult and the decisive blow to the unhappy young emperor. From that time his fate seemed to be determined, and the sad story of romance and tragedy hastened to its fearful ending. Its progress toward the fatal catastrophe needs not to be traced in all its sorrowful details.

Carlotta's brief delirium of joy had begun to be clouded with other sorrows before she had found cause to suspect the loyalty of their new subjects to the empire. Almost

at the beginning of the signs of coming troubles, news came from beyond the sea of the death of her loved and honored father, Leopold, King of Belgium. The emperor left alone, and beset on every hand by those whom he could not trust, while the whole country seemed to be going over to the enemy, felt, as never before, his loneliness, and the need of the support that the presence of the empress might have afforded him. But not only was she gone from him, but after a few months the sad news came to him that she had become demented, and her speedy death was expected. Then, it is said, for the first and only time in his sad experience the power of his nerves gave way, and with streaming eyes and trembling voice, he paced the floor, moaning continually, "Poor Carlotta! poor Carlotta!" It would be alike unpleasant and unedifying to follow him to the tribunal before which he was summoned; but to which summons he responded only by saying:

"If I am to be condemned, then my presence or absence will make no difference."

His condemnation ensued, as a matter of course; but that was followed by a reprieve, but soon the fatal sentence was pronounced and executed. It is said that Juarez would have been glad to spare his life, but for reasons of state, and out of regard to the voice of his chief supporters he gave his sanction to the execution.

A little before this time might have been seen away beyond the ocean, another scarcely less tragical scene. It was the young and beautiful, but now almost demented, Empress of Mexico, prostrate before the Holy Father at Rome, interceding for the pope's interference in behalf of her husband, betrayed and abandoned among his enemies. But the pope was powerless in the case, and he had indeed consented to the arrangements that now threatened to terminate so fatally. Then came upon her the sudden frenzy of fear that she would be poisoned if she left the protection of the Vatican; and this was followed by gradual sinking away of the noble and refined spirit into a quiet, moping madness; from which not even the sweet familiar scenes of her loved Miramar sufficed to arouse her. She saw nothing more of the dark cloud that was gathering around her husband, nor was she aroused to consciousness by the thunder-crash that soon after sounded through the brilliant halls of the Tuileries, and the more majestic palace of Schönbrunn, announcing that the stern decree of death had been executed upon the brave and accomplished young emperor. That sorrow was spared her, which, had she been capable of feeling it, must itself have driven her to frenzied madness.

How sadly dramatic was the scene of the execution of Maximilian, the more so because all was so entirely unstudied and sincere! He handed his marriage ring to Dr. Bascke, to be conveyed to his mother, the archduchess, for he believed that Carlotta was already dead. He carefully prepared his toilet, in preparation for his death, dressing himself in a plain, single-breasted, black frock-coat, closely buttoned; black neck-tie, and lower garment, and a broad-brimmed, Mexican hat. He, the chief actor in the sad scene, was calm; while his attendants were so completely unnerved, that they were near fainting, as they witnessed the placid bearing of one so beloved and revered.

Slowly the cortege of three carriages with the escort of five mounted soldiers, and the battalion of infantry, guarding the road, moved toward the "Hill of Bells," where Maximilian had been captured, and where he was to be shot. The three victims stood side by side; Maximilian placing General Miramon in the center, as the post of honor, himself taking the stand on the left, with General Mejia on the right. Then followed the distribution of the twenty dollar gold pieces, containing the emperor's effigy, which he left for his executioners. The picture grows more and more vivid, as placing his hand on his heart in a calm, clear voice, the imperial victim uttered the fatal command:

"Fire!"

Then followed the discharge of three guns, the instant death of the two generals, the reeling of the chief victim with his life not yet extinct, when he was heard to murmur indistinct words in Spanish. Some asserting them to have been, "O man! O man!"

others thinking it, "Poor Carlotta!" A second shot through his heart, a convulsive shuddering, and Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico, lay dead on foreign soil.

The wife, once so full of enthusiasm at her transfer from beautiful Miramar to an imperial palace in far-off Mexico, had no intuition of the sailing from Vera Cruz, or arrival on the Austrian coast, of the ship *Novara*, with its bands of music wailing forth a funeral dirge; of mast and spar, pennon and flag, of the incoming vessel, and of all others lying moored in the harbor, draped in black, and the cannons from ships and fortress firing funeral volleys. Nor did she, in her wild dreams, behold the monarch, her husband, cold and stark within his zinc coffin, clad in his military costume of blue and gold; nor was she a witness of the last doleful scene, when they laid the body of the royal victim in the sepulcher of his fathers, amid the sighs and tears of thousands who loved him, and over whose dust, now moldering in decay, a never-dying memory is preserved by nations who never saw his face and have no part in his life or people.

The tragedy of poor Carlotta has not yet worked itself out to its last extremity; but as the years glide away the shifting scenes of the drama, in the imaginary world which her dazed brain peoples with fantastic shadows, grows more and more dark.

Opposed as Queen Victoria avowed herself to the Mexican scheme from its first inception, she never lost her fond regard for the beautiful and brilliant young princess who had launched her life and happiness on that fatal experiment. From the moment when the Empress Carlotta returned to Europe on the desperate quest of hope and help, the Queen of England never relaxed her endeavors to draw, in some way, Carlotta and her husband safely and honorably out of the enterprise in which they had staked and lost so much.

If Maximilian had lived there might have been some faint prospect of rescuing his noble and most charming wife from her mind's stupor. Every effort having failed at the last hour in behalf of his life and liberty, she remains apparently incapable of restoration.

While at Miramar, to which she was conveyed at the first apparent symptoms of insanity, every thing that unselfish affection could render was done for her, the care of her health having been strictly confided, at her husband's especial request, to his own physician at Miramar, where, immediately after the murder of Maximilian, the Queen of the Belgians (an Austrian princess) and the Count of Flanders joined the empress, with the intent of removing her to the Belgian palace of Lacken. The state of moody indifference to all around her at length passed off Carlotta's brain. It was at one time thought by some that she was no longer really insane, but only melancholy, and sternly refusing to hold intercourse with the outward world, in which she has suffered so much sorrow; but the lapse of years has confirmed the worst fears of those about her.

The loving care of friends over her memory might not unnaturally induce them to send forth this beautiful romance of an imaginary daily life led by a lovely, deeply sorrowful, and refined woman. While her physical health seemed not to be materially shattered, her mental state becomes steadily more and more hopeless. She sought to be always alone, to eat by herself, to perform all the duties without help and unattended. Yet her attire was not neglected, and she would dress her hair in the same way that she used to do in her girlish years. All her orders were issued in writing, and "in fine weather," said a Belgian journal, "she exercises in the park of the royal chateau, always walking rapidly, and following the same path." Once a month her physician is in attendance, who asks after her health, receiving always the same reply, "On se porte bien;" then she turns her back upon him and walks away.

It seems doubly sad to witness the dire work that the ambitious schemes of princes have wrought upon Carlotta, in which, however, her own ambition was no doubt an effective factor, when we remember the delicate and artistic taste that so embellished

Chapultepec with every thing that one now sees in art work of that fortress and palace, having left nothing undone that nature had neglected, in order to form the charming palace and college that it now is. Such a mind was capable of achieving much in an active, royal world.

We can not do better, in closing this sketch of the unfortunate archduchess, than to quote from a Berlin report as to the widow of Maximilian, as she was two or three years ago, since which time the world has heard nothing of her:

"The bereaved lady can no longer recognize her nearest relatives, and the visit of any one not in the suite of her regular attendants irritates her beyond expression. There are very brief intervals of half consciousness, when she occupies herself in domestic pursuits. She remains at the chateau of Tervuerin, and her madness has degenerated into a kind of childish simplicity, unaccompanied by any violence. The empress's mind is overcast, disdainful, and sometimes imperious, but quiet and gentle; her caprices being always as nearly as possible satisfied by her attendants.

"She lives very retired, in two rooms of the chateau, where she often takes upon herself the care of her little housekeeping. The only person who has any influence over her, and to whom she appears really attached, is the learned and clever Dr. H. She receives him for a half-hour every morning, and is calm and cheerful after these interviews. The nine and twenty other persons, of all ranks, who form her household are far from enjoying such favor. The empress accepts their attentions, but with repugnance, and sometimes rejects them altogether.

"She dines alone. She brings her own plates from the adjoining apartment, arranges her dishes, and clears the table. The empress always seems chilly, and insists on having a blazing fire. She is also fond of having a number of candles burning; and a guard with lock and key was placed before the fire to prevent accident; and Carlotta, at her own request, is permitted to carry the key. A great part of her time is occupied in sending telegraphic dispatches to Napoleon III, whom she still believes to be on the throne, and also in converse with spirits, which she says haunt the upper stories of the chateau, whose language she boasts of understanding, and whose advice she follows. Occasionally she orders a rich toilet to be made, which she puts on chairs and dummies, and goes through the ceremony of a court reception. These dresses and bonnets represent in her eyes the ladies of France and Mexico. She never wears any of these fine toilets herself, and always appears in a dressing-gown; her only recreation being a daily walk in the park. Her once loving nature appears now to retain no affection for any person, however near the relationship,—neither her brother, the king, nor the queen, her sister-in-law, will she permit to visit her apartments; so that almost the only view the royal family obtain of the lonely recluse is when, unobserved themselves, they watch her movements in the park. No fear of poison now distresses her, and her health of body is such that her attendant physicians give promise of a long life for her."

No doubt, in future time, the imperial tragedy of Miramar and Queretaro will be recognized as one of the most poetic, picturesque, and shadowy in the annals of any age, bringing out and concentrating the character, intentions, the efforts, the mistakes, and the catastrophe of the archduke and his lovely wife. The story of their disastrous ambitions and brave endurance will pass into history and poetry and romance, teaching by its sad lessons the vanity of human ambitions, the emptiness of the world's honors, and the uncertainty of the most excellent of the treasures of the life that now is.

BULGARIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the pending international complications respecting the Eastern question it is scarcely to be supposed that the misrule that has prevailed for four hundred years in Eastern Europe, but which is now broken down, can be re-established. A new era in the career of the peoples of that region dates from this year. The Sclavonic race is henceforth to be recognized among the great families of the world, and foremost in that family, as a chief of its sub-nationalities, is the Bulgarian. Omitting any reference to the history of that remarkable people, which is itself a romance, we have now to deal with only the country and the people, as they appear at this time.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century no people in Europe were in a more depressed condition than the Bulgarians. Four hundred years of the barbarous despotism of the Turks, and of spiritual repression by the Greek ecclesiastics had effectually done their work upon them, and they appeared to have sunk as a nation beyond the hope of regeneration. Their literature had disappeared. The Greek monks on Mt. Athos are said to have made collections of their books and thrown them into the sea. They were not permitted to have schools in their own language, they had no means of communication with each other. Their language was despised, and was banished from refined society.

"You are servants," the priests would tell them. "You speak the language of servants."

If any one of them aspired to be considered respectable, he denied his nationality and passed himself off as a Greek, spoke the Greek language, and wrote his letters in Greek characters. No Bulgarian was recognized as an equal in public, social, or commercial life.

Yet the people maintained their identity, and preserved their language, and their national traditions and songs. The last, though not so numerous as those of many other nations, are strikingly characteristic. They are said to be inferior to those of the Servians (which are numerous and of rare merit) in richness, but not in force and beauty. Some of them celebrate the deeds of the Heyducs, the heroes of the nation, who, refusing to submit to oppression, escaped to the mountains and became bandits as to the Turks and Greeks, but protectors to the poor Bulgarians and their women and children. Their songs are full of bitterness against the oppressors of the nation. Others of their songs celebrate the popular life and are stories of the nation. Two principal collections of these songs have been made; but that of Verkovitch, which was published at Belgrade, in 1874, has been decided not to be authentic. Another collection, which is conceded to be genuine, was published by the brothers Miladonoff, at Agram, in 1861. In these may be seen the true spirit of the Bulgarians in their most unadulterated national life.

But though so deeply depressed three-quarters of a century ago, the resurrection of the Bulgarian nation dates from the early years of the century. Many circumstances combined to promote the reawakening of the Bulgarians. Through all their vicissitudes they had preserved their national sentiment unimpaired. The insurrection in Wallachia, in 1821, in which some of them participated, and the Greek Revolution occurring shortly afterward, offered them the practical suggestion of a national movement. The Russian armies occupied the province in 1828 and 1829, and held out to them a hope which they took to be a promise of deliverance from the Turks. That hope was not realized; for Russia concluded the treaty of Adrianople without providing for its wards; and their latter state was worse, if possible, than their former had been. They had, however, tasted the hope of liberty, and a desire had been excited which could not be extinguished.

One of the most remarkable features of the forty years' struggle of Bulgarians for independence is the reliance which they have placed upon moral means. The important object before the eyes of the reformers seems to have been all along to so enlighten and elevate the people that their emancipation would become a necessity. Insurrections have indeed been attempted. One was undertaken in connection with the disastrous Russian campaign of 1829. Another was planned in 1836, but was checked in its inception by the arrest of its leaders; still another was begun in 1867, but was put down by Midhat Pasha with the co-operation of the chiefs of the Bulgarians themselves; and the sad efforts 1876 and 1877 are matters of current history, and will long be remembered by the desolation, depopulation, and destruction of industries which followed them. These efforts were not generally participated in by the intelligent classes of the people. They sought to raise their country by establishing schools and securing the freedom of their Church. The educational movement has met a popular response which has secured its success. It was attended also by a literary revival which awakened the intellectual life of the nation. Then followed the wise administration of Midhat Pasha, as Governor of the Province, putting down lawlessness, establishing order, and fostering those industries, the prosecution of which had made Bulgaria at the beginning of the late war the most flourishing province of the Turkish Empire. The achievement of the freedom of the Church was the crowning event in the course of preparation for spiritual emancipation of the nation.

The seed of the literary awakening was sowed in the last century. Pausios, a Bulgarian monk, in one of the cloisters of Mount Athos in 1762, composed a history, which told of the "Bulgarian people, princes, and saints." The work had little literary merit, but it represented a national feeling. Many copies of it were made, often with comments. One was made by Stojko Vladislavor, who afterward became a bishop, and he was prompted by it to give attention to his national language. He translated some small pieces from the Greek, and in 1806, published a book of prayers, which is distinguished as being the first book ever printed in the modern Bulgarian language.

The *Bukvar*, published by Peter Ch. Berovitch, in 1824, was a primer, containing reading lessons and illustrations on subjects of physics and natural history; and deserves to be held in remembrance, because it was the first Bulgarian school book ever published.

The educational movement was the result of a concerted enterprise. Some Bulgarians in business at Bucharest, among whom the bankers, Mustakoff, and the merchants, Ganovitch and Nenovitch are especially named, concluded that it was time to be ashamed of being ashamed of their country, and that they ought to do something to raise it from its depressed condition. An association was formed, and subscriptions were made with the objects of awakening a desire for education among the people, promoting the instruction of qualified teachers, and providing text-books. Many and formidable difficulties had to be met and overcome in the prosecution of this work. Every thing had to be built up from the bottom, and almost from nothing.

The jealousy of the government had to be appeased, and the opposition of the ecclesiastics to be neutralized. One of the leaders of the movement expressed its spirit when he said: "Work silently for our spiritual development; the Greeks are more dangerous to us than the Turks. Found schools; write useful books." The first people's school was opened at Gabrova, on the second day of January, 1835, and was soon attended by one hundred and twenty scholars. A second school was established in the next year at Sistov, and a third, in the next year, at Koprovitchtica. In ten years fifty-three national schools had been opened in the northern and southern provinces. A central school was opened in the city of Philippopolis about the year 1850. The number of schools in the Sanjak, or subordinate province of Philippopolis, which has a total population of 664,000 souls, had increased, in 1858, to 110; in 1865, to 229;

and in 1870, to 337. There were then 1 gymnasium, 6 central, 25 preparatory, 281 elementary, and 24 girls' schools, and in these there was an aggregate attendance of 16,500 pupils. Recent statistics of other districts are not given. The course of instruction was limited at the beginning, but has expanded as the schools have grown.

Numerous local unions have been established for the spread of education; no large city, it is said, is without a reading union. Women take an active interest in promoting the education of their sex, by establishing unions, supporting scholars, and furnishing books; and the merchants contribute liberally for the advancement of the cause. The education afforded is free, being paid for by subscriptions, by the appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues; and in at least one case by a tax. The quality and management of the schools, and the breadth of their course of instruction, are highly spoken of.

The national schools are supplemented by the mission schools of the American Board and by Robert College at Constantinople. The latter institution provides instruction for persons of all creeds and nationalities of the empire, each according to its own language; but it is most largely attended by Bulgarians. In the first year of its operation it had no Bulgarian students; in the second year it had one; and in its seventh year, thirty-nine out of seventy-two. According to the statements of Dr. Hamlin, the President, these students take the lead in scholarship as well as in numbers, and "have a marked social and patriotic character worthy of all praise; they will aid each other, and push forward the lagging, and patiently drill those who are far in the rear, never being satisfied unless they are all moving on together."

The people exhibit an intense thirst for education, and seek it wherever it may be gained, without religious prejudice. Their students may be found not only at Constantinople, but also at Paris, Vienna, Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, Agram, Prague, and the middle schools of Bohemia, as well as occasionally in the United States.

The most noteworthy feature about the intellectual development of the nation is the solidity and thoroughness with which it has been prosecuted. First, schools and school-books were looked after; then works and helps in the higher education were sought. Literary works and newspapers appeared later. "We must not," said one of the leaders at an early stage of the movement, "write what only pleases, but what is useful. SCHOOLS;—only in that sign shall we conquer." The books published during the first ten years were exclusively for use in schools or for other purposes of education. Literary works began to appear in 1840, and have multiplied quite rapidly. The whole number of publications to 1876 was estimated at about five hundred, of which one-half were translations from other languages. Some of the works have reached in their various editions a total issue of three or four thousand copies.

The translations are from all the chief languages of Europe. The poets are favored in the selection of authors. Among the better known works which have been translated are those of Bulwer, Byron, parts of Shakespeare, Moliere, Lafontaine, Montesquieu, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, popular English and German novels, and Russian and Polish books.

Poetry is prominent among the original works, as well as among the translations. The native verse shows considerable promise. It is national in tone and material, and it has gained a firm hold upon the people. Some twelve or fifteen lyric poets have gained fame enough to be spoken of abroad. The drama has received a considerable share of attention. But few novels have been produced, the most important ones being the historical novels of Bishop Drumov. A few epic romances celebrate the deeds of the national heroes, Satirical comedy flourishes, and finds in the Phanariot Greeks a mark for ridicule of which the shots are highly appreciated. Of four historians, Bishop Drumov is best known by his "Church History," and his "History of the Colonization of the Balkan Peninsula by the Slaves." Three writers have given their attention to philological research. The people are fond

of reading, and buy the books liberally, since it is considered a matter of pride to patronize the national literature.

The first periodical, a monthly, was started in 1844, at Smyrna; the first political journal at Leipsic, in 1846; and the first daily paper at Constantinople, in 1849,—all out of the country, but for it. Fifty-one newspapers in the Bulgarian language had been started up to 1876, of which fourteen were living in 1875. Of these, two were literary, one was theological, and three were technical.

All that has been thus accomplished in education and literature has been done by native energy and efforts. Too much credit has been given to the Russians for helping it on, since the only foreigner who was conspicuous in the awakening was Venelin, a Slovack, born in North Hungary, who earnestly espoused the Bulgarian cause, and gave it valuable aid, and whose death in 1839 was greatly lamented. He lived in Russia, and many of the Bulgarian scholars were educated in that country. Further than this Russia has contributed very little directly to the work of Bulgarian enlightenment.

The ecclesiastical supremacy of the Greeks was regarded as the source of the worst evils from which the country was suffering, and it was for a long time the most vexatious cause of popular discontent. The intellectual emancipation of the people could not be completed until this was removed. It was a long and hard struggle, and was marked by not a few outbreaks of violence. It offered frequent occasions for testing the tenacity and unity of purpose of the people, who showed themselves equal to every emergency, and proved more than a match for the craft of the Greeks and the inertness of the Turks. At one time the Bulgarians were on the point of uniting with the Roman Catholic Church, to escape their Oriental oppressors; but the step was prevented by the timely expostulations of the British and Russians. The Porte made several efforts to compel the ecclesiastical authorities to recognize the rights of the people, but, failing to bring them to a better mind, it took the control of the matter into its own hands, and issued a firman in February, 1870, constituting the Bulgarian exarchate a separate spiritual jurisdiction. Bishop Anthmir, of Widin, was appointed exarch, and confirmed by order of the Sultan. The joy of the people at this deliverance was very great, and they exhibited a thankfulness that words could hardly express. A general letter was issued by the Synod, which specified as the first and greatest of all the hinderances that had been raised against the inculcation and diffusion of Christian instruction among the people "the establishment amongst us of pastors from another nation, who have not known the language of this Christian people, and hence were not in a condition to lead them into the pasture of salvation." Then, after reciting the grievances which the Church had suffered from its unnatural subjection, the letter continued: "The royal firman rescues us from such a position. To-day we ourselves have the right to govern our own Churches. The Bulgarian language will, without opposition, be the medium of the Sacred sermon and of Christian instruction. Through it, without molestation, shall we learn our duties toward God and toward the kingdom established over us by him, our obligations to our neighbors and ourselves. No one in the future will be able to prevent our prosperity as Christians and as a community." The defeated Patriarch of Constantinople could only issue an excommunication against the exarch and all of his adherents, for which they cared nothing.

From that time till the occurrence of the troubles in 1876 the progress of Bulgaria in intelligence and material prosperity was without interruption.

The new state, as defined by the treaty of St. Stefano, embraces most of the predominantly Bulgarian communities. It has a front of about sixty miles on the Ægean Sea. It encroaches toward the sea upon districts principally inhabited by Greeks, takes in Albanian and Servian neighborhoods in the west, and includes in its eastern part about one-half the Turkish settlements in Europe. And manifestly the mass of this territory rightly belongs to the Bulgarians.

They are, in fact, relatively more numerous and more distinctively national south of the Balkan Mountains than in the territory north of that range, to which the ordinary maps give their name.

The country is divided by the Balkans into two very unequal and dissimilar parts. A plain region extends for some distance from the Danube towards the mountains. Then come the hills, abounding in picturesque localities. Except on the crests of the hills, and in the swamps of the Dobrudja, the land is well adapted for habitation, and is susceptible of high cultivation. It is, however, very unevenly settled, so that while some roads are nearly solitary others are thickly bordered with well-tilled farms and villages. The province has been one of the most important and valuable in the Turkish Empire. It has furnished the state with about one-tenth of its revenues, and has been regarded as one of its principal and most certain sources of grain supply. The forests and cattle on the hills, and the hay of the Danubian region, furnish other profitable sources of wealth. The Balkans, although they form the backbone of the country, and give a general name (the Balkan Peninsula) to the whole of European Turkey and Greece, are overtopped by the Rhodope Mountains, whose lofty spires ramify through all the region south and west of the valley of the Maritza River. The mountain systems of the peninsula have a common meeting-place around the plain of Sophia, where they form a central water-shed, from which the principal rivers run to the Danube and the sea. The several ranges, running at right angles with each other, give rise to a variety of climates and productions, and furnish some grand scenery.

The Bulgarians do not incline to professional pursuits, except as they may enter the clergy. They are tradesmen or artisans in the cities, farmers in the plains, cattle farmers or manufacturers among the hills and mountains. The crops include tobacco, the vine, rape seed, madder, flax, silk, roses, and plums.

As the traveler from Tirnova or Selvi crosses the Balkans by the Shipka Pass, he comes upon the first rose gardens at Shipka; continuing to Kezanlik, he reaches the chief center of the district in which the precious attar of roses is produced. The situation of this place is one of much beauty. The plain, lying between the Balkans and the Karadja Dagh Mountains, is about thirteen hundred feet above the sea. The city, standing in its center, is surrounded by groves and by villages scattered in every direction; for all the villages are gardens of roses, and each peeping through its grove.

The plants which afford the oil are varieties of the common rose, known as *Rosa Damascena*, *Rosa Sempervivens*, and *Rosa Moschata*. The last is the one principally cultivated. The plants thrive best and afford the best returns on sandy declivities exposed to the sun. In consequence of their favorable exposure the roses on the slopes of the Balkans are fifty per cent more productive than those on the plains.

The young shoots, laid down in the Spring or Fall, begin to be profitable in the third year, come into full bearing in five years, and last for fifteen years. The harvest begins in May and continues for about twenty days. The flowers must be gathered while the morning dew is upon them, and be immediately distilled. The boilers are filled with one hundred and eighty pounds of water and twenty-five pounds of rose-blossoms, and the distillation is carried on until an amount of fluid equal in weight to the blossoms is gathered in the receiver. This fluid is again distilled, and the oil is taken from the surface of the second resultant fluid with a skimmer. The purity of the oil is determined by a test of temperature; it should congeal at about sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Four thousand pounds of blossoms, the produce of from three-quarters of an acre to an acre of ground, furnish on the average about one pound of attar.

The mountain towns and villages were before the war the seats of manufactures, the extent and importance of which ill accord with preconceived ideas of a backward or declining nation. Batak, the scene of the culminating atrocities of 1876, was musical with the buzz of saw-mills all around

it. Gabrova, in one of the most romantic of situations, was rich with manufactories, and was "distinguished above all the other Bulgarian towns by its zeal and sacrifices for the schools." Travna has been called "the Bulgarian Nuremberg," and was famed for its works of wood-carving and pictures. Vratza, an important depot for the trade in hides, wax, honey, wine, and cattle, was the seat of leather factories, silk houses, and famous filigree works. Yamboli, a prosperous shipping-point on the railroad, was the center of very extensive vineyards, and a city of gardens, whose products, "piles of melons, pears, cucumbers, and large green capsicums," lying at the end of the Summer "at the foot of the Oriental homes covered with vines bearing rich clusters of grapes," produced in the eye of Colonel James Baker "a very artistic effect." Slivnia was the seat of a manufactory of cloth which "would have done credit to England," and was watered by a system of streams brought down from the mountain. Yeni Zaghra (Colonel James Baker is again our authority) was busy with building going on in every direction, "and the clack, clack of the hammers sounded like a builder's yard." Land in the neighborhood was worth two hundred and fifty dollars an acre, and could not be bought between Yeni Zaghra and Eski Zaghra for less than fifty dollars an acre, and "was very scarce at that price." The country between the two places was thickly populated, the people were all prosperous and thriving, and "every inch of land was cultivated."

Eski Zaghra and the villages of its district added fifty per cent to their population between 1850 and 1870; and the number of Christian schools increased from one small one in the city in 1840 to fifty with 2,280 pupils in 1870. Trogan was the seat of a celebrated cloister, where industry was fostered by a monastic organization, as it was in several similar institutions through the country. Cloth and copper vessels were made here, and a curious earthenware water bottle with fine mouth-pieces and finger-holes, contrived so as to spill the water over the novice who attempted to drink from it.

Loftcha, formerly the seat of a Methodist mission station, was a most picturesque and quaint place. "A straggling town," says Baker, "built in a steep and winding cleft of basaltic rocks, which rise up in lofty precipitous walls around, while trees and minarets thrust themselves up between the houses here and there, and add to the general effect. The rapid flowing Osma, about one hundred yards wide, runs through the town under the arches of a new stone bridge which would do credit to any country. The whole place had a busy and cheerful aspect. The pretty Bulgarian women in their picturesque costumes were sitting with their children at the doors of their houses, spinning the woolen threads which were to make their household cloth." Then there were great piles of fruit, melons, and vegetables, as at Yamboli. At Saunkev iron was manufactured of one of the best brands known.

Calofer and Carlova were rivals in the woolen manufacture. At Calofer almost every house had a turbine worked by water from the river, and braids and handsome carpets were extensively made. Carlova probably surpassed it in the number of its spindles. It was picturesquely situated and was a place of exquisite beauty. Every house stood in the midst of a garden, and the gardens and the whole town were irrigated by streams drawn down from the mountains. Sopot, which was near it, was like it in beauty, in gardens, and streams. These towns were visited after the massacres by a deputation of an English benevolent organization, and although then in utter desolation, were spoken of by several members of the party as places which they would have chosen, selecting by the criterion of beauty, next after their own homes as a residence. Now only the bare walls of Carlova are standing; hardly a stone adheres to another in Sopot; hardly a wall is whole in Calofer; and the people of all the three towns are dead or scattered.

No formal description of the Bulgarian people is needed after the account of what they have done for themselves, yet some points concerning them deserve to be spe-

cially mentioned. They have borrowed some but not all of the traits of their Slavic neighbors. They have not adopted the Slavic idea of women. In Servia the woman is an inferior; in Montenegro she does all the work, while the man is a hero. Among the Bulgarians she is the man's equal, his partner, and helpmeet, just as she is in England and the United States. They have adopted from the Servians the best features of the Communal system, but not the Communal tenure of property which still prevails in parts of Servia. While every man's property is his own, the feeling of Communal interest is highly developed, and finds expression in practical life. Industry and thrift are their most marked characteristics. Yet because they are religious and conscientiously keep all the Church days, which number one hundred and eighty during the year, some travelers have described them as idle. Their frugality almost amounts to a fault. Their skill in handiwork and the mechanic arts, and even in engineering, has attracted general attention and even admiration. One specimen of engineering work has become famous. It is the stone bridge over the Jantra at Biela, a structure of unusual interest and beauty, even when compared with the best bridges elsewhere. It has fifteen circular arches, with hollow piers which are "arched at the top in such a peculiar way that they produce a very light and graceful appearance." It is the work of a self-taught Bulgarian. Herr Kanitz, who is the ultimate authority on all matters relating to this country, made the acquaintance of the builder, and found him distinguished from his simplest townsmen neither in dress nor manner.

The people have preserved some customs from heathen times which they curiously mingle or alternate with their Christian festivals. They are fond of ceremony, and make the most of funerals and weddings, and other occasions which admit of it. The costumes vary in the different villages and each village has brilliant colors peculiar to itself, to which the dresses of the women, at least, are conformed. Dress ornaments of alloyed silver are highly esteemed, and are handed down from mother to daughter as heir-looms.

Kanitz, who has studied the Bulgarians more than any other writer, believes that we have to look to them for the future industrial people of Turkey, and justifies the declaration that they are the most industrious and energetic people of the country, and that they are destined to take the lead in its spiritual development.

The European Turkey Mission of the American Board is established chiefly among Bulgarians. It had at the beginning of 1877 stations at Constantinople, Eski Zaghra, Samokov, and Monastiv, with flourishing schools at Eski Zaghra and Samokov, and returned 1,429 members and 4,353 scholars. The theological seminary was crowded with students, who preached in the neighborhood on Sundays, and were employed during vacations in visiting remote points. The girls of the female boarding-school at Samokov were found useful in visiting families from which no persons had come to Protestant services. The five members of the Senior class of the same school had been employed for a time as interpreters for the nurses brought from England by Lady Strangford, and in that capacity had gained and accomplished much good. The *Zornitza*, or Morning Star, a paper with monthly and weekly editions, which was started by Dr. Long, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and is now published by the American Board, had a total circulation of 3,900 copies, which were sent to more than two hundred and fifty towns and villages, and presenting the fundamental truths of the Gospel in connection with political and scientific information of popular interest, were eagerly read. This society also circulates many valuable Christian books among the people.

The missionaries generally maintain pleasant relations with both Bulgarians and Turks. An incident which occurred at Eski Zaghra illustrates the existence and permanence of these relations, and displays the single bright spot in the dark background of atrocity with which the war in Europe was made infamous. When the mob was in possession of the town, and it was a penal

offense to give food to a Turk, the missionaries gave protection to several Turkish families. When, again, the Bashi Bazouks and Circassians ravaged the town, and it was almost certain death for a Christian to be caught, not only did the missionaries extend their protection over Bulgarian fugitives, but they were also themselves defended from assault by their Turkish friends.

The Methodist Episcopal mission, established in the region of the Danube in 1857, has maintained a precarious existence. It was suspended in 1871, but was resumed after about a year, and was making slow but steady progress when the military operations caused a suspension of its activity. In 1876 it had gained seventy-seven members and probationers, and eight preachers; had established a school at Rustchuk, which enrolled forty-six pupils and a training school with six scholars, and had published a life of John Huss, besides several works which the Rev. Mr. Flocken had translated and circulated in manuscript among the preachers. The founder of the mission, the Rev. A. L. Long, several years ago, transferred his work to Constantinople, where he is doing effective and valuable service, both as a teacher of young men in Robert College, and as a compiler and translator of books in the Bulgarian language. The stations of the mission, including those of the Danubian fortress towns, Rustchuk, Sistov, and Widin, Tirnova, Loftcha, and Plevna, were in the center of military activity during the whole of last year. Loftcha, where the native preacher and six members of his flock were killed by the Circassians, was the only station at which loss of life was directly caused by the war. The stations were, however, all broken up, and the schools suspended, and the reported number of members was reduced to forty-four. The American missionaries are all now in the United States, but the eight native agents are still in the country, waiting to return to their former places of labor.*

The mission has been prosecuted under discouraging circumstances, against great disadvantages from the beginning, and some have even advocated its abandonment. On the other side, the people, just freed, have shown themselves to be governed by grand motives, and capable of exercising tremendous energies and doing great things for themselves. The most competent observers look to them as destined to act a chief part in working out the regeneration of the East. The importance of evangelical effort among such a people can not be overestimated, and is not likely to be overlooked by the Christian Churches of the West. It depends much on what is done now whether the Methodist Episcopal Church shall take a part in the spiritual up-building which is sure to take place, or shall withdraw from the work in which it has gained a footing, and leave it to be performed wholly by others. Of these alternatives, it is scarcely an open question which will be chosen, and reduced to practice.

*Since this was written, Rev. Mr. Flocken has returned to Bulgaria, to look after the interests of the mission, and to be in readiness to engage in it anew as soon as possible.

SONNET.

I THOUGHT I was quite happy yesterday;
I thought I was, and told mine own heart so,
But in the telling felt a tremor go
Down thro' the joy, which clove a secret way
To where a little shivering sorrow lay
Deeper than joy. And yet, I do not know
Whether, if I could kill that hidden woe,
The joy might not be driven too away.
So close the twain are! Nay, in our best life,
So blent are pain and gladness, rest and strife;
To make our draughts of joy quite pure and clear,
Fate drops into the cup a human tear;
A sigh for one who may not share its bliss
Will sometimes rise, and mingle in love's own dear kiss.

FABLES AND FABULISTS.

LA FONTAINE once told a dinner party, to excuse his tardiness which had kept them waiting, that he had just come from the burial of an ant, having followed the procession to the grave, and then accompanied the family to their homes. We are not informed how far the guests accepted this excuse for cooling their dishes, but it is certain that without such a genuine love for nature, and for animals especially, a fabulist has little chance of success. The brightest wit can hope to fare no better than did Swift, who, having first pitched upon his moral—pointed enough, no doubt—then tried to fit a fable to it, as he might a sermon to a text, a task which he had at last to acknowledge as beyond his powers. What the satirical dean lacked was a certain radiating sympathy that extends itself toward external objects, and, carrying the imagination along with it, enters lovingly into the surroundings of animal life, and invests them with a half human interest and significance.

Readers of George Eliot will recall, in the beautiful delineation of children's life in "The Mill on the Floss," the contrast between Maggie and Tom in this respect. When Maggie chanced to see an earwig running about, she would improvise, with childish readiness, "how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor. Tom had a profound contempt for this nonsense of Maggie's, smashing the earwig at once, as a superfluous yet easy means of proving the entire unreality of such a story." Most children, it is presumed, have great delight in such little make-believes about animals, even if they can't invent them for their amusement like Maggie; yet Jeremy Bentham, who has related minutely all the notable events of his childhood, is particular to say that his father once gave him Phædrus's fables, "but fables, inasmuch as they are stories in which inferior animals are represented as talking together like men and women, never had any charm for me." Rousseau, indeed, said that fables ought not to be read by children, since they encourage falsehood; our grandfathers, however, had no such scruples, judging from the fables in Dilworth's spelling-book. "I remember yet," wrote Chief Justice Taney in an autobiographical sketch prefixed to his memoir, "the pleasure I felt when I was able to understand the fable of the boys and the frogs and the wagoner praying to Hercules in the spelling-book, and admired the wretched wood-cuts with which it was embellished."

Since, as Addison puts it, "fables were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world," it seems curious that the number of original fable writers among all nations is so small. According to common literary probabilities, any ambitious thinker would seek to popularize his ideas by the means of fable. And though this has rarely been attained, we presume it has been tried often enough. Doubtless Socrates undertook it and failed before he set himself to the task of rendering Æsop into verse; and we may well believe that the daring originality of Luther must have often essayed fable composition before he would willingly assume the subordinate place of a translator of Æsop. Melanchthon, in fact, is credited with the authorship of a few fables; but they are rather dull, sounding like monkish legends, and in the stricter sense are not fables at all. But if original fable composition is rare, there is no corresponding scarcity of essays on fables. First among these comes Lessing. Herder, Gellert, and Wolf have also discussed the topic, while almost every French fable-poet has prefixed to his collection a short discourse on the same fascinating theme.

To determine the precise reason for the use of animals in fables was a mooted point between these critics. Some thought that the fiction of animals talking like persons was simply to excite the reader's wonder. Lessing took the ground that animals were

selected rather than men, because of the invariableness of their natural dispositions, since to speak of a wolf and a lamb gives, without further words, a more vivid idea of cruelty than could be conveyed by the best historical examples. While this may be the main reason for their effect, we doubt if fables were first invented to impart abstract truth, but believe that such narratives, ascribing speech to animals, were long used before being applied to any didactic purpose. Perhaps they are rather the outgrowth of fetichism, or the primitive impulse to interpret things outside of our conscious life in our own terms; in brief, the same disposition that causes a savage to project his own feelings into a tree or a cataract.

Among all the essays analyzing the nature of fables in general, we do not now recall any attempt at independent comparison of the fables of different nations. And yet original fables are so few, being only revamped by moderns in the telling, that such an examination of the effect of national taste as creating or modifying fables will not be devoid of interest.

First among them all come the fables of Æsop. What a world of controversy has been made over the Æsopic fables! Into that tangled discussion it is not proposed to enter. We would, however, digress to say that Æsop is not now believed to have been such a lump of deformity as certain biographers have stated; but that he was blessed with at least ordinary comeliness seems evident. Else why was he chosen for Crœsus's embassador? why, too, has no old author alluded to Æsop's appearance unfavorably? Throughout Greece deformity was forbidden to be represented in the arts; the Thebans had even a statute imposing heavy penalties on the artist departing from this canon of taste. Yet Æsop's statue was by Lycippus, the first sculptor of his time; and Philostratus described a picture-gallery, in which was a painting of Æsop, with a chorus of animals about him. He was there represented smiling, and looking towards the ground in a posture of thought. Some painter, like Doré, who has so well illustrated La Fontaine's fables, ought to reproduce this, and depict the tranquil archness and wit that should shine in the face of the great fabulist.

It seems settled that Æsop's fables have not come down to us in their original shape; many of his fables which are cited by old authors not being in our collection,—as, for instance, the one mentioned by Bentley, that every man carries two sacks, one before, where he puts other men's faults, another behind him, where he puts his own. Æsop, it is believed, did not write fables himself, but told them as appropriate occasions arose; and they were collected in book form long after his death.

How some of the fables were first related has been told to us. Doubtless many were spoken on state or diplomatic interviews, and were directly applicable to points then under dispute. We can faintly realize the effect of such a use of fable by imagining a diplomatic agent of our time addressing another in that form. Think of the dignified Mr. Adams putting the fable of the boys and the frogs to her Majesty's Foreign Secretary during the Alabama difficulties; or, if you will, suppose one of our later embassadors allaying popular indignation in England by a neat apologue about the Emma mine!

The Æsopic fables, like other literature that became current before it was committed to writing, are concise, the words strictly in character, and the point never obscured by external embellishments. It would be difficult to find a better application of Lessing's remark in another branch of criticism, "that it is the peculiar privilege of antiquity neither to fall short in any matter nor to overdo it."

Assuming that the common collection of Æsop's fables is correctly ascribed to him—not, of course, alluding to the many modern paraphrases—one easily detects a certain repetition of traits, or rather a tendency to run in ruts as to particular animals. The fox, lion, and wolf are most frequent, the fox evidently the favorite, as out of little over one hundred fables he is a conspicuous actor in no less than nineteen. This seems to prove certain Greek qualities, their craft, unscrupulousness, foxy cunning,—in brief, what the law-books comprehensively call

"covin," as also appears from abundant historical evidence. Perhaps, too, the modern Greeks came honestly by that unfavorable reputation for shrewd bargaining and for evasion of their debts which they are beginning to hold in commercial circles.

In one respect the Æsopic fables seem to be hardly true to nature, at least to an American reader. I refer to Æsop's treatment of the raven, about whom there are three fables, and in but one, where it raises water in a jar by putting in pebble-stones, is the bird represented as possessed of any sagacity. Another fable, where in emulation of the eagle the raven tries to fly away with an old ram, is laughable indeed, but quite out of keeping with the ordinary habits of the bird. The fable of the raven with the piece of cheese being flattered by the fox is almost equally out of character, as that bird is known to American readers. To our mind, a raven with food in his mouth, instead of deliberating or holding parley, will first swallow it like magic; and a fox would succeed but ill in wheedling the bird before the coveted morsel would be secure in the raven's distended crop. We might add, however, that this criticism is is based mainly on some observation crows in a corn-field.

After Æsop, the Indian book of the Hitopadesa, quoted often as Bidpai, ranks next in celebrity. According to Sir William Jones it is the most beautiful collection of apologues in the world, and the same authority ventures to suggest that the Æsopic fables are taken from it, or from other Oriental originals. They are, however, unlike Æsop's speedy, terse style and unity of structure, which indicate the work of a talker among other keen talkers. The author of the Indian fables would seem to have thought out his strange fancies in the spirit of an Eastern recluse who, we are told, should exercise his spirit, sitting alone, "keeping his head, his neck, and his body steady, without motion, his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around."

We may expect beforehand that these Brahminical fables will show traces of the belief in the transmigration of souls. Accordingly, each lion, pigeon, or jackal has a proper name, thereby conceding that it differs from others of its species, and has some adjective added, exactly as if human beings were referred to. Lagupatanaca, the crow, speaks of "an old friend of mine, a tortoise named Menthar, virtuous and just." Hence the uniformity of animal character, on which Lessing laid such stress, is not observed. Their talk is seldom conformable to their supposed instincts, the goose discoursing as learnedly as the lion, which is quite consistent if both be conceded to be animated by human souls. This is sometimes very amusing, as in the talk between the cat and the vulture. "Then the cat, stroking her ears and touching the ground with her head, thus spoke: 'I, who have learned the Dermasastra, am without appetite for flesh. I am performing the difficult offices of religion, and, regardless of the clashing doctrines of the Paranas, am perfect in justice, and speak nothing but truth.'" A rat also meets some pigeons caught in a net, and in surprise asks, "What is this?" "What else can it be," answered Chatragriva, the pigeon, "but the effect of our sins in a former life? How canst thou, who art a Pundit, ask such a question?" A like readiness in moralizing appears on every page. It matters not how alarming the situation, the jackal or tortoise, with the promptitude of a Joseph Surface, will repeat a string of moral sayings, entirely interrupting the narrative, and, while the reader is liable to forget the impending peril, suddenly, like a freight train uncoupled from its locomotive, the crisis of the fable comes, crushing the poor animal in the midst of its quotations.

These sayings have a sort of comprehensiveness about them, as if it was attempted to enumerate in one sentence as many parallel qualities as possible; as a pigeon who wanted his mates to bestir themselves remarks that "six faults must be abandoned by a man seeking prosperity: sleep, drowsiness, fear, anger, laziness, and loitering."

All the separate fables are united by the fiction of being related to some princes for their instruction, and often become curiously

involved, as the animals themselves go on telling fables, wherein the fabled beasts in turn relate others, until it all resembles the feeling of a dream within a dream. Inasmuch as the whole is interfused with moral sentences from the sacred books, the Hitopadesa seems but a vehicle to carry in the memory a long array of proverbs, in accordance with its own maxim "that the application of holy sentences preserved in the memory adds new graces."

Quite different are the Arabian fables of Lokman, surnamed the wise. Who this sage was and when he lived is now unknown; indeed, this so-called Lokman, among other conjectures, has been thought to have been no other than Solomon himself. The fables that are preserved are only forty-one in number, somewhat abrupt in manner, inartificial in narrative, almost always beginning with the superfluous words, "one day." We take the third as a specimen:

"One day a gazelle was very sick. Her friends paid her a visit. While they were keeping her company they ate all the plants and herbs about her of the kind suited to relieve her malady. The gazelle sought in vain for something to eat, and at last died of hunger. This fable teaches that many kindred sometimes cause many sorrows."

Notwithstanding its harsh and rather cynical tone, it is probably not so extravagant if we recollect that in Arabia, from a very early time, family and tribal ties are held in high consideration, especially as affecting duties of hospitality.

Had we space, other fables of Lokman might be cited equally apposite to the national traits, but we will take only the seventeenth, entitled "The Negro:"

"One day a man saw a negro in bathing, and said, 'O my brother, stop soiling the river, for surely you will never whiten yourself.' This fable teaches that the inborn character can not be changed."

The novelty here is not the refreshing assurance with which the moral is tacked on, but in the introduction of a negro into a fable, who is spoken of exactly as one would of a fox or a wolf, which I think is a liberty peculiar to this author. The words, "my brother," seem to have been interjected either by a copyist or, it may be, were originally inserted to soften the harshness of the moral. We commend the fable to Bishop Haven, though we presume he is not of those who believe that Solomon had a hand in its authorship.

The Latin Phædrus is frequently quoted, though he does not claim to be an original fabulist, but only a versifier from Æsop. Though not to be classed with the first order of fabulists, he is superior to those moderns who write only for ornament, as sometimes he sends his moral home with great force. Where, for instance, will the moral of the laboring mountain be found more incisively expressed than in the lines,

"Hoc scriptum est tibi,
Qui magna cum minaris extricas nihil?"

Now that we are come to moderns, we ought first to speak of Lessing, not only as the representative of the Germans, among whom fables have always been favorites, but because his originality, expressed in straightforward German prose, is very close to the Æsopic form. One of his fables—the ornamented bow, which broke as soon as it had been elegantly carved—though having a wide application, seems to be specially directed towards the fable writers of his day, who wrote poems founded on fables rather than descend to fables pure and simple, which a false taste regarded as nothing but commonplace.

We can readily detect Lessing's individual tastes in his shortest fable. One of his peculiarities was a dislike of monotony. Once when asked if the fields did not look lovely in Spring verdure, he feigned no sentimental love of nature, but confessed that, instead of always seeing the grass green, he should enjoy seeing it red for a change. His independent love of originality shows itself in his mode of introducing the moral, as he varies his expression with almost a labored attempt to be different from the common formulas, as for example in this:

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE HAWK.

"A hawk flew at a singing nightingale. 'Since you are so lovely, how excellently

must you taste!' Was this mocking ill-nature, or was it ignorance that the hawk said? I don't know. Yesterday, however, I heard said, 'This young lady who writes such incomparable poems must be an altogether lovely lady.' *That*, now, was surely simplicity."

Another instance of his original way of drawing out the moral is

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

"The nightingale found many envious detractors among the singers of the forest, but no friend. 'Perhaps I may find one in another species,' thought she, and flew confidingly to the peacock. 'Beautiful peacock, I admire thee.' 'I thee, also, lovely nightingale.' 'So let us be friends. We ought not to envy each other. Thou art as beautiful to the eye as I to the ear.' The nightingale and peacock were friends. Kneller and Pope were better friends than Pope and Addison."

Occasionally he has some pointed thrusts at defects in the then current literature. Leibnitz had said that the intellectual pre-eminence of the German lay in his industry, which was still true in Lessing's day. The worst of it was that this industry only reached the German people after having been worked over into sparkling French essays, which was as bad for Germany in a literary view as for our own country to buy Manchester fabrics made up from American cotton was ruinous financially. This is the way in which Lessing has represented the situation:

THE BLIND HEN.

"A hen, having become blind, ceased not laboriously to scratch as she had been wont. What good did it do the industrious fool? Another hen who could see, sparing her own tender feet, kept by her side and enjoyed the results without scratching; for as often as the blind hen unearthed the corn the other ate it. The diligent Germans make the collectanea which the witty French turn to use."

German writers in Lessing's time were generally imitative, often of English originals. His fable on this is stinging, and is entitled:

THE APE AND THE FOX.

"'Mention to me an animal so clever that I can't imitate him,' boasted an ape to the fox. The fox replied, 'And do thou mention to me a beast so despicable that he should think of imitating thee.' Authors of my nation, need my meaning be plainer?"

The Spanish Yriarte has a unique position among modern fable composers in that all his fables are original, and though over eighty in number, have an exclusively literary application. The style is of the La Fontaine order, sprightly and graceful verse, in marked contrast to Lessing's vigorous prose. We have space for but one:

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

"One day, as a silkworm slowly spun
Its delicate threads in the noontide sun,
A spider cried from its darksome nook;
'Look at my web, sweet sister, look!
It began at dawn; 't is hardly noon,
And yet my task will be ended soon.
For, while thou spinnest thy life away,
I weave a web in a single day.
Examine it well; each airy line
Is as fine and fair as the best of thine.'
'True, said the silkworm, with a smile,
But will they endure for half the while?'"

A rival of Yriarte was Samaniego, who wrote about two hundred and fifty short, simple fables, intended to be more popular than those of Yriarte, and realized a great success in children's books. One of these is in Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," being the only fable inserted in that work, and is thus translated by Ticknor:

THE SCRUPULOUS CATS.

"Two cats—old Tortoise-back and Kate—
Once, upon its spit, a capon ate.
It was a giddy thing, be sure,
And one they could not hide or cure.
They licked themselves, however, clean,
And then sat down behind a screen,
And talked it over, quite precise,
And took each other's best advice
Whether to eat the spit or no.
And *did* they eat it? Sir, I trow
They did not. They were honest things,
Who had a conscience, and knew how it stings."

The class of fable poets who sacrificed point for elegance includes Phædrus, La Fontaine, Gellert, Gay, Cowper, and numer-

ous equally familiar names. Since, in general, they did not create new material, but were content to give new expression to old, it is not needful to examine them in detail. The fable of the fox and the raven, before alluded to, where the fox seeks to gain her end by compliments, will therefore be a good sample of a style that sacrifices all to ornament. Phædrus has it that the raven was persuaded by these words:

"O qui tuarum corve pennarum est nitor,
Quantum decoris corpore, et vultu geris,
Si vocem haberes, nulla prior ales foret;"

which is neat, but seems to yield too much to the exigencies of the verse for colloquial effect.

Professor Scherzius, of Strassburg, published in 1704 fifty-one fables from a German manuscript by an unknown author, of the twelfth century. This is the way the fox addresses the raven in the rude German homespun of six hundred years ago:

"Got grusz dich, lieber herr myn,
Uwer diener will ich siu
Und imer wesen uwer kuecht.
Das dunket mich billig und recht.
Ir sind edel und so rich
Kein fogel mag uch fin glich,
In allen kunigrichen.
Ich wene, uch muse entwichen,
Der sperwer und ouch das felpelin,
Des habichts und ouch des pfowen schin
Süsse ist uwer kelen schal,
Uwer syme hürt man uberal
In dem walde erclingen.
Wann ir geratten singen."

The last lines are pretty enough, but the first savor plainly of feudal notions. Then the raven is first called noble and rich, compliments to beauty and voice being evidently secondary. We do not need to be told by Freytag that the thirteenth century produced in Germany hard, realistic men, poor in soul, poor in ideals, poor in delicate sentiment, and that every-where was the strife for money and goods.

Compare the fox in La Fontaine, who thus salutes the raven:

"Eh bonjour, Monsieur le Corbeau,
Que vous etes joli, que vous me semble beau.
Sans mentir si votre ramage
Se rapporte á votre plumage,
Vous êtes le Phœnix des hôtes de ce bois."

There is little of the raven or fox here. Instead of the woods, the reader thinks of the salon with its formal courtesy and labored compliments; and surely it must be Madame de la Sablière, behind her fan, to whom the poet is paying his regards!

Why have we no American fables to quote by way of keeping up the comparison with different countries? The cursory glance already taken is enough to show that there is abundant room for new effect. Although Americans generally need no mist of allegory to obscure the truth, and have never taken kindly to fairy tales like the Germans, it does not follow that we have no writers suitable to produce fables. Mr. Higginson, in one of his *Atlantic* essays, says that an American should see as much scope for his own inspiration as if never a book had appeared in the world. It is a vain thing, perhaps, to guess how an author would have fared had his genius been directed into a different channel. Yet we regret that Franklin, whose style and taste was so fitting, did not add to his achievements by writing a book of fables. There is more than a probability that the author of "Poor Richard" might have been in the front rank of fablers. Hawthorne's fables would have been too mysterious; his birds would be birds of omen. We like to think—however venturesome it may seem—that if the kindly humor and happy narrative wit of Lincoln had turned itself to literature he would have left us some charming fables.

Many of the old fables are inapplicable here, because they concern animals not natural to the country, and hence lose somewhat of their original impression on children. The vocal vanity and impudence of our turkey-cock, for example, are even better suited for fables than the pride of the peacock; yet, except Gay's fable of the turkey eating ants, the turkey is not here mentioned in fable. Instead of lions and tigers all the time, let children sometimes read of bisons and coyotes; and why not, too, use the American eagle in fables, and thereby relieve other branches of our national literature?

To write a good fable certainly deserves the endeavors of the most gifted, considering that it is about the only fiction alike delightful to young and old.

LITTLE NELL IN DICKENS'S "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

THE claim of Charles Dickens to an honorable place in the front rank of writers of fiction none will dispute. Critics may honestly debate the question of his relative merit when compared with the "Magician of the North," with Bulwer, with George Eliot, or any other master of modern fiction; they may affirm that time will dissolve the charm which has enchanted millions of readers; or they may predict, as Schlegel did of Shakespeare, that his fame will "continue to gather strength, like an Alpine avalanche, at every moment of its progress;" but, if creative power be, as we believe it is, the distinctive characteristic of genius, neither friend nor foe, either now or in the future, can ever justly refuse to grace his brow with the crown of genius.

There may be elements of death in his works. In some coming purer age, the reading community may turn with aversion from the pseudo-humanitarianism, the abounding vulgarities, the revolting pictures of criminal life, the gross convivialities, and the disgusting depravity so graphically delineated in his fascinating pages; nevertheless, even if unread, his fame as a creator of original characters will remain undestroyed and indestructible. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Bumble, Quilp, Dick Swiveller, Kit, Dombey, Squeers, Little Dorrit, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and many others, are as genuine artistic creations as Macbeth, King Lear, Miranda, Sir Roger de Coverley, Dominie Sampson, Rob Roy, or any other creatures of genius, which live like historic personages, in the imaginations and memories of cultivated minds. They may be, they are, doubtless, exaggerations of actual beings. We know that no English gentleman ever felt, talked, and acted precisely like Pickwick; that no coachman and waiting-man were ever so humorously droll as Sam Weller and his father; that no parish beadle was ever quite as pompous, vain, and garrulous as Bumble; that no money-lender ever equaled Quilp in deformity, brutality, and depravity; that no child was ever so naturally pure, patient, and sweet, as Little Nell. Nevertheless, there is so much that is human in them all, so many resemblances to the characteristics of the classes of which they are types, that in spite of our secret consciousness that, regarded as individualities, they are impossibilities in real life, we believe in them, admire or condemn them, love or hate them, watch the weaving of the web of their fate with restless anxiety, weep or rejoice over their ill fortune, and take exquisite delight in the triumph of our favorites. Surely, such creations are among the highest products of literary art,—of art inspired by that creative power which the world worships under the name of genius.

The "Pickwick Papers," with their scenes of uproarious conviviality and noisy fun, and their sparkling streams of genuine humor, made the world laugh, and lifted Dickens into sudden celebrity. "Oliver Twist" followed, adding greatly to his reputation, which was well sustained by "Nicholas Nickleby," his succeeding work. But when the "Old Curiosity Shop" appeared, with patient Little Nell as its central figure, its readers perceived that Dickens was a master both of pathos and humor; that, like a skillful artist he could play upon the tenderest as well as the lightest human sensibilities, commmanding as he willed either the tears or laughter of mankind. The book at once took rank "with the most attractive productions of English fiction," and established the rising reputation of its author.

Little Nell, like Oliver Twist, is less a delineation that an ideal conception. In studying her character one is astonished, in view of the impression she makes, to find how little she does, how seldom she speaks, and how unimportant are the words she utters. Throughout the story, in fact, she is suggested more than she is seen. She is scarcely like a child of flesh and blood, but flits about among its numerous characters

like a tiny patch of bright, fleecy cloud among the grim, grotesque figures which often blacken the sunset sky after a Summer thunder-storm. Nevertheless, among the many characters which enliven the productions of Dickens, there is not one which has impressed itself more vividly on the imagination, or won more tender regard from his readers, than the patient Little Nell. Is not this effect a striking proof of the consummate art of the famous novelist?

To comprehend the philosophy of this artistic effect the reader must call up the outlines of Little Nell's brief story, and carefully note the relations which she sustains to such creatures as Quilp, Swiveller, Brass, and others of that bad ilk. Dickens introduces her as a pretty, clear-eyed, frightened child, lost amid the intricacies of the streets of London, and casting herself with child-like trust upon the guidance of a strange, but kind-looking old gentleman. The picture at once rouses the imagination. A pure-minded child lost in the slums of a wicked city is so painfully suggestive that the reader instantly gives innocent, confiding Little Nell a place among his sympathies, and becomes interested in her fate. He regards her as the impersonation of innocence exposed to such formidable peril that he shivers almost with anxiety for her safety.

These effects are deepened when, following her home, he finds that she leads a lonely life in a gloomy old building, made gloomier to a child by the grim figures in armor, the rusty weapons, the grotesque paintings, and other dusty memorials of the past which crowd the old curiosity shop kept by the little old man, her grandfather. Life to a child in such a place, without companions near her own age, is felt to be a hard lot. But when it appears that the girl lavishes all the wealth of her affections upon that old man, and that he is possessed by a fondness for her which, by its insane excess, has transformed him into a monomaniac, a gambler, and the slave of the greedy, deformed, brutal money-lender, Quilp, the reader's sympathy for the child is greatly intensified. He admires the cheerfulness which can keep her buoyant in such a house, with such a companion, with domestic duties prematurely imposed upon her, with nothing to cheer her but the laughter of the semi-idiotic serving-boy, Kit, and nothing to sustain her but her clinging, unbounded love for her foolish old grandfather. Her circumstances are seen to be unusually hard, unpromising, and threatening. The reader gazes on her as he would upon a fragile yacht tossing about on a tempestuous sea.

Every movement of the story heightens these effects. The execution levied upon the contents of the Curiosity Shop by the loathsome Quilp; Nell's consequent flight with her now imbecile grandfather; their penury; their wanderings; their fatigue; the crushing anxiety of the child when she discovers the old man's imbecility; the artlessness by which she wins favor with the show people, especially with the celebrated and consequential Mrs. Jarley; and her affectionate clinging to her helpless grandfather, all contribute to keep her before the reader as a helpless, innocent child, surrounded with constantly increasing dangers vastly disproportioned to her feeble strength.

Not only does the artist play upon one's feelings by what the two wanderers endure, but he also makes the disgusting Quilp, the garrulous, empty-brained, drunken Dick Swiveller, the scoundrelly Sampson Brass, and his masculine sister, powerful instruments for increasing one's anxieties for his little heroine. Quilp's conspiracy with Nell's unprincipled brother to bring about her marriage to the impecunious Swiveller, on the assumption that the old grandfather has wealth to bestow upon her, rouses one's indignation against the conspirators. It also quickens one's imagination, and while gazing with disgust on the unmitigated depravity of Quilp and his fellow conspirators, the reader is unceasingly thinking of Little Nell.

The climax of Nell's exposures is reached when she discovers that her grandfather has robbed her of her last penny, and that he is pledged to certain low gamblers to attempt the robbery of the confiding Mrs. Jarley. The mental agony and the physical sufferings of the child during her flight with the

old man through the mining-country carry the strain of the reader's anxiety to the highest pitch, from which he is skillfully relieved by their accidental meeting with the benevolent schoolmaster. Henceforth Little Nell is out of the reach of her enemies. A few weeks of peaceful repose succeed, and then she sleeps the final sleep of innocence on the bosom of death.

In all this, as already remarked, Dickens, following the example of Shakespeare in portraying his Cordelia, keeps the interest of his reader active, less by what Little Nell says or does than by his graphic portrayal of her formidable dangers and enemies. Quilp, that impersonation of all depravity, is delineated physically and morally with dramatic and hideous particularity. Dick Swiveller is painted with equal fullness; and his ragged marchioness is pretty fully sketched. Brass and his sister also stand out on the canvas with marked distinctness. But Little Nell, though the central figure of the story, is nowhere fully drawn. Of her personal appearance even we have but a partial sketch. We are told that she was small, delicate, and pretty; that she had clear, penetrating blue eyes, and that is all. The rest is left to the reader's imagination. Neither have we much insight into her moral nature, beyond the fact that she was absolutely controlled by her all-absorbing love for her poor old grandfather. This love made her patient, cheerful, enduring. Aside from this we know scarcely any thing of her inner life. She discovers little thought, and no purposes except the one idea of her life—to cling to her grandfather. She never reasons, has no moral struggles, seldom talks, and when she does, her language is very unequal, being sometimes childish, and sometimes too mature for her age and culture, but it is very rarely characteristic enough to individualize her.

She is, in substance, a sweet little waif floating helplessly on a stormy sea, from which she escapes, not because of her skill or power to contend against her fate, but because she is innately buoyant, and can not sink. She is pure and innocent, not from principle and choice, but from instinct. Her purity is not acquired, but is inborn. Evidently, therefore, the power which her story has over our feelings is derived more from her relation to untoward events and to such evil-minded wretches as Quilp and Brass than from her creator's delineation of her own character. We love her, in good part at least, as Desdemona did Othello, for the dangers through which she passed. Her whiteness dazzles because of the dark shadows by which the artist has surrounded her. Deep shadows make a chasm awful; the river derives much of its fascination from the uneven stretches of shade cast upon its surface by the cliffs and trees which line its margin, and the evening landscape owes its weird power over the feelings to the fantastic shadows cast by tree and shrub and flower upon the greensward. In like manner is Little Nell's innocence, helplessness, sweetness, patience, cheerfulness, and affection made impressive, not by dramatic delineation, but by the guilt, power, deformity, and depravity of the vile creatures who haunted her footsteps and influenced her destiny. The black shadows they cast upon her life operate upon the reader's imagination as deep shadows do in nature, and he unconsciously fills up the outline so slightly sketched by the artist's pencil.

Much of Dickens's art in painting child characters generally lies in this mingling the threads of their fate with the schemes of heartless and villainous people. Oliver Twist may be cited as another example. He, too, is the helpless, innocent child, exciting one's sympathies because he is constantly subjected to heartless and cruel treatment. Mrs. Corney, Bumble, Noah Claypole, Fagin, and Sykes are his tormentors and tempters,—the black shades which by contrast make him appear good and virtuous. Like Little Nell, while he is made the sport of harsh circumstances, he is himself passively, instinctively virtuous. Though the central figure of the story, he, too, is only sketched in outline, while the characters which darken his destiny are fully and dramatically wrought out. In some of his later works the novelist delineates his children with greater fullness;

nevertheless, in the main, they are all made to impress one less by the fullness of their portraiture than by what one perceives of the creatures who threaten to make their lives wretched. As in Turner's celebrated picture, the slave-ship occupies but a slight proportion of the canvas, which is mainly filled with the mad waves of the sea, so the children of Dickens are small aerial figures floating amid masses of black cloud painted in to give brilliancy to their whiteness.

To return to the "Old Curiosity Shop" and Little Nell. In Forster's "Life of Dickens," we find that the book was not written after a preconceived plan. At first its author intended to write only a short story to illustrate the mutual affection of Little Nell and her old grandfather. But the subject grew under his pen.

Then Dick Swiveller occurred to him. He wrote to Forster, "I mean to make much of him." It seems probable that we owe Quilp's plot and the wanderings of Nell and her grandfather to this purpose concerning Dick. To keep that bibulous young gentleman before his readers he saw it necessary to connect him with Nell's fate, which he did by joining Quilp with her prodigal brother in a villainous scheme for marrying him to the child. This accomplished, they had no doubt of their ability to filch her imaginary fortune from the easy-going Dick. All there is of plot in the story hinges on this conspiracy, which gave opportunity for its dramatic delineations of Quilp, Swiveller, Brass, and honest Kit, who, by the way, seems to have been put to uses not originally intended. When first introduced he is a semi-idiotic boy, whose chief function was to brighten Little Nell's life by his grotesque laughter and comic actions. After being thus presented he is suddenly transformed, without process or warning, into a sharp lad, winning favor by his simple honesty, and displaying more moral grit than any other character in the book. And this is done without violating the unity of the story. In fact, the art of Dickens is nowhere more eminently displayed than in blending his incongruous characters into a harmonious whole, while devoting, as he generally does, his chief strength to the portrayal of scoundrels, and of the good-natured sinners in whom he takes supreme delight. Dickens revels, like Puck in fairy-land, when depicting the vices of criminals and the jollities of roisterers; he grows pathetic over the sensibilities of the kind-hearted; he is tame when painting his good characters; but in all his writings he never drew the portrait of a truly Christian man.

The death of Little Nell was not in his first conception of the story, but was suggested to him by his friend Forster. This method of disposing of the fragile little sufferer was not only very natural under her circumstances, it was also a great relief to her creator, who despite the fertility of his resources, felt embarrassed with the question of how to give a consistent termination to her connection with the other characters of his romance and to her painful wanderings. He had, in fact, made her too unearthly, too ideal, for any other end than an early death. Hence his readers are not shocked when the overtasked little creature sinks into the quiet slumber which knows no waking.

Her death was beautiful, but it was not the dying of a Christian child. After faint murmurings concerning the scenes through which she had passed, and of beautiful music which she said was in the air, "she opened her eyes and begged to be kissed. That done, she turned to her grandfather, with a lovely smile on her face—such, they said, as they had never seen and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first."

This is pretty, sentimental, and a manifestation of the child's ruling passion in death; but it is not characteristically Christian. How could it be? Sweet Little Nell is not an ideal Christian child. She can scarcely be called religious. The only intimation given of her having any religious notions is the mention of her offering a prayer or two when in the depths of her perplexities. This great defect in her character was the result of the novelist's religious opinions, and is the capital fault of all his portraitures of what he meant to be

typical good people, whether young or old. He believed in natural goodness, in innocence springing, not from repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus, but from kind sensibilities. He teaches, as an able critic once observed in the *North British Review*, that "good temper and kindness are substitutes for all other virtues and an atonement for the want of them;" or, as M. Taine puts it, that "there is no real happiness but the feelings of the heart; its sensibilities are the whole of man. . . . To live is nothing; to be useful, even, is not enough. He only has lived, he only is a man, who has wept over the remembrance of a kindness done or received." The character of Little Nell is an embodiment of these sentimental notions, and is therefore essentially defective, and impossible when viewed from a Christian stand-point.

The character of Dick Swiveller is decidedly objectionable, because his vices of idleness, drunkenness, frivolity, and utter contempt for the true ends of life are so crowned with an aureola of good nature, humor, and jollity that one is made to like him in spite of faults which are ruinous alike to manly character and success in life. Like Charley Bates, in "Oliver Twist," and many other of this novelist's characters, Dick embodies the author's ideas about "a soul of good in things evil," and he is so drawn that one's repulsion from "things evil" is in danger of being weakened, and his conceptions of the value of the "soul of good" so exaggerated as to be regarded as an atonement for a bad life. The theory is false. There is no possibility of a "soul of good" living in unison with a bad life. A wicked man may be kind, genial, humorous, sensitive, and even sentimental in his sympathies, but these social qualities can neither neutralize his vices nor wash out the selfishness which gives character both to his inner and outer life. Such good-natured sinners are corrupt in heart, and will fare badly at the bar of heaven if they dare to plead the humor, fun, and kindness of Dick Swiveller in lieu of those virtues which grow from a heart regenerated by grace. But the reader scarcely needs to be reminded that, while Dickens may be accepted as a pleasing romancist, less likely to injure his readers than many others of his class, he is not to be trusted as a teacher of either ethics or religion. He was himself a man of the world, and, judging by his published correspondence, a very restless, unhappy man. His writings can not be expected to lead one to any loftier moral height than he himself attained. If read at all, it should be for the amusement of a leisure hour, and with caution; not for guidance and ethical instruction. For such ends the living words of Him who spake as man never spake are to be buried in the heart as the seed of all that is beautiful, manly, and useful in a human life.

A HARVEST HYMN.

GREAT God, our heart-felt thanks to thee!
We feel thy presence every-where!
And pray that we may ever be
Thus objects of thy guardian care.

We sow'd!—by thee our work was seen,
And bless'd; and instantly went forth
Thy mandate, and in living green
Soon smil'd the fair and fruitful earth.

We toil'd!—and thou didst note our toil,
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripened on the teeming soil
The fragrant grass and golden grain.

And now we reap!—and O, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our song of thanks abroad,
And pray thee, bless our hoarded store!

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THOUGHT passin' apistles and money from Miss Flo' to Mass'r Harry was one ob de fam'ly mobements, for sho'."

"Stop!" said Richard, frowning, and Tom ducked his head and disappeared.

After dinner, Mr. Thorn sought Florence, who had left the group in the parlor for the sofa in the corner of the alcove.

"Florence," he began, seating himself beside her, "will you be good enough to tell me to whom you owe money, and the amounts? I wish to arrange the payment of your indebtedness, and hereafter to ask you to receive funds only through your mother or myself. There is no need for you to borrow."

She started and colored. Could Ruby or Hugh have betrayed her? But she answered frankly:

"I have borrowed of Ruby and of Hugh, papa. I do not know how much."

"And of whom besides?"

"No one else."

He eyed her sharply. Then suddenly a new thought struck him. Could she be lending money? If so, it was quite time he took matters in his own hands.

"Florence, I will not ask if you lend as well as borrow. Your own sense of propriety would surely save you from that." She did not answer, and he added, as he rose to leave her, "If you are unable to protect yourself in such matters it becomes my duty to protect you."

How much he knew, or how he knew, she could not tell. He went to the library, and from thence "Tom" was soon after sent with another letter to Mr. Harry Field. Before going out he darted unseen up to Floy's door and, showing his missive, said with a treacherous smile:

"Massa Thorn send me wid dis; can fetch two same time as one."

But she forbore to use the opportunity. She had no heart to strive any longer. Things had come to a crisis which her husband and her step-father must arrange without her help. She could not blame Richard so much, now that she knew Harry better, nor could she wonder at Harry's irritation under the delay. It was time something was done; she would welcome any change. No life could be harder to live than this.

That letter asked for an interview at Mr. Field's earliest convenience, either at Mr. Field's residence or at Mr. Thorn's private office. Harry noticed that Richard did not offer his own house as a place of meeting, and his impudence inclined him to go there uninvited, confront Mr. Thorn, and demand his wife and her fortune at his hands. But he thought better of it, and, as he did not care to bring his enemy in contact with his aunts, he named an hour to wait on Mr. Thorn at his office.

Richard's note had come at night, and Harry found it in the morning, when his head was dull and heavy. He lolled back in his easy chair, and, lifting one slippered foot to the top of the table, let his thoughts float on the blue spiral of smoke from his cigarette. He felt nervous, but, on the whole, would be rather glad if the old gentleman had discovered all about it, and hoped he would be sensible, and quietly pass over ducats and daughter—he put the ducats first now—into his possession. That would be the *handsome* thing, and Dick Thorn knew how to do it if he chose. And if he held off Harry thought he knew how to bring him to terms. Thorn would n't like it to be said that he had used his step-daughter's estate. Yet he wished the interview was over. He had never a doubt that he had honored the house of Thorn by marrying its daughter, and the haughty unconsciousness of his existence on the part of Richard was an ever fresh sting to his vanity.

And Richard also looked forward to the interview with feelings of anger and contempt, that intensified his former dislike. He meant in the end to accept the situation,

and to make over to Florence her father's provision, but he did not propose to give Harry even the comfort of anticipation. Richard would see to it that scandal be avoided. The marriage would be made known, the young couple would go abroad, and Florrie's money would be paid. Just now Richard hardly saw how; but away back in Florida one night, in Robert's little room, he had said, "that as emergencies arose, he would find a way to meet them." He was of the same opinion to-day.

So it was not with any waste of affectionate interest that these two, who hoped each to give the other as much trouble as possible, met in Mr. Thorn's private counting-room. The elder man was formal and frigid, not ignoring Field's presence as he would have done anywhere else, but keeping him on the very outer edge of the circle of possible interchange.

Harry's appearance justified his right to be termed a "swell," if clothes would do it. The wide, immaculate wristband, the spotless lavender gloves, the seal ring, the waxed mustache, and flaxen fringe of hair that made a pale halo around the porcelain-like surface of his head, all revealed his estimate of the tender care required for the tenement that incased his somewhat diminutive soul. Human nature has its ceramics, and Harry Field was a fine specimen of a jar of imitation porcelain, which imposes on nobody though it take the form and shape of finer wares. It was tolerably certain that his dainty coloring would wash off, never having been through the fire. One felt like handling him gently, as we do those frail, cheap, but gaudy jars which we use for odds and ends, and scraps of every kind, fit only to be burned. The resemblance was not outward only. Beneath that smooth surface, one who cared to look would find a personality made up of all sorts of useless fragments, the rag, tag, and bobtail of half-developed virtues and overgrown vices, not enough of any one good thing to piece out another, and the *better* bits so mixed with the bad as to get all their tumble and soil. His helpless prettiness must have appealed to Richard as he glanced at him from under his brows, seeming to be busy at something else all the while, for the hard look dropped from his face.

Harry, whose nervousness was fast getting the better of his courage, was ready to fight, only "why the mischief did n't the other party begin? instead of waiting in this awful silence till a fellow's spirit all oozed away."

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Field, to ask you to refund to me the money you have borrowed from my family."

So this was what it meant; and, after all, perhaps this was all he knew. Field's face flushed, but he made no answer.

"I am sorry it has become my duty to protect my daughter from you, Mr. Field; but since such is the case I should like to have the claim settled this morning if you please."

"But—but—Mr. Thorn—"

"Do you deny having borrowed money of her?"

"No—I have—that is, she has sometimes accommodated me with small sums."

"A gentleman in financial trouble usually solicits aid from *men*. I did not suppose one could ask it of ladies."

Harry was overwhelmed with mortification. The great fact of having dared to marry Miss Reid had a kind of romantic heroism about it, which he could have summoned courage to meet, but to be called to account for borrowing money from a woman was severe. And to be asked to pay it, that was "the unkindest cut of all." Why there were times when he could n't pay the barber who shaved him, and the washerwoman who gave his linen the dainty polish which seemed to be utterly wasted upon Mr. Thorn. Meantime his inquisitor waited.

"I have been very unfortunate, Mr. Thorn." Then a pause. Where was the courage that was going to "bring the old gentleman to terms?" "I have not the money just now."

"I will give you a few days then in which to secure it. If you are unsuccessful we must see what redress the law affords. Such a case of swindling"—Harry flushed angrily. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Field, I

know of no less offensive term for obtaining money for gambling purposes with no prospect of paying. I should not wait a day for you, but for the unfortunate lady who is your creditor.''

"Mr. Thorn," said Harry, with the impudent courage born of desperation, "I am not a swindler. There is no law against a man's borrowing money of his own wife."

He had said it, and he waited the result of his revelation, bracing himself to meet a storm of anger. But Mr. Thorn only replied coolly:

"True; and there is no law against a man's *paying* his wife. In the present instance, the wife *borrowed* the money, and you must refund in order that she may repay. The law holds you responsible for her debt."

"I don't believe it, sir," exclaimed Harry, growing angry under the evident purpose to harass him. "It was her *own* money, and a great deal more is hers, too, if she had what belongs to her. She is married, and not responsible to any one for what she may do with her money. It is time they were called to account who keep her fortune from her."

"True, if she had a fortune; but she has none."

"It is false. Her father left her money to be hers on her marriage."

"So he did, a small sum. He divided his possessions equally between his wife, now Mrs. Thorn, and her daughter. He thought the mother would care for her child, and that her own property would be intact at her marriage. Her mother, however, chose to invest her money, and lost it. The daughter has been reared in *my* house, educated at my expense. It was my purpose to give her, on her wedding day, her entire portion with all its increase, accumulated since her father's death. But she has chosen to marry against my wishes, and I know that the fortune if put into her hands would soon be squandered. And now, if I render an account charging her estate with her support during all these years, I assure you she would have nothing left. A man who wanted her *money* would have been wiser to consult me; but you, I suppose, would never have married for that motive;" and the smile, that made Harry almost beside himself, played again on Richard's face.

"Nothing left?" he exclaimed in dismay.

"Well, perhaps a few hundred dollars; but if you can not refund the borrowed money, I must keep that to cover the loan Florence has made. And, I suppose, I may look to you for the amount expended for Mrs. Field during these last months. I should not like to deduct that from her little store."

Harry was dumb with astonishment. Could this be the wealthy, liberal Mr. Thorn, whose name was on every subscription list, whose life had been one of munificent charities and luxurious extravagance? For a moment he lost sight of his own dreadful dilemma in surprise that he could ask him to pay for Flory's support. Could it be he cared so for the money? or was this only a tantalizing method of revenge?

But Richard's face betrayed only a business-like indifference, as he rose politely, waiting for his visitor to terminate the interview.

Choking with mortification and anger and a sense of helpless defeat, he made one more effort:

"I shall take Florence away from your house at once, Mr. Thorn."

"Do so, at your earliest convenience. Her husband is certainly the proper person to provide a home for Mrs. Field."

So this was the end of all. And this stony man would send Florence out dowerless, and under the cloud of a secret marriage? And he would do this, after having used, in his luxurious home, the portion of a fatherless girl? Moreover, he did not seem to care who knew it. Harry could not comprehend it at all. As he laid his hand upon the door he said, in an aggrieved tone:

"Florence will be disgraced forever, after living as your daughter, to go out in poverty with me."

"It is late to consider that. The crowning disgrace was her secret marriage. You could have spared her that."

"But I will tell the whole world how you

treat her; that you have used her fortune while you taught her to suppose you were saving it for her."

"Very well; do so, if you like, only if I hear such a whisper I shall show the value of your word, by proving you to be a forger and a criminal in the eyes of the law. You would lose, then, not her money only, but your wife and your liberty as well."

The young man turned pale with rage. He had not supposed the fact to which Mr. Thorn alluded was known. His eyes dropped in confusion, and his heart was full of hate, but when Mr. Thorn moved toward the door as if to open it for him, he turned and passed out without a word.

When the sound of his steps died away along the corridor, Richard threw himself into the chair before the desk and covered his face with his hands. He had given his lesson, and sent the young man away thoroughly miserable, yet he felt as he fancied a lion might that had gone out of its way to frighten a puppy. He would not have young Field believe he would relent, yet even then he did relent, remembering how he had held Florence on his knee when she was a child.

Strange tender stirrings of feeling were always assailing this man whose heart was like other hearts in that it could not harden all at once. Floy had been such a disappointment to him. He meant to withhold nothing from her. He meant to protect her good name, but he did not mean young Field should know it. He would let *him* be stung up to the last moment by every possible discomfort before he would give him even the hope of relief.

"But Floy, little Floy. I must take care of her," he said. "But how? that is the question."

He spoke the question aloud, and lifted his head wearily and took up the package of letters awaiting his perusal. He opened them mechanically, throwing one after another aside, with no sign of interest on his face, until his eye fell upon one marked both "personal" and "important." It was addressed to Patience Thorn. It had been sent to Thornton Post-office, and re-directed to Richard's care.

He knew Marah's handwriting, for her letters to Ruby came to his house, and for a moment he hesitated. There were things he wanted to know about Marah's movements, things that he said he ought to know, in order to protect Ruby.

Here was a letter containing doubtless some of the mad creature's secrets. Something she did not wish him to know, or she would not have sent it to Vermont. Should he be so weak as to let it go? Slowly he opened it, and found a letter to Ruby with a note to Aunt Patience, asking its safe delivery into Ruby's hands. More convinced than before that Marah had something to say to Ruby which was not for his knowledge, he read on.

"Your last letter, my precious child, tells me Miss Thorn is gone for a time to Thornton; so I send this to her surer thus that it reaches *you*. There is only time to say, I send by this same mail something of your own, money to the amount of $—— [naming a large sum], left by your father's will, to be given you when you are old enough to use it. I hoped to bring it and place it in the hands of the beautiful lady to be kept for you; but I can not go to you now. Trust what I send to her, and her only. I fear to give it to the mails, but I fear still more to keep it. I shall see you the earliest moment that I dare. Till then, cease not to love your Mamma Marah."

When he had read and re-read with a pale face and close-shut lips, he made a movement as if to tear the letter in pieces. But no. He might need it. It might be some day his justification for keeping Marah away; a proof that she concealed that which was not her own. He put it in his pocket and went out. But he came back again in time for the midday mail. No parcel had come for Patience. His anxiety became intense. It was such an act as only a mad woman would have done, to send money thus. Would she send the jewels too? Women in their senses were unfit to be trusted with business, and here were such great interests in the hands of one half-crazed. He worked himself out of his anxiety for Florence into fancied anxiety for Ruby, and before the

evening mail arrived was very certain it was his duty to take charge of whatever it might bring. And when it came, among the letters which his trembling hands tossed over with nervous haste, was the one for which he had waited. He removed its contents, counted the notes, few in number but great in value, and deposited them in his own private safe. Again the question of the disposal to be made of the envelopes came to him. Perhaps they had better be destroyed, but he had no fire in his office, and it was better not to leave the fragments about. So he placed this last with the other in his pocket, and, buttoning his overcoat across his breast, took his way homeward with head low bent to meet the rising wind. His tramp on the pavement was steady and strong. Floy must be taken care of, but he no longer questioned "how."

He opened his door with his own key, and saw at the end of the hall Harry Field in the act of parting from Floy. Not wishing to meet him, and indignant that he should be found there, he threw his overcoat carelessly over the back of a chair, and passed on. Tom brushed and hung it up as usual without seeing that two letters fell from the breast-pocket upon the floor. One dropped in sight, and the first servant passing by picked it up and placed it upon the tray from which she thought it had accidentally slipped. And Tom, flying up stairs in answer to Mrs. Thorn's bell, seeing the letter, seized it, tray and all, and left it in Patience's room. His haste had for once prevented any discovery, and he did not notice it had been once unsealed. Alone in her room, late at night, with this letter and an open Bible before her, Aunt Patience sought counsel of God. She had found the envelope unsealed, the note to herself intact, and the letter to Ruby there. But to her surprise this, too, had been opened; but by whom? Tom was questioned, but he had found the letter on the tray, and thought some one entering had taken it from the postman and laid it there. She questioned the maid, who told her she found it on the floor. She studied the postmark, and saw it had been already to Thornton, and thence to Richard's office. Suddenly she remembered hearing Richard sharply question Tom as to what he had done with his coat, and asking why he did not let it alone where he had placed it himself. Slowly a dread, a fear, a suspicion, crept into her soul. She thought it came from the evil one himself, for surely only some malignant influence could plant in her mind a doubt of Richard—of her boy. Yet there it was, and it sent her to her Bible and her knees, and while she prayed for pardon for her evil thought of Dick, the boy she had loved as a baby, the man who had loved her as his mother, somehow she found her pleading ran away from herself to him, and she prayed as only they can who believe that not one sparrow falls to the ground without the Father.

She did not disturb Ruby that night, deeply as she sympathized with her constant anxiety and ceaseless longing to hear from Marah. That she had left her behind was Ruby's constant regret. The delay in her coming was the sharpest pain of her present life. She could not understand it, and her self-reproaches often prompted her to beg Aunt Patience to go with her to bring her old nurse north. Marah had written at first that she "was weary and would rest before the journey;" again, "the old place needed her care;" and one excuse after another was given till Ruby felt vaguely that there was some mysterious reason why she did not come.

"She writes she is staying for my sake, auntie, and I can not see the need. I want her here, not there. I am not doing as papa would wish about her," she pleaded. "Dear Aunt Patience, do you forget she pulled you out of the fire?"

"No, darling," her aunt would say, "I want her as much as you do, and we will go for her if Mr. Monteith does not bring us some word that sets our hearts at rest."

And Ruby tried to be patient. If, as the time wore on, she found herself sympathizing with Hugh's eagerness again to see the St. Christopher of his fever-dream, if the longing was not all for Marah's sake, she knew her own heart too little to find it out. That Marah did not come was the one real trouble

of these days, and to Mr. Monteith she looked for certain knowledge of her. He would help her out again as he had done in Hugh's illness, and the road of genuine service is almost sure to lead to the heart that is served. Yet the waves of this anxiety rolled higher, and week after week went by, and their "Offero" did not come.

When the morning dawned Aunt Patience had not closed her eyes. She had, however, taken in her store of wisdom asked of One "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," and she decided to defer any mention of the letter to Richard for the present. She called Ruby to her room, and drawing a low stool to her feet, placed Marah's letter in her hands. While the girl read, with the color coming and going in her face, the dear old lady kept bathing her fingers restlessly in the glossy waves of her hair. After a moment Ruby took the hand, and drawing the arm around her, leaned her head against Patty's shoulder, and gave her the letter to read. When it was finished, Ruby said:

"You see, auntie, this must be what the blessed creature has been about all this while, taking care of something or other for me. I *must* go after her. I can not have this go on. It will be nice to have the money, will it not? I can do so much for Floy."

"Yes, dear," but while the girl prattled on in the unconsciousness of ignorance, Aunt Patience was trying to quiet the suspicion that, notwithstanding all her efforts, would rush upon her mind. She must prepare Ruby for disappointment, for in her inmost soul she felt that money would never come. At last she told her it was not right to send it thus, and the chances were all against its safe arrival; that she would make every inquiry, and watch the mails; that Marah might have found out after writing that it was not a correct way to send it. And Ruby accepted Aunt Patty's uncertainty, and said she would be as well off as before if it never came. In any case she promised to regard Marah's wish and say nothing whatever on the subject to any one. Then she went away with kisses and loving caresses that fell soothingly upon the sad old heart, so heavy just now with its care. They understood and loved each other almost as well as Aunt Patience and Hugh.

Mr. Thorn had been surprised and annoyed after that interview with Harry in the morning to find him at his house at night; for he knew nothing of the weakness characteristic of some souls that permits a transfer of their vexations and cares to others. However *he* might suffer or sin, he would never take the consequent exasperation of spirit home therewith to make his wife miserable. So he never dreamed that Harry would make Florrie feel the sting of all his woes, and as if she ought, in some way, to have spared him the pain. But Harry lost no time in going to her from Richard, and if his own burden lightened in proportion as hers grew heavy, he must have been relieved. Directly or indirectly he blamed her for every thing, and when he went finally she dragged the weary load of his complainings up to her room, and shut herself in to think what she should do next. If what Harry said was true, that her step-father would send her out penniless, then he must be both mercenary and cruel, and her mother had been right not to trust him. Harry had advised her to tell her mother, for he knew her daughter's loss would anger the parent, and he hoped Mr. Thorn might yet be influenced through his wife.

When Florence sought her mother's room she found her comfortably resting on the sofa, dividing her attention between a novel and a poodle, and thinking more of herself than of either. Floy had calculated the chances of hysterics if she told her mother of her marriage, and, deciding to leave that revelation to circumstances, proceeded at once to the communication of the more recent news.

"Florence, you are so moping lately, and so pale. You really are losing all your beauty," began Mrs. Thorn, as Floy drew an arm-chair near the couch, and seated herself so that she could look directly down into her mother's face.

"Never mind, mamma; I have been moping, for I have felt so uncertain as to what

was to become of me. I shall come up again now, for it is all settled. In a little time I shall cross the ocean on my wedding trip."

"So you and Harry have never given it up? Well, he is persevering, I must say, and, so far as I can see, quite as deserving as the average of young men."

"So he is, mother, every bit. They are none of them angelic; nor the old men either, for that matter."

"But your father; he has not mentioned the subject lately. Is he as bitter as ever?"

"Yes, mamma. Harry has seen him, and that is what I want to speak to you about."

And then she told her that papa threatened to withhold all her little fortune, that he would do nothing for her himself, and that to go abroad without money was simply out of the question. Harry had wished her to ask her mother to try to make Mr. Thorn "think better of it." Then Floy added:

"If papa could withhold every thing from *me* he could from *you* too, mamma. If he would count the cost of my living and education, and pay himself back for it, he would surely not restore what you lost for yourself."

Her mother was quite as alarmed and indignant as Floy desired. Wise enough to know when to stop talking, and anxious that her mother's appeal to Richard should not be presented in hysterical agitation she was about to withdraw, when the door opened, and Ruby and Hugh came in, fresh from out-of-door exercise, and bringing violets for Mrs. Thorn.

Hugh never forgot her in his rambles, never failed to pity her weakness, to apologize for her moods, or to bring back something bright for her to enjoy. But she met them now with clouded brow, and a face all knotted with the nervous tension that preceded what Rachel called her "spells." The moment her eye fell on Ruby's face, fresh and glowing with youth and health, one of those unaccountable repulsions that reveal diseased nervous action seized her with a force beyond her control. We call such things illness, even temporary madness, and are full of pity for them, as we should be; but how often they are only the sudden rousing of a demon long cherished and fed and nursed. Envy, jealousy, discontent, self-pity,—they are the parents of dislike, and dislike, in activity, becomes ill-will and hate. She did not break forth into any expression of feeling, but she laid the violets down with an air as if Ruby had offered her an insult, and regarded her with an expression that made Floy beckon Ruby from the room.

As they closed the door the storm burst forth, and Hugh's patience was sorely tried. She poured out all her grievances, and he listened and soothed as well as he could; but when she mentioned, as the aggravation of her woes, that that black-eyed girl could have every thing she wanted while Florence was denied, he checked her with a manner so like his father's that it sent her off into another spasm of tears. She told him she was sure his father would let her suffer poverty in her feeble old age, and, as for Florence, he had taken every thing the poor girl had. And Hugh told her to be quiet, and to "trust his father, who would surely do right by them all."

"I can not trust him, Hugh."

"Then trust me, mother mine," he said, kissing her.

"You, my poor boy! but who will take care of you?"

"You forget I am not a boy any longer, mother. I believe I could take care of myself and of you and of my sister too. You are unjust to papa and over-anxious. Trust it to me, and I will talk with him about these things that trouble you."

And she promised him "not to harass papa," and he thought she would keep her word. And so she did until she—saw him.

"What have I done, Cousin Florence? She looked at me as if she hated me. Does she not like to have me stay here?"

"Yes, you dear little innocent. She loves you dearly, but she is nervous this afternoon."

"But I must have offended her, or she would never have given me such a look."

"Well, if you must know," said Florence, blushing, "I worried her by telling that my step-father refused to give me something

my own papa left me. And when she saw you she was annoyed, I suppose, to think you could have your papa's fortune and I nothing. She will be over it soon, and she is really fond of you."

But Rubetta was troubled and perplexed. In her life with her father she never heard of money. What could be the matter here? Was there not enough for all? Then why should not Floy have some of hers? She resolved to go to Uncle Richard, and ask him all about it.

It took a little courage to do this; but, full of her generous project, she presented herself at the door of the library early in the evening. Richard sat, shading his eyes with his hand, in the same place as on the night when Florence had come to talk with him of Harry Field. He rose to receive her, and when he would have placed her in his own seat she drew the foot-stool to his side, and, folding her hands together across the arm of his chair, looked up into his eyes, her face bright with the generous impulse stirring her heart. She had changed a good deal, and he had been too preoccupied to mind it much. He had never realized what a beautiful woman she would soon become until he gazed down upon her now with eyes haggard and weary, like one long suffering for sleep. Somehow her face refreshed him as if in walking along a hedge-row lined with thorns he had suddenly come upon a rose in full fragrance and bloom. And she reproached herself, as she saw how pale and tired he was, that she did not love him more, and the two were unconsciously nearer in heart than they had ever been since Robert died.

"Uncle Richard," she said, abruptly, "I have come to ask you a question. Will you tell me if my dear papa left me a great deal of money?"

A quick, strange shadow of suspicion crossed his face, as if he questioned if she, too, had begun to distrust him; but he smiled as he answered:

"He left you amply provided for, my child. The property is not as valuable now as I hope to make it, but it is enough for all your needs."

She sighed, and her lashes drooped; but, after a moment, she looked up brightly into his face:

"I want you to make it grow fast; I want a great deal more than enough for my needs."

"So do we all, Rubetta; but would you like to play Lady Bountiful? You can wait for that."

"No, I do not want to wait. I want five times what I need, Uncle Dick. Will it take long for you to make it grow to that?"

He could not help smiling down into her eyes, so eager and full of light.

"And may I ask for what purpose I am to multiply your portion by five?"

"Why, I promised my father," she said, her voice falling to a tender tone, "that I would do as I thought he would do, and I know he would divide with those he loved. And I want to divide. I want to save a portion for Aunt Patience and Marah, and I want one for Floy and one for Hugo."

"But, my dear child, what has moved you to assume the finances of the family? They are all provided for. No, no," he added, as he laid his hand on both of hers; "I see that Florence has been fretting till her troubles have bubbled over into your heart. But you must dismiss your anxiety. There is not one of the family who is not already secure from any need, except, perhaps, your old uncle here. I may come to you some day when I am infirm, and you must be frugal now in order to take me in."

He spoke playfully, but she saw a slight quiver of his lids, and that his eyes had filled with tears. Impulsively she dropped her lips upon his hand, and kissed it over and over again.

"I almost hope the day will come," she said. "You have all been so good to me; and I certainly want whatever is mine to be used for the one who needs it most. Will you promise me to remember that if any need does come, dear uncle?" and she bowed her cheek again upon his hand.

And he said he would promise if that would make her happy, and she went away relieved. She had partially lost her resentful memory in her constant sympathy with Hugh's unfailing love for his father, and her

woman's heart was happy in feeling the barriers broken down, and that they were really at peace. There is no accounting for such reactions in the feminine mind. It was weak, may be, but women are weak when men are sad. That she still felt an inward shrinking from him was a thing she chided in herself, and felt she must overcome.

It had been a hard day for Richard, beginning with the interview with Harry Field and ending with one with Mrs. Thorn, in which she was as vindictive in her accusations as if the whole scheme of his life had been to defraud her and her daughter.

He heard her through, sobs and all, in that utter silence that experience had taught him was the lightest of aggravations; for in her injured moods explanations, promises, pleadings, seemed only so many added abuses to her much enduring soul.

When her complainings finally died to a murmur of discontent, and the tears gave place to a settled expression of martyrdom, he said, just in his usual tone:

"I am sorry to see you waste so much feeling on this subject, Clara. I can only repeat what I have so often said. I am ready to return to you the full value of all that has ever passed through my hands."

"But when?" she asked, angrily. "I am tired of that same promise repeated from year to year. I want to buy my daughter's trousseau."

He looked at her in surprise.

"It would have been as well, you see, if you had made no objection to Mr. Field, for she is to be his wife. You might have been kind to her, and kept her confidence, as I have done."

"Have you, then, been in her confidence all this time?" he asked.

"Of course I have. My own daughter! Do you think she could hide any thing from such a mother as I have been?"

His face darkened, and he turned to leave the room without a word, but she called after him:

"Do not go away in a temper, Mr. Thorn. I want to know when I can have the money, when I can tell Floy we can have the wedding."

He stopped for a moment, and looked at her in amazement:

"Clara, is it possible you fancy you can deceive me, or are you deceiving yourself? Why do you talk to me of a wedding, when I know as well as you do that your daughter has been married six months?"

He had never in all her exasperations said "your daughter" before; but he was so angry at the insult she offered his penetration that he did not stop to notice the effect of his words, but closed the door with something nearer a bang than he often inflicted upon her sensitive nerves.

It had, indeed, been a terrible day for Richard, but late as it was his trials were not over. When he entered the dimly lighted library he did not throw himself into his great arm-chair as usual, but paced the floor, with hands folded behind his back and head bent upon his breast, up and down, with quick, impatient step, trying, perhaps, to trample down his troubled thoughts, as he used to do under the tread of black Sancho in the sunny plantation roads. Now and then he sighed heavily, and the sigh was answered instantly by a look of pain that crossed the face of Hugh, who sat in his father's chair in the dusk. He had come in hoping to forestall his mother in the talk which he could not trust her to defer long after an opportunity for it came. And while he waited, pondering how most gently to say what must be said, Richard came, and this restless tramp and troubled demeanor told Hugh he was too late. Yet he lingered, unwilling to go without a word or look to show his father he was there.

Their relation had always been one of peculiar sympathy and sweetness up to the time of that visit South. And still Richard loved him as he loved nothing else, but he showed the boy his heart no longer. The thought of Hugh was, to his soul, like a light in a soiled chamber, revealing what he did not care to see; or like a white dove trying to coo itself to sleep in that foul nest of black-winged thoughts, that, vulture-beaked, had already found the sore places in his heart.

When Richard halted at last, Hugh said, gently:

"I am here, father; are you too tired to see me?"

Richard started at the voice. It had broken in upon his purpose, no longer a wavering possibility, but a purpose to make an end henceforth to these business harassments, to use what he needed without further hesitation. Why should he hesitate when Rubetta, his brother's beautiful child, had placed a heart full of kisses in his open hand, as a token of how freely she offered all she had? Who knew but Robert, seeing how bowed and worn he was, had sent her? She believed herself carrying out his wishes, doing as her father would have done. What right had he to restrain her? Perhaps at almost any time, had the emergency arisen, Richard might have betrayed his trust, but he would have felt Robert's condemnation, and writhed under his own scorn. He was not yet prepared to defy that condemnation, but that he could transform it into approval was the best illustration of the change in his own soul. To sin while it hurts is far less dangerous than to sin under the deadening delusion that the wrong is less than our over-sensitive conscience would make it appear.

And just here, under the spiritual anæsthetic of Robert's fancied approval, when he was in no mood for the influence of Hugh's presence, the voice said, gently:

"Father, I am here."

Richard raised his hand to the light, but Hugh said:

"Let us talk in the dusk, father, as we used on the deck of the ship when we were going to Uncle Robert. I can shut my eyes and see the waves any time. What an age it seems since we went down!"

"Yes, Hugh, it seems long ago, when you were but a child," said his father, thoughtfully, seating himself, and gazing drearily into the ashes on the hearth.

"But I am not a child any longer, father. I am stronger than I ever hoped to be. Do you remember my saying I should never be well enough to work, and should have nothing to do in life but to love you?"

"Well, loving is better than doing, my son."

"But it does not satisfy me, father. Loving *is* doing, and I must show my love by being at work for you. I want to go into business."

"But what do you need of business? You could never endure the care of it."

"I think I might, papa. Dr. Burton says I am coming on bravely, and can yet do a man's work in the world. I would like to go into your business, into the very lowest place, and learn every detail up to the part you take yourself."

"But, Hugh, my dear fellow, is it not enough for one of us to take the drudgery of life? My only consolation in your suffering has been that I could spare you that. I don't want you to grow up. *I can not spare my boy.*"

"Listen, papa," said Hugh, drawing near his father's side. "You said, when Uncle Robert died, that I could comfort you if any one could."

"And you *are* a comfort, my son."

"And I said I would be both a brother and son as I grew older. I am still the little Hugh, if you wish, but I am seeing and feeling things like a man."

"I am sorry to know it," said Richard, bitterly.

"I know what you have been hearing from my mother to-night, for I heard it all from her before. I know my sister's need of protection in this unfortunate marriage."

Richard started. He had not dreamed Hugh knew of that.

"I know there are financial troubles; and I could learn to think and work and help as Uncle Robert would, if only you would trust me as you would have trusted him."

For a moment Richard bowed his head upon his hands, and Hugh crept close to his side. If it could only be done! If Hugh were Robert, and they could work things out together! But, alas, he was a helpless, crippled youth, with a soul like a king and only a beggar's portion of strength to bestow. Still, what a support there would be if Hugh saw things as he did, and sympathized with his course. He began cautiously to feel his way.

"If Robert were here, Hugh, and knew my anxieties, he would be as eager as you are to relieve them, and *he* would have the power."

"Would he *were* here, then, and I under the sycamores there by the river," said Hugh; but he did not speak it aloud.

"Sometimes I think I wrong him when I bear such burdens, and yet fail to use what he would place in my hands if he were here, what he has already left in my hands."

A strange, nameless chill, crept from Hugh's heart to his lips, a coldness that Richard felt as if some stranger had spoken, and not Hugh. Yet he only said:

"But what he left was for Ruby, papa. It is not ours."

"To lend a portion of it to me would be the best investment for her," still Richard went on.

"Not if there is risk with you and security somewhere else, father."

"You answer like my son, and not like my brother, I see," said Richard, bitterly. "Never mind. I only thought I would try talking to you as if you were Robert, since you wished it. I forgot that in Robert's place you would be Ruby's protector first and my brother after. Well, that's all right, boy. You would have to care for her if any thing happened to me."

"I promised Uncle Robert, you know," Hugh answered, gently.

"What did you promise?"

"Always to stand between Rubetta and any of the hard things in life."

"Well he could not have chosen a better friend; I believe you would do it even if some of the hard things came through me in my efforts to soften things for your mother and Floy."

"I would protect them *all* from every thing, if I could."

"Even from me?" his father persisted.

"Even from myself."

Only the swift descent from bitterness to pique and from pique to playfulness in Richard's tone, only the old loving familiar way in which he threw his arm around his shoulder, as he knelt beside him, saved Hugh's quick spirit from doubt. As it was he saw his father was harassed, and felt vaguely that he was tempted. But that he would yield to temptation never for a moment ruffled his trust. Still he pressed closer to his side, and as, in Eastern lands, startled doves fly to their tower, his thoughts flew to their refuge, and began to rear around his father a bulwark of silent prayer.

And Richard, who knew every change in Hugh's tones or in the touch of his hands, had seen the instant when his spirit took alarm, when another evil suggestion would have been a death-blow to his trust. His wife might doubt him, Florence and Harry might, Ruby and the world might; but he would not yield the faith and love of his son. If he could have made Hugh's quick spiritual vision accord with his own, he would have felt an added support in his approval; but he would not sacrifice that approval even for the truth. So he stopped at the moment when one word more would have been fatal, and by seeming to have meant *nothing* he covered his real meaning completely from Hugh's sight. And they sat far into the night and talked of other things, of Florence and all her sad affair, and Richard told Hugh that he should send them abroad, and that her portion from her father and the little fortune of her mother were both preserved and ready for their need.

When Hugh bade his father good-night and closed the door behind him, his eye fell upon a paper, the yellow tint of which might well be overlooked on the oaken color of the rug. He picked it up and passed on to his room, full of loving admiration for the father, who amid his own losses and troubles, protected the fortunes of those who were often ungrateful and always weak. He looked at the paper in his hands; it was only an empty buff envelope, addressed to Aunt Patience. Probably she had read the letter and dropped the wrapper there. Without an idea of its importance he threw it carelessly into his own open desk, and forgot he had ever seen it long before he fell asleep.

And Richard did not sleep at all. Why not? He had only been folding thicker the veil, lest Hugh should see him as he was. He had only been polishing the mask he

wore, that no blemish should pain his boy's pure eyes.

After that night in the library, the family wheels moved on without further friction; for there was no more talk of lack of funds. That Ruby's fortune was diminished by the exact sum transferred to Mrs. Thorn was the price her uncle paid for peace. The soreness of the maternal heart at the deception practiced by her daughter was only what might have been expected. She had "sacrificed herself for her family," and to Florence, had been what she called "perfectly devoted." She bemoaned her ingratitude till the girl replied:

"Now, mamma, no matter when or how it had happened, you would have been in a state of mind. Thank goodness, you did not have to worry over all these months; you ought to be grateful to me for keeping my troubles to myself."

"Troubles! *I* had all the trouble. I stood by you through all your father's opposition, and then you did not let me share your joy."

"Joy! Such *joy* as *I* have had could not be diffused through a whole family. There was no more than I needed myself."

Mrs. Thorn wiped her eyes and gazed inquiringly at Florence.

"Do you mean to tell me, after all I have suffered, that you are not happy?"

"I mean to tell you nothing at all, mother mine. Every thing in the world is crooked and wrong, and all our whining will not set it straight. Thank goodness, we *can* help tormenting each other with complaints." And she went away leaving her mother in tears.

She mourned no more to Florence; but upon Hugh and Ruby and Aunt Patience she poured the cup of her lamentations. Only to Richard she never owned that she had been deceived, behaving, in his presence, as if she had been in Floy's secret from the first.

Upon this injured frame, the transfer of her fancied possessions to the control of her own sweet will, as it should be revealed through her check-book, was the first effectual balm. Diverted from her woes, and still burning to sacrifice herself, she lavished upon her daughter gifts enough to prove the overwhelming power of maternal devotion. She could not resist the opportunities of martyrdom which oft-repeated shopping excursions afforded, and all the pleasant excitement, the little joyful bustle of preparation, from which Florence turned away, sick at heart, fell upon her mother. Against all remonstrance, she made lavish purchases of articles Floy did not want, and stowing the treasures away in her own rooms, made private exhibition of these articles and of her own feelings to her friends. She *enjoyed* herself, talking tearfully all the time of her heart-break at the parting, till the friends would go away wondering how Florence Reid could love any man well enough to leave such a mother.

But, while her self-pity grew garrulous, her pride yet kept the secret of the previous ceremony, throwing over the proposed one the convenient mantle of "family mourning," which would necessitate a private wedding.

This took place in the parlor, one gray rainy morning, an hour or two before the departure of the steamer that was to bear away the bridal pair. When the carriage that brought the groom to this somewhat somber gathering arrived, Hugh descended, and came up the steps arm in arm with Harry Field.

After that midnight talk with his father, Hugh astonished Harry by a morning visit. He took his crutch, but, strange to say Harry did not improve the opportunity to "break it over his head." Hugh was tall enough to look straight into Harry's eyes, which he did with a clear frankness of gaze, that must be met frankly if at all. He held out his hand, and Harry colored and grasped it.

"I have come to bring my apology, Mr. Field. I resented your saying my sister belonged to you; but I did not then know that you belonged to her. Whatever belongs to her is sacred, and ought to be dear to her brother."

It was a bold stroke, but the brave young soul was going straight for the good in the other soul, and when the color crept up and made the bald spot on Harry's head look

like a pale, full moon, somehow Hugh felt encouraged.

"Of course it was nonsense for me to suppose I need defend my sister against her husband, as it would be nonsense for you to suppose you need protect her from her brother. We should be allies in her protection, and brothers in our effort to make her happy."

"Well, I declare, I did not know you were so much of a fellow, Thorn. I thought you were a goodish sort of a boy, pious and poky, you know. I am sure I am glad enough to be friends. I 'm the last fellow to quarrel with my bread and butter."

A little shade of disgust and hopelessness passed over Hugh's countenance; but the other did not notice it.

He was busy with a decanter and glasses.

"Come, now, let 's take a glass over it, and bury it. No? Not take wine? Have a cigar, then? How you ever keep such a nerve in your hands as I felt that day at my throat"—and he gave a little nervous laugh, as if the recollection were not altogether pleasant—"without a glass of wine I can not see. If I had not taken a stiff one, I could never have faced the governor, your governor, you know, that day when he threatened to cut Floy off without a dime."

"My father never meant that, Mr. Field; he loves my sister too well to do a severe thing like that."

"Well, I declare, if you are not a good fellow, now; give us your hand. I must say he *looked* mightily as if he meant it, and I have been as blue as an indigo bag ever since. Fact is, I've had a terrible run of luck lately. Why, I even had to pledge my horses and *coupé* to a friend for borrowed money. They will have to go, too, unless I make a raise. As for the coachman, he has n't had a rap of wages for an age."

"All that will come right after a while, of course," said Hugh, not caring for confidences of this sort. But all the while his heart was full of misgiving.

He had hoped to find love for Florence, or at least some fiber of manly feeling running through the seemingly worthless fabric of this character. And he was resolved to be a friend to Floy's husband; yet he could see he had gratified Harry's vanity without his comprehending in the least the motive for his visit. And this was so. Field congratulated himself, and was patronizingly glad that the family seemed to have come to an appreciation of the value of such a son-in-law. He never doubted that Mr. Thorn had thought better of it, and, too proud to come himself, sent Hugh to make his peace.

From that hour he came and went freely in Richard's house, assuming, in his absence, quite the air of its master. And Hugh, resolved, if possible to get some hold on him, atoned for his father's lack of welcome by unfailing recognition of every courtesy due to the husband of his sister. Ruby was not so gracious, escaping his presence whenever she could. Aunt Patience was untiring in efforts to find good in him, and made Floy realize that a heart and home would always be waiting for her at Thornton as long as Aunt Patty lived. Rachel, alone, was unrelenting in her prejudice to Harry, and the only one who dared to snub him outright.

She called him a "piece,"—a "mis'able, *on*accountable piece—" a "flipsey-flopsey, good-for-nothin', without an atom of backbone;" and said she could see "no sense in his bein' hitched on to Florence, jest to go dangling' arter her to the end of her days."

Only solemn charges from her mistress kept her from "givin' him a piece of her mind," and she absolutely refused to witness what she called "the sackeryfice."

So they were married without her. Just in the shadow of that drawing-room alcove, the words were said again that both had said before, and, strange as it may seem, in the midst of the vows, Harry caught Hugh's eyes fixed upon him with the steely gleam they wore when he spoke the words: "Get away, get away as quickly as ever you can, for I am afraid I shall kill you." And Florence replied very quietly to the congratulations of her friends: but before her eyes there floated a wreath of pale, dead roses, tied with a ribbon of white.

It was quite a large sum that Richard had received to guard for Florence Reid; but the

bill of credit made to her name which he slipped in her hand, as he bent to say "good-bye," covered it all. It covered, too, a portion of what had come to him through the mail that day, and Mrs. Thorn's possession took the rest. And this was the price he paid for Floy's protection. Henceforth the girl had gone out of his life. As he turned back from the door and entered the library, Aunt Patience saw his face was haggard and white; but as he passed her he tried to smile, and said, playfully, in a voice that was meant to cover his pain:

"Well, auntie, one life more has made its escape from among the Thorns."

CHAPTER XVII.

AT various times during the preceding events, especially during the earlier periods of her anxiety about Marah, Ruby made Hugh the bearer of her inquiries to his father, until at last, Richard, with an impatience that Hugh had never before seen, said:

"Tell Ruby that he would inform her whenever he received any news concerning Marah. He, too, was waiting," he said, and he added to Hugh, that "the woman was mad or wicked, or both, and he sometimes thought if she *never* came, and if Ruby *never* heard from her again, it would be better for all concerned."

Poor Hugh, puzzled and distressed, yet remembered the little key and the mysterious disappearance of the rosary, and had nothing to say in her behalf. He felt that if Ruby wanted her he ought to try to find out why she did not come; but he wished always that she did not want her.

Richard watched his troubled face, and thinking it indicated sympathy for Marah, yielded to some prompting of his evil genius, and said, as in explanation of his unusual mood:

"Listen, Hugh, you are not a child any longer, and may as well understand why I do not care to have Marah's influence here. Your Uncle Robert left by his will a sum of money and family jewels to Rubetta. The property was mentioned as in a *safe;* but no safe could be found. I decided to offer Robert's place for sale." Hugh started, and wondered if Ruby knew that. "The agent in whose hands I placed it, the same that Robert employed for years, was showing a gentleman through the house. While both were in Robert's room, a workman engaged in repairing, discovered the safe—a little box built into the wall behind the head of Robert's bed. They opened it, but it was empty."

Richard paused in his rapid recital, and Hugh asked hurriedly:

"How long since you knew it, father."

"A long time. The discovery was made soon after we left, as soon as I decided on the repairs."

"And you think Marah knew of this safe?"

"I think she knew of it, opened it, and took the contents into her own possession."

"But she could not want them, father."

"No, my son, she only wants to keep them for Ruby, under some insane notion that I am unworthy of my brother's trust. Robert told me that she had often been insane."

Hugh's surprise was too great for words, and his sympathy and indignation for his much tried papa were greater still.

"Is there nothing can be done, papa?"

"I have already directed that an eye be kept upon this woman, and various efforts have been made to induce her to confess and restore the property, but so far with no avail."

Hugh pondered deeply the whole matter; but he built his reasoning upon his faith, instead of his faith upon his reason, and his conclusions were far from right. He went back to Ruby, feeling he had another riddle to solve in her protection, and that, sooner or later, it would be his duty to find Marah, and restore the stolen treasure to her hand. In the midst of his regret that Marah should prove to be irresponsible and unworthy, an acute reader of character must have detected his sense of delight in the necessity for the exercise of chivalry. To be Ruby's knight, and forever at work to protect and defend her, that was indeed a grand career. Ruby was coming to seem to him worthy of his best.

He took back his father's message, softened

and modified, until it meant that "papa was taking every measure to get news, and would let her know every thing he heard," and he added on his own account that "if she did not come soon, he would go and bring her himself." And Ruby thanked him and smiled, and said she would try to be patient, but she made up her mind, nevertheless, as to the limit to her patience.

Neither of them questioned Richard any more, though their silence was no proof of minds relieved. And Richard did not hear any thing from Marah which he thought best in his fatherly guardianship to report to Ruby; but harassed as he was about money, the missing amount assumed an exaggerated value in his eyes, and his suspicions took the force of absolute certainty. He heard that she was still at the villa, seeming listless and weary and weak, but unsuspicious that she was observed. The lawyer, acting as agent, knew her worth and thought she would be a great comfort in his home to an invalid wife and a brood of worse than motherless children. He knew Richard was exasperated and suspicious of her, and he suggested that the threat to sell her might move her to confess, and in any case, would not Mr. Thorn prefer to have her kindly cared for with people who could watch her, and perhaps sooner or later gather what she knew, than to have her free to wander about at will?

Richard found these suggestions had points in harmony with his desires; but there were so many repulsive features in the scheme that he had to dwell a long time upon its advantages before he could overcome his scruples. Finally he wrote, "Give her the alternative, freedom and restoration to Ruby if she delivers the property, or slavery." It must be mentioned in justice to Richard that the price named was merely nominal, only enough to give the buyer a legal claim, and he named it, really believing she would confess and be free.

They had sprung the whole thing upon her while she did not even suspect she was watched, as she wandered brooding from spot to spot, really too weakened in frame and spirit to plan her next movements.

The long continued excitement preceding and succeeding Robert's death, the sorrow of her parting, the desolation of the life without her child, the disappointment of her failure to protect Ruby by confiding her interests to Aunt Patience, all together produced in her a condition of benumbed and hopeless indecision. She dared not anger Richard by going to Ruby, for she felt her future depended upon the absence of all temptation to disown her as Robert's child. And if she could not go to her, she could not bear to go anywhere. So she lingered, haunting the spots where Ruby had been, feeding her sorrowful heart with recollections of the young creature who had made her world. She saw the agent day by day about the place; she saw the people from the neighboring plantations, and from the town, as they drove down the sycamore avenue and took a look at the house and grounds. It was so foreign a structure, and its owner had lived there a life so unlike that of the American planter, that there was a certain curiosity now it was unoccupied and rumored to be for sale. She kept up a kind of care of the rooms, and was regarded with respectful deference by Pete and his wife, the only remaining members of the former household. She did not know the safe had been found. She did not know her secret was suspected, till the agent summoned her to the parlor one day and told her she was thought to have property in her possession which must be yielded up or she would be sold. He told her she must no longer stay about the place, but was to come and live with him; that she could love his little children and he would be her friend, and when the missing things were found she should be free to go to Ruby. And all this time he had in his pocket the papers that proved her sold, and they were signed by Richard Thorn.

She heard him all through without a word, but she looked so like some wild tigress preparing for a spring, that he half-doubted the wisdom of his purchase. Her eyes took on a yellowish, cat-like gleam, her skin the strange, tawny pallor that sometimes creeps from the heart outward, and gleams through

a dark face as light burns through a cloud before it bursts in a tempest. These were signs to which his placid, legal mind were unaccustomed; but as he glanced from her face to her thin hands, fixed in the rigidity of the impending convulsion of madness, he realized this was no guardian to place above the cradle of a babe.

He tried soothing, bade her prepare to come home with him, and reminded her of his little children: but Marah gave no sign that she heard. What did home and children mean to her who had no longer home or child?

The stony fixedness of her gaze did not increase his satisfaction in his new possession, and he was beginning to wish himself well rid of her and out of the awful fascination of her presence, when relief came in the shape of an announcement by old Pete of "dem gemmens dat was ober de place nudder day, dem ones dat reckoned dey 'd buy if Marse Richard was gwine for to sell."

Glad of any excuse to terminate the interview, the new master hastened to the veranda where the visitors were waiting. They went once more over the place, even into the parlor where Marah still sat in the dumb kind of stupor that seemed to leave her dead to all outward things. One of them at once drew back, the other lifted his hat and bowed as in apology for the interruption.

"We must seem very rude," he said to his companion, as they passed on into the hall, "but I did not know the house had any occupants."

"She is one of the servants," said her owner.

"Whose servant?" asked the taller of the two, bending a pair of dark eyes in searching inquiry upon the speaker.

"My own," was the answer, somewhat testily given.

"Oh, I beg your pardon for my curiosity, but, really, you must excuse me. I am a stranger, entirely unfamiliar with your institutions, and greatly interested. Surely such a woman as that is not a slave."

"Yes; she was born a slave, on a plantation not far from here; her parents and her children were slaves."

They had passed on to the veranda, and Marah heard the last word. It seemed to rouse her, for she sprang to the window—the same by which she used to sit near Robert's chair—and put her white face forward, and answered in that low tone of intense excitement, that one hears trembling lest the next wind of emotion swell it to a shriek of madness:

"'T is not true; no child of mine can be a slave!"

They all started, but her new owner's face blanched when he saw the face.

"Come now, Marah, be quiet, be calm," he began.

"Be quiet! be calm! Free fifteen years, and now to be made a slave! I can bear that; but no one shall call my child a slave. Richard Thorn would have said it, but I stopped him with my hand upon his mouth," and her voice sank to a low muttering tone, as she held up her hands before her eyes. "I wish it had struck him dumb or dead," she said; "I wish it had struck him dumb or dead, the man who dared to call my child a slave!"

"She is crazed," whispered the owner.

"Yes, yes, poor thing," said one of his listeners, and he turned aside with the agent into one of the walks, desiring to continue his business. But the other, the taller of the two, remained motionless watching her steadily as she stood leaning against the end of the piazza. She gazed out across the lawn with a world of terrible and hopeless sorrow in her eyes, until the intentness of his gaze seemed to make her waver. She looked toward him and then away again, but finally her eyes rested full and searchingly upon his face. He did not speak or move, but as she looked and looked, she gave one great long-drawn breath as if the nervous tension were relaxed, and she unconsciously was soothed.

Then he held out his hand, and she came slowly nearer, nearer, like some timid, starving creature, creeping with watchful eye, and limbs quivering in readiness for flight, toward food it is afraid to touch. When

she came within the sound of a whisper, as one would speak to a suffering child, he said gently:

"Marah, Marah, you poor suffering woman. Do you know I want to help you?"

He still held his hat in his hand, and his rugged face shone with a pity so real and fervent, that to Marah it was the face of an angel. It had a wonderful power to soothe and rest, and weakness rarely failed to trust it. And the secret of its power was the reality and directness of its sympathy. He really cared, this great, broad-shouldered, sturdy man, to see a woman, so frail and weak, so torn with anguish. He could soothe her, as he had quieted Hugh in the restlessness of fever, and this was what he was trying to do before he ventured to tell her of Ruby. He dared not risk a shock, even if it were a joyful surprise, just yet. So he watched her, and, in the overshadowing of his quiet strength, she soon ceased to tremble, and a soft mist crept over the fierceness of her eyes. Meantime the other two strolled out of sight, and "Graham" pointed to great masses of cloud piling in the east.

"The rain is coming, Marah; could you shelter two strangers if it is upon us before we can reach my friend's plantation?"

He wanted to bring her down from the terrible excitement to the level of the commonplace and the ordinary; for he was not sure how far astray her mind might be. He was reassured when she replied with all the courteous hospitality the mistress of the mansion could have shown:

"It is a disordered and dismantled house, but I would do my best to make you comfortable. It has shelter and food, I am sure."

He thanked her, and she would have gone at once, from the force of the old housewifely habit, to see that the rooms were prepared, but he stopped her.

"You are in great trouble, Marah?"

"Yes, in trouble that is beyond help."

"If I could help you, I should be glad."

The fierce look came back at once.

"Richard Thorn said that."

"And will he not do it?"

"He threatens to sell me as a slave."

Her lips curled and hissed around the word as if her breath were a consuming fire. He could not understand it; he could hardly believe it. Yet this lawyer had said she was his own—that he had bought her. Evidently Marah did not know that the dreadful thing had come to pass.

"There must be a mistake about it, Marah. Mr. Thorn would not do a treacherous act as that would be. I know him, and he is not cruel."

Instantly he detected his mistake. He read her thoughts. "Mr. Thorn had sent him — another man to watch her." At once all her cunning was aroused. He saw his kindness would now seem only treachery to her. So he said, striking at the root of her doubt at once, for he knew he could help only so far as she would trust:

"Mr. Thorn has not sent me, as you think; I have come for Miss Rubetta. She told me to tell you how she loved you, and longed for you to come."

With one bound she crossed the distance and crouched at his feet. She would have kissed his hands; but he lifted her and placed her on the seat and stood beside her. She trembled with joy. Every nerve in her quivered at the sound of the name. She was ready to fall down and worship the messenger that spoke a word of her child.

"Ruby, Ruby! You saw her? she sent you?"

"Yes; she wants you. You are to go to her as soon as you can. She said she could not live without you."

"Ruby—my Ruby! You saw her? You touched her hands?" and she seized one of his as if to steal from it her touch. But he withdrew it gently; for, great, strong man as he was, there was something foolish and strange astir at his heart, that made him feel he would rather not be robbed of the touch of Ruby's hand. And there came before him a picture of a fair saint's face in a rude shrine of an ancient church in the Tyrol. Down in the corner of the canvas the artist had painted a kneeling, adoring monk, who had been so hidden by the elaborate frame that only his worshiping face and clasped hands were visible. When Graham,

who often visited the church at evening, saw one by one the worshipers come and depart, he came to fancy *he* was blessed, who needed not go with the rest; who, though half-hidden and eclipsed, was yet forever there, shut in by a bound which others could not pass. How he came to feel shut in alone with Ruby, and that the world, even this woman who loved her so, was still outside we can not say. The surface of his mind was troubled about Marah, but the under-current of thought ran deep and strong in the same direction as hers. She seemed to feel that, for she broke the silence with:

"Is she not very beautiful?"

"Yes, and very true and good,'" he answered. "Will you not hasten to her?"

"I can not; oh, I can not;" and she wrung her hands in anguish. "I dare not go!"

"Why do you say 'dare not?' Whom do you fear? No one could harm you there."

"No, no; no one could harm me, but it would bring harm to her. Tell her they mean to sell me, to give me a new mistress, to make me a slave, and she will find a way to save me. She will come for me herself;" then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she said: "No, not that; do not grieve her with that. She will complain to her uncle, and he will then be angry and treacherous to her. Promise me you will not tell her that."

"Yes, I promise you," he said. And in his secret heart he resolved there should be no such thing to tell. He could not comprehend the mystery of so monstrous an act as this change of owners seemed to him. And but that the lawyer had told him she was already his property, he would have felt his fear of Richard was but a fancy of his sick brain. He searched in vain for a motive that could allow him thus to throw off the care of one of God's afflicted. Some deeper reason than that she was useless and unsound in mind, he was sure, existed, and, for Ruby's sake, he wished he knew. But the return of the others, hastening in from the fast-coming rain, put an end to any further inquiry from Marah. She glided away as they came up, and his own surprise was hardly less than theirs at seeing her, with the gentlest and gravest dignity, perform for them every duty as hostess, forgetting nothing that would add to their comfort for the night.

Late at night the two sat on the veranda, talking earnestly, in a low tone.

"Then it is settled, Graham, that you buy the place on the terms proposed by Mr. Thorn, through his lawyer here?" asked his friend, turning to Mr. Monteith.

"Yes, I have decided to take it; that is, if you will act for me in the matter. I have taken a fancy to it, and if after a while I do not care for it I can easily let it go. And by and by, Lloyd, as my manufactures increase over there, if your cotton-fields yield me less than I want, perhaps I will buy plantations and raise my own cotton."

"Well, that's a brave scheme, any way, Graham, and a man with unlimited means, like yourself, could carry it out with great profit. But it would involve the buying of the black machines to work the plantations, you know, and that would not accord with your unaccountable prejudice against owning slaves."

"True. Well, I confess to the prejudice; but what do you think of my buying and freeing the slaves, and then hiring them to do my work, and giving them wages and schools and churches, and trying to make them responsible human creatures, as I am trying among my operatives in England."

"Ah, Graham, you are an enthusiast in your humanitarianism. It would not work, I assure you, even if you were allowed to do it, which you would not be."

"Why, could I not do as I liked on my own land?"

"Yes, if you permitted no communication between your freedmen and other men's slaves; but you would not be allowed to create discontent and rebellion and revolution in the property of other people."

Monteith made no reply, but his face betrayed a private opinion of the free country with whose peculiar institutions he was fast becoming familiar.

"And, moreover," his friend went on, "if you avoided the practical difficulty, you would not find the race worth the trouble

you take for it. They are ungrateful and unappreciative. Make a little opening, through which they may breathe God's air and see the light, and the first you know they will squirm through it and run away. Those worth keeping will escape; those you would gladly be rid of will not go. I had a fellow, years ago, whom I bought from a dealer only because he was so cruelly treated and begged me to buy him in a fashion I could not resist. His name was 'Tom' something or other, and I treated him like a man and a brother. I was just home from England then, and somehow I had to get used to slavery over again. You were so rabid against it over there that I had come to feel there was a meanness about it, and I did n't want to buy any more, and, really, rather meant to get rid of those I inherited."

Monteith smiled as his friend went on.

"But they soon cured me of my softheartedness. The old slaves my father left, and who had been on the plantations before I was born, cried and groaned like a perpetual camp-meeting whenever I talked of leaving them to take care of themselves. So all my life I have had to be a patriarch, and care for an army of worthless men, women, and children, out of whom I get very little but trouble and—good will."

"They love you, then?"

"Yes, enough to let me serve them."

Graham laughed, but a light came in his eyes, a look such as Paul might have bestowed on Timothy in some twilight talk of the work they had to do.

"The truth is, Lloyd, you are the exceptional and indulgent master, and of course your slaves are better off with you than without you. But there is the responsibility. They are not animals, and soul and mind, as well as bodies, are in your hands."

"That 's the misery of it, Gray; but I do n't pretend to deny it. At heart I am as good a humanitarian as you; but the truth is, Monteith, you failed to do your duty by me."

Graham made interrogation marks of his eyebrows, and Lloyd went on:

"Through all that time of our education, when we were chums, did n't I always blaze up whenever you had the bellows in hand? If you had come home with me then, with my enthusiasm and your faculty of bringing things to pass, who knows but we would have ousted slavery from the land, and stricken the stripes from the 'flag of the free?' But you stayed to look after a race of dirty operatives in your father's manufactories and mines, and I, of course, went back to the sins of my fathers. And yet not quite back, for, after I came on to the plantations, no mother was ever parted from her child, no husband from his wife."

"Were such things done in your father's days?"

"Such things were done; and yet my father was a kind old man, and my mother was a saint, but so feeble that her life was passed in an invalid's chair. There were several plantations, one not far from this place, where, years ago, they used to reside. But with several estates the charge was often left to overseers and agents, and I have no doubt great injustice was sometimes done. The master had to depend a great deal on others to say who were useful and who troublesome, who should be kept and who sold. I remember one case that my mother never could think of without pain."

"Tell me," said the other, much interested.

"Well, my mother had a nurse, a pretty girl, who married a valet of mine, a fine young fellow, who ought to have been set free. There were two children, and then the faithful fellow died. He was away with me at the time, but I learned after that the mother grew melancholy and rebellious, and then downright mad. But, of course, nobody understood it, and she was finally sent to the plantations for running away. There she would n't work, and was left to the overseers, and one child was taken from her and sold, and the other died. Poor creature! She was sold herself afterward to some stranger; but I think my mother always pined for the girl, and felt she ought to have had a better fate. She bought the boy back before she died, and did her best for him. She freed him, and sent him North to school. He was as white as I am."

"Did his mother see him? Did they take him back to her?" asked Monteith.

"I don't know. I never heard of it. I was abroad at the time."

"Good heavens! And this is the land of the free! And such things could be done in a Christian home!"

"Come, come, Gray, don't be too hard on us. Such cases are rare. I told you it was your fault that I returned to the sins of my fathers."

"It is not too late to atone, Lloyd."

"Oh, yes, it is; and I am too old and too lazy. I told you I tried to get rid of my slaves out of pity, and they would n't go; and I bought a fellow out of pity, and *he* would n't stay."

"Was that Tom?"

"Yes. I had always said I would never have another servant after Hector died; but I *had* to be a father to Tom, he had been so cruelly treated. But, while I made him my valet, he thought he was my friend and guardian angel. He wore my hats and ties to visit his dusky sweethearts. He danced with the skirts of my coats flying at his heels, he smoked my cigars, and never lost one opportunity to tell me a lie; yet, if he heard my footstep when he was in my room scenting his handkerchiefs with my perfumes, he would be upon his knees by the time I entered, beseeching the good Lord for mercy on *my* soul."

They both laughed heartily, and Lloyd went on:

"Well, I took him North to Saratoga one Summer, and mercy *was* shown me, for he took it into his head to run away. I never have thought of him since, except to fear he would come back."

"Would he dare?"

"To *me*, yes; but I always told him if he ran away I would sell him, and that he seemed to fear."

"Well, was he not an exceptional character, Allan? Think of the generations of ignorant depravity that preceded his; think of his training. This very cruelty from which you saved him was doubtless at the bottom of his lack of truth."

"Well, possibly, Gray, though there are a good many like him. When I was North last I came down on the steamer with an abolitionist. She was a charming old gentlewoman from Vermont. By the by, she was an aunt of this very Robert Thorn who owned this place, and was coming to nurse him in his illness. She was the sort of a woman who called forth all the chivalry there is in a man, and made him think of his mother, and remember all the good things he ever heard, just by her presence. I felt like a boy again, and was charmed to sit by her side on deck, and she talked to me just in your old serious fashion, Gray, and made me feel I was a wretch on the inside to have so many of these poor things on my hands. I told her about Tom, and she said she had met just such characters among those whom she had tried to help in making their escape."

"Yes, one or two, perhaps, but not all, Lloyd. I believe, if we set to work as I am trying to do with the operatives in England, there would be found as many out of every hundred who would learn to be clean, industrious, and truthful as I find there."

"Perhaps you are right; but this sweet old lady — bless her! I'd like to kiss her hand this minute — had a real, old-time, Yankee servant, a curiosity in this part of the world, one of the creatures they call 'smart,' and she was always putting in her word. And she said, one day: 'Wa'al, them dark-complected creeturs be *kinky*, not in their wool only, but clean through. There 's no straightenin' on 'em out so they 'll stay straight.' And that 's true, Gray. You might straighten a life-time, but you could n't keep 'em straight."

"Not all at once, Lloyd. The 'crooked paths' of their lives would have to be 'made straight' for them at first, and that will be done. Freedom will make many of these 'rough places plain.' And that will come, it may be with blood and fire and the cost of your nation's best life, but it will come. If I mistake not, the signs grow very clear."

"Poor time for you to buy, then," said his companion, as he threw the end of his cigar over the veranda, where its red light gleamed

in the gravel walk like a glow-worm, and then died. "Graham," he said, rising, and facing his friend, "I 'm glad you are going to buy this place. It will bring you over here sometimes, whether you buy slaves and go into the cotton trade or not, and to see you will do me good. I can 't live as you do, as though the weight of the world's woes were on me, and I must carry them or die in relieving them; but I like to see you about it. It makes a good-for-nothing fellow like me feel as if he knew what God meant when he made a man."

Graham thought of St. Christopher, and sighed to himself in the dark.

"But, Allan, you do not remember that I did not choose my work; I inherited it. You forget that for generations our family have grown rich on the manufactories that have thriven in the places where my father's estate lay, till my heritage was not lands, where sheep graze and heather blooms alone, but villages and even towns, where the smoke of many chimneys shuts out the blue sky and sunshine from thousands of human souls. You forget that the mines have been worked for *us*, and that so far those who have made them yield their treasure have had hovels for shelter, filth for cleanliness, fever for health, bad air, bad drainage, bad nursing, and bad food, while we have had the revenue. The misery is theirs, the profit and blessing ours. Their women are white, sickly, and wan, overworked, and underfed; their children are flabby, muscleless, brainless; their men are ignorant and hard, if not absolutely animal and vile. And it has been going on for generations. And out of it here am I, strong, broad-shouldered, rugged, muscular, well-nourished, well-taught, the very life in my sinews drained from theirs. Why, Lloyd Allan, I may be a fanatic, but I could not sleep or smile if I could not say to my Master, 'I am doing all I can; I am finding out the best ways; I am at work to help thee to make it better for thy poor.' I tell you, Allan, it is *real* to me; it is *given* me to do," and he rose and walked up and down the piazza with an energetic tread, as if he could no longer wait to be about it.

The other smoked in silence, and soon Graham stepped before him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, he said:

"And there 's something to be done here, my friend, something in which you must help me."

"What is it, Graham? I will march under your orders. Heavens! what a Templar you would have made, had you lived in the days of the Crusades! The hosts would have been up and after you whenever you lifted a banner."

"Well, Lloyd, the crusade against sin and misery is never over, and *my* Leader's banner never goes down."

"Well, what will you have just now, friend?" said Lloyd, wishing to break the spell, which the earnest eyes searching his face seemed weaving for his will.

"Well, just now," said Graham, as if his thoughts had been far away, and he recalled them with an effort, "it is settled that you buy the place in your own name, and hold it for me till I decide what is to be done with it. Then I think I will lay aside my prejudice, and buy a slave. This woman here seems to be the best person to leave in charge."

"Well, well, have you caught the poor creature's malady?"

"No; but I have a fancy for trying to cure it, and I must buy her as the first step toward that end."

"But, Gray, what will you do with her? She may burn the house down in her madness. The lawyer here tells me she was very valuable to the Thorns, but after the outbreak of to-day he hardly dares to take her to his home."

"So much the better. He will more cheerfully part with her, and I will take her off his hands. Her madness is the madness of misery, and I believe happiness will work a cure."

"Am I to make the purchase in your name?"

"No, my dear friend; I do not care to appear in the matter, just at present. Buy *for* me, and you can at once give me a title bond. You have so often acted as my factor for cotton, you will not object to one

service more; and I will claim my property when I am ready."

When they parted for the night Graham sat and thought of a man whom Jesus looked upon and loved. "Lloyd Allan is of that sort," he said. "He may be right in saying I should not have let him go. Perhaps if I had been loyal enough to my Master in service to my fellows, ere this he would have listened to the voice that says, 'One thing thou lackest, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me.' And now the field is white and his work is waiting for him still."

And even then through Lloyd's mind were passing thoughts of Gray, and he was questioning how it was that the man's presence always stirred him more than sermon or psalm. "He is a perfect tonic for my soul," he murmured, "and I always feel ashamed of my life, and ready to do and dare any thing to be like him." Righteousness and truth must be tremendous things, to sway a soul as strong as Gray Monteith's, till it is as obedient to them as a little child.

The next day was fully occupied with details of the sale, about which Graham would not permit any delay. The lawyer had full authority for the transfer, which was made to "Lloyd Allan." A proposition for the purchase of Marah resulted in a sudden appreciation of her value on the part of her owner. Her madness seemed now a dream of the night, and he would only consent to part with her for an exorbitant sum. Even that was not accepted till careful search revealed to him that Marah could not be found. Then fearing he had lost her altogether, he hastened to close the sale, leaving to her buyers to discover the fact of her absence.

She had not fled, however, but sure that longer concealment of Ruby's treasure would be impossible, she had prepared the two letters, the one containing the money, and one to announce its coming; and fearing to trust them to any one, had gone to mail them herself. To avoid all inquiry, she walked miles to post them separately in different villages, where she was unknown. What thoughts and emotions filled her mind through the hours of her weary day we will not try to tell. She would have fled, but that the jewels were not yet safe. The money she had always kept concealed about her person; but the jewels were hidden in the house, and all the night before she dared not go for them; for she knew the lawyer, although she had made another apartment ready, had gone to sleep on the couch in Robert's room. She must wait. When she could get these, she would make her escape with them to Patience Thorn. She had even made up her mind to go to the lawyer's house, if she must, and then to watch for a chance to flee. She thought a great deal about these two guests, and knew one of them talked of buying the place. But that possibility seemed to her remote. Lloyd Allan she knew, for she recognized in him the son of her old mistress, the master of Hector, the husband of her youth; and the memory of her early wrongs and woes was quite too strong to allow her to look to him as a friend. But the other, he who had spoken of Ruby, who had seen her, she could trust him, and she *would*. If she could not get the jewels and escape, she would tell him, and beg him to take them to Patience Thorn.

It was long after dark when she crept slowly up the avenue, keeping in the sycamore shadows. She was relieved in mind, for she had seen the lawyer's horse at his own door as she passed through the village. There was a light in the drawing-room, so she knew the gentlemen had not yet gone. No light in Robert's room, none in the octagon alcove, but beyond, opening on the same veranda, was the room she had given to Gray. The shutters were open, and pale streams of light poured upon the lawn. He was there, writing, with just before him a pocket picture of his mother. Upon the paper before him, in clear, strong characters, stood these words:

"And here, dear mother, by her father's grave, in the home where she passed her childhood, the place is haunted by a presence, and the sounds of nature bring to me but one voice. The thought of her lies like

a sleeping child on my heart, and whether I work or rest, the heart beats stronger and tenderer that she is there. I have known the high-born ladies of our own and other lands. I know how you have desired for me an alliance with one of our grandest names. You know the value I set on your wishes; but I want this child, this only for my wife. I am too old, too grave for her, but if I can win her, I 'll be father and mother and lover in one. Did I say mother? Nay, I forgot she would have a mother in you."

When he had finished the letter, he extinguished the light, and opening the window stepped out upon the veranda. The place had been his but a day, yet it was dearer than the ancestral mansion, where his lady mother awaited his return. He had bought it not for speculation, but only to save it from the hands that would not hold it dear. Was this because he loved Rubetta Thorn?

He was roused from his dreams by the sound in the octagon room. A cautious, muffled sound, as if heavy furniture were being dragged across the carpet. The blinds were drawn on that side, but there was a broken slat, large enough to show him what passed within. Thinking only of burglars, he peered through and saw a woman—Marah he knew it must be,—push with all her strength the old Venetian cabinet, from the niche in which it stood. When half displaced she crouched behind it. He could not see what she did, but from the movement of her hands, he inferred that she was taking something from a drawer at the rear of the cabinet. Soon she arose, one arm clasping several packages and parcels, and vainly trying with the other to return the cabinet to its place. Monteith watched her, as she paused panting for breath, clasping one hand to her side, as if in pain, when glancing at the opposite window, he saw, watching her from the outside, his face against the pane, the face of Lloyd. At the same instant, the curtain behind rose, and from Robert's room, with stealthy step, the form of the agent appeared at her side. His hand was raised, but she did not see him, till the blow fell upon her. She did not speak or cry; but a look of agony and horror swept over her face, and she fell like one dead at his feet.

Quick as thought he gathered the parcels up; but fairly forcing them from her clinched fingers that clung almost with the clasp of death. As the last was torn from her, she revived and moaned:

"My child, who will save it for my child?" and she knew no more.

It was all done in an instant, and the victor sped away lightly down the stairs to his horse, which stood by the door. But swift as he was, Allan was there before him, and Graham was close behind.

In vain he explained, remonstrated, cursed, showed his authority from Mr. Thorn to act for him; his captors was unmoved. They took him back to the parlor, and forced him to surrender the treasure.

"Unless you need me, Allan, I must go to Marah. The man who could strike a woman can wait till she is cared for."

And Allan kept him there, defeated, angry, but cowed, while Graham attempted to restore Marah to consciousness. When it was safe to leave her, he rang for "Pete," and told him to bring his wife to care for her, and he returned to his friend below. They listened to all the lawyer had to say, and when it was over, positively refused to surrender the jewels to his keeping.

"The house is no longer Mr. Thorn's. His agent, however authorized, has no authority to remove any thing from it; the present owner will, before the proper authorities, give bonds for these articles and see them or their full value restored; but the man who could sell the place and the servant, without telling of these things, who could serve his employer by beating a woman, should have nothing but contempt."

And the poor fellow went jogging home through the midnight, sorry and ashamed. He felt sure Marah would return. He knew she would watch him. He did go home to the village, but he rode up again in the night, and but for these fellows he would have been able to add to his profits from Marah, a handsome reward from Mr. Thorn. When the sound of the hoofs died away, together

the two friends sat and talked of this strange episode, and decided that they must take Marah to Ruby and take these treasures to Mr. Richard Thorn. The lawyer told him there was a sum of money, but this was not there. This Monteith felt sure would come to light, if Marah was ever well enough to trust any one. She would tell Ruby probably all about it, and the merciful thing was to take her to her at once. Graham was ready to start immediately, thinking it well to forestall any trouble that might arise from the lawyer's written accounts, thinking perhaps of Ruby too—and the joy of taking her what she thought she wanted the most—the old friend and nurse of her childhood.

So it was all settled, the parcels examined, and their contents recorded, when "Pete" burst in upon them with

"Massy alive, gemmens, my wife she bin done gone 'way daun 't nurse old Dinah, jest gwine ober Jordan! Pete's out of all breff agoin' arter her; but she says she ain't comin' for nobody, no how, till Dinah's safe in kingdom cum. Soon 's Dinah's done gone to glory, den she'll be right along."

Then they sent "Pete" to Marah, but he could n't find her, and came back and said:

"She must done got ober a swoondin' and a crawled inter bed."

But Graham was not satisfied, and he went himself to her door. He feared for the poor, over-strained spirit, and strange as it may seem, his heart was sore for her as was His who had compassion on the hungry by the shores of Galilee.

But no answer came to their call. While the soul of old black Dinah went climbing starry steps—straight into glory—the soul of Marah went wandering and driving her poor worn body hither and thither in a blackness of darkness terrible to feel. And Lloyd Allan went northward in the early morning. And Graham Monteith saw him off with a pang that his friend could not know of what mighty invisible love he was the unconscious bearer. How he wanted to go himself no one knew; but here, wandering, lost perhaps in this Valley of Achor, was a human soul, wild with more sorrow than it could bear. He must wait till he knew he could not find her, could not bear the burden for her, and then he too would away.

VOICES OF SUMMER.

FAIR summertide, with golden hours
Too soon, too swiftly fading,
Still linger o'er the woodland bowers
Our pleasant pathway shading.

I 've thought of thee when Wint'ry skies
Hung o'er our homes of sorrow;
When weary hearts and tear-dimmed eyes
Scarce looked for brighter morrow.

Thou wert a dream that could not die,
A beauty still abiding;
A voice that ever whispered nigh,
Our faithless spirits chiding.

Oh! somewhere in the wide, wide world
We knew thy flowers were springing;
Thy leafy banners were unfurled,
Thy feathered minstrels singing.

And now thy voice is ringing free
Through all our land of shadow;
Thy touch is on the restless sea,
Thy footstep on the meadow.

Once more, once more we greet the hours
Too soon, too swiftly fading,
That gladden all the woodland bowers
Our pleasant pathways shading.

Not now a memory of the past,
A dream that needs recalling;
The Prophet's mantle o'er thee cast,
Prophetic words enthralling

Are waking from the glittering main;
From blue, blue skies unclouded;
From many a circling mountain chain
In mists of glory shrouded;

Are waking from the rippling streams
That laugh among the meadows;
And from the fairy golden gleams
That fleck the forest shadows—

These tell us of a distant shore
Where beauty never waneth,
But evermore, and evermore
The long bright Summer reigneth!

O Prophet voices! golden hours
Too soon, too swiftly fading!
Still linger o'er these woodland bowers
Our pleasant pathways shading.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

PRAYER—ITS NATURE AND POTENCY.

PRAYER is the natural language of conscious want and helplessness, the instinctive outcry of the soul in self-despair. Religion is based upon the recognition of these conditions in its subjects, and also of a power at once able and willing to hear and answer; and accordingly prayer is always a chief element in any and all forms of religion. In our holy Christianity it, of course, occupies the foremost place among religious duties and exercises. Its observance is also the criterion of religious character; only the devout pray, and wherever the spirit of true devotion is found there is the spirit and the practice of prayer. And yet, because of men's instinctive sense of want and helplessness, prayer is sometimes uttered, even by the undevout and the unbelieving; and in very many cases it has come to be recognized as itself a force operating among the affairs of life, and effecting or tending to effect its appropriate purpose.

Some time ago a learned scientist proposed to submit the question of the effectiveness of prayer to a physical test. In making that proposition there was the assumption that if prayer was of any value at all it was so by virtue of its physical availability; and because the preponent in the case doubted the existence of any such power in prayer he proposed by a physical test to prove its worthlessness. The fact that not a few good Christian people were not a little exercised on account of this strange proposal, and seemed to look upon it as a subtle device of the enemy against the very foundations of religion, rather than an absurd and blundering confession of an entire misapprehension of the whole subject, may justify the suspicion that the religious thought of the times is itself somewhat held in bondage to a kind of mechanical conception of spiritual things. There were signs of alarm, a kind of fluttering manifested in the pulpit and the religious press, that seemed to indicate that the attack was looked upon as something formidable, and that the point assailed might perhaps be vulnerable. But this could be so only by conceding that there is some kind of mechanical power in prayer, since accepting its purely spiritual nature and design, the test proposed appears simply absurd and ridiculous.

There may be room for the suspicion that the superficial character of the prevailing theological thinking has affected unfavorably our notions of the character and the results of prayer. There has been an outcry against dogmas, and a disparaging of creeds, as compared with humanitarianism and the emotional in religion, till many have ceased to have any intelligent religious convictions, and the high and supermundane character of divine truth has been obscured. A more profound searching into the depths of religious truth, and a clearer apprehension of the things which are revealed, as to both the character and the will of God, would doubtless do much to guard us against the fallacies in which superficial unbelievers would seek to entangle us. The more thoroughly the soul may be instructed in the deep things of God, the more correct and comprehensive will be its notions respecting prayer, and the more profound its convictions respecting its supernatural and purely spiritual character.

As with every other point in religion, the doctrine of prayer suffers from opposite extremes of error. Unbelief wholly excludes it, as impossible and absurd. Atheism, because it denies the existence of God, takes away the object of prayer, and reduces its semblance to words spoken to vacancy, and the heart's yearning to a bootless reaching out of the soul into empty space. Pantheism, which makes God a blind and unreasoning force, without personality, knowledge, or purpose, declares all prayer nugatory and worthless. Its all-God

hears not, knows not, and cares not for any. Itself a blind fatality, it moves onward in its cause without an object, and is regardless alike of the demands of righteousness and the claims of pity.

And even when unbelief stops short of these extremes, and still confesses a God, it may so remove the Divine Being from his own works as to place him beyond the reach of our prayers. If, with the fatalist, we shut him up within his own decrees, or with modern scientists find out a power above him, which they call law; in either case he is removed beyond the reach of prayer. If, with the merely intellectual theists, we contemplate God as far removed from his creation, and known only by his sustaining and directing powers, which move changelessly and irresistibly along their appointed course, how can prayer be intelligently addressed to such a one?

On the other hand, superstition operates equally, or even more disastrously, for though it may be less certainly and immediately destructive, yet because it is more prevalent it is in fact more fearfully damaging. Its tendency is every-where the same, to reduce prayer to the nature of a charm or an incantation. It uniformly stops short of God, and makes prayer itself the efficient agency by which the sought for work is done, or else it degrades God to its own low level, and subjects him to its power. The Eastern pagans, who have their praying machines, in which their written prayers are so placed that by the revolving of a wheel they are repeatedly held up toward heaven, to be read from above, present an extreme case of trusting to the mere act of praying, for the reaching of the sought for ends. And may it not be said, that they who so pray are the most logical of all those who use prayer as in itself an effective force? The "rain-makers" of Africa are looked upon as able to command the elements by their incantations; and recently we have seen in the newspapers an account of an affair in the east of France, where on account of a prevailing drought, the monks were required to pray for rain, and because the rain did not come, the peasantry became enraged, and threatened violence to the ghostly fathers. And according to the popular superstition, were not the peasants logically right? If prayers can bring rain, but the rain does not come, what can be more logical than to conclude that the praying was not properly attended to, and to hold those to whom that business belongs responsible for the failure?

This superstitious reliance upon the efficacy of prayer, *ex opere operato*, is shown in the innumerable cases in which the advantage of prayer is sought with purely selfish purposes, and for merely temporal things. The old Greek or Roman sailor offered his libations to Neptune before going on shipboard, and hoped to find his account in so doing. Wealth was craved in prayers to Mercury or to Plutus; health from Apollo, or from Esculapius; victory from Mars; and curses upon one's enemies from the silver shafts of Diana, or the vengeance of the Furies. Such praying was trusted in, not because of any goodness of disposition in the divinities addressed, nor of worthiness in those who prayed; but rather prayers were considered a force, which, when brought to bear in due degree, tend to produce the results for which they are offered.

A like superstitious reliance upon the efficacy of prayers is sometimes especially connected with the circumstances among which they are offered. Hence, men make long and painful pilgrimages to certain reputed holy places, because they fancy that prayers offered in such places are especially prevailing. And accordingly the world is full of shrines, whither weary pilgrims resort to pray, and a saint's shrine may thus be worth more to its keepers than the most valued medical fountain. Prayers in "consecrated" places are esteemed more effectual than those offered in secret, or in any of the walks of daily life. The faith of the suppliant, and the divine compassion are comparatively little thought of; while the magic power of the place is almost entirely depended upon. Prayer, so circumstanced, is esteemed an infallible force—a charm or incantation, of a given power operating towards its purposed end. Possibly we may detect something of this superstition much nearer to our homes than the old pagans or the papists of the Dark Ages.

Only by recognizing the force and value of prayer as something abiding in, and going out from the act itself, can the papistical system of selling prayers be logically justified. A certain work is sought to be done; for which,

it is said, a certain amount of prayers is requisite. The *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias* are accordingly bargained for in due numbers; the masses high and low are celebrated, and when all are tendered, the end is said to be reached, and payment is made as for any other service. The whole is arranged in due order. Each prayer is a force, and that force increases with each repetition, and as the result sought is one to be reckoned up, it should be paid for according to its value. More prayers, more results, more pay. In all such cases, whether heathen or Romish, prayer is reckoned as a force, tending to effect a given purpose, and therefore it has a corresponding mechanical and temporal value, and of course its multiplied repetitions are not "vain."

Possibly a careful examination would show cause for the suspicion that many of the formal prayers offered by Protestant Christians are tainted with some of these superstitions. Prayer is recognized as a force contributing something towards the effectuating of the end prayed for, and, accordingly, there may be those who choose to make their contributions towards the coveted results only in that form. Certain means are appointed to their appropriate ends; and these are to be used, trusting in God for the accomplishing of those ends. And yet it is very possible that there are those among us who, desiring a good end, pray for it instead of using the proper means for its success. This, as far as it may prevail, is most certainly a pestilent superstition.

Again: prayers are offered with the expectation that they will not be altogether unavailing, whose prompting motives are only selfish and worldly—for success in business, for a plentiful harvest, for favorable weather, and generally for worldly prosperity. The things prayed for may be not only desirable, but also such as one may properly ask God's blessing upon; but if it is hoped that prayer by its own action will secure them, or contribute as a procuring cause to that end, it is a gross superstition. It is easy to imagine conditions in which prayers for spiritual good may be so beset with sordid and worldly designs as to make them valueless, unless they operate as charms. The minister desires a revival, feeling that it would help his ministerial standing and temporal interests; and the official members of the Church because it would give them an increase of power, and generally a better *morale* in their society; and they pray for it, thinking that their prayers must avail for the bringing on the desired end, because they are *per se* a force tending in that direction. So, too, of prayers dictated by human fears, as of shipwreck or of lightning, and to avert present dangers, as in times of pestilence or in battle, they are offered with a superstitious notion that somehow they will accomplish their purpose, with a feeling that prayer is a force to be employed as needed.

But some one may ask whether prayers for specific objects are not provided for in the order of God's government, and whether we may not ask in confidence for such particular things as may seem to be right and desirable. It ought not to be said that every such prayer comes under the censure against the superstitious exercises of those who trust in the form rather than the spirit of prayer. Our Heavenly Father knows that we have need of temporal blessings, and he kindly permits us to ask them of him. And yet it is evident that the more we come to apprehend the true spirit of prayer the less are we inclined to take our affairs into our own hands, and to press our human desires upon the divine attention. If men truly believe that God is perfectly cognizant of all their affairs, that he regards them with the tenderest kindness, that he is in fullest sympathy with all their good desires, that he delights to do them good, and that he understands their cases infinitely better than they can do, though in their distress they may lay themselves at his feet and pour out their sorrows before him, yet they will hesitate to tell him what they would have him do. Or if the wished-for good is named, the request is accompanied with words of deepest submission. That the divine hand may have been drawn aside and deflected in its movements in answer to the prayer of faith may not be hastily denied. That the resources of infinite wisdom and power are equal to such things ought not to be questioned, and we know that specific cases that seem to prove direct and exceptional answers to prayer are given in the Bible. It is not safe, however, to argue from exceptional cases in respect to ordinary affairs, nor to expect extraordinary interposition in cases provided for in the ordinary arrangements of Providence. The fact that direct answers to prayer

have been given in natural things, even if true, is scarcely susceptible of proof, and their necessity or utility is not clearly apparent. While, therefore, on the one hand man should be careful not to limit the divine sufficiency, and deny God's power over nature, on the other hand it it is neither wise nor devout to view him as swayed in his eternal purposes by the caprices of men's importunities. It is enough that we may remember him and trust him as too wise to err, too powerful to be defeated in his designs, and too kind to deny to his loved ones any good thing. Here our faith may rest, content to ask no more.

A variety of questions touching matters of facts thrust themselves into notice in relation to this subject. It is always a difficult and delicate task to deal with superstitions and fanaticisms that have become intertwined with the religious convictions of good people; it is often better to leave such weeds to grow among the wheat than by removing them too ruthlessly, to endanger the whole harvest. But there come times when direct answers are required, as to the correctness of the popular faith in such matters, and then the true must be separated from the mythical. Precisely such a time is now upon us in respect to the nature and design of prayer, and its efficacy in special cases. The famous "prayer-guage" proposition rests upon the superstitious notion that prayer is a mechanical force, or that its operations and results can be ascertained by natural philosophy. And if this is a correct assumption it will next be asked whether it is lawful in any case to endeavor to effect by prayer results for which natural means are appointed? If some good and benevolent design may be effectuated by the prayer of faith, without the use of the ordinary natural means and agencies, why may not any and all others of like character be carried on in the same way? If one man may run an asylum by faith and prayer, why may not other men run schools and Churches and communities and families by the same agencies? These are all good things, and may be consistently commended to the divine favor; but for all these God has made provisions in his providence which are to be made effectual by natural agencies. It is certainly lawful to ask God's blessing on any good design, and without such blessing no design can prosper; but it is not so certain that we may expect that blessing to be given in an extraordinary or exceptional way. Answers to prayer are not given as "signs," and our faith, which, if genuine, is purely spiritual, needs not to be confirmed by natural phenomena.

Correct and adequate conceptions of the divine character are requisite to enable us at once to pray in faith, and to avoid all superstitious trustings to the prayers offered, as if they were of any force in themselves. First of all, God must be apprehended and confessed in all the greatness and glory of his infinity. His *universal providence* must be accepted as a reality, and believed in with a steadfast confidence, that he is every-where and always present in the fullness of his perfections; that his providential oversight and active directing agency are so all-pervading and intimately permeating that not only can nothing escape his notice but also that all things live and move and subsist in him and by his power. So complete and comprehensive are his providences that there is usually no room for special or exceptional dispensations, and because of his all-seeing wisdom and the perfection of his practical government no emergencies can possibly arise in it, and, therefore, none are to be provided for by exceptional interferences or adaptations. Intelligent faith recognizes God's government, and dares to confide in it.

Our unbelief displays itself the most persistently in doubting the fact and the possibility of the divine rule in the things that belong to, or may be effected by, man's free agency. If men act freely, say these philosophical doubters, there must be contingencies in results occasioning emergencies against which accidental emergencies the divine providence must make temporary provisions; and for these, we are told, it is especially fitting that men should pray. But has not God from the beginning seen and provided for all these? and is not the exercise and the effects of human freedom, hedged in upon all sides by conditions and circumstances, which God has appointed and men can not overcome? It is not for prayer to reverse this divine order, but to bring the soul into harmony with it.

In all prayer there must be a creed, for even a heathen can only pray as he believes, and a total unbeliever can not pray at all; and all true prayer must apprehend with some good

degree of correctness the being and character of God. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is;" not simply and indefinitely that there is a God, but that *Jehovah* who speaks to us out of his written Word is the only and eternal God. Neither a blind force nor a diffused spirit of life, the "soul of the universe," nor an impersonal *all*, can be an object to which prayer can be offered; but only a conscious and self-acting, purposing and directing personality, exalted above all things, and ruling in his own inherent right. This infinite and all-glorious Object of prayer must also be recognized as subsisting in vital contact with all things—with the souls of men and with the material universe—so that he can act upon either and both of them. The Maker of our world, and of man upon it, has not cast away from himself that which he has made. He holds all things in his hands; he moves upon them at will, and his divine control is never removed from any thing that he has made. It is, therefore, not impossible that God should hear prayer, or act according to his own free will in disposing his creation. Still further, it must be accepted that God is really and in fact approachable in prayer So he orders his affairs; to that effect are his promises and invitations. So he that prays in faith must believe.

The Scriptural requirement of faith, as a condition requisite to success in prayer, subsists not arbitrarily by divine authority, but is of philosophical necessity. It is absurd to speak of offering prayer to a nonentity, or of trusting to any one for those things to which the attributes of his character do not reach. Since prayer in its very essence implies trust, fiducial reliance, there must abide in him that prays a satisfactory assurance of the ability and the readiness of him to whom he prays to hear and answer. He that comes to God must believe "that he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." And so recognizing God it is clearly necessary that our approaches to him shall be in sincerity, because he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and that our requests shall be in earnest, and our motives pure; for "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me when I pray." And still further, the faith that so recognizes God as the object of prayer will also so affect the heart with a sense of the divine majesty and glory, that our supplications will be offered only with the most absolute submission, consenting implicitly that the things asked shall be granted or denied, agreeable to God's higher authority and better thoughts. Prayer is entreaty, not command; it importunes, but with the ever present and always felt and joyfully accepted conviction that, after all, God knows best how to give or withhold the things we ask.

It will scarcely be adding any thing to what has been said to declare, in form, that prayer is exclusively the exercise of the soul. It is not the bowing of the knees nor the prostration of the body. It consists not in words spoken nor in wishes set forth to the consciousness, nor yet in sighings, or smitings upon the breast, Any or all of these may be present where there is no true prayer; all these may be wanting, and yet the highest and most effective prayer may abound. It is quite possible that these forms may be advantageously employed as helps to prayer; in our present condition and circumstances they may often be necessary helps, and therefore they should not be despised nor flippantly neglected. But at best they are only helps to prayer, and not of its substance; and since there is a strong tendency in us to rest in the merely formal and unspiritual, it is important that we should always remember that prayer consists not in forms nor in physical nor simply intellectual conditions, but is essentially and exclusively spiritual. Prayer is of the heart and not of the lips; of the soul and not of the body; of the affectional rather than of the intellectual nature. God is a spirit, and can be worshiped only in spirit; and our worship is not what we do or say, but what the soul feels and is before God, It is aspiration, emotion, intuition, yearning after God.

Viewed in its ultimate analysis, prayer is *the attitude of the quickened soul before God.* These few words seem to embody the whole subject,—including all, with nothing in excess. Until quickened by the Holy Ghost, the soul, dead in its carnality, is incapable of prayer. Only the Divine Spirit can "teach us to pray;" and till so taught we neither know how to pray nor what to pray for: and the beginnings of his instructions are made, not to the consciously recognized thoughts, but deep down in the fountains of the soul. Doubtless a

measure of that quickening power has passed upon all men, and especially upon all those to whose outward understandings the words of the Gospel have come, so that all are enabled to begin in its feeblest expression the great work of prayer. This is that "grace of God" bringing salvation, which the apostle tells us has "appeared to all men;" this is the measure of grace given to all men to profit withal. Only in so far as the soul is raised out of the death of sin, by the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost, is it capable of the spiritual exercise of prayer. "The Spirit itself giveth utterance."

Considered thus in its purely spiritual character, prayer is rather the *attitude* of the soul before God than any specific exercise. By the word *attitude* is intended to be expressed the conditions and relations in which the praying soul subsists in respect to God,—their correlations and reciprocal affinities. *Attitude* is here used in contradistinction to *action;* for there may be action that is not prayer, and prayer that is quite distinct from all action. From the conditions of the case, whenever the quickened soul stands consciously and receptively before God, then and there is true and genuine prayer,—and not otherwise.

With the eyes of the spiritual understanding enlightened to see God as he is displayed in Christ, the soul is raised into a condition of living, of apprehending and trusting faith. God is recognized in his true character, and in his relations and dispensations towards redeemed sinners, as he is declared in the Gospel, but never apprehended by merely natural reason. And standing thus in the recognized presence of the great, the holy, the loving and redeeming One, the soul becomes possessed by the spirit of prayer; and its spontaneous impulses put themselves forth in forms corresponding with the spirit of the prayer taught by our Lord to his disciples. Foremost of all is recognized the divine *Fatherhood*,—gracious, and bringing salvation to lost sinners. Here the *vision* of faith passes into a holy confidence and comfortable assurance, in which the soul perpetually proclaims its new relationship, crying, Abba, Father! But in all this the awful majesty of the divine person is still clearly seen, and in deepest humiliation and profoundest reverence the glory of him that dwelleth in heaven, exalted above all things, is confessed. And now is seen the first and the perpetual expression of the soul's desire before this ineffably glorious One, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. This is more than a thought conceived or a wish expressed; it is the instinctive outbreathing of the soul renewed by the Spirit and brought into its appropriate attitude before God. It is the renewed soul's unfashioned, perpetual worship, its spontaneous prayer. Then, too, the soul's impulses are drawn to and united with God's; and his zeal for the advent and establishment of his kingdom among men pervades also the quickened soul, which now frames its first distinct petition for the setting up of Messiah's kingdom. And this sacred sympathy with the great Redeemer, in all the after-stages of the life of faith, is breathed forth in holy aspirations for the outpourings of the Divine Spirit and the salvation of souls. The revealed holiness of the sacred person operates also as a convicting power, discovering sin, and driving the soul to deprecations and pleadings for pardon, while the complete fitness of the divine purposes appears so absolutely sufficient that all prayer resolves itself into an unreserved surrender of personal wishes apart from God, and "Thy will be done" comprehends the whole. Towards that all the aspirations of the soul are drawn, and when our prayer is deepest our petitions are fewest.

Let it not, however, be presumed that this holy state of prayer is unsuited to our present mixed condition of joys and sorrows, of labors and temptations. It contemplates all these things, and makes for them the most ample and sufficient provisions. The dangerous powers of temptations are recognized and deprecated; and safety against them is sought in the divine watch-care and delivering power. The need of temporal provisions is confessed, and the divine providence is looked to as sufficient for all these things, which are accordingly asked, but in great moderation of desire, and with entire submission to whatever the divine wisdom may ordain. The recognized sufficiency of God's divine hand to dispose and direct all the affairs of life stays the soul in devout confidence. In the spirit of humble and trusting faith God is accepted as the sole and sufficient portion; and, possessed of him, little else remains to be asked or desired. Each good thing is accepted and confessed as his gift;

all sorrows and privations, as his fatherly dispensations. The present is peaceful, for God reigns; the future is full of hope, for he is able evermore to keep his own.

The soul in the attitude of prayer before God actively responds to the gracious influences of which, from the nature of the case, it becomes the subject. Raised to a lofty frame of quickened spiritual life, worship is the all-pervading and commanding state. The highest form of worship must be spontaneous—not merely nor chiefly volitional—and in its exercise the devout soul renders back to God that which is received by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The conscious recognition of the divine goodness operating beneficently elicits the sentiment of gratitude, so that thanksgiving becomes the uncensing exercise of the soul; while admiration of the transcendent excellence, now seen by the pure in heart, moves the whole affectional nature in holy love. To dwell thus in the perpetually recognized presence of God, worshiping, giving thanks, loving him with an all-engrossing love,—this is true prayer, to "pray without ceasing."

Again: the soul in this attitude becomes eminently the subject of the impulses of the Divine Spirit. It is moved by the outgoings of the Spirit acting upon and actuating the soul; not absorbed into the divine fullness, but brought into spiritual harmony with God, and moved by a heavenly attraction towards him. Its state is first one of passive but longing receptivity, and next one of sacred impulses and inflamed desires to do all of God's will. It is by the gift of his spirit that we are effectually taught to pray; and when he has wrought into our hearts such blessed conformity to himself, then "the soul's sincere desire" becomes the very essence of prayer. We contemplate his past dealings with us, and confess to the praise of his grace,

> "He drew me and I followed on,
> *Charmed* to confess the voice divine,"

and we confidently commit all our interests to his gracious power, saying, with assured faith, "Thou wilt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

But although the essence of prayer is simply spiritual, the attitude of the soul towards God, and the deepest and highest form of prayer is receptivity and aspiration, yet is it both our privilege and our duty to formulate our desires, and to ask that we may receive. If, as we are taught,

> "Prayer is appointed to convey
> The blessings God designs to give,"

then should it be used, not to dispose him to be gracious, but to meet him in the way that he appointed, and to render on our part the condition on which he sees fit to suspend his grace. He waits to be gracious, but his offers demand our asking. He delights to give, but would have us ask, and his promise is without reservation that the Holy Spirit with all his fullness of grace shall be given for the asking.

Nor is he unmindful of our temporal affairs, but even these he would have us bring before him. "Your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of these things," and our Lord Christ has taught us to pray for "our daily bread." But while this may be done in an all-comprehending petition, and with the fullest confidence of faith,—and even specifically, for many things,—yet the faith that so asks is modest and teachable and submissive, as well as confident and importunate. It consents to be denied in details, being assured that the seemingly unanswered prayer may not improbably return at length, with a richer fruitage of blessings, not only for him that prays, but also for all whom he has given us among the multiplied relations of life. As Christ himself has become the great Intercessor for all his people, so also does he permit his people to join their intercessions with his in behalf of all for whom he prays. How and in what measure his answers shall be given is for him alone to determine; it is enough that he calls us to this great privilege. As with all matters of religion, prayer belongs to the sphere of spiritual things. It is not a physical force; its range of influences is aside from that of mechanical laws; it is of the spirit, and its phenomena must be sought among spiritual things.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BARBARY NATIONS.—So very little has been written about the inhabitants of the mountain mass of the Auress, that it is all but a *terra incognita*. Yet in the Middle Ages it was the great stronghold of the Berbers, the head-quarters of Jabdas and of Dihya. The latter is best known as Kahina, the Berber queen and prophetess, who, at the head of her mountaineers, drove back the victorious Arabs, as far as Tripoli, and to whom is attributed, falsely, in Gibbon's opinion, the wide-spread devastation of the country. Colonel Playfair, who was, for many years, the British Consul-general in Algeria, and wields a good pen, has written down for the English-speaking public his "Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce, in Algeria and Tunis" (London, 1877), and we get here for the first time a full and intelligent account of the Auress. He confirms, to some extent at least, what Shaw and Bruce say about the prevalence of light hair and blue eyes among the Aurassians; and of their comeliness he speaks very decidedly. He and his companion thought the average female beauty higher than in any country they knew. This he is inclined to attribute to a considerable infusion of Latin and Vandal blood. Fierce and warlike as the Berbers were, they were noted for their hospitality and fidelity to those that sought it; and there can be little doubt that many of the Latin colonists and Vandals who still remained in the country at the time of the Arab invasion took shelter from Moslem persecution in the valleys of the Auress, and became absorbed in its population. He notes, too, many indications of a Latin origin among them. For instance, they keep the 25th of December as a feast, under the name of "Moolid,"—the birth. Many of their words are Latin; as *orto*, a garden; *olm*, an elm. The names of months are nearly the same as ours. A small blue cross tattoed upon the forehead is an almost invariable ornament with the women. One of the Kaids, indeed, actually boasted of his Roman descent, and evidently looked down upon the neighboring Kaid, who came of a Turkish stock, as a *novus homo*. Ethnologically interesting and friendly as Colonel Playfair found the Chawia—so the Auress Berbers are properly called—a journey through their country has its drawbacks. Their villages are not places of repose to a thin-skinned European; and the tracks that serve for roads are mostly of the break-neck sort, and well-nigh impassable but for the sagacity of the mules, which Colonel Playfair considers the most unjustly calumniated animals in the world. "I know none," he says, "more sagacious, except perhaps the donkey." It should be remembered, however, that the popular notions about these creatures are always founded on the behavior of specimens, whose individuality of character has been repressed under the rule of civilized man. Dickens, in one of his "Uncommercial Traveler" papers, points out the superiority of the donkey in costermonger hands over the typical donkey. A less amiable race, with which the author made acquaintance, was the Komair, one of a series of tribes (including the lion-eating Sidi Boogannim, whose existence, scouted by the Oxford dons of Shaw's time, but was afterward proved by Bruce) that inhabit the mountainous border of country between Tunis and Algeria, and maintain an almost absolute independence, paying no tribute, and only nominally recognizing the authority of the Bey of Tunis. They bear, consequently, a bad character at the capital, for lawlessness and savagery; and Colonel Playfair was warned not to attempt to cross their country, a warning which had the effect rather of stimulating his curiosity. As often happens in cases of this kind, the Komair proved to be somewhat less black than they had been painted; but for all that, scarcely desirable acquaintances for a vacation tourist. Colonel Playfair being an Englishman, and having been at Jerusalem and Kerouan, was, however, allowed to pass. "The English," writes Playfair, with a slight touch of the sarcastic intermingled, "were such faithful friends of the Sultan, and in the habit of visiting holy places like Kerouan and Jerusalem, in fact so nearly Mohammedans (!) we were welcome, and might go where we pleased. I laughingly asked them what they would have done had we been French. My friend gave a broad grin, and passed his forefinger across his throat in reply."

CUBA.—The most prominent Spaniard in Cuba, Don Julian de Zulueta, Marquis of Alva, whose death is reported from Havana, was not an eminent man in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but was a most notorious character. He went out to Cuba about fifty years ago from his native province Alva, consigned to a rich uncle, by trade a lasajero—that is, a dealer in jerked beef and hides. His relative took a fancy to him, and, dying in 1841, left him a legacy of over a million dollars in gold. The young Zulueta took to sugar planting, which was then becoming a thriving business in the island, and bought two sugar plantations from a Count Penalver, who, from conscientious motives, renounced all connection with slavery. The gangs on these estates were nearly worn out, and Zulueta obtained them for a very low price. The value of slaves was rising, and he at once saw that his best chance of success was to recruit his slave gangs by direct importation from Africa. He went forthwith into the slave-trade on a grand scale, and for twenty-five years was, as it is stated, the *bête noire* of every poor British Vice-consul on the island, who was supposed by conscientiously reporting cases of infraction of the treaty between Spain and Great Britain to suppress the traffic. He monopolized the services of one considerable British squadron on the coast of Africa and another in Cuban waters, and kept the Madrid Cabinet in perpetual hot water with that of St. James. He was pre-eminently the slave-trader of the century. He imported into Cuba, from Africa, during the twenty-five years he pursued the traffic, no fewer than one hundred thousand slaves. He was ably assisted in his operations by the several captains-general of the island and their local representatives in the outlying districts. Zulueta and his partners owned, in the days of sailing-vessels, the fastest clippers that could be built or bought; and subsequently built in Glasgow the notorious ocean steamship, *Nordaqui*, which, with a tonnage of two thousand five hundred tons, could steam fourteen knots an hour. This vessel made two successful trips, landing, on each occasion, over two thousand African slaves. The Madrid Government were ultimately obliged, under pressure from the British Foreign Office, to order Zulueta's arrest at Havana, and he was sent to Spain; but returned in a short time, none the worse for his captivity, and renewed his business with great financial success. He was created Marquis of Alva, after the commencement of the war for independence, and died the other day, as the Cubans would say, "universally respected." He left a widow and a large family, besides a fortune of twenty million dollars.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Missionary work in Bulgaria, under control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is to be resumed at the earliest possible moment. The Rev. F. W. Flocken, who is native to the soil, and stands high in the esteem of his own countrymen and the American Christian Church, has been superintending this mission field for years. After the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War he came to America to further the missionary cause in other directions; but now that war is no longer imminent, he has gone back to report upon the most feasible plans for future operations in the Turkish provinces.

—The Rev. R. J. Kellogg, a native of New York State, and a member of the Wyoming Conference, has been recently sent out by the Church to superintend our educational interests in Liberia, Africa. The mission sustained there since 1832 is now composed of an annual conference, and is doing a wonderful work for the three-quarters of a million of Liberians, most of whom are Mohammedans. There is a regular common-school system in the country; but our Church has hitherto performed the most efficient educational work in that Republic. We have fifteen day-schools under our control, and maintain the "Liberia Conference Seminary," for the training of teachers. Mr. Kellogg will prove a most capable principal. He has made a good record as a preacher, but is as well known as a teacher, although only a little over thirty years old.

—The American Missionary Society, at its recent anniversary, reported that since organizing the Foreign work, it had sent out 530 ordained missionaries to different parts of the world. And by this agency 26 languages have been reduced to writing; preparing in these languages, grammars, lexicons, school-books, religious books, and translations of the Bible. They are now working in 46 different languages, have organized 350 Churches, with a membership of 83,000. Nearly 2,000 members were added during the past year.

ART.

MUNICH AS AN ART CENTER.

HUNDREDS of Americans will, during the present season, have their thoughts directed towards the solution of the question, "Where, on the whole, is the best center for art study, art instruction, and art inspiration?" The number of our countrymen who are to give their lives to art, in its study and practice, is every year increasing. This is the necessary result of our maturing history, and an illustration of the law of demand and supply. The strides forward which the United States has made since the civil war are truly marvelous. The enormous increase in wealth; the firmer faith in our national perpetuity; the corresponding development of a distinctively American character; the manly independence from old European prejudices, and from European criticisms and sneers; the healthy and successful endeavor to care for ourselves in every thing which strengthens the government,—all these and many more circumstances are preparing the way for a distinctively American art. In former numbers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY we have referred to Paris, Rome, and Florence as art centers, and as furnishing to the young, aspiring artist the desirable conditions of improvement. Of all capitals of the world, Rome is doubtless richest in works which the student of art should fully understand; Paris has gathered an immense amount of most valuable material in her public and private collections, and is the home of some of the most enthusiastic artists, and of the ablest art critics of the world; Florence has recently been most favorably represented by our intelligent and industrious consul as an excellent place for advanced study. Let us look at some of the advantages of Munich. Without doubt, Munich owes its present proud position to the plans and generous patronage of its late king, Ludwig. By him was demonstrated that an art capital might be created within the life-time of a single generation. The theory so generally prevalent that centuries are necessary to accumulate the requisite art treasures to attract students and masters was successfully exploded by this shrewd and generous ruler. The one theory which he attempted to realize in his own capital was, that architecture, painting, and sculpture are truly sister arts, and they should be developed conjointly in public monuments for the education of the people in knowledge and true love of country. To found an academy of art was among the first works, and from that time to the present, a period of some sixty years, the Munich Academy has given tone and direction to Munich art. King Ludwig was exceedingly fortunate in securing the great Cornelius as first director of the academy. He assumed this position in 1824. It is not too much to say of Cornelius that he stood in the very front rank of modern artists; indeed, he has had few peers in this century. The influence which he wielded over the pupils who came under his instruction was something wonderful. His own master spirit molded and swayed the entire school which he founded. While this painter had numerous commissions at Dusseldorf, at Berlin, and at Rome itself, he can be seen in all his real strength and grandeur only at Munich. While his works are open to criticism, it must be conceded that the conceptions of this master, wrought out in the Glyptothek and the famous Ludwigskirche, are models well worthy the attention of the ambitious student of art. The successors of Cornelius have been men worthy to receive his mantle. Professor Julius Schnorr, the famous illustrator of the Bible, possessed a more keen sense of the subtler beauties of art, and drank deeply at the very fountains of artistic inspiration; yet he lacked the consuming zeal of Cornelius, and was wanting in his marvelous power to reproduce himself in others. Yet Professor Schnorr was a most worthy director of the academy, and entered into the plans of the king with much zeal and enthusiasm. Next Kaulbach, who had before been a professor, now came to the directorship of the academy. Of him it may be said that few painters of modern times have been more crowded with important commissions or whose works were in greater demand. While he was thus tempted at times to be somewhat hurried in his work, and towards the close of his life the *genre* spirit somewhat invaded the purity

of his early classic style, Kaulbach's impress is on much noble work at Munich, and these, his creations, form by no means the least of the many attractions of Munich as an art center. He was succeeded by the present popular and able director, Karl Piloty, who had been educated in the school of Munich, and has proved himself a not unworthy successor to the three famous masters who had preceded him. It is probably true that Munich has yielded to the almost universal tendency of art in our day towards realism. High historic and idealistic work now occupies the exclusive study of scarcely none of the great artists. Yet Munich still maintains its reputation for requiring of her students the extremest severity and accuracy of drawing, for studying nature in order to ascertain her essential forms, and antique sculpture as the best means to an ideal rendering of nature, since the Greeks doubtless approached most nearly to a perfect interpretation of nature. As a place for mere academic study, we believe Munich has, therefore, few equals.

Again if the student desires to see art developed in what may be called logical sequence, that is, the natural succession and relation of the fine arts, in no city of Europe can he see this in such perfection as in Munich. We all know how much this logical method of the Germans has been ridiculed in every department of inquiry; but that there is a logical sequence of things no one can doubt, and it is well that the artist should not entirely ignore this side of his studies. True, a *merely* logical method may rob art of its true inspiration; but that inspiration can be put in logical form may not be denied. Certainly the presence in one town of representative buildings of all orders and ages, with the appropriate decoration of statuary and painting, is no small privilege to the student of art history. To find in a single morning ramble buildings in every pure Greek style, in the Romanesque, the Gothic, the Byzantine, the earliest Christian basilica, and the most gorgeous temple of worship, can be no unimportant matter. This may rob Munich of that beauty and picturesqueness which attaches to Nuremberg, and to many English towns; but for artistic study this variety, while the work of one age, and, therefore, somewhat artificial and stilted, has its very decided advantages. One great drawback to Munich is its wretched climate. Being the highest of the important capitals of Europe, with the exception of Madrid, and in the vicinity of the Tyrolese Alps, it is intensely cold in Winter, while in Summer the plateau upon which it is situated often glows with a scorching heat. The variations of temperature are rapid and severe. The government has, however, aimed to keep the expenses of living in Munich very reasonable, in consequence of which many students have been diverted from Rome, Paris, Berlin, and other expensive centers.

ART NEWS.

—The Paris correspondents seem to agree that the collection of art works in the Palace of the Champs Elysées this year is more than usually crowded, disorderly, and confused. The number of objects on exhibition is about five thousand, being four hundred more than last year. It is the deliberate judgment of many competent critics that the objects of such exhibitions would better be secured by diminishing the number of articles nine-tenths. Some five or six hundred well selected works of high value would render the exhibition somewhat choice and exclusive, and consequently stimulate artists to higher endeavor in order to secure a place in the hall. The general judgment seems to be that these five thousand objects contain very few works of high order. The landscapes are very numerous, and in some few instances of unusual excellence. The style of landscape in our day is wholly different from that of the school of Claude Lorraine, the two Poussins, and other of the old masters. Theirs was an ideal school of landscape; their paintings were projected from their own conceptions of beauty and relation; hence in their works we sometimes meet with strange idiosyncrasies, geometric exactness, and startling anachronisms; while in our day the landscapist works in contact with nature, and strives to catch her ever-varying moods. In our days the work of the landscapist seems more simple and more easily interpreted by every earnest student. It may be a question not easily settled which of these schools is to be regarded best. Each has its excellencies and its defects. To the soul of the true artist nature speaks words full of inspiration, and to him is administered an en-

trance into her own arcana and to truths unknown to the mere idealist. Contrariwise, we are not to suppose that the glories and beauties of any real scene which earth may present may not be far below that reflection which imagination may paint, and which may be entered upon during some future stage of our progress. Be this as it may, our age is more inclined to the real as nature presents it, and hence the works of modern landscapists unfortunately are too much lacking in the purest sentiment. Judging from the numerous reports of this exhibition that have reached us, the highest excellence is found with the portrait painters. This only illustrates and proves what has just been said, namely, that the present tendencies of art are strongly towards naturalism. In M. Fantin Latour the *bourgeoisie* have found the highest interpreter of the peculiar energy, virtue, and foibles of their class. Himself a burgess, he enters upon his work with a marvelous intensity which has secured for him a very high place in the list of French portrait painters. A French family of the middle class, on exhibition by this artist, has received the very highest praise from all the critics, and established, if not greatly enhanced the high reputation already borne by this artist. Scarcely less favorable have been the notices of the work of M. Paul Dubois, the sculptor. Already noted as the director of the Luxembourg, and just now assuming the directorship of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Dubois is well known as an art critic of high order, and a sculptor of marked success. It is said that no modern artist has been more successful in imitating Leonardo da Vinci in portrait-painting. In this exhibition there is a most marked lack of battle-pieces. The battle-piece has hitherto been the favorite study of French artists, and, therefore, the most popular product among the war-loving Frenchmen. But it is said that the ministry of the French Government formally requested their artists to withdraw all pictures which might have a tendency to annoy German visitors, and the artists accordingly complied, placing this class of their productions in a separate and almost private collection. This seems a triumph of courtesy and good sense, since Germany has already made a generous, and, in many respects, most honorable, contribution of art-works to the Universal Exhibition.

—We have before noticed the sale of the modern portion of the noted Novar Collection by Christie, of London. The second or ancient portion was recently sold by the same house. Among the second portion was the celebrated "Madonna Dei Candelabri," by Raphael. This picture had been the theme of discussion for months before in the circles of art-purchasers, and when it was put under the hammer of the auctioneer no purchaser was found. It was bought in for $97,500—the owner believing that even a larger sum could be realized. Claude, Hobbema, Murillo, Ruysdael, Jansteen, Gerald Terburg, Wouvermans, Caracci, Paul Veronese, and others were represented in this very remarkable collection. Independently of the "Madonna Dei Candelabri," the sale of old works realized over $200,000.

NATURE.

Sunrise in Brazil.—In "The Voyage of the Challenger," Wyville Thompson describes the dawn of day in a Brazilian forest. He, with some friends, started on a horseback journey at two o'clock one morning. He says: "We were now obliged to trust entirely to the instinct of our horses, for if a path were visible in the daylight, there was certainly none in the dark, and we scrambled for a couple of hours right up the side of the ridge. When we reached the top, we came upon flat, open ground, bounded in front of us by the dark line of dense forest. The night was almost absolutely silent, only now and then a peculiar shrill cry of some night-bird reached us from the woods. As we got into the skirt of the forest, the morning broke; but the *réveil* in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different from the slow creeping on of the dawn of a Summer morning at home, to the music of the thrushes answering one another's full, rich notes from neighboring thorn-trees. Here, suddenly a

yellow light spreads upward in the east, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and, almost before one has time to observe the change, the sun has risen, straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. But the morning is, for yet another hour, cool and fresh, and the scene is indescribably beautiful. The woods, so absolutely silent before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the tops of the highest forest trees, hopelessly out of shot; the ear is pierced by the strange, wild screeches of a little band of macaws which fly past you like the rapped-up ghosts of the birds on some gaudy old brocade. There is no warbling, no song—only harsh noise. Now and then a set of cries more varied than the rest tell us that a troop of monkeys are passing across from tree to tree among the higher branches. And the insects are now all awake. A gorgeous butterfly comes fluttering along the path like a loosely folded sheet of intensely blue tinsel, flashing brilliant reflections in the sun; great dark-blue, shining bees fly past with a loud hum; tree-bugs of a splendid metallic luster, and in the most extraordinary harlequin coloring of scarlet and blue and yellow, cluster around a branch so thickly as to weigh it down, and make their presence perceptible yards off by their peculiar and not unpleasant odor. But how weak it is to say that that exquisite little humming-bird, whirring and fluttering in the air, has a head of ruby, and a throat of emerald, and wings of sapphire, as if any triumph of the jeweler's art could ever vie in brilliancy with that sparkling epitome of life and light!"

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—It is now a well established fact that the wonderful display of light so often observed at sea, and especially in the wake of ships, is due to the presence of innumerable animalcules. A scientist, during a voyage in the Southern Atlantic, states that the sea every night was a perfect blaze of phosphorescence. There was no moon, and although the sky was perfectly clear and the stars shone brightly, the luster of the heavens was fairly eclipsed by that of the sea. The unbroken part of the surface appeared pitch-black, but wherever there was the least ripple the whole line broke into a brilliant crest of clear, white light. The wake of the ship was an avenue of intense brightness. It was easy to read the smallest print, sitting at the after-part in the cabin, and indeed the light was so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows. This phosphorescence was chiefly due to an animalculum called *Pyrosoma*, of which many specimens were taken with a tow-net, and which glowed like molten iron.

Pyrosoma is a free-swimming colony of simple ascidians, having the form of a lengthened cylinder, open at one end and closed and coming to a point at the other; the separate individuals, often to the number of many thousands, are of a consistency between jelly and cartilage, and are provided with a fairly developed nervous system. But these were by no means the only luminous animals. There were large numbers of copepod crustaceans, each of which, on being shaken in the curves of the waves, emitted a spark of light of great intensity, and the breaking water seemed filled with these glittering points. Besides these species mentioned, there are many others endowed with this light-giving power.

OXYGEN IN THE SUN.—Spectrum analysis has shown that the chemical composition of the sun is not altogether unlike that of our own earth. The general similarity of composition between the two orbs is just what we should expect if the earth originally formed part of a vast nebula from which the solar system has gradually been evolved, and of which the sun still remains as the representative of the central part, in a state of condensation. And yet there are many points in which the chemical composition of the sun, as far as we know it, differs from the earth. It is true that while the points of similarity have undoubtedly been great, the points of dissimilarity have perhaps been greater. Hydrogen, for example, is one of the most wide-spread bodies here, and it is also found in enormous volume in the sun's atmosphere. But how comes it that no trace of such common elements as oxygen and nitrogen is to be found by searching the solar spectrum? Air and water, the most important things around us, are made up in very large measure of oxygen. It forms, in fact, about one-fifth of the air we

breathe, and not less than eight-ninths of the water we drink, and it is estimated to form no less than one-half of the entire globe. How different, then, must a world be without oxygen! Up to last year the spectroscope utterly failed to detect the slightest trace of oxygen in the solar atmosphere. And while it is now almost universally known that Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, in August, 1877, made the important announcement that he had discovered it in the sun, the unscientific are still wondering how it was accomplished.

In 1873 Dr. Draper proposed to produce photographs of the spectrum of the stars and other heavenly bodies. For purposes of comparison he photograhed the spectra of oxygen and many other gases. On comparing the solar spectrum with that of the air-spectrum, or the spectrum obtained by passing the electric spark through common air, it was curious to mark how line answered to line, group to group, so far, at least, as related to the oxygen, with this remarkable difference, that the oxygen lines were continued in the solar spectrum as *bright* lines, and not as dark lines as is the rule in spectrum lines. It is probably in consequence of this unexpected behavior of the oxygen that its presence has hitherto escaped detection in the solar spectrum; for it is, of course, more difficult to detect bright lines on a less bright background than to detect dark lines under similar conditions. It is suggested that the reason of the non-appearance of an oxygen dark line may be that the intensity of the light from a great thickness of ignited oxygen overpowers the effect of the photosphere. Admitting this, we must admit that a relatively large proportion of the sun's light is due to ignited gases like oxygen.

An Imprisoned Owl.—A farmer living not far from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, had an opportunity recently of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the martin species of bird. A pair of martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest. One day while they were absent, a screech owl entered and made himself comfortably at home, and when the martins returned, he would not allow them to enter. The smaller birds were nonplused for a while, and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight. But if the owl was of this opinion he was sadly fooled, for shortly the little ones came back, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who immediately set to work, and, procuring mud, plastered the entrance to the box entirely up. They then flew away. In a few days the box was examined, and the naughty owl was found to be quite dead. Served him right.

Another Acoustic Wonder.—Before the novelty of the telephone had passed away the phonograph was announced, and the latter is almost immediately followed by the "microphone," as it is called. This instrument may be said to enlarge the sphere of telephonic hearing, somewhat as the microscope does the power of ordinary vision. It enables us not only to transmit ordinary conversation with perfect distinctness to the most distant points through the telephone, but also to render the faintest sounds audible in the same manner. When we are told that the brushing of a soft camel's-hair pencil over a wooden surface can be made to produce an intensely loud noise in a microphone a hundred miles away, and even that the foot-fall of a fly can be heard at a distance by the same instrumentality, we are at first inclined to regard it as an ingenious scientific joke. The discovery is, however, no deception; and the apparatus by which the seeming miracle is wrought is as simple as the telephone itself. Never were such astonishing results obtained by means so commonplace and cheap.

The basis of the new invention is the discovery that certain substances are peculiarly sensitive to sound, as others are to light. If these substances are made part of an electric circuit, sonorous vibrations produced in their vicinity are taken up and transmitted through the circuit, and may be received and rendered audible in a telephone at any distant point. The new contrivance takes the place of the transmitting portion of the ordinary telephone. Two blocks of gas carbon have little cups scooped in them, and are attached to a thin piece of pine. The latter is glued to a piece of thick wood, forming a base-board in such a way that an end view presents the shape of the letter L. A small stick of gas carbon, pointed at each end, is supported by the blocks of carbon, the points resting in the cups. Wires enter through the back of the sound-

board into the carbon blocks, which are thus connected, the one with a battery, the other with a line wire. A Bell's telephone, at the other end of the circuit, is connected with the line wire and the battery, and that is all. Even when the instrument is constructed in the roughest manner, it is so sensitive that the stroke of a feather on the base-board becomes audible to a listener at the telephone miles away. Instead of the pointed carbon we may use as the speaking instrument a glass tube filled with a mixture of finely divided tin and zinc, and plugged at each end with pieces of carbon resting against the powder, and having wires attached to them. This tube is laid upon a sounding-box, a box of thin wood, with one end open. The box is used as a mouth-piece, and the whole forms one of the best articulating telephones ever devised.

The microphone is in its very infancy as yet, and it can not be predicted what may come of it when it is developed and perfected.

RELIGIOUS.

PROTESTANTISM IN MEXICO.—The recognition by our Government of President Diaz as the rightful ruler of the Mexicans, has brought these southern neighbors in more intimate relations with us than have hitherto existed. Our commercial interests are likely to profit by this friendly manifestation; but what is better still, our religious influence will get a stronger hold and must give Mexico a more advanced Christian position than she has been sustaining. There can be no doubt that its ten millions of people, of whom, however, nearly two-thirds are Indians, are freeing themselves from the trammels in which the Roman Catholic Church has held them for nearly three hundred and fifty years. In no country on the face of the earth had Jesuitism a stronger hold. Both the civil and religious condition of the Mexicans were controlled by popish emissaries from Rome. They determined the grade of culture admissible, they shaped the character of the domestic institutions and regulated their politics. The result is, books are scarce, only one-sixth of the adult population can read, there is general poverty, morality is at a low ebb, and superstition chains the multitude, as if in the lowest depths of heathendom. Now and then the people would rise up, as one man, and rebel against the usurpations of the Jesuits. Thus in 1767 they expelled the Society of Jesus, and again in 1827; but as there are hundreds of monasteries, and these possess nearly all the wealth of Mexico, it was an easy task for the Jesuits to smuggle themselves into the country, and in a thousand disguises they have maintained themselves until now. There is, however, every reason to believe that the work so auspiciously begun in 1852, by Miss Rankin, and generally taken up by Protestant Churches in 1860, when religious freedom was declared by the State, has advanced to a status that promises the early extinction of the last vestige of Romish power. Bishop Merrill, in his recent report of our mission work in Mexico, pronounces that country as having entered on a new era by the revolution of 1827, and compares that event in importance to the revolution Henry VIII effected in England in 1531. Whatever may be said about the injustice of a foreign ruler forcing himself upon a distant nation, Maximilian was certainly true to the highest interests of his unwilling subjects, and did much to elevate their civil status, and to liberalize their religious condition. The secularization of the Church property begun under President Juarez he ordered to be perfected, although the clericals threatened him with reprisals. He also granted the foundation of a Reformed Catholic Church, called "the Church of Jesus," which is now under the control of the Rev. Dr. Riley, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is in a most flourishing condition. Our own mission, only started in 1872, under the efficient superintendency of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Butler, now reports seventeen Church organizations, Sabbath-schools and day-schools; an orphanage; and a first-class pictorial religious newspaper, whose circulation exceeds that of any other in Mexico. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has also supported a mission since 1872 In the same

year the Presbyterian Church Missionary Society began labors independently, besides continuing its support of the work begun by the American and Foreign Christian Union, which maintained missions in Mexico from 1856 to 1873.

DR. CHAS. HODGE.—The American Church has produced many eminent ministers. Their achievements honor the different denominations with whom these brilliant lights cast their lot. Their devotion to God and man threw a halo about their own lives and those of all Christians, so enduring that it makes one wish Gray had never written those strange and inconsistent words:

> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

All great deeds bring in their inevitable train the glory of immortality. No more will the works wrought for good by man be forgotten, than the great offering on Calvary by which Christ made of heaven an eternal Sabbath, and gave to earth the day,

> . . . "When shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land."

Many eminent preachers we can boast of, many eminent divines we can not. In the century of our history only a few names loom up above the theological horizon. The many divinity schools of this country have had their chairs filled by men who would be an honor to any land. But most of these good Christian teachers were themselves simply students. In our colonial era the name of Jonathan Edwards stands alone to mark out our achievements in philosophy and theology. He was the only man in America in the first half of the eighteenth century who is entitled to stand as its representative of religious and speculative thought. He is distinguished alike for a most boundless development of metaphysical tastes and ability, and for the freedom, even to audacity, with which he attempted to adjust the Calvinist theology to the principles and conclusions of a reasoned philosophy. Timothy Dwight, Nathaniel Emmons, Samuel Hopkins, Edwards A. Park, Moses Stuart, Nathaniel W. Taylor, Albert Barnes, the Alexanders, Francis Wayland, Tayler Lewis, Bishop M'Ilvaine, Bangs, Fisk, M'Clintock, Whedon, Bledsoe, Dr. True, whose loss we have just been called on to mourn also, and a hundred others have shed luster on the American name since the era of independence opened; but none of these can, in grandeur of achievement, compare with Charles Hodge, who recently died at Princeton an octogenarian. He was not only *par excellence* the Calvinistic theologian of America, but the Nestor of all American theology; and though we differ widely with him in many things, we yet accept this master mind and beautifully adorned life as the grandest result of our Christian intellectual development. He produced many valuable writings, but above all stands his "Systematic Theology," a work which has only begun its influence in molding the religious thought of the English-speaking world. We could wish that its fallacy of dependence upon the Calvinistic theology were not one of its faults. But what is this slight failing compared with the masterful leading of a thousand souls, lost in speculation, from the labyrinth of doubt and despair to the haven of heavenly faith and angelic security? We may say of this now sainted man, With all thy faults we love thee still. Princeton has lost its greatest ornament, the Presbyterian Church its most precious gem, the American Church her greatest earth-born luminary.

PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE.—So says Dr. Ewer, the great Ritualist rector of a Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York City; so says Dr. Preston, a Protestant apostate, now high in the counsels of the Romanists as one of their vicars-general; and so says Charles Loyson, better known by the appellation he bore—Père Hyacinthe—previous to his apostasy at Notre-Dame. This erratic ex-Carmelite monk, recently delivered a lecture at the Winter Circus, in Paris. His subject was Deism. He argued, on moral, historical, and ethnological grounds, that Deism could never be accepted by the French people, *Protestantism being also out of the question*, and that a reformed Catholicism is the only solution. Now the question we should like to see solved is what a "Reformed Catholicism" really is. "Thus far," it has been very aptly said, "the only form that this unreformed Romanist has made is to take a wife. So far so good. But matrimony is not Christianity. It is not even a Christian duty. It is not necessary to the perfection of Christian character. Many of the best men

and best women in the Church have been unmarried. And if we hold it a duty to marry, what shall we say of half, more than half, of the Church, who are obliged to wait till they are asked before they can perform their duty in this matter? But Hyacinthe has come to the conclusion that 'Protestantism is out of the question.' We saw that he was on that ground when he was pretending to make God out of a bit of bread. We are glad to learn that he no longer wears a mask, and holds with Dr. Ewer that Protestantism is a failure. Protestantism will probably survive them both."

MODERN INFIDELITY.—A well-known Unitarian, formerly the editor of the *North American Review*, and now a Professor of Divinity in Harvard University, is reported to have said recently: "A Church which lays intense emphasis on what it does not believe, and whose members know not how to express any article of faith without a negative particle, is a nursery of skepticism and infidelity, and nothing better. At the same time there is no intolerance so bitter and scornful as that of the so-called Churches whose faith consists in not believing." Whereupon the New York *Observer* takes occasion to remark: "We do not know; in what connection this was it appears to be a careful statement of the creed of the Unitarians. Mr. G. W. Curtis undertook to answer, in a recent address, the question, 'What is Unitarianism?' and we made his answer a study, but with vain result. The sum of it appeared 'liberty not to believe.' When a person asked the wife of Horace Greeley if she believed in Spiritualism, he is reported to have interposed the remark, 'Yes, she believes any thing that is not in the Bible.' And that is the just limit of modern skepticism. It denies the revelation of God to man, and swallows every thing with a readiness that would make Jonah's whale blush."

ANDOVER IN LUCK.—A letter was recently received at Andover Theological School, inquiring to whose order a check should be drawn if that school of the prophets needed funds. A prompt reply brought, by return post, a check for twenty-five thousand dollars payable to the order of Edward Taylor, Treasurer, "For the benefit and purposes of Andover Theological Seminary, as the Trustees may think best." This is a gift as remarkable in its spontaneousness and freedom from conditions, as it is generous. We are only sorry not to know the name of the donor. Were such a check to go to Drew, or any other one of our divinity schools, we should not rest until we had the name or names that give character to such a paper.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

MARKETING IN TAHITI.—An Englishwoman, who is more than an ordinary observer and adept at the pen, has recently brought out a little work on Tahiti, written most cleverly, as the Englishman would say. She has entitled it "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," and makes good her assertion on the first page of the book, by all that she writes on the pages that follow it. We hardly know where to cull, so many interesting pictures of Tahitian life does she furnish us. Our readers are aware that this beautiful island of the Pacific Ocean is the principal of the Society Islands, and its inhabitants a good-humored, gay, happy, and cheerful, as well as honest, well-behaved, and obliging people. They are nearly all Christians, having been converted by Protestant missionaries, principally under the influence of the London Missionary Society, and are also pretty generally educated, of course only in the lower acceptation of that term. Here is Mrs. Brassey's description of Tahitian marketing. "At 4:45 this morning some of us landed to see the market, this being the great day when the natives come in from the country and surrounding villages, by sea and by land, in boats or on horseback, to sell their produce and buy necessaries for the coming week. We walked through the shady streets to the two covered market buildings, partitioned across with two great branches of oranges, plantains, and many-colored vegetables hung on strings. The mats, beds, and pillows, still lying about, suggested the idea

that the salesmen and women had passed the night among their wares. The gayly-attired, good-looking, flower-decorated crowd, of some seven or eight hundred people, all chattering and laughing, and some staring at us—but not rudely—looked much more like a chorus of opera-singers dressed for their parts in some grand spectacle than ordinary market-going peasants. Whatever way one turned the prospect was an animated and attractive one. There, beneath the shade of large, smooth, light-green banana-leaves, was a group of earnest bargainers for mysterious looking fish, luscious fruit, and vegetables; there, sheltered by a drooping mango, whose rich clusters of purple and orange fruit hung in tempting proximity to lips and hands, another little crowd was similarly engaged. Orange trees were evidently a favorite rendezvous; and a a row of flower-sellers had established themselves in front of a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and double Cape jasmine. Every vender carried his stock in trade, however small the articles comprising it might be, on a bamboo pole across his shoulder, occasionally with rather ludicrous effect, as, for instance, when the thick but light pole supported only a tiny fish six inches long at one end, and two mangoes at the other. Every body seemed to have brought to market just what he or she happened to have on hand, however small the quantity. The women would have one, two, or three new-laid eggs in a leaf-basket, one crab or lobster, three or four prawns, or one little trout. Under these circumstances, marketing for so large a party as ours was a somewhat long operation, and I was much amused in watching our provider as he went about collecting things by ones and twos, until he piled a little cart quite full and had it pushed off to the shady quay."

JOURNALISM IN YE ANCIENT DAYS.—That grand antiquarian, Dr. John Doran, whose death England does not mourn alone, brought out many an interesting and pathetic story about local newspapers in his last book finished only a few weeks before, and published a few weeks after, his death. Most of the provincial towns of England established journals at a time when curious advertisements and naively worded notices were the common occurrence. In the collecting of these Dr. Doran's inmost soul must have taken extreme delight. There is an infinite gusto in the days of journalistic innocence, when the *Salisbury Postman* undertook to dispatch several copies "as far as Exeter," adding that "as it contains the whole week's news it can't be offered under twopence," or when the *Norwich Postman* advertised its tariff, "Price one penny, but a half-penny not refused."

LAW REIGNS SUPREME IN PRUSSIA.—A diplomatist from his native mountains bought a ticket for a sleeping-coach at Vienna and set out for Berlin. The cozy quarters delighted him, and he soon laid himself down on the white sheets exactly as he had been accustomed to do in his own village; that is to say, dressed, booted, and spurred. The servant who had charge of the coaches roused the sleeper, and told him politely that "it was not allowed." The diplomatist sprang to his feet with the demand, "Do you know who I am? I am Bozo Petrovics, President of the Senate of Montenegro, and I am on my way to the Congress at Berlin." The porter was struck dumb for a moment by this revelation of the dignity of the man who went to bed without undressing himself. However, he soon remarked, "I hope your excellency will pardon the liberty, but I am compelled by my office to inform you that it is the law in Prussia that no gentleman shall go to bed in his boots; as your excellency is aware, the laws are executed with great severity in that monarchy, and as we shall soon arrive at the Prussian frontier, you and I will be detained." "If that is the case," said the mountaineer diplomatist, "we will soon set all right. Pull off my boots, for I must go to the Congress."

EARLY RISING.—Buffon, the great French naturalist and philosopher, who was one of the grandest ornaments of the eighteenth century, constantly rose with the sun, and thus relates the manner in which he acquired such a habit of early rising. "In my youth," says he, "I was excessively fond of sleep, and that indolence robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served me for sixty-five years) was of the greatest benefit to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he could get me up at six o'clock. He failed not the next morning to rouse and torment me, but I only abused him. He tried

the day following, and I threatened him. 'Friend Joseph,' said I to him at noon, 'I have lost my time, and you have gained nothing. You do not know how to manage the matter. Think only of my promise, and do not regard my threatenings.' The day following he accomplished his point. At first I begged, then entreated and abused, then declared that I would discharge him; but he disregarded me, and raised me up by absolute force. He had his reward every day for my ill-humor at the moment of waking. By thanks and a crown an hour after, I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my works."

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.—When Alexandria was taken by the Mohammedans, Armus, the Commander, who was fond of literature, became acquainted with Philoponus, whose conversation pleased him much. One day Philoponus said to him, "You have examined the public repositories in Alexandria, and put your seal on all the effects found in them. With respect to such things as may be useful to you I presume to say nothing; but among those which you think of no value, there may be some, perhaps, very serviceable to me." "And what," answered Armus, "are the things you want?" "The philosophical books," replied Philoponus, "that are preserved in the public libraries." "This," returned Armus, "is a request upon which I can not decide till I have received orders from the Caliph Omar, the Commander of the Faithful." He wrote immediately to Omar, to lay before him the request of Philoponus; and the Caliph returned this answer, "If there be nothing in the books concerning which you write, contrary to the book of God (meaning the *Koran*), they are utterly useless, the Book of God being sufficient for our instruction; but if they contain any thing repugnant to that book they ought to be suppressed. I command you, therefore, to destroy them all." Armus distributed all the books immediately among the baths of Alexandria, that they might be employed in heating them; and by this method, in the space of six months they were all consumed. Such was then the triumph of ignorance and fanaticism over learning and philosophy. But the whole story of the fate of the library is certainly a myth. If the books were written on papyrus, they would scarcely be worth any thing for fuel; if on parchment, their material would be equally worthless for heating purposes.

HOW WE SUPPLY THE ENGLISH.—The London *Week*, a new sprightly journal of some pretensions and much ability for a Tory organ, decries the great dependence the Britishers are placing on American supplies of food. The crops do not promise well in England, and there may be more than the usual want of supply. So Johnny Bull is up and in high dudgeon. Hear him as he scolds: "We now get corn, meat, butter, cheese, apples, peaches, and green gages from the United States, to say nothing of endless varieties of canned food. The Americans will soon be able to boast that without their help, there would not be a breakfast or dinner table properly supplied throughout the length and breadth of this effete monarchy."

LITERATURE.

IT is a trite saying that truth is stranger than fiction; but it is none the less true nor the less remarkable because of its triteness. So we soliloquized as we looked with more than ordinary interest through a recently published little work on "Visions" and "False Sight"—*Pseudopia*—from the press of Houghton, Osgood & Company.* It is the work of a young physician, written during the slow approaches of mortal disease as an occupation and diversion, at once to alleviate suffering and to give wholesome mental exercise by which to prevent the spirit from turning to torment itself. Most of our treatises on this and kindred subjects are more or less morbid, like the "Confessions of an English Opium

*VISIONS: A Study of False Sight (Pseudopia). By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 315.

Eater," or they are cold and heartless and narrowly scientific; but this is not liable to either of these objections.

The theories of the author do indeed account for all kinds of false sights,—not by denying their existence, or impeaching the intelligence of those who say they have such strange "visions." They are, indeed, sufficient to explain every form of mental or unusual sights, of which there is such an abundance of unimpeachable testimony,—not excepting the visions of the dying and the revelations made to seers and prophets. And yet he is a thorough believer in the supernatural, and is not disposed to deny that mingling with these natural distortions of the mind's perceptions there may be at times genuine supernatural revelations. A large part of the book is made up of statements of real cases, some of which came under the author's own observation, and others were communicated by the most reliable witnesses. Such false perceptions, no doubt, have a truthful side, and to a certain extent they may be prophetical, because they are shadows of coming events. But still they are purely natural, and usually the results of a disordered psychology.

He shows also that, by a beneficent law of nature, death is in nearly all cases not only painless, but often attended with real delight, and that quite irrespective of any reference to the future on the part of the subject. Learned physicians, as well as discriminating ministers, know very well that very little reliance can be placed on any utterances made at the moment of dissolution. There are, indeed, "visions" at that crisis, but whether psychological or spiritual can not be certainly determined. A good life is confessedly the only trustworthy assurance of a happy one in the future world; and while such a one may close without a sign, an evil one may go out in seeming raptures. And yet our author grants that the manifestations of that eventful hour may not always be purely natural, though in the form of natural phenomena:

"Probably all such visions as these are automatic. But yet who, believing in God and personal immortality, *as the writer rejoices in doing*, will dare to say ABSOLUTELY ALL. . . . If life is continuous, heaven just beyond, and death the portal, is it philosophical to affirm that no one entering that portal has ever caught a glimpse, before he was utterly freed from the flesh, of the glory beyond? May not the golden bowl, just as it is shattered, 'be touched by rays from a light that is above it,' and flash with a glory no language can describe? The pure materialist, sad disciple of nihilism, may dispute this; but no theist or Christian will be bold enough to deny it."

Dr. Clarke, the author of this interesting work, will also be remembered, with a lively interest, as the author of a valuable little volume, entitled "Sex in Education," published only a few years ago.

A CLEVER and decidedly pleasant book is "Nooks and Corners of the Coast of New England" (New York, Harper & Brothers), from which the illustrations for the "Mount Desert" article in our last month's issue were taken; and now we have, from the same house, a companion volume,* that is quite worthy of its association, describing most of the principal groups of islands in the Atlantic Ocean. These are, the Bahamas, the Azores, the Channel Islands, the Magdalen Islands, Madeira, Teneriffe, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Belle Isle-en-Mer, Prince Edward Island, Isle of Shoals, Cape Breton Island, the Isle of Wight. The letter-press matter is chiefly descriptive, but incidentally historical, wrought into the form of a traveler's note-book sketches. The accompanying maps, which are well executed and brought down to the latest accounts, add not a little to the work; while its nearly two hundred illustrations, chiefly land-and-water views executed in the very best style, render it at once a pleasant and agreeable book for Summer reading.

DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER'S series of text-books known as "Science for the School and Family,"—three volumes, or "Parts," treating respectively of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Mineralogy and Geology,—are among the very best of their class of school-books. A second edition of the first of these, "revised and enlarged," has just been issued by Harper & Brothers, the original publishers. It makes a compact volume of 433 pages, stating and discussing its subject with great ability and

* THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS, as Resorts for Health and Pleasure. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 274.

clearness, and with quite as much fullness as is desirable in an elementary school-book.

THE *Annual Record of Science and Industry* for 1877 (New York, Harper & Brothers), edited by Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, is a volume of much interest and great value. As a record of the real progress made in the several departments of science (chiefly natural) and of the useful arts, during the year, it approaches the marvelous. The preparation of the work is creditable to all concerned in its production. 12mo. Pp. 480.

THE latest issue of Mr. William J. Rolfe's editions of Shakespeare's plays is "As You Like It."* The introductory matter is somewhat less extended than in some of those before published,—twenty-six pages,—made up of (I) a very brief "History of the Play," (II) a still more brief sketch of "The Sources of the Plot," and (III) "Critical Comments," by Hazlitt, Verplanck, Jamieson, and others. The text has been thoroughly revised, and corrected according to the [supposed] best authorities, and is made as nearly correct as the case seems to admit of. The "Notes," which fill more than one-third of the pages, and are in substance equal to all the rest of the volume, are Mr. Rolfe's own, and this part comprises, first, an elaborate essay on the local history and purpose of this particular play, with not a little of Shakespeariana intermingled, and, secondly, a large number of critical notes upon the text, of real, doubtful, and negative value. Altogether this work, as also its predecessor, is a pleasant and not uninstructive companion to the writings of the great English playwright, the reading of which will be largely facilitated by the style of its mechanical execution.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has written many books, and, though she has perhaps never gone beyond her first effort, yet she retains the freshness and vigor of her earlier days somewhat remarkably. Her latest production, "A Legacy," etc.,* very fairly maintains her reputation at its somewhat elevated level. Her writings are always in a good style, and of a wholesome moral tone.

The Student's French Grammar, by Charles Heron Wall, is a most thorough, comprehensive, and exact embodiment of the forms, laws, and usages of the Gallic tongue, as it now is. It is, the author informs us, the result of twelve years of continuous labor; and he has made it not only a grammar, in the usual limited sense of that term, but indeed, to a good degree, a history of the origin and development of that language. For any one seeking to obtain a real mastery of the French this, beyond any other that we have seen, is the work that he needs; but for ordinary school purposes a less elaborately prepared work might be more practically useful.

HARPER & BROTHERS' *Library of Select Novels*, No. 603, is, "A Modern Minister." With Illustrations. (Volume II.) 8vo. Pp. 198. 40 cents.——*Library of American Fiction:* No. 3, "Miriam's Heritage; a Story of the Delaware River." By Alma Calder. 8vo. Pp. 175. 75 cents. No. 4, "Mag; a Story of To-day." Pp. 122. 50 cents.——*Half-hour Series:* No. 69, "The Coming Man." By Charles Reade. Pp. 85. 25 cents. No 72, "The Canoe and Flying Proa; or, Cheap Cruising and Safe Sailing." By W. L. Alden. Pp. 97. 25 cents.

THE *Princeton Review*, for July, 1878, was among the first of its class to come to hand and to challenge notice. Under its new management it has become a bi-monthly, giving six numbers annually; and instead of proportionately shrinking the size of the numbers severally, there has been more than a proportionate change in the opposite direction. The present number, which begins a new volume, numbers its pages from 1 to 328,—making for the year three volumes of 656 pages each, an aggregate for the year of almost two thousand pages; and all this mass of reading-matter is given for two dollars. Nor has the quality of the matter depreciated with the increase of its volume; for perhaps no Review in the country maintains a higher scholarly standard than this. There are in this number ten contributed papers, some of them of more than average value. It has no special editorial departments.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF AS YOU LIKE IT. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. Pp. 206.

*A LEGACY; Being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet. Written and Edited by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 294.

EX CATHEDRA.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE most marked event in literary circles, during the current Summer, has been the decease of Mr. William Cullen Bryant. The long life, and its peculiarly even tenor, of that eminently characteristic American, his high literary character, the irreproachable purity of his public and private life, and the rare combination of courtesy and frankness in the expression of his decidedly positive convictions, all unite to make him a conspicuous figure in our national portrait gallery. Because of his versatility of life and its pursuits it is impossible to properly characterize him by any single epithet. He is styled a poet, and such he certainly was,—perhaps without a peer among his own countrymen; and yet, apart from his poetry, he possessed enough to render more than a single name illustrious. He was a lawyer by professional education, and by a brief and uneventful practice; and while no doubt his legal studies served him a good purpose in after-life, yet in quitting the practice of the law he seemed to lay aside all pretenses to its characteristic habits. His whole life was indeed that of a man of letters; but, unlike many others of that guild, he never permitted the professional character to rise above or obscure that of the individual. Destined by his non-aristocratic birth to earn his own livelihood, he took good care to avoid by industry and economy all dependence upon the patronage of either individuals or the public. He knew that as a man of letters he must turn his labors to account as a means of livelihood, and therefore he subjected himself to the exacting duties of a journalist, in which he lived and labored with unvarying persistency for more than fifty years,—and died at last, the head of the only publishing house with which he had ever been associated, and the editor-in-chief of the only paper with which he was ever connected. Through the columns of the *Evening Post* he spoke to three generations of his countrymen, and by his utterances through that medium he became known and honored as a member of the commonwealth and a free citizen of the republic, busying himself in its affairs without seeking for its offices.

Mr. Bryant's reputation as a poet is certainly too well established to be called in question; and yet it is not easy to say, in a word, on what that reputation rests. He was not a voluminous writer, for all his original poetry, produced all along through a period of more than sixty years, makes only a single moderate-sized volume, and, in respect to their extent, all of his pieces must fall within the category of minor poems. While yet a boy he wrote "Thanatopsis," which stood forth as his chief work till, over sixty years later, he wrote "The Flood of Years;" and these two now stand as the starting-post and the goal of his poetical career, though neither of them possesses as high excellences as do many others of his pieces. But whether as a man or a poet Mr. Bryant accomplished the work upon which his reputation was built up (it was not won by any single act) by slow and continuous contributions to the ever-increasing mass. He was artistically and æsthetically a devout worshiper of nature, whom he wooed as did Numa Pompilius his Egeria, and he was careful not to speak his oracles except under the inspiration of his tutelar divinity. Hence his poetry is always fresh and original as the fountains which he frequented in the groves or by the hill-sides. Himself a practiced rhetorician and a severe critic, as well as a natural genius, his works combine the free naturalness of the Pre-Raphaelite with the most rigid correctness of the classical school of art. Other American poets, his juniors, in years, have lived and won renown; but they have not been his rivals, because their pursuits were not in the same plane with his. Had Longfellow, and possibly Whittier, written no more than did Bryant, perhaps they might have reached and maintained his high level. The beauties of "Hiawatha" condensed into one or two hundred lines might rival any one of Mr. Bryant's poems; but by too much dilution the quality of the mass was reduced.

Mr. Bryant's religious character and history are peculiar and especially noteworthy. He was born and educated among New England Unitarians, and he never separated himself from his early religious associations. His

home Church in New York City was *All Souls*, on Fourth Avenue, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Bellows, and it is said that under ordinary circumstances his venerable presence was but seldom missed on Sunday mornings. He was apparently a devout worshiper, an attentive and uncritical hearer,—listening to be taught and edified, rather than to judge and condemn. At his Summer residence, at Roslyn, in the absence of any Church of his own denomination, he worshiped at the Presbyterian Church, with the same steadiness of attendance and quiet, unostentatious devotion. Of late years, with the ready concurrence of all parties, he was a practical communicant in that Church, though not formally a member.

The careful and discriminating student of Mr. Bryant's poetry can not fail to detect in it some indications of his inner religious life, showing him to have been a sincere and devout believer in Christ and his Gospel,—much more sentimentally than dogmatically apprehended; a steadfast believer in the supernatural, and in the ever-present overruling providence of God. The mystery of evil seemed to shadow his mind like a cloud, and yet he ever beheld the promise of the final triumph of the right and of a compensation for the good. A vein of asceticism, indeed, runs though his devotional poetry, as if there were a natural relation and co-operative action between present sufferings and future compensating joy, that under the order of heaven

> "There is a day of sunny rest,
> For every dark and troubled night,"

and that the expected "sunny rest" has more than an accidental relational to the precedent "troubled night."

The compilers of the new Methodist "Hymnal" have given place to eight of his pieces,—thus making him to that extent the voice and mouth-piece for its millions of worshipers. It is evident, too, that these selections were made not solely nor chiefly on account of their poetical beauties, for they abound in deep religious thought and felicitous devotional expression. We venture the prophecy that these eight hymns will enter into the worship of the people to a proportion largely exceeding that which they bear to the whole number of hymns in that manual, because in them will be heard by the devout listeners an undertone of worship that will find in all such a gladsome response. And should some one, jealous for the great doctrinal truths of Methodism, with which as a Unitarian Mr. Bryant might be suspected to not be in harmony, scan with a critical scent for heresy the doctrinal teachings or implications of these eight hymns, he will, we suspect, return from his quest with but very little spoil. He will have heard about "the sinless Son of God," and "the Anointed Son of God;" of "the Star of Bethlehem," still leading, "as once it led, to the Messiah's feet." He will have detected a recognition of Christ as "the light of the world," and the Comforter of the mourners; of that "Divine Wisdom," standing ever in the presence of the Almighty, and yet

> "Source of truth, whose beams alone
> Light the mighty world of mind;"

and if his spiritual faith shall be as quick as his mental vision it may be presumed that he will freely consent that the voice of the sweet singer, though of another name, may still be heard in our sanctuaries. While, therefore, the great and learned and worldly wise shall celebrate the name of the departed poet, civilian, and philanthropist, we, too, will remember him as deservedly enrolled among our Christian singers.

"FORMAL FRATERNITY."

THE course of the fraternity movements between the two great Methodisms of the country from the original separation to the present time is something rather curious if not always edifying. At the first General Conference of the Southern body, when it was assumed that the so-called "Plan of Separation" was a fixed fact, and the division was to be a geographical one, with a dividing line that could be moved only northward, fraternity was decidedly in favor with the South. But after "formal fraternity" on these conditions was declined by the mother Church, and the famous "Plan" repudiated by the General Conference of 1848, then fraternity was at a discount with the South, and very stoutly was it declared that there could be none until that action should be rescinded or revised. So matters stood for nearly twenty years, when a kind of tentative wooing from the North to the South began to be made, greatly to the annoyance of the latter, because such gratuitous overtures could

neither be accepted nor yet declined without loss. First, as early as 1866, their General Conference was invited, by telegraph, to unite in prayer with one of our annual conferences for God's blessing upon "the Church and the country," which proposition did not, for obvious and sufficient reasons, meet with a favorable response, and so the non-respondents felt that they were placed in a false position. Next our bishops made overtures to theirs, at St. Louis; but were politely informed that while *personally* they were duly esteemed, *officially* they had no authority to speak for their Church. Again in 1870 persons claiming to act for the Methodist Episcopal Church appeared at the seat of the Southern General Conference at Memphis, and were there and then shown that by the terms of the General Conference's action in 1868 they were not authorized to make any proposals in advance of being solicited to do so. In this shape the case stood at the opening of our General Conference for 1872.

The action of that General Conference (written by the hand that now pens these words, and adopted unanimously without an amendment) was designed to place both Churches in their true and proper positions toward each other. The time had come when it was incumbent upon the parent body to recognize the proper church-hood and the legitimate Methodistic character of the Church South, and to extend to it the hand of fraternity, neither asking nor giving apologies for the past nor concessions for the future. And that there might be no mistake in the matter, due notice was given that there could be no south-side boundary line to the territory of the Methodist Episcopal Church; that we were there and intended to remain, thus reaffirming the principal article of the action of the General Conference of 1848, setting aside the so-called "Plan of Separation."

Instructed by this action, our commissioners appeared before the Southern General Conference of 1874 with our fraternal greetings; and, of course, their reception in their official character by that body was a practical acquiescence in, and adoption of, our interpretation of the relations of the two Churches—past, present, and prospective. It was not strange, therefore, nor was it merely an indication of any want of brotherly charity, that some of the best minds of that General Conference hesitated, and opposed the unconditional acceptance of our offer. By accepting it the Southern Church abandoned its traditional position, and consented that whatever might have till then been thought to remain of the "Plan of Separation" should be thenceforth forever buried out of sight.

Christian fraternity is always less a formal arrangement than the spirit of charity dwelling in and actuating individual souls, and without the latter the former is hollow and offensive. If our Southern brethren accept the hand we offer them, they must do it heartily and on the terms we designate. The Methodist Episcopal Church is not of the *North* in any such sense as makes it not equally of the *South;* nor can it accept a "fraternity" that practically denies or ignores that fact. The application of this principle to certain things recently done, and others left undone, might do much good.

THE "INVESTIGATION."

"THE dirty pool of politics" is an old and somewhat trite phrase, which seems to have waited till now for a proper illustration of its full meaning. Its time, however, has at length come, and it need wait no longer even to raise its qualifying predicate to the superlative degree. The case selected for illustration is the proceedings in the late Presidential election in Louisiana, and the presiding demonstrator is the *Honorable* Clarkson N. Potter, of New York, with General Ben. Butler and Springer, of Illinois, for principal associates. Now Mr. Potter, it must be remembered, is no ordinary *congressman*, but a *gentleman* of the first quality, belonging to the very *cream of the cream* of New York's "upper ten thousand," the son and nephew of two bishops, and one of five or six brothers, each of whom occupies not only an exalted social position, but also a snug financial place. Having chosen politics for his sphere in which to win his part of the family's honors, Mr. Potter sought an election to Congress in a suburban district, a kind of "pocket borough" of his party; and being now in his second term, the chief magistracy of the Empire State appeared to be the next proper object of his aspiration. But to win in that enterprise it was needful that he should not leave Congress without having done something grand and striking, and, pursuing the fashion of the

present Congress, an "investigation" was chosen as likely to afford the desired opportunity, and the late Presidential election in Louisiana seemed to promise the needed quarry for his bow.

The results, in part, are before the public, and the richness of the "find" quite equals the most sanguine expectations. As it was carefully arranged that the "investigation" should not meddle with the doings of the party of its promoters, but only smirch the good names of certain distinguished persons of the opposite party, the inquiry has been altogether a one-sided affair. And yet the most careful abstinence from all attempted inquisition into Democratic wrong-doings failed to conceal the fact that while on the side of the criminated party there were persons the most intensely corrupt and mean, and practices altogether unscrupulously base and profligate, these were fully balanced in kind from the other side, with the addition of intimidations and murders, and attempted briberies, at any necessary price, if only the desired end could be reached.

But as the design looked especially to the soiling of the private reputations of certain prominent persons in the Government, that end has been kept steadily in view; and the quest for scandals has not been entirely bootless. A member of the Cabinet has been "clouded;" but perhaps neither seriously nor permanently. A distinguished foreign minister was implicated in charges of foul practices, but he promptly crossed the ocean to confront his accusers, who seem to be not much inclined to make good their accusations. A distinguished senator, the special friend and confident of the President, who brought a much better reputation to Washington than he took away, was placed in just the position that a high-spirited gentleman most deprecates. And while the sharpest, most ferret-like searchings of the Committee fail to convict the President of even a constructive offense, there was a pretty strong confirmation given to the pre-existing suspicion that it is possible for the highest place to be reached in spite of the lack of commanding abilities or consummate prudence, if only these shall be duly compensated by self-appreciation.

In respect to Mr. Potter's chosen witnesses, it may be said that while there may be in the world other men as false as these, it may be doubted whether any of them have the same shameless hardihood in their baseness. And yet it is upon the testimony of such self-confessed and doubly convicted perjurers that we are called to believe that certain statements now made by them are to be accepted as truthful revelations. With such fetid and loathsome vermin have Mr. Potter's hands, in silken gloves, perhaps, been occupied for these many months past.

The net results of permanently valuable discoveries made seems to be, first, the illustration of woman's work in politics, as shown by the course of the incomparable Mrs. Jenks, before whom even the hitherto fearless General Butler seemed to be afraid. We have seen, at other times, how women are accustomed to "do" politics on the platform; Mrs. Jenks has shown us how at least one woman proposed to accomplish its work away from the public gaze. Possibly her *confessiones* may bring her imitators. And yet another result is the proof reduplicated by competent witnesses, that Mr. Packard received a larger vote for Governor of Louisiana than did the Republican electors for that State, whose votes made Mr. Hayes President of the United States. From all this we make no deductions as to duties performed or neglected by any of the parties concerned, being not especially skilled in the ethics of such questions.

It may be, however, not altogether worthless, as a vindication of the truth of history, and as a demonstration of the "dark ways" and "vain tricks" into which politics lead men; but cautious civilians are aware that an office held *de facto* is to be deferred to without looking too closely into any counter claims *de jure*. In respect to the last election of President of the United States, some things are quite certain and others are equally uncertain, and likely to remain so. Among the former is the almost absolute certainty that the free and unconstrained choice of the legal voters of the country would have made Mr. Hayes President by a clear majority, and among the latter is the question as to for whom were given the majority of the votes actually cast at that election. This uncertainty for a time threatened to plunge the country into civil war; but the better element at Washington prevailed, and by a process unknown to the Constitution and laws of the

country, a solution was reached—a real though a bloodless revolution—at which, as the alternative for a bloody revolution, good men rejoice. But Mr. Potter and his friends are not satisfied; and in order to make capital for his party, he is willing not only to embroil the whole country, but also to engage himself with the vilest of the vile, making common cause with them and profiting by their infamy. Truly politics make strange bedfellows. Pity that so much culture should lie down in such a stye.

And now, as a practical conclusion from all these things, it would seem to be among the very first duties of Congress to construct such a plan for electing the President and Vice-President of the United States that the vote of each State shall be so clearly ascertained and declared by its own authorities, that the duty of Congress in the matter shall be only clerical, and without power to revise any State's declared choice.

THE DECLINE IN THE BRITISH NOBILITY.

THE London *Spectator*, of very recent date, complains bitterly of the perceptible decrease in the number of peers' sons who enter the Universities. It argues that the decrease indicates a distinct decline in this appreciation of the value of culture among the caste, which stands at the head of British society. We think the decline is to be accounted for by causes which the English should remove soon if they would insure the safety and well-being of their country.

Time was when the nobility was closely allied with the Church. But now, although a clergyman with his name in the peerage has still a preference among the candidates for episcopal thrones, the prizes offered by the clerical profession have been cut down till they are no longer attractive to the ambitious. We think this is one of the principal reasons why the high-school is neglected by the nobility. Their preference is altogether for the army. Those contemplating a military career find it not only unnecessary to spend too much time in study, but actually a hinderance to rapid promotion. The delay in the University brings them five years behind their competitors who have gone directly to Sandhurst or Woolwich Military Academy, and have come out early fitted (?) for their profession, with all but the disadvantages of a want of general culture—a want less felt in the British army than anywhere else. So they begin work, as artisans do, early, and the number of aristocrats in the Universities decidedly declines, while "noble" and "soldier" threaten to become synonymous in the England of the future, as they are in the Germany of to-day.

But what will be the outcome of this change? These young noblemen are eligible to Government rank. They may be the law-makers of Britain. An English aristocracy means a seminary of statesmen. What effective power would a House of Peers have with only the intelligence of a mess-room? Society is now blessed in superabundance with "men with a million and an idea apiece." Shall we swarm the world with them? It is a great protection for a society to appear rationally organized. A society in which all luxury belongs to the stupid will not, however, appear so, and will be besides exposed to this further danger. The intellectual are often vicious; but the luxurious who have no intellectual interests, no objects of ambition, and nothing to do which must be done, are almost invariably so. A society in which the upper class is ill-educated, stupid, and vicious is not a society that is safe.

We love dearly our mother country. We long fervently for her prosperity. Shall we not see this danger removed, and behold in the future peers of England men of worth, of scholarship, and of efficiency? Most of the members of the English aristocracy, as now training, promise to be, in respect to politics, in the same condition as the gentleman who being asked whether he could play the fiddle, answered that he did not know, because he had never tried.

We are too closely linked with the fate of England not to wish for a stable and a rationally organized English society. Even from a selfish purpose, every one speaking the tongue of that North Sea Island should desire it. The might of this world is not in the sword but in the pen. W.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1878.

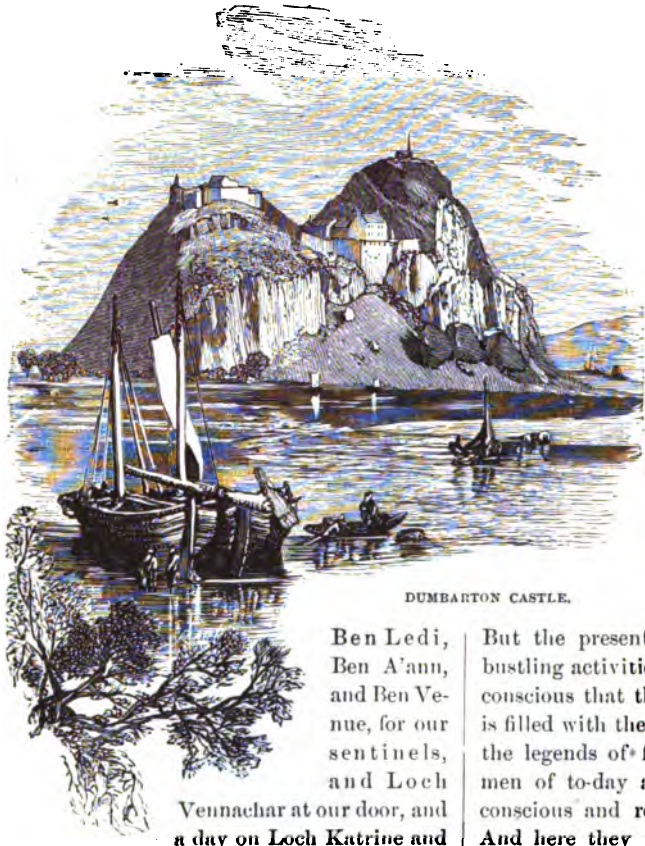
A DAY AT AYR.

ROBERT BURNS.

A WEEK'S run in Scotland had given our company the opportunity to see a few of the many points of interest, so well worth seeing, of the North Kingdom. Three days spent in Edinburgh could afford only a taste of the good things which that most charming of cities has to offer to the intelligent and cultivated visitor. A railroad passage upward along the broad valley of the Forth, through Linlithgow, an ancient seat of the Knights of St. John, and the favored dwelling place of the royal Stuarts, and Falkirk, the last field of triumph of the "Pretender," while all along the route the new and beautiful threw its veil of verdure and its adornments of art over the ruins of the old and effete, brought us to Stirling, Scotland's ancient capital, and the spot beyond all others celebrated in Scottish story. A single day was all that could be devoted to that place, and at evening we passed, by way of Callender to the Trossachs, the region of

> "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

A night spent at the Trossachs hotel, with



DUMBARTON CASTLE.

Ben Ledi, Ben A'ann, and Ben Venue, for our sentinels, and Loch Vennachar at our door, and a day on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, brought us, on Friday evening, to Glasgow. Saturday was spent in seeing the "lions" of that town, and the following Sunday among the "Foundry Boys' Meetings," the grandest city missionary work in the world. This brought us to Monday morning, with twelve hours upon our hands, before the departure of our steamer for Belfast. This day we therefore devoted to a visit to Ayr, and an inspection of some of the Burns localities.

Ayrshire, with its neighborhood, is the south-western portion of Scotland, extending northward from the Solway to the Clydesdale, with the Sea of Arran on its west; and within this region is found nearly every locality that appears so vividly in Burns's poetry, and of these the town of Ayr is the center, and itself the principal site. A second-class compartment was chosen as likely to afford the best view of the people along the line, chiefly men of business, engaged in the various manufactories in the vicinity, at Paisley and Kilmarnock, not far from both of which places we were brought, leaving Dumbarton Castle on our right, with its mountain fastness rising abruptly from the water's edge, on the north of the Clyde. We were now in the presence of the historic past. We came by the ruins of Crookston Castle, where Queen Mary was betrothed to Darnley; while on our right was Elderslie, the birthplace of Wallace; and on our left, Barhead, where was born Robert Pollok. But the present is here also, with all its bustling activities, and apparently quite unconscious that the very dust under its feet is filled with the stories of heroic deeds, and the legends of far off times. The Scotchmen of to-day are not dreamers, but self-conscious and realistic to the last degree. And here they were, tall and stalwart, earnest and intelligent, intent on their business, and yet not disinclined to "crack;" distinctively Scotch in looks and manners, though dressed like other people, and speaking good English, though with a marked Scottish tone and accent, and a sprinkling of Scottish words and phrases. The hundred years since the days of Burns have wrought great changes through all this region, and upon the people themselves not less than upon the face of the country; and nearly all for the better.

Our forty miles' journey by rail, on that June morning, brought us through a beautiful agricultural region in a high state of cultivation. We were forcibly reminded that the attempted suppression of John Barleycorn had not only proved unsuccessful, but evidently had been quite given up; for all along our route were broad fields of the bristling grain in full growth, and promising

an abundant harvest, and after that whatever may be expected from an abundant supply of "guid Scotch drink." There have evidently been very wide changes for the better through all this region during the century, in wealth and commercial, mechanical and agricultural enterprise; and also in culture and morals. But the spell of the drink demon is not yet broken, as will be evident to any one, especially in the towns.

When we expressed to a resident Glasgow friend our surprise at the frequent open exhibitions of drunkenness in the streets of that city, he replied cheerfully, assuring us that there had been very marked changes for the better within the years of his own observation. "For," said he, "one can now walk the streets with no other inconvenience from drunken men and women than being occasionally jostled by them; whereas, twenty years ago it was impossible to go out in the evening or on Sunday without stepping over or going around the prostrate forms of drunken men and women; for here the women assert their equal rights with the men in this important privilege."

After nearly two hours' journeying, we came into the station, and the guard shouted "Ayr," and passing out upon the platform we found ourselves indeed within the town that gave to the world the peasant poet of Scotland, and who, in turn, has made the place of his birth famous. Scotland is justly proud of her great men, whose memories she cherishes with unusual care, and each town or locality celebrates the fame of its native notabilities. At Edinburgh one almost feels the presence of John Knox and Queen Mary, of the Earl of Mar and of the Duke of Hamilton. At Stirling every thing speaks of Wallace and Bruce, of James V and Black Douglas; or in Church matters of Henderson and Erskine. The whole region of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine is redolent of the name and fame of Scott; and one almost unconsciously expects to see the form of the belted hunter and his "gallant gray," or to hear the echoes of his bugle, or to catch a glimpse of Ellen in her "light shallop." So all about the country side of Ayr the genius of Burns seems to be an all-pervading presence.

DUNURE CASTLE, COAST OF AYR.

The course of the railroad from Glasgow to Ayr is somewhat west of south, coming

to the river from which the town receives its name at about right angles. The river Ayr rises in high lands to the eastward, known as the Heads of Ayr, and is, for the greater part of its course, a rapid mountain stream, with a steadily increasing volume, till it reaches the alluvial land, nearer to the sea, when it becomes a broad and deep and gently flowing river. Just at the town the river is spanned by two bridges, the "auld" and the "new brigs," which Burns celebrates in his poem of "The Twa Brigs," making them severally the representatives of the older and the newer times, the older dating from about the middle of the thirteenth century; the newer was but newly erected at the time that the poet called it into his service. Both still remain and are doing good public service.

EXTERIOR OF BURNS'S COTTAGE—BIRTH-PLACE OF THE POET.

The town of Ayr, that appears to its citizens of the present time, is chiefly a modern city of nearly two thousand inhabitants, well built, and full of the signs of a fairly prosperous estate. But we were there to see it as an historical locality, in respect to which qualities it is especially rich. Its history goes back to the days of the occupation of the Romans, and here by the seaside was one of their most distant outposts. Its mediæval stories relate to Wallace (who was here long held a prisoner), and the Kennedies, whose stronghold was Dunure Castle, and to the Earls of Carrick, and of Cassalis, and the Marquises of Ailsa, all doughty warriors, or savage chieftains, as you may please to style them. The old fort of Ayr, built by Cromwell, was situated on a plain between the town and the sea; but its site has since been covered by the growth of the town. Only a fragment of the old rampart remains, including a part of an old church built in the twelfth century.

But we had come to see Ayr, because of its associations with its peasant poet, Robert Burns. The birthplace of the poet is situated nearly two miles southward from town, not far from the stream or river *Doon*, and only two or three hundred yards from "Auld Alloway Kirk," built nearly three hundred years before, and even in the days of Burns a deserted ruin. The house in which he was born was a cabin (Scottish "biggin") of two rooms, built of stone and clay by his father with his own hands. From Ayr southward to the "brig o' Doon" is the scene of the famous night adventure of "Tam O' Shanter." Passing southward from the town, the guide pointed out the several places of interest named in that poem, which, however, because of a slight change in the road, lie a

INTERIOR OF BURNS'S COTTAGE.

short distance from it to the right hand. Only two or three hundred yards from the town, as it then was, is the spot clearly determined by the local tradition—

"Where in the snaw the chapman [peddler] smoored;"

and scarcely a hundred yards farther, is still to be seen,

"The meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane.

These two spots so well defined, and regarded with superstitious horror, lay between the town and the Burns cottage, where the poet was born, January 25, 1759. Only the right-hand portion, as shown in the cut, belonged to the original structure; the other part is a modern addition. It is still in good preservation, and is kept as a kind of museum, where may be seen the furniture of the household as it was in the early days of the poet, with other souvenirs and relics, and where photographic views and pictures may be had for a consideration. Proceeding still further, in a field, on the right hand, is shown a single tree, inclosed with a paling to protect it from relic hunters, where is

"The cairn
Where hunters found the murdered bairn."

Proceeding onward only a short quarter of a mile, on the right hand side of the road, is the famous ruin "Auld Alloway Kirk." The "new" kirk, itself built more than a hundred and fifty years ago, stands on the opposite side of the highway, and a very little nearer to the town. The origin of the "Auld Kirk" is not told, nor the time of its abandonment as a place of worship. It is entirely roofless, but the walls are in pretty good repair, and it is said that some of the timbers remained until Burns's poetry made the place famous, and then all its wood-work was removed to be manufactured into snuff-boxes and other trinkets as memorials. It stands in a grave-yard of no great extent, some thirty or forty feet from the road, and somewhat elevated above it. Within the area of the kirk are buried the remains of Lord Alloway, one of the judges of the Court of Sessions, and between the entrance gate and the front door of the church are the graves of Burns's parents, marked by plain, upright slate stones, apparently quite new, placed there, we were told, to replace the original ones, which had been almost completely demolished and carried away in fragments by relic-hunters.

The old ruin and its grounds appear to be well kept, and we found here the inevitable "guide" ready to point out its wonders. Standing a little way to the south side, and looking through one of the broken windows,

he showed us, repeating the lines with great energy,

"A winnock-bunker [window-seat] in the east,
Where sat auld Nick, in shape a beast,
A towzie tyke [shaggy dog] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge,"

while the "haly table," with its ghastly furnishings stood at the opposite end, and between was the area in which

"The dancers quick and quicker flew."

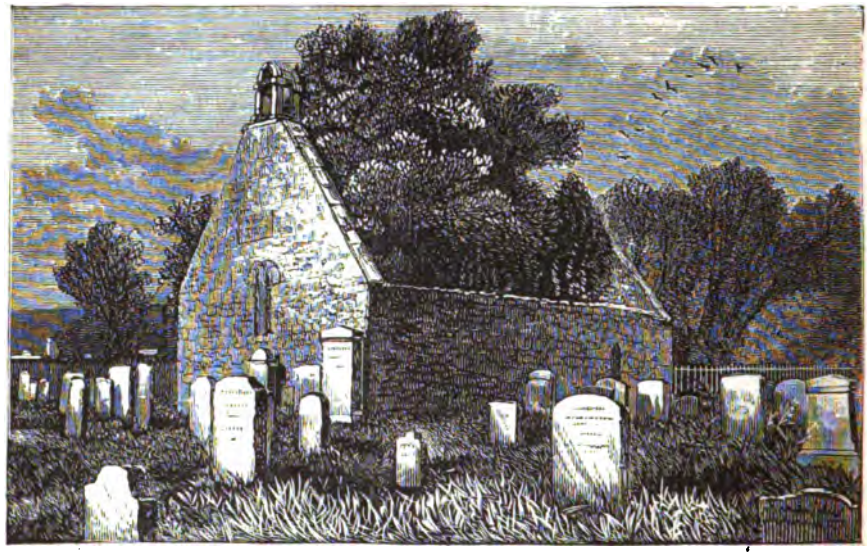
About midway along the southern outside wall of the "Auld Kirk," we were shown, just at the line between the foundation and the superstructure, a flat stone projecting horizontally about a foot and a half from the wall, whose upper surface had been hollowed out, forming a baptismal font, at which baptisms were sometimes performed long after the church itself had been disused as a place of worship. But almost in front of this a maple tree sprang up half a century ago, which has grown so large that much of the stone is covered by the wood of its trunk, and the basin itself is filled up, and still the tree is green and fresh.

Passing beyond the "Auld Kirk," along one or two hundred yards of pretty steep descent, we found the Doon, a rather rapid and brawling stream, of no great volume, spanned by a comparatively new stone bridge. The "auld brig," of Burns's time, over which his hero made his desperate flight that saved him from the pursuing witches, because

"A running stream they dare not cross,"

is about a hundred yards above, now abandoned. The age of this structure is uncertain, though evidently it is of great antiquity.

On the eastern side of the road, between the old kirk and the Doon, stands the Burns monument in an inclosure of about an acre in extent, handsomely laid out and kept as a miniature park. There is a circular apartment in the base of this monument where are shown various editions of the poet's works, a snuff-box made of the wood of the old kirk, Highland Mary's Bible, and two or three early portraits of Burns, and in a small grotto near the gate are the well-known statues (by Mr. Thom, of Ayr, a self-taught sculptor) of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny.



KIRK ALLOWAY.

The River Doon, which Burns has rendered famous, is a stream of no great volume, flowing nearly in a westward direction from a lake of the same name, situated about fifteen miles south-eastwardly from the town of Ayr, and after a course of eighteen miles in its upper part through Ness Glen, a very

paradise of rural beauty, it falls into the sea. Along most of its course it is a rapid current, with frequent cascades, which have long been utilized for mills and manufactories, while its "banks and braes" are usually steep and beset with bushes. But nearer to the sea it becomes a deep and broad river; and so in its two parts the Doon really answers to the varying accounts given of it in its poetical descriptions. Loch Doon is a fine sheet of water, eight miles in length, and its whole surrounding region is full of ruins and of legends; for in earliest times these were "Auld Coila's plains and fells," and here later

> "Oft have our fearless fathers strode
> By Wallace' side."

And later still it was here

> "Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks
> And shook the Carrick spear."

At present it is adorned with seats of refinement and of industry. In this vicinity are the localities indicated in some of Burns's best known poems, "Halloween," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," "The Castle of Montgomery," and above all else in its tragic interest "Highland Mary."

Of this brightest, saddest, and most unsatisfactory episode in the poet's mixed career, we may venture to insert a brief statement. Mary Campbell was a dairy-maid at Coilfield, the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton. Here Burns and she had met, and a mutual attachment sprang up between them. The details of their relations from this time are not clearly made out, and, indeed, the story becomes mixed and uncertain. Whether it was that Burns, still intent on his proposed adventure to Jamaica, asked a postponement of their marriage, as seems to be implied in his "Prayer for Mary," or, whether mindful of his relations to the woman whom he afterwards married, he himself hesitated, or whether it was intended that as soon as Mary could return from a visit to her relatives in Argyllshire, the marriage was to take place, probably will never be clearly ascertained. But this is known, that just previous to her making that visit, the lovers met on a Sunday morning, in May, and passed the day together in the fields; and at their parting, "standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy." Mary soon after this returned to her home, and having made her visit of filial duty, started to return, but fell sick at Greenock, and died. How all this affected the sensitive mind of the poet, he has told us more fully and forcibly than could be done in any formal statements in the two exquisite and inimitable poems, "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven." Could these pieces be separated from all beyond their immediate occasion and the mutual relations of the persons concerned, they would constitute the noblest monument to their author's genius and his heart also. But there is another part of his history at that very time that casts an unpleasant shadow over the scene.

It is known that for two or three years after the death of his father, Burns leased and worked a farm at Mosgiel, near Mauchline, situated not far from the River Ayr in its upper windings. His farming did not prove a success, but the years of his residence there were among the most fruitful in poetry of all his life-time. The neighborhood was the scene of the "Holy Fair," and of the "Jolly Beggars," and there dwelt "John Dow," "Nanse Tirinoch," "Daddy Auld," and other characters that figure in the poet's writings. Close behind the churchyard at Mauchline, was the residence of Gavin Hamilton, whose lasting kindness to the wayward bard was abundantly repaid, first in thanks, and perpetually in having his name enshrined in deathless verse. The "Braes of Ballochmyle" are situated about two miles from Mosgiel and lie along the north side of of the Ayr, near to which was, at that time, the seat of Dr. Stewart and the residence of his son, the celebrated Dugald Stewart, to both of whom Burns refers in his poem, entitled "The Vision:"

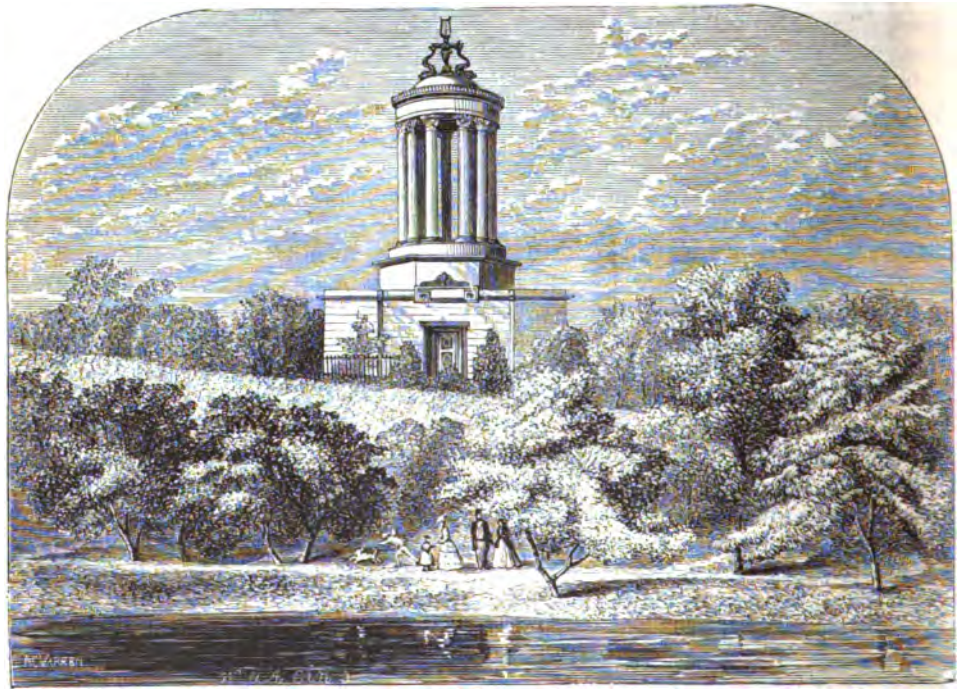
> "With deep struck reverential awe,
> The learned sire and son I saw;
> To nature's God and nature's law,
> They gave their lore;
> This all its source and end to draw,
> That to adore."

Still farther up the Ayr, at the point where it is joined by the Lugar, is the spot which tradition marks as the scene of the meeting, supposed or real, of the poet and

"A man whose aged steps
Seemed weary, worn with care,"

upon which was based that dolorous but all too truthful dirge of "Man was Made to Mourn;" in which, no doubt, the poet wrote from his own heart's fullness. The scenery and circumstances of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" are all not only generally Scottish, but also specifically Ayrish, though neither time nor place is especially assigned as those of its composition. It is believed that it was drawn as a truthful picture of peasant life, as it appeared at that time and place, and probably the cottage-home in which the poet was born and bred served as a model for his picture. It was certainly written while the better side of the writer's nature was in the ascendant; for it is patent he had two sides to his nature, each the reverse of the other.

After three years spent in hopeless struggles on his Mosgiel farm, during which he wrote a large share of his best poetry, in utter despair as to his gaining a livelihood at home, Burns accepted an offer to proceed to Jamaica; but just as he was starting, a letter from a learned gentleman (Dr. Blacklock) called him to Edinburgh, and opened to him his first and brightest prospect of gaining the appreciation of the great world. It was the beginning of his success and of his ruin. He lived scarcely ten years longer, all the time the victim of his own evil nature, though in many things his better nature would assert itself, and in January, 1796, before completing his thirty-seventh year, he died at Dumfries, of a fever, itself the result of his excesses. With sad reflections upon such brilliant possibilities forever lost, we return from Doon to Ayr, and thence to the smoke-begrimed skies and the noisy thoroughfares of Glasgow—the thriftiest but the most unpoetic of Scotch cities.



MONUMENT TO BURNS AT AYR.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

"Of browuyis and of bogillis full is the buke."—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scotch miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'-Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed;
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire.
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares,
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where, in the snaw, the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;

When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large.
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name would be unlawfu.'

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
And coost her duddis to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke;
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross!

But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail;
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys ower dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

NOTE.—This admirable story was written for Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland," where it first appeared with a beautiful engraving of "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk."

Tam O'Shanter was no imaginary character. Shanter is a farm near the village of Kirkoswald, where Burns, when nineteen years old, studied mensuration, and "first became acquainted with scenes of swaggering riot." The then occupier of Shanter, by name "Douglas Grahame," was, by all accounts, equally what the *Tam* of the poem appears—a jolly, careless rustic, who took much more interest in the contraband traffic of the coast, then carried on, than in the rotation of crops. Burns knew the man well, and to his dying day he, nothing loath, passed among his rural companions by the name of Tam O' Shanter. (Lockhart's "Life of Burns.")

STATUES OF TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE, BY THOM.

NOTES ABOUT GLOVES.

AS an article of dress, the glove is a thing of very ancient date. "This was the manner in former times in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his *glove*, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel." (Ruth iv, 7.) In our authorized version of the Bible, it is true, we find "shoe," not "glove," in the text, but there is little doubt of its being a mistranslation. In the Chaldaic paraphrase, the word is rendered "the case or covering of the right hand;" and it is still customary among eastern nations, at any sale of goods or exchange of lands, for the vendor to give the purchaser a glove, by way of binding the bargain, in place of a small coin, which answers the same purpose at some of our own cattle fairs. Whether the glove was, or was not, thus early worn by the Jews, of its adoption by the Gentiles there can be no question. Homer represents Laertes as wearing gardening gloves as a protection against thorns; Xenophon sneers at the effeminate Persians screening their hands in like manner from the cold; Varro declares against the practice of gathering olives with gloved hands, as deteriorating their table excellence; and Athenæus records how a noted glutton of his day obtained an advantage over his fellow-diners-out by wearing gloves at the banquet, so as to be able to handle the meats when hot. Ausonius, at the close of the first Christian century, inveighed against people in perfect health luxuriously clothing their hands and feet in soft and hairy coverings. The contempt of philosophers and the exhortations of preachers alike, however, failed to prevent the fashion spreading. By the ninth century, it had become so general that the Council of Aix ordered monks to confine themselves to gloves made of sheep-skin. The monks, by the way, were among the earliest European glove-makers; the holy fathers of Sithin received from Charlemagne unlimited right of hunting, in consideration of their manufacturing girdles, gloves, and book-covers from the skins of the deer they killed.

The earliest form of glove had no fingers; it was literally a "hand-covering," and no more. The Anglo-Saxon ladies, in the time of the Heptarchy, thrust their hands into the ends of their mantels, which were shaped for that purpose; when the Heptarchy went out gloves came in, and the German merchants sought to propitiate Ethelred II by a present of five pairs. The Normans introduced the gauntlet, a stout deer or sheep-skin glove with jointed plates of brass, steel, silver, or gold affixed to the back and fingers, allowing the free use of the hand. Sometimes a circular plate was attached to the top, protecting the wrist, and meeting the armor covering the arm. In the fourteenth century, gloves jeweled on the back formed part of the regal habit, similar ones being worn also by the higher clergy as a badge of rank; they commonly had long tips and were either carried in the hand or thrust beneath the girdle, after the manner affected by saucy Tyburnian tigers. In Elizabeth's reign silk gloves were imported for the first time from the Low Countries, being classed among "superfluous" articles; embroidered gloves also made their first appearance in England at the same time, and it became the fashion to swear by one's gloves. In the time of the Scottish Solomon, a pair of calf-skin gloves were to be bought for fourpence; while the presentation gloves of the University of Cambridge were often worth as much as forty-four shillings a pair. In the reign of George II the queen's gloves cost half a crown a pair, the Prince of Wales' eighteen pence, the same price being paid for those of the royal princesses, who were allowed sixteen dozen pairs per annum.

The glove has borne its part in regal and martial ceremonials. At the coronation of the kings of France, the newly crowned monarch used to receive from the hands of the officiating ecclesiastics a pair of gloves that had previously been blessed by the

Church. At the same ceremony in England the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, presents the king with a right-hand glove, and supports the sovereign's arm while he puts it on, and receives the scepter from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Upon the establishment of a free mart, or market, it was formerly customary for the sovereign to signify his consent and approval by sending a pair of gloves to the town in which it was to be held; if this was omitted any laws or regulations made for the market were null and void. Out of this arose a custom which existed at Chester, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newport, and some other towns, of hanging out a glove during the holding of the great fairs; and as long as the glove remained, non-freemen and strangers were admitted to the trading privileges of the free citizens, debtors were safe from arrest, and criminals could not be taken for any offense unless committed during their stay in the place.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, upon his return from some foreign mission, presented Queen Elizabeth with a pair of embroidered gloves, ornamented with four tufts of rose-colored silk, so deliciously perfumed that her majesty named the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume," and further showed her appreciation of his gift by having her portrait painted with the gloves on her hands. The heroine of Tilbury expected to receive a New-year's gift from every one around her, from the keeper of her royal conscience to the sergeant of the pastry; among the list we find three pairs of gloves "as sweet as damask roses."

Bishops, of old, were expected to present gloves to every one attending their consecration—no light tax upon the wearers of lawn sleeves. In 1678 an order of council was issued directing that, for the future, in lieu of the complimentary presentment of gloves, new bishops should, previous to the ceremony, pay fifty pounds towards the fund for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, "which," says the official document, "as it is a pious work, so will it be some ease to the respective bishops, in regard that the expense of gloves did usually far exceed that sum." Gloves were among the most common gifts at Easter and the New Year, a small sum of money being sometimes given with them; they were also given at other times in courtesy; when Prynne visited Archbishop Laud in the Tower, the extraordinary pressing importunity of the great churchman compelled him to accept a fair pair of gloves.

The Anglo-Saxon judges were forbidden to wear gloves upon the bench, but the practice of presenting a pair of white gloves to them at a "maiden assize"—where no criminal had been called upon to hold up his hand—is one of the few relics left of the symbolism observable in the early laws of most countries. In cases of outlawry it was once necessary, before the outlawry could be reversed, that the defendant should personally appear before the court of the king's bench, and, by a present of gloves, implore the consideration of the judges, and obtain their consent. In 1464, Sir John Bell, who had been outlawed on an indictment for murder, obtained a reversal of the decree. After paying the fees of gloves into court—two dozen for the officers and three pairs of furred gloves for the judges—"the prisoner went to God," or, in other words, was acquitted. Mrs. Croaker, in whose favor a suit against Lord Arundel had been decided by Sir Thomas More, presented the chancellor with a New-Year's gift in the shape of a pair of gloves containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said gallant Sir Thomas, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New-Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the lining you will bestow elsewhere." If it was not altogether consistent with judicial ideas of propriety to accept presents from successful suitors till a much later period, it seems to have been compulsory upon reprieved malefactors to acknowledge the clemency of the court with a present of gloves.

Gloves are no longer given to wedding-guests or sent with the cake, but at funerals they are still provided for the followers, clergyman, and doctor. The higher order of ecclesiastics, the greater nobles, and the English kings were formerly buried with their gloves on, Edward I being a notable

exception to the rule. Sometimes the gloves were suspended over the tomb, as those of the Black Prince are in Canterbury Cathedral; they are still placed upon the coffin of a cavalry soldier with his helmet and sword.

The gauntlet was an emblem of defiance. A challenger, taking off his right-hand glove, cast it upon the ground; any one taking it up thereby accepted the duel. The laws of England permitted the appellants in any cause to demand trial by battle. In 1571 in a case arising out of the disputed ownership of some Kentish lands, the parties concerned appeared in court. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately took up and carried away on the point of his sword; a day was appointed for the combat, but the queen herself interfered, and the difference was peaceably adjusted. The last time the wager of battle was claimed was in 1818, in the cause of Ashford *versus* Thornton. The defendant was accused of murdering the sister of the plaintiff; he pleaded "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same with my body;" and thereupon he took off his glove and threw it upon the floor of the court. The combat was forbidden by the authorities, and the law allowing an appeal to arms forthwith repealed.

The glove was sometimes worn in the cap as a memorial of friendship. The wise Paduan doctor, whose special pleading was so successful in the great trial of Shylock against Antonio, refuses to accept any thing from the grateful Bassanio except his gloves, which he promises to wear for his sake. The old chronicler, Hall, speaks of a knight at some joust wearing the glove of his "darling" in his head-piece. Drayton says of the heroes of Agincourt that "one wore his mistress's garter, one her glove." And Lily's Pandora, in her desire to get rid of one she hates, promises,

> "He that first presents me with his head
> Shall wear my glove in favor of the deed."

When Elizabeth gave the Earl of Cumberland her glove, which he had picked up for her, he adorned it with jewels and placed it in his cap, where he displayed it at all jousts and tournaments. Her majesty seems to have been fond of testing her subjects' gallantry. It will be remembered she dropped her glove on the Globe stage at the feet of the mimic king, William Shakespeare, to see if he would drop the actor in the courtier, and that he forgot neither his duty to his liege-lady nor his assumed regal dignity, presenting the glove to the queen, saying:

> "Although now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove."

The beauty of King Francis's court was not quite so successful in a similar essay. To gratify her vanity, she threw her glove between the raging beasts in the arena, with a meaning glance at her lover. The brave De Lorme obeyed without hesitation:

> "The leap was quick, return was quick; he soon regained his place,
> Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face;

and so the inconsiderate dame lost her lover; and all true-hearted damsels will agree with Francis that it served her right.

Enterprising youths might more easily win a pair of gloves than a pair of spurs; it was only necessary to see the new moon, proclaim the interesting fact to the first maiden one met, and, with a kiss, claim a pair of gloves; or to catch a beauty napping and steal a kiss from her served the same end. The second practice is not quite extinct, but the ladies always demur to paying the fine, thinking, and very reasonably, that the gentleman is sufficiently rewarded with the kiss itself.

Charles IV of Spain had such a liking for white gloves that it extended to any fair wearer of them, and compelled his queen, in self-defense, to prohibit any lady appearing at court so gloved. The etiquette of the present day forbids the wearing of gloves in the presence of royalty.

Gloves have been made of well-nigh every possible material—of sheep, lamb, calf, doe, buck, elk, deer, kangaroo, monkey, dog, kid, and rat skin; of leather, silk, cotton, thread, worsted, velvet, satin, taffety, and even spider's-web. Izaak Walton recommends otter-skin gloves as the best fortification of the hands against wet weather.

COMO AND THE CORNICE.

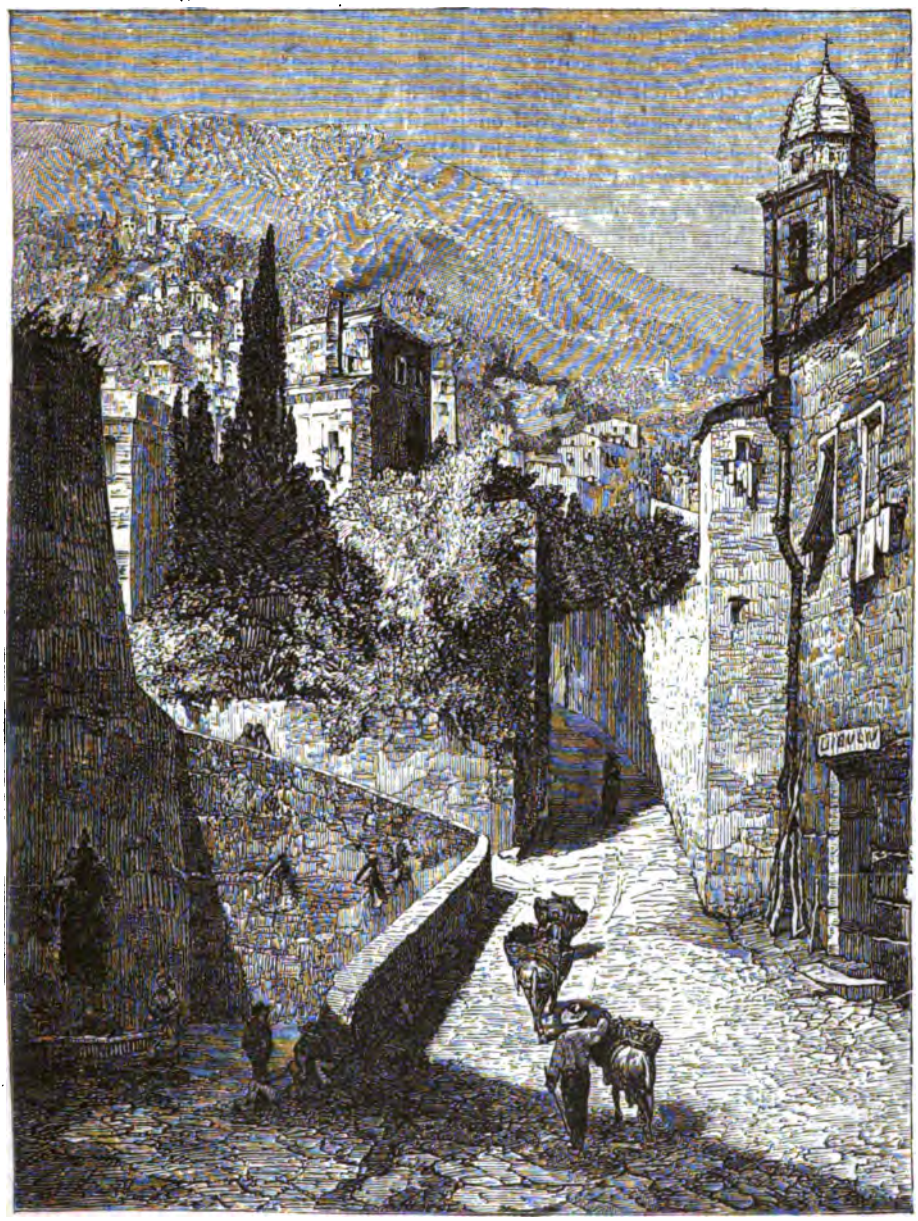
GATE OF TURIN.

TO talk of Northern Italy and fail to mention the lakes is describing the features of a noble countenance, forgetting to mention the eyes. Yet the impulse to move ever forward till we come to the heart of Italy forbids lingering over every beauty that crowns her head. And to go through the Lake Country and not linger, why, that is like giving a hungry man one taste of his dinner, and then bidding him hasten on to be satisfied at bounteous tables to be reached in some "sweet by and by." Yet a taste, if one has the "bon appetit," may be better than no dinner at all. The writer remembers once packing a bag to go ashore for a day or two at Athens, when the captain announced that this steamer had been ordered forward, and no other convenient boat

could touch there for ten days to come. There was a hard struggle, but we could not wait ten days, so, as a substitute for a visit, there was only a glimpse of the acropolis from the deck of the ship, seen through a powerful glass, and that only for a brief five minutes, before the moving boat left it behind. And this after traveling thousands of miles; after study of maps and guide-books, after eager dips into before unknown regions of Greek history, philosophy, and poetry, was indeed exasperating. Yet in course of time, the disappointment softened into great thankfulness for that glimpse. Looking back now through spaces of distance and time, that one moment when perched on a quivering camp-stool, through a glass that wabbled in a high wind, I saw Mars' Hill, seems one of the happiest moments of my life. So, thankfully we may look back some day at this faint vision of the Lake Country, and the hush and peace of nature which we can not stop to enjoy, may follow us away down into the bustle of Florence and Rome.

Two or three hours from Milan by rail, and we are on the shore of Como, and in the midst of a world of natural beauty that takes such possession of the soul as makes it for the time forget there is a life of the town. The lake is forty miles in circumference. Lecco lies at the end of one long arm, and Como, a queer little Lombard town, at the other. Its busy, bustling life of to-day is in strange contrast to the life of centuries ago stamped upon its streets and buildings. These are constructed of the stone from the mountain quarries and are devoid of the lightness of Italian architecture. The cathedral is only second to that of Milan, and a monument of rare beauty. There are silent streets where the clatter of hoofs on the stone pavements can be heard far away; and these and the business portion of the town near the wharfs, which are the head-quarters of all the traffic of the lakes, do not seem like pages out of the same story. One is all antique, the other all modern. Even the little boats, puffing and steaming up and down, crowded with strangers from every nation, seem to belong to the outside world, that has broken in upon the silence of the circling cliffs. The villas along the shore combine natural beauty with classic elegance; and not a hamlet but has its memories of popes, philosophers, or poets who have made resting-places for themselves among the olive-crowned hills. Had we time to linger, the gardens of the Villa d'Este would tempt us, built by the Cardinal Pompeo Gallio, over the spot where stood the hut of his father, who was a fisherman. Here stood the villa of the Elder Pliny and his son; here an exiled Queen of England found a home; and here to-day we may see flying from the half-hidden palace towers, or from the little boats, darting hither and yon, the flags of almost every nation; for Russian, English, and American luxury has often made itself a Summer home on this most beautiful of shores. Every-where beauty is scattered with such a lavish hand that we feel each town we pass is more finely situated than the last; but to Bellagio, the point where the two arms of the lake meet, is really conceded the palm. Watching the wondrous landscape from our balcony in all the glory of a Spring morning, or when the moon shines upon it, we cease to wonder at the poet's naming of the road in this vicinity "Via del Paradiso."

But we can not dally even here over the natural beauty or the traditions of genius and art; for Lago Lugano, lying between Como and the majestic Maggiore, invites us to spend a day by its pale, blue waters. It is so small it seems to be the child of the other two lakes, and it combines in its features the best points in the beauty of both. It is so crooked that new views burst upon the eye at every turn; at some points so shallow that the pebbles shine up through the blue water, and again in depth rivaling the lakes of Switzerland. At one point it is over one thousand feet deep. It is a Swiss lake, in fact, and very few of its villages belong to the kingdom of Italy. The people seem to possess the best characteristics of both races. They are handsome and vivacious like the Italians, and industrious and hardy like the Swiss. The climate, too, has the peculiarities of both lands. The mount-

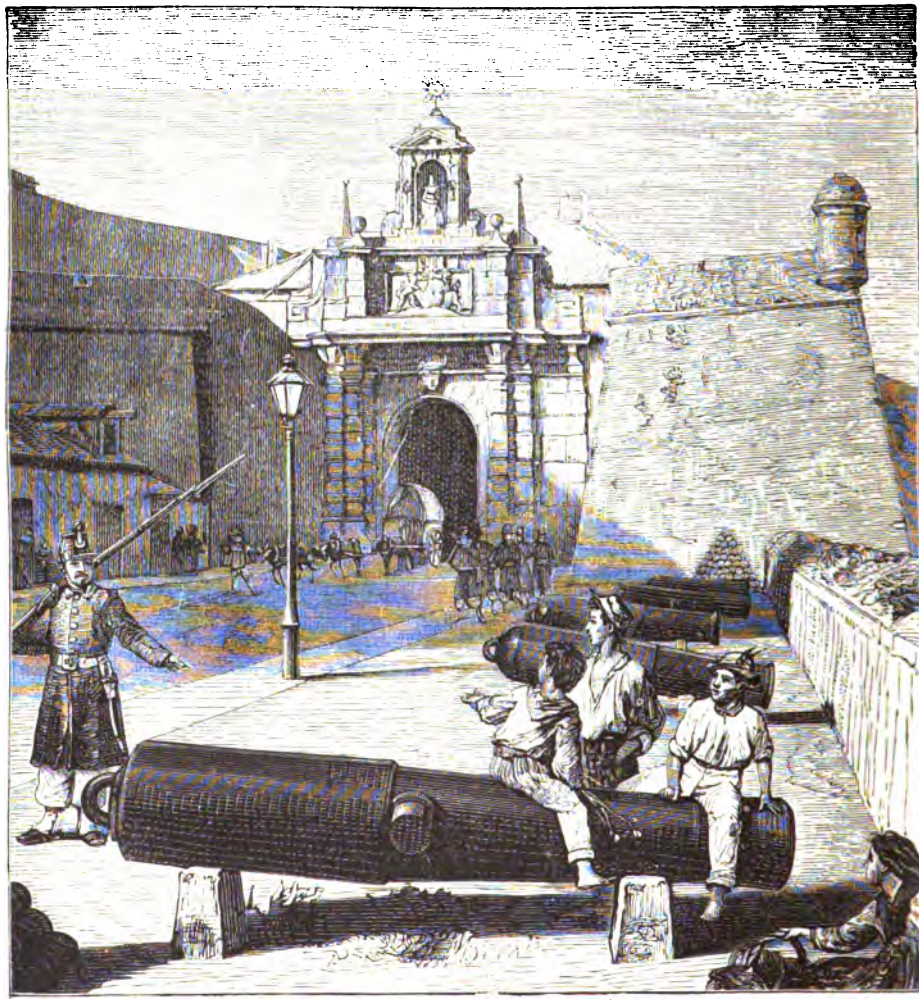


VILLAGE AT FOOT OF MOUNTAINS NEAR LUGANO.

ain-peaks rise gray and bare, but the myrtle, the rose, the olive, and the orange cover the slopes, and the villas sleep in perpetual sunshine, while a little higher up a real Northern forest of pines and firs frowns down on the light and beauty below. At Bissone a bridge twenty-five hundred feet long spans the lake, and was opened to the public in 1847.

Lugano is the capital of the Canton of Ticino, and is the most important of the Swiss towns. It has a great art treasure in the church Degli Angeli in the famous crucifixion of Bernardino Luini. The shores

of this lake seem to have been loved and chosen by men of culture and genius. Mazzini, whose bust has found a place in Central Park, New York, dwelt for years in a little villa near Lugano, and in a stroll on the quays or in the market-place, where the people love to congregate and chatter, you may come upon many a person who will tell most interesting things of this very remarkable man. Leaving Lugano, Maggiore makes our next temptation. The thirty miles of water, the little towns along the shore, where the people seem asleep except when arrives a boat or a vetturino, afford amusement enough if we could copy their indolence and linger to enjoy. All the hamlets are alike in having post-house and town hall. The great event of each day is the arrival of diligence or steamboat. Fine hotels are built at intervals along the shore. From the balcony at Pallanza the lake lies before, and the Alpine heights, over which the Simplon winds to Geneva, seem to tower very near behind. The Borromean Isles lie just before Pallanza, and the boatman from the hotel will take you across the intervening water, and we can wander under the pomegranate and citron trees on the terraces of Isola Bella. It was once a rocky islet, transformed into its present state of artificial per-



CHILDREN AT THE GATE OF TURIN.

fection by bringing earth from the main-land boat-load after boat-load, two centuries ago. A tropical luxuriance of vegetation has been attained, and the gardens are a fairy-land of beauty. The palace, surrounded by the terraces, grottoes, fountains, and walks, is stiff and stately, like the Borromeo who built it, and the time in which it was reared. Napoleon I slept here, and to that fact is due one other, that the treasures of art it once held do not now adorn French salons. The owners showed their appreciation of Napoleon's visit in two ways—they kept the bed he slept upon, but as soon as he was gone they secretly removed all the pictures and statues he had admired. Isola Madre is larger than Isola Bella, but its palace is deserted and its gardens, where every known plant of every zone was made to grow, are somewhat neglected. While on the northern shore still stand the somber firs, on the south rise the shining leaves of the palm, and near them grow the sugar-cane, tea-plant, and the cotton.

Leaving the lake at Arona and steaming away across the country, the last object that rises upon our sight is the giant statue of San Carlo Borromeo, whose jeweled tomb is in the Crypt of the Cathedral of Milan. The statue stands upon a hill, and has, for a background, the ruins of the feudal castle where San Carlo was born. Its pedestal is fifty feet in height. The statue itself is seventy, and, as we looked backward from the winding train, the exalted figure, with the hands outstretched in benediction, is very impressive. He is held in great reverence to this day, for he really loved humanity, as well as the great Church system he upheld. He was not above climbing the mountain sides to visit a dying peasant, or afraid to minister to the sufferers in the plague-stricken homes of Milan.

But the gigantic figure fades out of our horizon, and we are borne on reluctantly by the steam power of the modern giant, who will never be sainted I dare say, into the wide rectangular streets and airy piazzas of Turin.

Turin, or Torino, as the people call it, never seems like an Italian city. Yet the mother country has no child fuller of intense patriotism. Northern courage and energy seem to have come down with the cold air of the Alps among which Monte Rosa's white crown shines in the sun, and the Piedmontese of the city as well as of the hills are a race full of vigor and valor. A drive will show us the public gardens, called the Giardino Reale, filled, of an afternoon, with as gay and as stately a crowd as frequents the Bois de Boulogne, or the Central Park. *En route* to the park, we can visit the armory, as fine as any in Europe, and perhaps richer in arms of real historic value. Every thing is here, from the armor of an unknown giant to the dainty stiletto a lady might have carried in her belt. We drive through the principal streets, the Via del Po, and Via di Roma, and the Dora Grossa, a remnant of the old Roman road that led from the city to the mountains; for Torino was of importance in the early Roman days and only came into the hands of Savoy in the eleventh century. The business streets are bright with gay windows and swiftly moving crowds. These streets center in the principal square, called Piazza Castello, where stands the gloomy old Palazza Madama, and also the magnificent royal palace. We can stroll at will, if none of the king's family are in town, through the finely decorated halls of this palace, the walls of which glow with pictures illustrative of the history of Piedmont. The lower part was left for many years as the great Carlo Alberto left it, with the exception of the paintings which were transported to Florence on the removal of the capital. Yon portrait on the wall, of Carlo Alberto himself, went with the rest, but the people demanded its restoration to Turin. Other parts of the palace were a favorite residence of the late King of Italy. Here he was born; here his mother died; here was signed the marriage contract of his two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the wife of the Prince Napoleon. The collection of paintings was once very fine; but Florence seemed to strip her of nearly all her art treasures, and in a measure of her importance as one of the foremost of Italian cities. As impressive a moment as any realized here was the one in

CAFÉ IN TURIN.

which we stood in the old chamber of Parliament, where Cavour's chair has never been removed from its place, and the clock stopped at the moment of adjournment of the last session, and has never been started again.

While we can not fail to remark indications of general intelligence and emancipation from superstition on the part of the people of Northern Italy, one can not but be struck by the tokens existing everywhere of the strong hold ecclesiastical legends have had upon their minds in times

past. For example, we find, among the beautiful churches of Torino, one named "La Consolata," from the fact that a picture of the Virgin was in existence here for hundreds of years, of which no one knew the origin, and therefore it was believed to be the work of a miracle. In the piazza before the building has been erected a copy of the picture in marble, to commemorate the cessation of the cholera in 1835. Both image and picture were, and with certain classes still are, objects of greatest veneration. Again, in the Duomo, near the palace, is a magnificent chapel devoted to the burial of members of the royal family. It is called Capellade Sudario, and on its black marble altar is a shrine, brilliant with gold, silver, and precious stones, and lighted by four silver lamps, the gift of the late Queen of Vittorio Imanuele. Within this shrine is believed to lie one of the folds of the shroud in which our crucified Lord was wrapped, on which was left the impress of his body. Three other folds are thought to be preserved in different places. This fragment is rarely displayed to the people, the last occasion having been on the marriage of the king. It was brought here from France to admit of San Carlo Borromeo's visiting it without the fatigue of crossing the Alps, and while in Chambery it was invoked by Francis I previous to the battle of Marignano, and on his return to France he went on foot from Lyons to Chambery to worship it. Still another of the richest churches, that of Del Corpus Domine owes the entire decorations of the interior to the legend, that a piece of sacramental plate having been stolen by a soldier during the pilgrimage of the Guille, and hid in one of his panniers, his donkey, with pious obstinacy, refused to pass the church door. In the struggle to urge him forward, the Segrario fell to the ground and the wafer rose and floated in the air, till the bishop came out to receive it. The very date of the miracle is preserved and insisted upon, and the belief in these legends is said still to be very general. Among these superstitions, the little Protestant Church, where is still celebrated the Vaudois rite, has ever held its place and prospered, though when the government aided in constructing its edifice it was censured by the council at Rome. Leaving the churches and their legends, monuments, for the most part, of the past, it is really worth while to spend a little time in examination of those institutions that prove the existence of the spirit of the living Christ the essence of which is "good will to men." In the care of the poor, the aged, and the sick, this Virgin-worshiping city is

CHURCH OF LA LUPERGA.

not behind her Protestant sisters, and several of her charities deserve special mention. Among these is the Ritiro delle Rosine, a home for aiding young girls, who have no other means of support, to provide for themselves by the labor of their hands. It was established originally by Rosa Gavona; a poor girl who collected together a few other girls of humble class, who formed themselves into a mutual society, which now has branch societies in various parts of Italy. Here all young girls who can not find work elsewhere may come, and, living a life of industry and order, may become fitted for outside duties, or remain in the performance of such work as is provided for the inmates. None are obliged to remain; none are ever forced to go. The home at Turin averages about five hundred inmates, and is looked upon as the refuge of the orphan and the salvation of many an unfortunate. In the Lunatic Asylum, now under governmental, formerly under ecclesiastic, control, methods of treatment more recently adopted both in England and France, have long been in use, and the care for the comfort and contentment of the insane is evidenced in the management of every detail.

The Casa della Divinia Providencia is another home for the infirm poor. Though founded by a benevolent monk, it receives annually, to the number of two thousand, the people of every religion as well as of every nation and malady.

It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, as is also another hospital where patients are allowed to remain for two weeks after their discharge, in order to secure employment. This hospital of San Luigi Gonzales not only receives all who are refused admittance elsewhere because of incurable maladies, but it succors, at their own homes, twelve or fifteen thousand patients annually, supplying food if necessary. And all this has grown out of the persistent effort of one man continued through twenty years, and begun by relieving the poor in their own homes.

On one occasion we ended our survey of what is being done by these brave Piedmontese for their poor, by a look into the foundling hospital, where many sweet, motherly faces, in snowy caps, were bending over the little white beds. It was the hour for the daily nap, and the rows of baby faces in the cribs, all unconscious that the world held no welcome for them, was a touching sight. What a veil of mystery, of love, of sin and shame and sorrow, seemed to hang intangible over every little sleeper's life. When one is saddened and softened by this sight, it is, perhaps the best moment to go to the Magdalen Hospital, the Rifugio of the Baroness Barolo—a woman, to look into whose face it is worth while to cross the sea. For nearly forty years, with her own eye and hand and purse, she has watched over and kept alive this "shade in the desert," this house of refuge for any of the sick and the sinning, who are weary of the hard ways of the transgressor. It is true, and, perhaps, to be regretted, that many of these penitents afterward take the veil, but, under her supervision, their lives pass among the sick and suffering everywhere; and, perhaps, there is nothing better for those whom sin has separated from the holy delights of home.

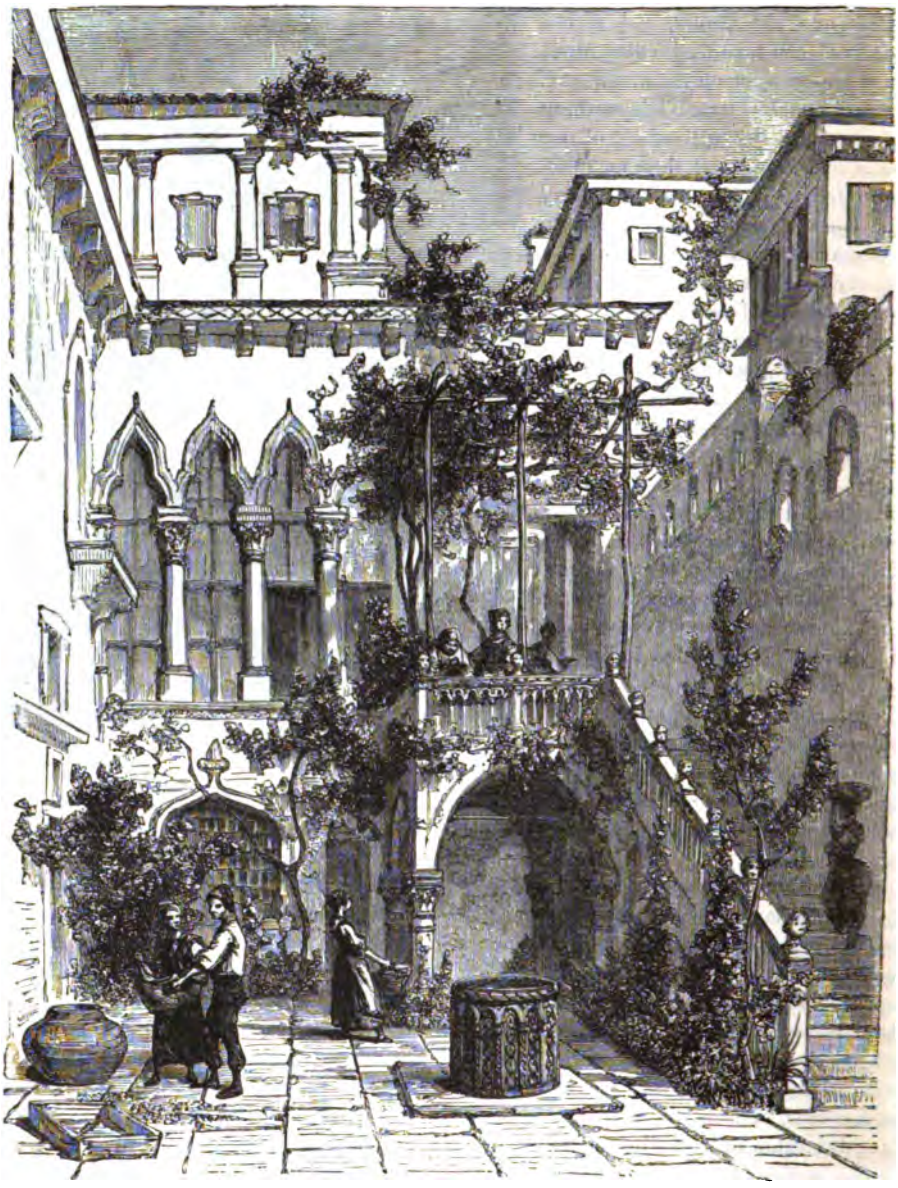
Among the celebrated paintings in the Turin gallery was Paul Veronese's "Magdalen washing the feet of the Savior." After an hour in this refuge for the sinner, one feels the power of this painted penitence none the less; but rejoices in the womanhood that is diviner than art, that keeps at work at the tainted souls with tender touches of love and care, till on the heart is painted the image of Christ, and these penitents go forth to serve him in serving the humblest of his creatures.

After such sights we are glad to be out again in the street, with the lofty houses rising about us, and happy mothers leaning from the balconies, and happy children playing in the sun. Our guide will stop to tell us of the exploits of their great men at each monument we pass, for Italy is grateful in monumental rewards. We can see Cavour's early home if we like, and Kossuth's home, with Kossuth in it, if so be he is not off on one of his long visits to London. The people of Turin are rather proud of the old Hungarian hero. By the time this is over

we shall be quite ready for the very excellent hotel dinner, and, if not too tired, can take an evening stroll in the streets, or an ice at the café in the grand piazza. The morning of one more day will admit of one little excursion, and then an afternoon train will bear us away, since the time is pressing. For this excursion we take a carriage to a point in the suburbs where the horses await us, on whose broken, rickety saddles we will climb to the summit of the hill whose crown is the royal burial-place of La Superga. The view alone would compensate for the climbing, but the church is well worth a visit. It was built in fulfillment of a vow of Victor Amadeus, made in time of war, when he feared Piedmont would not be saved from her enemies. And here ever since the kings have been brought for burial, until Rome claimed the body of Victor Emmanuel for the Pantheon. Here is one grand central Mausoleum, in which each king reposes until the death of his successor, and there rests now the father of Victor Emmanuel, whose royal son will never claim his bed.

STREET IN GENOA.

In an itinerant tour it becomes necessary to traverse large spaces in a short time. It is well to do it by fast trains and in the night hours, when one can sleep, and, waking, never know what beauties and delights have been passed unseen. After such a waking, whether we emerge from the northern train, with stiffened limbs from sleeping curled up in a corner, or from the dirty berth in the crowded cabin of a Mediterranean steamer, Genoa smiles a welcome upon us. We are tired, we are untidy, we are hungry and cross; but before we reach our hotel we are interested, and before we go away we are enchanted. Approaching from the sea, we recognize at once her claim to be called "La Superba." Behind her, majestic mountains tower to the sky, making a seemingly impassable wall of defiance to the world beyond. Before her the blue sea dashes and sparkles, and the thousands of masts rise like a forest of spears uplifted to guard her shores. No gently curving line of bay, but a jagged notch in the hills has made her harbor, and from shore to hill-top the city climbs, terrace above terrace, till it seems as if it aspired to crown the rocky heights, and even these bend down invitingly and protectively. There seems no frown for her on the rugged front of the mountains, and nothing but encouragement in the soft air. Seen as a whole, the city looks as if to be great and glorious and successful were its natural habitude. It is only when we begin to examine in detail that we find traces of better days, indications of decay and change. Situated as she is, of course she seems to have two lives, the one lived on the broad quays and in the solid warehouses and under the stone arcades of the port. Here all day long the immense traffic keeps the crowd moving. Flags of every nation are flying from the masts. The great moles or stone-



COURT IN AN ITALIAN PALACE.

piers are built out into the sea. The light-house gleams and the signal-buoys with their warning bells are forever ringing above the sharp rocks in the harbor. The brown fishermen, the hard-worked, naked-breasted, strong-armed facchini, or porters, bear heavy burdens from boat to shore. The long lines of laden mules thread the narrow streets, and the amount of talking, shouting, and gesticulating in the performance of every task, make a scene of vivacious action such as could be found among the laborers of no northern clime.

The hurry and whirl of active business goes on here from morning to night, and the moving groups of figures are picturesque

enough to hold the eye; but one wearies of the "strife of tongues," and would gladly climb one of the flights of marble steps that lead up into the sober and more quiet town. Here the streets are many of them too narrow for carriages, too steep for mules. The dwellings rise so high that no sunlight ever touches the ground, and are so near each other that lovers could easily clasp hands across. The aspect of life here is stately and dignified, and the old balconies and porches and staircases, the latter covered with groups of women and children, are a constant temptation to the pencil of the artist. Whatever in the way of work can be done out of doors is sure to be taken into the open air by this sun-loving people; and if the women can not always sew and spin and cook on the stone stairs outside their dwellings, they can rock and nurse the babies there, and rest and gossip while they are about it. We keep on our narrow way until we reach an open square called the Loggia di Banchi, where the exchange is, and where several of the principal streets meet. One of these is the Strada degli Orefici, or the "Goldsmith's" Street, in which we may find abundant displays of gold and silver filigree-work, for which the city is celebrated. It is extremely delicate and beautiful in appearance and unique in design. If the services of Jack Frost could be enlisted, and his capriciousness be made to follow a design, the effect produced would be much the same that we now see in the ornaments of silver filigree. American tourists bring away a great deal of it, and the large quantity sent to the Philadelphia Exposition was all retained in this country.

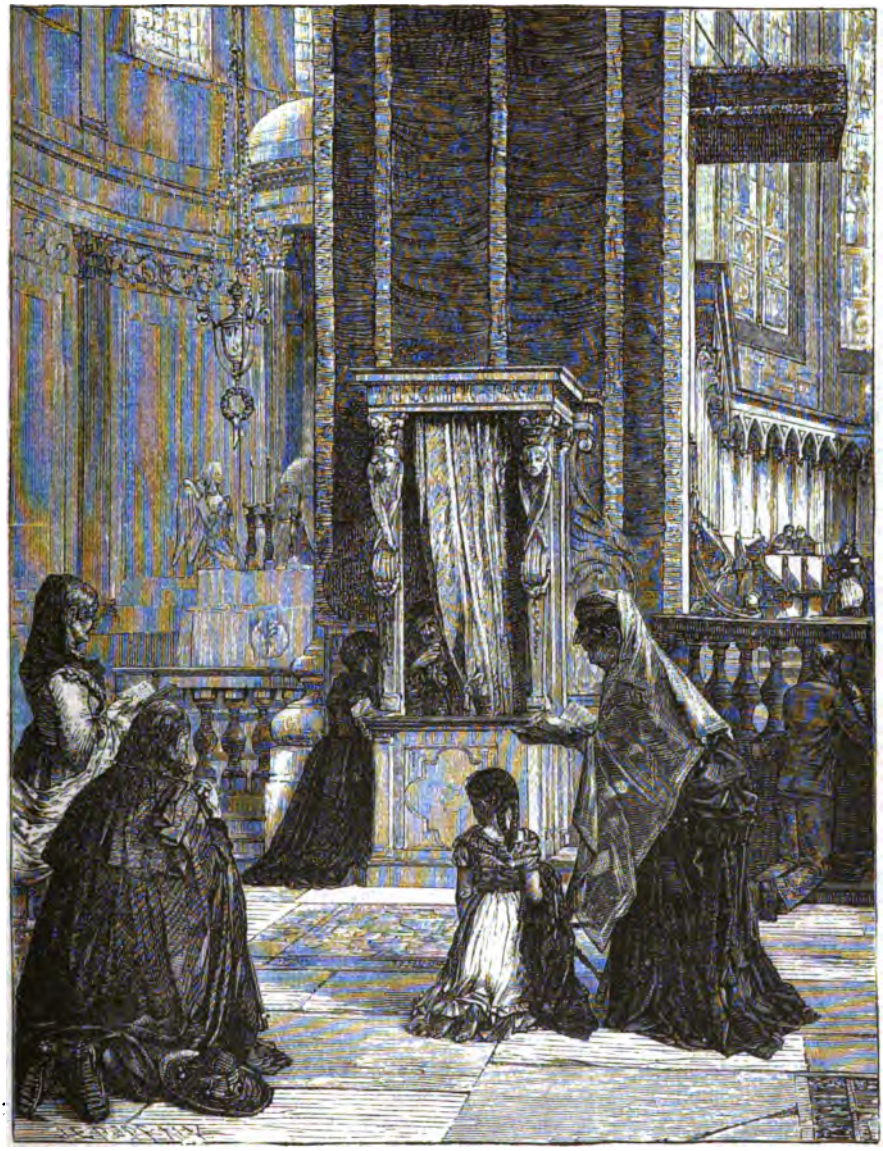
From the mercantile and fashionable streets, teeming with evidences of present prosperity, or filled with carriages whose occupants are richly attired, and imposing enough in air and manner to convince one the old aristocracy still lives, we stroll on into the Via Balbi or the Via Carlo Felici, and find ourselves in the region of the magnificent palaces. Italy can show nothing finer. Every one of them is like a page of history, and the records of such families as the Doria, the Pallavicini, the Balbi, are graven in the stones. The present Municipal Palace belonged to the Dorias; and there still stands the Ducal Palace as fine as in the days when the Doges made the city a place of splendor. The construction of all of them is much the same throughout Italy. The wide-paved courts are adorned with fountains and flowers; the broad staircases of polished marble lead up to lofty halls, beautiful with all art could suggest or unbounded wealth bestow. Rarest marble and costliest woods, gilding that time can not tarnish, pictures and statues of almost priceless worth, all combine to render attractive these monuments of past greatness.

Here they stand still, grand and beautiful as of old; but the banquet and festival, where shone the noble dames of Genoa, exist now only in the imagination of the stranger. Not one of these palaces but is at present a treasure house of beautiful things, open like any other museum to the curiosity of the tourist. This is true also of the most wonderful of all, the palace and gardens of the Villa Pallavicini, near Pegli, some miles out from Genoa. Nature seemed to leave nothing undone for this spot by the sea; but art and wealth have spent labor and treasure to add to nature's charm, until it is indeed a place of rare enchantment. But it is enchantment so familiar that we need spend no time in detailing its varied beauties; no traveler ever went away from Genoa without seeing it for himself.

A little excursion out from Genoa brings one to the Campo Santo, where sleep the dead of the beautiful city by the sea. It is very fine in situation and the tombs are placed in niches in the walls of long, marble arcades. These arcades inclose parallelograms of green turf in which lie the dead, too poor for any monumental shrine. In many such places, even in Pisa, love for the departed has been allowed to express itself in any form it chose, regardless of taste. But here, certain courts and corridors can not be decorated by any monument however costly, that does not pass the examination of a committee for artistic criticism. The effect of this supervision is, that the groups are in harmony with each other, and the spot is made lovely enough to tempt one

OBELISK IN VILLA PALLAVICINI.

into the fancy that the last sleep must be sweeter for such care. We drive back, slowly looking in at a church or two in the town before returning to the hotel. The



INTERIOR OF SAN LORENZO.

sunset light is fair, streaming in at the windows of San Lorenzo, on people kneeling at altar and confessional, and still fairer as it strikes through the violet curtains that shade the windows upon the golden roof of Santissima Annunziata. The interior decorations are remarkable for richness, the entire roof and the capitals of the marble columns being literally covered with gold.

We turn away from its burning wealth of color and go home through the crowded street, stopping once more only, this time to torment our souls and exhaust our patience in the endeavor to secure, at a reasonable price, a yettura for the famous Cornice Road!

BURNING OF KINGSTON, NEW YORK,

OCTOBER, 1777.

ON the morning of the 7th of October, 1777, the next day after the fall of the forts Clinton and Montgomery, the obstructions of the Hudson having been sufficiently removed during the night, Sir Henry Clinton and Commodore Hotham united in a written summons to the commander of Fort Constitution, opposite West Point, to surrender, which was sent up the river, to that post, with a flag of truce. From some unexplained cause, that flag was fired on as it approached the fort, and those who bore it immediately returned to Fort Montgomery, within which Sir Henry Clinton had taken his quarters.

On the morning of the 8th of October, a body of troops, under Governor Tryon, with the galleys, under Sir James Wallace, proceeded up the river to "chastise" the offending garrison, which, after having set fire to the barracks, evacuated the works. Only a portion of the stores had been removed, and the armament of the fort was left uninjured.

Fort Constitution and its contents having been thus secured, Sir James Wallace carried the naval force which he commanded up the river, to the second line of obstructions—also a boom and chain—which had been carried across the river from Constitution or Pollopel's Island to West Point; which he was unable to penetrate, and, therefore, he returned to Fort Montgomery. Three days afterwards, however, the upper line of obstructions having been pierced, Sir James proceeded up the river a second time on a reconnoissance; but, although he sailed nearly as far as Poughkeepsie without meeting any opposition, he appears to have contented himself with "burning Van Keuren's mills and several buildings on the other 'western' side of the river, with several old vessels along shore;" after which he returned again to Fort Montgomery.

The cautious enterprise of the British commanders did not escape the observation of Governor Clinton, in his positions on the west side of the river, who ordered "Colonel Snyder's regiment to continue at Kingston, to throw up the necessary works to defend the landing and the town, while the rest of the re-enforcement from the northward should immediately join him in the field. Strong guards were posted along the shore, with orders to keep pace with the vessels in the river, and to throw themselves between them and Kingston landing, should they go so high up. 'I am now persuaded,' he wrote to the Colonial Legislature, 'it is not only for the safety of Kingston, which I have much at heart, but for that of the whole country in general, that I should have my whole force collected to one point; as, in that case, I shall be able to meet and oppose the progress of the enemy, or, at least, throw myself in between the enemy and such places as may be an object with them to gain.'"

Sir James Wallace, not less active or vigilant than the Governor, evidently perceived that General Israel Putnam was not in immediate command on the western bank of the river; and without pressing up to Kingston, as was probably his purpose, he returned to Fort Montgomery, as has been stated, without any trophies.

At that time Kingston was a compact, well-built village, containing from three to four thousand inhabitants, generally of Dutch descent; and "for size, elegance, and wealth," it was then "the third town in New York."

As it was situated about one hundred miles from New York City, and two miles from the river, it was reasonably regarded as a place of more than ordinary safety from invasion; and when a place was sought in which to confine those loyalists who, intentionally or otherwise, had aroused the antipathies of their more "patriotic" neighbors, the county jail in that village was selected for that purpose—a system of punishment for fidelity to the recognized sovereign,

which, as time rolled on, was extended by the employment, in addition to the county jail, of two or three vessels, moored at the mouth of the Rondout Creek, and guarded by a strong military force.

So, too, when the enemy threatened to overrun both the upper and the lower portions of the State, the official records and files of Westchester and Albany Counties were sent to Kingston for safety; and the families of those "Whigs," in both the upper and lower counties, who were able to send their wives and children and valuables into the country for safety, to say nothing of those loyalists who desired to avoid the turmoil and danger of war, were, in many instances, domiciled in Kingston. So Governor Clinton had removed his own family, from Little Britain, in Orange County, to his brother-in-law's, in Kingston, in order the more completely to guard against possible disaster from the incursions of the royal troops.

But what served to make Kingston more than ordinarily famous at that time, was the fact that, after various flits, the Provincial Convention of the State had been seated there, from February, 1777, until its dissolution in the following May; that the Council of Safety, which had succeeded the Convention in authority, had been seated there continuously; that the first Constitution of the revolutionary State had been framed and adopted there in April of that year, and had been promulgated from its court-house on the 22d of that month; that on the 30th of July Governor Clinton had been inaugurated, and the new Government of the State set in motion in front of its court-house; that the first Constitutional Legislature of the State had assembled in that village on the 9th of September, and was at that time yet in session; and that on the same day the first term of the Supreme Court of the State, under the new Constitution, had been opened by Chief-Justice John Jay, also at the old court-house.

At this time the Senate occupied the house of Abraham Van Gaasbeck, while the Assembly sat in a room in Captain Evert Bogardus's tavern on the corner of Maiden Lane and Fair Street,—the same in which the Provincial Convention had met during the latter days of its existence, and from which, probably, the first Constitution of the State had been issued. That building was, of course, destroyed in the great conflagration in October, 1777; but it was rebuilt, and, under the name of "The Constitution House," remained until 1856, when it was demolished to make way for another.

Kingston was, in fact, at that time the capital of revolutionary New York; and that fact, added to the additional one that great quantities of stores had been collected and were then deposited there, certainly offered a more than ordinary inducement to Sir Henry Clinton to attempt its capture.

Sir Henry having determined to abandon and destroy Fort Montgomery, because of "the number of men which would be necessary for the defense of it," and to concentrate his command in Fort Clinton, was thereby enabled to detach a military force for the assistance of Sir James Wallace in his designs on Kingston; and, on the evening of the 14th of October, that officer sailed from Fort Clinton northward, with the *Diligent*, commanded by Lieutenant Farnham; the *Dependence*, commanded by Lieutenant Clarke; the *Spitfire*, commanded by Lieutenant Scott; the *Crane*, commanded by Master Hitchcock; the *Raven*, of fourteen guns, commanded by Captain Stanhope; the *Friendship*, of twenty-two guns, commanded by Captain Molloy; and about twenty galleys and flat-boats probably, the same vessels which had borne the troops up the river from King's bridge and New York, the latter having been manned from the crews of the *Bristol Experiment*, and other ships, which were then at New York, commanded personally by Captain Stanhope; and carrying the seventh, or Royal Fusileers, the twenty-sixth and the twenty-third regiments, sixteen hundred strong, commanded by General John Vaughan.

In order to secure the communications, the *Mercury*, of twenty guns, was stationed at the *chevaux-de-frize*, at Pollopel's Island,—the necessity of "securing that passage against the return" of the expedition being

also apparent,—the *Tartar*, of twenty-eight guns, was anchored off Fort Clinton; the *Preston*, of fifty guns, bearing Commodore Hotham's pennant, was anchored midway between the fort and Stony Point, "within signal of either," and the *Cerberus*, of twenty-eight guns, took "her station off Stony Point," to scour that neck, and to give her assistance, at the same time, to the camp [*of* New York loyalists, under Colonels Fanning and Bayard] at Verplanck's, if such assistance should become necessary.

The expedition sailed, on the evening of the 14th of October; and, during the same evening, it came to anchor below the *chevaux-de-frise*, at Pollopel's Island, opposite West Point.

On the morning of the 15th the squadron passed through the opening which had been made in the obstructions, and, with a stiff breeze from the south-west, proceeded up the river. New Windsor and Newburg appear to have been totally deserted by their inhabitants; but a continual fire was kept up from the shore, and answered by the squadron, neither party appearing, however, to have inflicted any material damage. Three sloops and two piraguas, while attempting to escape from Fishkill, were overhauled, when opposite Poughkeepsie, and destroyed; and a house, mill, and outhouses, and a sloop belonging to Colonel Francis Stoutenburgh, at Crumelbow, were also burned. Two sloops anchored on the eastern side of the river were also burned; and during the evening the squadron anchored off Esopus Island, "about six miles below the landing-place of the town" of Kingston.

In the meanwhile, Governor Clinton had not been idle. He had rallied the Orange and Ulster Counties militia for the protection of the country; but, especially since the two forts were taken by the enemy the pressing necessities of their own families in the threatened emergency caused them to "disappoint his expectations." "They are well disposed," he wrote, "but anxious about the immediate safety of their respective families, who, for many miles back, are moving yet farther from the river. Many of them come in in the morning," he added, "return in the evening, and I never know when I have them, or know what my strength is." He "had reason to expect, and was promised by General Putnam," in the emergency, a re-enforcement of troops from those whom he had carried from Peekskill to Fishkill or from those New England recruits whom the veteran general expected to join him at the latter place; but, notwithstanding there was no possible use where he was for either those experienced troops or the recruits who were expected, none of them were allowed to go to the Governor's assistance, where they were so much needed, except Brinckerhoff's regiment, which, as the Governor said, "I am sure will not pass the river; indeed, it would be unreasonable to expect them." He was obliged to depend, therefore, on the two small "Continental regiments then with him," and the feeble support of such local militia as could be induced to leave their own homes without protectors; and even in the midst of all these anxieties he "wished" that "some small works could be thrown up towards the Esopus Landing, so as to cover the Landing and the Defiles leading to the Town. Every man that can fire a gun," he insisted, "should be immediately embodied and employed at those works." All this was written on the 10th of October, in view of the retreating squadron which first went up the river; but in well-founded suspicion of what would undoubtedly follow as soon as the marauders could become better prepared and strengthened.

With these facts before him, a competent and laborious student of this portion of the history of the republic has said of General Putnam and the six thousand men whom he had at Fishkill, "The royal generals did not seem to be much in fear of them. Perhaps a critical narrative of the events in the Highlands during these few days, in which the matter will appear in its true light, may yet be written,"—a hope which soon after was scattered by that Confederate States cannon-ball which deprived us of an honored friend and the republic of an intelligent and upright citizen and gallant officer.

On the evening of the 14th of October, when the expedition sailed from Fort Clin-

ton, the brave and energetic Governor had with him, in the rear of New Windsor, only about a thousand men, including the fragments of those gallant regiments of Webb and Dubois, and the remains of Lamb's artillery—those regiments which, eight days before, had so resolutely assisted in the defense of the forts in the Highlands. And, in the absence of all intelligence concerning the intentions of Sir Henry Clinton, he was arranging his plans for beating up the enemy in the rear of Fort Montgomery. Indeed, it was not until nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th, after Sir James Wallace had passed the upper line of obstructions, and was bounding "with crowded sail and fair wind," over the waters of the upper Hudson, in the neighborhood of Newburg, that a light horseman from the river-guard bore to the Governor, in the rear of New Windsor, a very uncertain account of the passage through the Highlands of that new expedition; and that information was so exceedingly indefinite that older soldiers than he might have been pardoned for delay in acting on it. But the Governor had already concluded what the enemy would probably do, in view of his occupation of the Highlands and of his undisputed command of the waters of the Hudson; and he was not less well informed concerning the duty which in that case would necessarily devolve upon him. He had no occasion, therefore, to await the arrival of additional information, nor was it necessary for him then to waste time for any purpose.

Leaving the regiments of Colonels Woodhull and M'Claughry and part of that of Colonel Hasbrouck, as a guard along the river—Colonel Hathorn and his regiment had gone to the southward to guard a quantity of arms toward headquarters, with orders to join the river-guard on his return—the Governor immediately moved in person with the remainder of his command by a forced march toward Kingston, which place, with unusual sagacity, he determined to be the enemy's objective point.

The column moved as rapidly as possible through Shawangunk Mountain, "to prevent delay in crossing Paltz River," the Governor wrote, and down the western bank of the Waalkill, crossing the ferry where the Rosendale bridge now stands; and so hurried was the march and so few and brief were the halts, that the troops were unfitted for action from fatigue long before they could have reached Kingston, even if the enemy had remained long enough on the scene of his devastation to permit such an encounter.

It is very evident that the Governor marched with the column during the whole of the day, inspiriting the troops with his example and arousing their drooping energies with earnest appeals to their patriotism; but, during the succeeding evening, probably while the column was halting for refreshments or temporary repose, he certainly hastened forward in advance of it, reaching Kingston at an early hour whence, at ten o'clock, he sent a dispatch to General Putnam with information of the surrender of General Burgoyne, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 16th, other dispatches to respectively, the commandant of the garrison at Albany, and to General Gates, giving information to each concerning the movements and apparent purposes of the enemy, and offering to each such suggestions as, in his judgment, the emergency demanded. The column followed along the Greenkill road, but, as we shall see hereafter, only a portion of those who composed it—probably those who were most determined, and physically best capable of enduring unusual fatigue—came near enough to the village on the following day to witness from the Kuykuyt the burning buildings, in each instance beyond all hope of salvation, and the greater number of the enemy in the distance re embarked and beyond its reach.

While Sir James Wallace and Governor Clinton with their respective commands were thus severally hastening toward Kingston, each on his own designated line of approach, the Council and the inhabitants were equally earnest and active. It is not now known through whom nor at what hour, on the 15th, the Council received its first intimation of the approach of the Royal forces but it is not improbable that the Governor's

dispatch, written from "near New Windsor, 15th Oct., 1777, 9 o'clock A. M.," and addressed to the Council, had conveyed to the doomed village the first intimation of its approaching destroyers. The Council wrote to the Governor at five o'clock on the same afternoon that the invading squadron was then "opposite the Esopus Island and standing up the river;" and at about nine o'clock on the same evening the Governor reached the village.

It appears that the Governor's injunctions to the Council, directing it to construct defenses for the protection of the landing-place and the village, had been promptly obeyed; and two earthworks had been thrown up above Ponckhockie on the high ground which was subsequently known as "Breastworks Hill." A party of militia, about one hundred and fifty in number, commanded by Colonel Levi Pawling, of Marbletown, and Colonel Johannes Snyder, of Kingston, occupied the position and manned the five pieces of artillery which were mounted there.

When the intelligence of the approaching squadron was received, the alarm guns were fired for the purpose of arousing the dilatory and of inciting all to prompt and energetic action; and an order was issued by the Council for the impressment of twenty-four wagons for the removal to a place of greater safety of that great quantity of public stores which had accumulated at that place. Of course, every one who resided either within the village or in its immediate vicinity was also earnestly employing all the means which he could control for the removal of his family and his individual property, if he had any, to some place which he supposed to be beyond the line of the approaching danger; and Kingston, during that day and the succeeding night, was a scene of the most intense excitement and untiring labor, and of the most resolute determination. The patriotic Governor of the State was also there during the latter part of the evening and the whole of the night, doubtless that his words of encouragement and his wise counsels might serve to strengthen the weak and to give courage to the timid.

In a letter to General Gates, written at one o'clock of that day, while the enemy was openly preparing to land, he tells of the enemy's preparations for landing. He says: "I have so few men with me that I can not say I have the best prospect of making so good a defense as might be wished." And then, in terms which must be regarded as utterly inconsistent with the possession of such a personal knowledge of his own approaching command, as has been claimed for him by those who have written on the subject, he continued: "A re-enforcement is on the way to me, which I left last night, and which I believe will not come up in season, and, at any rate, must be exceedingly fatigued."

Governor Clinton appears to have marched at the head of his command from New Britain toward Kingston during the entire day, on the 15th, and during the evening of that day he had left the column on the road, and himself pushed forward to Kingston, reaching that village at nine o'clock; and during the night of the 15th and the morning and beginning of the afternoon of the 16th, he was actively engaged in preparing for the attack and in resisting the invaders.

The approaching column of the Governor's feeble command was moved with great rapidity, making but few halts; and, worn out with fatigue, when it was ascertained that it could not reach Kingston in season to be of any service in the defense of that village, it rested at Marbletown, seven miles distant, whence a part of the command pushed forward, and actually reached the Kuykuyt, overlooking the village, in season, only, to witness the whole of it in flames, beyond all hope of salvation, and, in the distance, "the enemy nearly retired to his shipping."

The invading squadron had sailed up the river, from the *chevaux-de-frise*, at Pollopel's Island, with a fair wind and taut sheets, during the 15th; and had cast anchor on the evening of that day, at Esopus Island, six miles below the Kingston landing. During the same day Governor Clinton had posted guards along the western bank of the Hudson, from the Highlands, northward, in or-

der to prevent, as far as possible, the outrages of marauding parties of the enemy; and had hurried the remainder of his feeble command, by a forced march, northward, for the protection of the threatened village and the precious stores which had been gathered there. Of General Israel Putnam, who held the supreme command, thereabouts, and of the great body of Eastern troops, which he kept immediately around him, unemployed, near Fishkill, we need say nothing; indeed, nothing can be said of either him or them, except in earnest and unqualified condemnation. The villagers, as soon as their danger was ascertained, had employed all the resources which they could command for the removal of the property, public and private, which might become exposed to the invader; while the little party of militia, who had come together for the defense of the village, had been cheered by the personal presence, as well as by the powerful example, of the Governor of the State, fresh from the scene of his resolute bravery, in the defense of the forts in the highlands.

On the morning of the 16th, Sir James Wallace and his command weighed anchor; and about nine o'clock the squadron rounded to, opposite Roundout Creek and the point. An armed galley, the *Lady Washington*, and the two batteries, above Ponckhockie, opened a fire on the unwelcome visitors, which was returned by the squadron; and the operations of the day were thus commenced.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, General Vaughan detached a strong party of troops, some three or four hundred in number, with orders to dislodge the militia from the earth-works above Ponckhockie, which had manifested an intention to oppose the landing of the troops; while, at the same time, the boats and light vessels of the squadron were directed by Sir James Wallace. to seize and destroy the *Lady Washington*, galley, and two brigs, and a number of river-craft which had taken refuge in the creek.

It is said, on undoubted authority, that General Vaughan, in obedience to that military maxim which forbids an advance in force while an adverse force, unmasked, occupies a position on either flank, from which the advancing column may be annoyed or its communications cut, was unwilling to march into the country toward the village; while Colonels Pawling and Snyder occupied those high grounds on his flank, and while the creek was filled with vessels, which in his absence, beyond supporting distance, might possibly annoy the squadron in his rear, and cut off his retreat; and, properly enough, these advance parties were sent out from both arms of the service to remove the obnoxious forces from the high grounds and the waters of the creek.

The detachment of troops was accordingly landed at Pouckhockie, near Radley's ferry-landing; and, without unnecessary delay, it hastened up the slope, toward the two earth-works. The militia that occupied those works, and served the five guns which were mounted on them, emulating the example which had been set before them in the Highlands, ten days before, and undoubtedly inspired by the same untiring chief who had personally headed the feeble garrison of Fort Montgomery on that occasion, maintained its position with great resolution against the greatly superior and better equipped and better disciplined forces who assailed them, and only when resistance was no longer prudent, it spiked the five cannon and retired up the Rondout Creek, carrying with it the few wounded men of the party, and occasionally exchanging a shot with the victors.

There were, at that time, only three houses where now stands the busy village of Rondout, the site of this preliminary operation, and all of them were promptly burned by the enemy, while the boats from the armed vessels busied themselves with burning two brigs, the prison-ships, and all the small river craft which had found refuge in the creek, as well as all the buildings near by in which had been stored "all their apparatus," as Sir James Wallace said. Just what that "apparatus" was will be ascertained in the fact that the only casualties reported by the naval arm of the expedition was that of Lieutenant Clark, of the *Dependence*, and two or three others, all of whom were "blown up" by a premature explosion in one of the

storehouses in which some of that "apparatus" had been deposited.

The *Lady Washington*, however, by the good management of her commander and crew, was slipped through the hands of the invaders, and was run up the creek, and when just below the present site of Eddyville, she was scuttled and sunk.

While the advance of the army and the detachment of small vessels of the fleet were thus employed, the main body of the land forces, commanded by General Vaughan in person, landed in a cove to the northward of Columbus Point, and moved toward the village of Kingston. When it had reached the top of the hill, it halted, until the advance had completed its work at Ponckhockie, and by way of the Strand road had joined it; and it is remembered that while the troops were thus halted, Alderman Jacobus Sefferts, of New York, a loyalist, who was then temporarily living in Kingston, approached General Vaughan, and communicated to him the unwelcome intelligence that General Burgoyne had surrendered the great army which he commanded to the Americans, commanded by General Gates, near Saratoga, information of which had just then reached Kingston.

It is said that a scattering fire was kept up on the column as it marched toward the village; but General Vaughan with commendable caution threw forward his light companies, deployed as skirmishers, and these and his flank-guards effectually protected the troops from the annoyance of the irregular marksmen, who had already commenced to harass him. It was said, however, by General Vaughan, that shots were fired from the houses in the village as the column passed; but "the unanimous voice of tradition declares that no resistance whatever was made after the troops reached the vicinity of the village;" and, as in this instance, "the voice of tradition" is in harmony with that of contemporary American authorities generally, it is not impossible that the statement was made as a paltry shelter from the weight of indignation which, from every side, was hurled at the invaders, for their disregard of the rules of war and the demands of humanity, in their indiscriminate destruction of all that pertained to a defenseless village and its inhabitants, whether belonging to, or occupied by, combatants or non-combatants. No time was lost, when the village had been reached and not occupied by the royal forces, since it was very evident that an attempt might not be made to cut off their retreat, if not to resist them face to face in the village. Accordingly small parties were sent out to set fire to the houses of the leading Whigs, and so rapid were the movements of these incendiaries, that the ancient records of the Dutch Church and some of the public archives—the the latter then stored in Judge Wynkoop's house, on the corner of Fair and Pearl Streets—were removed only a few moments before the soldiers entered the buildings to plunder and burn them.

The work of plunder and destruction was quickly and effectually executed; and with two exceptions, every building, public and and private within the village, together with its entire contents, was utterly destroyed. The long, one story stone dwelling house and the barn belonging to it, which stands on the westerly side of Wall Street, then belonging to Tobias Van Steenburgh, and recently to his descendant, Abram T. Van Steenburgh, alone remained to indicate where Kingston had stood two or three hours before.

It is said by a contemporary writer, that "there were destroyed three hundred and twenty-six houses, with a barn to almost every one of them filled with flour; besides grain of all kinds, much valuable furniture and effects, which the royal army disdained to take with them. Twelve thousand barrels of flour were burned, and they took, at the town, four pieces of cannon, with ten more upon the river, with one thousand one hundred and fifty stands of arms, while a large quantity of powder was blown up."

It is a matter of dispute why the house and barn of Mr. Van Steenburgh were spared while all others without discrimination were ruthlessly burned. Some attributed the forbearance of the enemy in this case, to the fact that the premises were then occupied by a Mrs. Hammersley, a lady from New York, who was a relative or connection of some of

the officers among the invaders; and as there was such a lady from New York then living at Kingston, and as that reason was also assigned at the time by one of the loyal newspapers of the day, it is not impossible that such was the case.

As soon as the destruction of the village was insured, without waiting to see the completion of his ruthless devastation, General Vaughan quickly called in the stragglers; and, with unusual rapidity, the troops hastened back to the river, and found safety on board the squadron. They had been absent from the vessels only three hours, but during that short time they had leisurely marched not far from three miles; met and dispersed those who had ventured to oppose their progress; occupied, plundered, and utterly destroyed a defenseless village, which, in importance and population, was second only in the State of New York to the cities of New York and Albany; gathered and secured their plunder, among which were several negroes; retreated not far from three miles; and reembarked. No other evidence is necessary to show the reckless haste with which they had executed their barbarous work; and the smoking remains of the homes and properties of three or four thousand shelterless and destitute human beings indicated beyond a peradventure how thoroughly and how disastrously the work had been done.

The loss of the Royal troops during this raid was "so inconsiderable that it is not at present worth while to mention," General Vaughan said on the following day to General Clinton; and the naval force was, also, exempted from all loss, except that already mentioned, which was occasioned by an explosion in one of the storehouses at the Landing, by which Lieutenant Clark, of the *Dependence*, with two or three others, was blown up and injured.

It is not known how much in money value the loss was in this great destruction of homes and properties—the inhabitants of Kingston were not of that class who were wont to reduce their patriotism to dollars and cents, or to make matter of record for future use before Legislatures or Congresses, their own estimates of services rendered, of losses sustained, or of sufferings endured. But the enemy himself has left a record of the extent of his own barbarism which can not reasonably be disputed; while the general wreck—"not leaving a house," General Vaughan exultingly reported—bore ample testimony on the part of the sufferers of the thoroughness of the work of devastation and the general accuracy of the destroyer's own narrative of his doings.

The injury done to the inhabitants of Kingston and its vicinity was more than the greater number of them could well bear; indeed, many who had been in comfortable, if not in affluent, circumstances, were reduced to almost absolute want; and all alike were obliged to seek shelter and sustenance at some distance from the places where their pleasant homes had so recently stood.

From various parts of the country sympathy and assistance were promptly sent to the sufferers, prominent among which was a letter of sympathy inclosing three thousand seven hundred and eleven pounds, ten shillings in money, which was sent from Charleston, South Carolina. But the savage cruelty of the invader was met, also, with an indignant cry "from all parts of the continent;" and it served also to steel the hearts and to nerve the arms of the people, the country over, rendering them more energetic and unbending in their opposition to the crown.

It is proper to say that General Putnam, safely lodged on the opposite side of the Hudson, and surrounded by six thousand of his equally careful countrymen, appears to have known nothing whatever of the movements of the enemy within the territory which was under his official control, until on the evening of the 17th, the day after the destruction of Kingston, a letter from Governor Clinton informed him of the great disaster; and at five o'clock on the following morning he informed the Governor, in reply to that letter, as has been said by another intelligent writer, "that he was again *preparing* to be of some service, which preparations, however, do not seem to have resulted in any damage to the enemy, even so far as it related to his operations on the eastern bank" of the Hudson, where the general

and his fleet-footed command then were. "Governor Clinton," this writer very aptly continued, "was a more dangerous foe."

Governor Clinton himself, in a letter to General Gates, written on the 21st of October, said: "When I undertook, at the request of General Putnam, to put myself at the head of a body of men to protect the Western Shores of Hudson River and to throw myself between the Enemy and your army, should they proceed up the River, I represented to him in strong terms the situation of this part of the Country, thinly inhabited, and the interior part unsettled and separated from all assistance by a chain of mountains. In consequence of which representation, he agreed to let me have three thousand men, if the Eastern Militia should come in, as he expected they would, of which number, however, he hath not sent four hundred;" and these were such, as is seen in his letter of 10th, as reasonably refused to cross the river for the Governor's assistance. "I then clearly saw," the Governor continued, to General Gates, "that it would be impossible for me to protect the country, unless I could be re-enforced from the Northern Army [which at that moment was facing General Burgoyne and his grand army of invasion], which re-enforcements, from your letter, I had reason to expect. I wrote also to General Dickenson of New Jersey, upon the the same subject, and I am informed that he, notwithstanding the exposed situation of his own State, has ordered six hundred men to my brother's assistance at New Windsor. Kingston hath been destroyed," the Governor continued, "merely because I have been so deceived in my expectations of assistance, that it was impossible to take measures for its security."

It was the old story of the forts in the Highlands repeated. General Putnam and his New England command had cared more for their own individual safety and comfort and their own individual profit, than for the protection of those in New York, who were not New Englanders; and the same body of men who had rejoiced in their individual safety on the eastern bank of the Hudson when the two forts in the Highlands were attacked and carried, ten days before, and who had quietly but promptly retired to Fishkill, beyond harm's way, when those forts had been captured—throwing Fort Constitution, Fort Independence, and the Continental village, with their precious stores, undisputed, into the hands of the enemy—now lingered, not only in personal safety, but without even taking measures, by means of scouts and outposts, or otherwise, to secure information concerning the positions and the doings of the enemy who was before them. They rested in the recesses of Fishkill as securely and as unconcerned, respecting Sir Henry Clinton and the invading army, as they could have done had they been a thousand miles distant; and that, too, when one-half of those who were at Fishkill thus unemployed and uselessly idling away their time, would have been sufficient without other assistance to have sheltered Kingston from the blow which she had sustained, and the State of New York from that yet more serious loss of stores which, not only her own, but the Continental troops so sadly needed before the close of the ensuing Winter.

On the day after the destruction of Kingston, the Governor's jaded command, who, on the day preceding, had halted at Marbletown, reached the place where Kingston had been, and the Governor immediately detached "a party of light horse to reconnoiter, and to act in such manner as the motions of the enemy may direct." At the same time the invaders moved farther up the river toward Saugerties, burning on their way, "the house, store-house, barn, etc., of Mr. Petrus Ten Broeck, a rebel general; the house, barn, and out-houses of Robert Gilbert Livingston; and a house and mill belonging to Judge Livingston on the east side of the river."

On the 18th "another house, belonging Judge Livingston, one to Mr. John Livingston, with three others, were destroyed in like manner."

The enemy remained up the river above Kingston landing, until the 23d of October. Adverse winds are said to have detained them until then; although they continued their work of plunder and destruction; and,

on the evening of that day, after having destroyed a sloop and a number of houses on both sides of the river, they came to, off that place, probably with the hope that they might complete their work of destruction in that vicinity by securing and destroying the galley, *Lady Washington*, which had slipped from their fingers on the 16th, when all else, thereabout, was converted into ashes.

On the morning of the 24th of October the squadron weighed anchor and sailed down the river; and during the same afternoon it passed the upper line of obstructions at Pollopel's Island and rejoined the main bodies of the forces at Fort Clinton.

The result of that expedition was not satisfactory to the friends of the home Government, either in Europe or America. They complained bitterly, and not without reason, that during the week which was spent in the waters of the upper Hudson, above Kingston landing, Sir James Wallace and General Vaughan could have sailed up to Albany, sixty miles distant from Kingston, and made themselves masters of that very important place; and those who thus murmured were not slow to condemn in that connection, what they attributed to nothing else than the indecision and dilatoriness of Sir Henry Clinton and General Vaughan.

There was, at that time, only a very feeble garrison at Albany, and the great body of the inhabitants in that vicinity had already strained every nerve and sent every available man into the field to oppose the advance toward the same place, of General Burgoyne and his powerful army. Besides, notwithstanding that great impending danger had been disarmed of many of its most alarming features at that time, the vanquished army had not yet been so completely secured that the inhabitants of Albany County felt at liberty to discontinue their watchfulness; and the city and the adjacent country, therefore, could have presented little obstruction to such an enterprise, had such a one been undertaken. There is no reasonable doubt, therefore, that by a rapid, well-directed dash, at any time during that important week, Albany could have been occupied and destroyed as Kingston had been, had such a movement been made; but the surrender of the army commanded by General Burgoyne, intelligence of which had reached the invaders only after they had commenced their work of plunder and destruction at Kingston landing, and while they were on their march toward and within a mile of the village itself, appears to have staggered them, and their caution had subsequently overcome their appetite, and had served to secure both Albany and the banks of the river above Saugerties from the scourge which had so completely desolated the country below that point.

Probably had not the adverse news from Saratoga been received on the 16th, rendering "the object of their going up the river" less urgent, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of the month, with their southerly winds, would have afforded ample opportunity to have carried the expedition to Albany and enabled it to destroy that city also; while the "shift" of the wind to the north-west, on the evening of the 20th, with the "strong" wind which, subsequently, came from that point, would have carried it away, down the river, beyond the reach of General Gates, long before the expiration of the week, during which it really laid off Saugerties, Sir James and General Vaughan meanwhile belittling themselves by organizing predatory excursions against solitary farm-houses, for the robbery of hen-roosts and for the increase of their individual plunder.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

THE intellectual history of the eighteenth century is thoroughly English. Whatever was accomplished in that era is due principally to the British. From them came the first impulse. Freedom of open criticism, the application of literature to politics, the positive and materialistic tendencies of thought, the prosaic and somewhat vulgar tone of the literary productions, all generated in England. Like the Augustine age of France, this reign of English intellect divides into two halves. The first half of the Louis XIV era was activity and progress; the second, stagnation and decline. The English revolution is the dividing point. Almost all the literary as well as military superiority ended before 1688. The *grand siècle* which had opened in much luster closed darkly. Its brightest luminaries went out one by one, and their places remained unfilled. Some, indeed, glimmered on, but their faint light shone only because the sky was dark; in the meridian splendor which had faded out, their pale beams would have been as invisible as stars at noontide.

In English history the first half of the eighteenth century ushers in a destructive tendency against old institutions. A spirit of skepticism was gaining ground that discarded all accepted ideas ecclesiastical or political. It was so aggressive that it threatened the nation with moral prostration. A group of essayists, poets, and novelists had arisen who made their writings the vehicle for all public opinion, serving both as exponent and guide. They dictated religion, morals, politics, and literature to the whole country. Creeds, manners, and ancient institutions fell beneath their blows. Letters, hitherto looked upon merely as ornaments of society, now became its soul. Their influence became so great that when authors flattered the heads of government, the latter were equally assiduous in playing the Mæcenas to them. There probably never was a time in which the alliance was so close between politicians and literary men. The poet Prior and the statesman Bolingbroke wrote to and of each other as "Matt" and "Harry." Pope, who was the representative of the age, was proud to boast of his friendly intercourse with Bolingbroke, and of the assistance that Peterborough gave him in gardening:

"There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

Need we wonder that the British metropolis became pervaded with the atmosphere of Parnassus, and that literature was the El Dorado of youth and old age? Dr. Hurst, writing of that brilliant period, thus describes it: "Those were the days when clubs convened statedly in the neighborhood of the Strand, and where every night the attics of Grub Street poured out their throngs of quill-heroes, who were welcomed into the parlors of the nobility as cordially as to their own club-houses. The last new work engaged universal attention. Society was filled with rumors of books commenced, half-finished, plagiarized, successful, or defunct. Literary respectability was the 'open Sesame' to social rank. There has never been a season when cultivated society was more embued with the mania of book-writing and criticism than existed in England during at least three-quarters of the eighteenth century.

Had the purely subversive tendency of those literati succeeded, England would have been subjected to that outbreak of democratic violence and irreligious fanaticism from which France suffered and is still suffering. But beneath the ruins it had made, a new life began to bud and blossom from the dry stem of the Church. Most fertile germs of religious fervor were silently fructifying. They had sprung up within the old college walls of Oxford, and had been reared under

the zealous care of the Wesleys. In tender shoots Whitefield transplanted them to different parts. And in the ripened fruit there came new seeds for Isaac Taylor and other devoted laborers of the British soil of divinity. Soon this conservative spirit took hold of the State also, and England was preserved within the bounds of common sense.

Skepticism in theology and the revolutionary spirit in politics were not only checked, but permanently defeated. And Burke could say, in 1791, "Who, born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins and Toland and Tindal and Chubb and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Freethinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world. In a few years their few successors will go to the family vault of 'all the Capulets.'" The very name *Freethinker* had become a word of contemptuous dislike. Men of common sense had given a distinct verdict in favor of conservatism in theology and in politics. The contests of a century had terminated in the triumph of moral order.

The triumph, moreover, was not short-lived; this predominant tone of society in England still remains unchanged. Radicalism and skepticism are still associated in the minds of most Englishmen with the horrors of the reign of terror and the vulgarity of Tom Paine. It is folly, or worse than folly, to designate the eighteenth century as "the lumber-room of dreary theological speculation and impracticable philosophy." For out of that century came, or through it were transmitted, the seeds or germs which have made the present century, in some respects, the bright consummate flower of civilization.

A most peculiar character of the eighteenth century was Joseph Priestley. He was both a scientist and a theologian, a philosopher and a politician. He linked the Deists with the Rationalists; he served the Conservatives and favored the Revolutionists. He was born and bred in old England, and taught and died near the New England. The very year in which he saw the light of this world was as disturbed as all the days of his long and active life.

Walpole, the great "peace minister," was adjusting the national burdens, and Parliament was busy with his celebrated Excise Bill—the first measure in which an English minister showed any real grasp of the principles of taxation. Every part of Walpole's scheme has since been carried into effect; but in 1733 he stood before his time. A violent agitation ensued. Riots almost grew into revolts. The haughty, pompous, consequential, diminutive George II was on the throne; but his wife, the talented and politic Prussian Princess, Caroline of Anspach, wielded the scepter. She could not be easily thwarted in her schemes. She insisted that this popular resistance should be put down by force of arms. Walpole, however, with noble self-command, replied, "I will not be the minister to enforce taxes at the expense of blood." His wise counsel alone saved England from another revolution.

In this same year, also, the peace of Europe was broken afresh by the disputes about the Polish succession. The English court was eager for a hand in the fray, and Walpole had to stand pretty firm to maintain neutrality. "There are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe," he was able to say as the war went on, "and not one Englishman."

Another bellicose agitation was caused by the accession of a French prince—Philip of Anjou—to the Spanish throne. The merchant class had built up a large trade with Spanish America during the long alliance with Spain from 1670 to the War of Succession. But Philip opposed English trade in his American dominions, and provoked frequent complications. Walpole, who strove to dispose justly of all disputes, was abused as "the cur dog of England and the spaniel of France." In vain he strove to pacify the frenzy of one country to gratify the pride of the other. In 1739 war alone would satisfy. Walpole was asked to carry out the national will. "They may ring their bells now," the minister said bitterly, as peals and bonfires welcomed his defeat, "but they will soon be wringing their hands." And

his prediction was realized. In 1742 he resigned office. A hundred years after Macaulay wrote, "The praise to which Walpole is fairly entitled is this, that he understood the true interests of his country better than any of his contemporaries."

Joseph Priestley's native place was Birstal, Fieldhead, a hamlet six miles southwest of Leeds. That city was then already the center of English manufacture, yet very unlike the Leeds of to-day. Its population is now thirty-seven times as large. Then its principal fabric was woolen; now that constitutes only one-third of English manufactures—that of cotton being about two and a half times as large, and iron standing second. Priestley's father was himself a wool-dresser; indeed, nearly all the dwellers around Leeds were engaged in that manufacture. Wool was then the second produce of England—corn being the staple. Her meadows were famous for the breed of sheep; her chancellor sat upon the woolsack. In order to foster the manufacture of woolen goods, Edward III had imported families of cloth-workers from the Netherlands. Various statutes had also been passed in the second half of the seventeenth century to encourage home manufacture and to exclude foreign goods. In 1696 the latter were absolutely prohibited.

When Priestley was only a youth of six, his mother died, and as his father was too poor properly to educate the boy, a paternal aunt gave him a home and sent him to a grammar school. He was taught Latin and the elements of Greek. His vacations were devoted to the study of Hebrew under a dissenting minister; and when he had acquired some proficiency in this language he took up the study of Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. His health failing, he was put in a counting-house. Yet even there he continued his studies. Without the aid of a master he acquired some knowledge of the French, Italian, and German. At the age of nineteen he became a theological student in the dissenting academy at Daventry—now incorporated with New College, London.

His parents were both Calvinists; so also was his aunt, who had omitted no opportunity of inculcating the importance of the Calvinistic doctrine. But differences of opinion on doctrinal points were not with her sufficient ground for rejecting the society of those whom she believed to be virtuous and enlightened, and her house became a resort of many men of many faiths. In their discussions young Priestley took great interest—and they may be supposed to have had considerable influence in leading him to a systematic examination of the grounds upon which he had rested his own belief. To the surprise of his friends he avowed himself a believer in the doctrines of Arminius, though, as he himself tells us of this period of his life, "I by no means rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, or that of the Atonement."

At the academy he found the professors and students about equally agitated. Liberty and necessity, the sleep of the soul, etc., and all the articles of theological orthodoxy and heresy, were topics of animated and frequent discussion. The spirit of controversy thus excited was in some measure fostered by the plan regulating their studies. Certain works on both sides of every question the students were required to peruse and form an abridgment of for future use. Before many months reading Priestley felt called upon to renounce the greater number of the theological and metaphysical opinions which he had imbibed in early youth, and thus, he himself observes, "I came to embrace what is generally the heterodox side of the question; . . . but notwithstanding the great freedom of our debates, the extreme of heresy among us was Arianism, and all of us, I believe, left the academy with a belief, more or less qualified, of the doctrine of the Atonement."

His waywardness did not interfere with his graduation. In 1755 he became assistant minister to an Independent congregation at Needham Market, in Suffolk. Here he made himself unpopular by renouncing the doctrine of the Atonement, and in three years left, in rather bad repute because of his heresy. He found a temporary engagement at Nantwich, in Cheshire, but was again unpopular, and next engaged in teaching with some

success, and was finally chosen Professor of *Belles-lettres* in Warrington Academy. During the ten years following he produced half a dozen thoughtful works on widely varying subjects—works which of themselves would have given him fame. He busied himself in politics, too, and became known as a vigorous lecturer. He was still poor, but by dint of strict economy he secured an air-pump and an electrical machine, and began his scientific researches, which ultimately resulted in giving him widest fame.

While at Needham, he informs us, in his autobiography, a careful examination of the Old and New Testaments convinced him that "the doctrine of the Atonement, even in its most qualified sense, had no countenance either from Scripture or reason," and induced him to compose his work entitled, "The Scripture Doctrine of Remission, which shows that the Death of Christ is no proper Sacrifice nor Satisfaction for Sin; but that Pardon is dispensed solely on account of a Personal Repentance of the Sinner." It was published in 1761, the year in which he removed from Nantwich to Warrington Academy. His leading theological doctrine appears to have been that the Bible is indeed a divine revelation, made from God to man through Christ, himself a man and no more, nor claiming to be more. He seems to have rejected all theological dogmas which appeared to him to rest solely upon the interpretation put upon certain passages of the Bible by ecclesiastical authority. Even the fundamental doctrines of the Trinity and of the Atonement he did not consider as warranted by Scripture, when read by the light of his own heart and understanding. It does not, however, appear that these doctrinal errors produced any morally evil results.

A visit to the metropolis was the occasion of his introduction to our own celebrated countryman, Dr. Franklin, to Dr. Price, and others. To the first of these he communicated his idea of writing a historical account of electrical discoveries, if provided with the requisite books. These Dr. Franklin procured, and before the end of the year Priestley sent him a copy of "The History and Present State of Electricity, with Original Experiments" in print, though five hours of every day had been spent in teaching, besides which he had kept up an active philosophical correspondence. By his devotion to learning and his persistent scrutiny of nature, Priestley now unraveled many a tangled web of science; but as he drew nearer natural truth, he became more and more estranged from truth, and by his hot temper and hasty utterances he alienated his best friends. A disagreement between the trustees and the professors of the academy cancelled his appointment at Warrington, 1767. His next engagement was with a large congregation at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds.

His home was near a brewery. Its chemical workings engaged his attention, and became the stimulus for the study of pneumatics. In 1772 he brought out, as a result of these investigations, a pamphlet on "Impregnating Water with Fixed Air." The same year he communicated to the Royal Society his "Observations on Different Kinds of Air," to which the Copley medal was awarded in 1773. "No one," observes Dr. Thomson, "ever entered upon the study of chemistry with more disadvantages than Dr. Priestley, and yet few have occupied a more dignified station in it, or contributed a greater number of new and important facts. The career which he selected was new, and he entered upon it free from those prejudices which warped the judgment and limited the views of those who had been regularly bred to science. He possessed a sagacity capable of overcoming every obstacle, and a turn of observation which enabled him to profit by every phenomenon which presented itself to his view. His habits of regularity were such that every thing was registered as soon as observed. He was perfectly sincere and unaffected, and the discovery of truth seems to have been in every case his real and undisguised object."

Priestley originated other modes of investigation, and, indeed, nearly all that is now known of the gases has its foundation in the discoveries he made. His discovery of oxygen alone rivaled in importance Newton's great discovery of gravitation. "It formed one of the great eras in the progress of

human knowledge." In the words of Professor Youmans, "it put an end to old theories, laid the foundation of modern chemical science, and furnished the master-key by which man has been enabled to open the mysteries of nature." Of its great practical consequences, Professor Liebig observes: "Since the discovery of oxygen the civilized world has undergone a revolution in manners and customs. The knowledge of the composition of the atmosphere, of the solid crust of the earth, of water, and of their influence upon the life of plants and animals, was linked with that discovery. The successful pursuit of innumerable trades and manufactures, and the profitable separation of metals from their ores, also stand in the closest connection therewith. It may be well said that the material prosperity of empires has increased, and the fortune of every individual has been augmented in proportion." The pneumatic trough, a vessel by means of which chemists collect gas, was also in good part invented by Priestley. He experimented untiringly, and gave to the world a detailed account of almost every observation he made. For a time he was the idol of men of science. All Europe did him honor. At the height of his reputation he became companion to the Earl of Shelbourne, with whom he traveled seven years on the Continent. In 1789 he settled in Birmingham, where he proceeded actively with his philosophical and theological researches, and was also pastor to a dissenting congregation.

Having been told by certain Parisian savans that he was the only man they had ever known, of any understanding, who believed in Christianity, Priestley wrote, in reply, the "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever" (1789), and various works, containing criticism on the doctrines of Hume and others. He was now laughed at in Paris as a believer, while at home he was branded as an atheist. To escape the odium arising from the latter imputation, he published his "Disquisition Relating to Matter and Spirit." In this work, while he partly materializes spirit, he at the same time partly spiritualizes matter. He holds, however, that our hopes of resurrection must rest solely on the truth of the Christian revelation, and that on science they have no foundation whatever. The doctrines of a Revelation and a Resurrection appear with him to support one another. He accepted Revelation, because it declared a Resurrection; and he believed in a Resurrection, because he found it declared in the Revelation. Yet in his "Introductory Dissertation to Hartley's Observation on Man," he expressed doubts again concerning the immateriality of the sentient principle in man; and in the "Doctrine of Necessity"—another elucidation of Hartley—largely denied the Christian doctrine of Revelation.

But among the many points of Church dogma called in question or altogether repudiated, Dr. Priestley thus far had not openly touched the doctrine of the Trinity. This is the more strange, as in a letter written by him to Mr. Henderson, dated August, 1774, he has left a confession of his faith at that time. "I believe," he writes, "the prophecies in our Bible were given by God; that the Gospels are true; that the doctrine of original sin is absurd; that the Spirit of God only assists our apprehension; that the foreknowledge of God, held by the Arminians, is equal to the decree of God held by the Calvinists; that they are both wrong; and the truth is, the pains of hell are purgatory. Many things I yet doubt of; among these are the Trinity and the mediation of Christ."

In 1782 Dr. Priestley published "History of the Corruptions of Christianity (two volumns 8vo), a work which led to the most exciting controversy in the latter half of last century. A refutation of the arguments contained in it was proposed for one of the Hague prize essays; and in 1785 the work itself was burned by the hangman in the city of Dort. Nothing daunted, he followed up this work by a "History of Early Opinions Concerning Jesus Christ." He was soon involved in a literary warfare. Besides all this Priestley was as deeply concerned in ecclesiastical and civil questions. He espoused the cause of religious liberty, and in the pursuit of what he considered to

be the rights of the Dissenters he became the author of some twenty volumes. He was also avowedly partial to the French Revolution, and as he was a man of strong speech and stinging pen he excited the hatred of those who opposed him. The Tories finally succeeded in driving popular excitement to such a pitch that he was attacked in the streets. He was unyielding still, though riots occurred and his life was threatened. In July, 1791, finally, an angry mob entered his home and set fire to his library, manuscripts, and costly apparatus. His papers, torn in scraps, carpeted the roads around his desolated home. He fled for his life to Hackney, where he became the successor of his deceased friend, Dr. Price, and so far as money could restore what he had lost, it was liberally given. But his sentiments were unchanged, and he was none the less outspoken because of misuse; and at last, conceiving himself not to be secure from popular rage, he embarked for America.

In the United States he was received with enthusiasm as a martyr to Republican principles. He was offered a professor's chair in Philadelphia, which, however, he declined—for notwithstanding his unparalleled attainments, he modestly felt the want of an early systematic training in the sciences—and retiring to Northumberland, he was soon again absorbed in his studies. But even here before long he was in the midst of a bitter controversy. He had contemplated no difficulty in forming a Unitarian congregation in America; but in this he was greatly disappointed. He found that the majority disregarded religion, and those who paid any attention to it were more afraid of his doctrines than desirous of hearing them. The democracy he espoused was unpalatably French; the inconsistency of his religious doctrines laid him open to ridicule, and, as he could not long remain silent, a host of critics was soon arrayed against him. His later writings were mostly in defense of his doctrines and discoveries, and his experiments in America did not prove as successful as those of his earlier years. But unto the day of his death, February 6, 1804, he continued to pursue his literary and scientific pursuits with as much ardor as he had shown at any period of his active life. On his death-bed he expressed the satisfaction he derived from the consciousness of having led a useful life and the confidence he felt in a future state—in a happy immortality. When his death became known the French were the first people to pay honor to his memory. At Paris, his *éloge* was read by Cuvier before the National Institute.

Priestley has given us his autobiography down to March 24, 1795. He was a man of irreproachable moral and domestic character, remarkable for zeal, for truth, patience, and serenity of temper. In his family he ever maintained the worship of God. But in the world he appears to have been fearless in proclaiming his convictions, however negative. Few men in modern times have written so much, or with such facility; yet he seldom spent more than six or eight hours a day in any labor which required much mental exertion. A habit of regularity extended itself to all his studies. He never read a book without determining in his own mind when he would finish it; and at the beginning of every year he arranged the plan of his literary pursuits and scientific researches. He labored under a great defect, which, however, was not a very considerable impediment to his progress. He sometimes lost all ideas both of persons and things with which he had been conversant. He always did immediately what he had to perform. Though he rose early and dispatched his more serious pursuits in the morning, yet he was as well qualified for mental exertion at one time of the day as at another. All seasons were equal to him, early or late, before dinner or after. He could also write without inconvenience by the parlor fire, with his wife and children about him, and occasionally talking to them. In the range of his writings he was encyclopædic. His seventy to eighty volumes give many opinions fanciful and erroneous; yet was hardly a subject touched by Priestley's pen that was not the brighter and shapelier because of his genius.

Rarely has a man been more variously estimated than Priestley. In *Blackwood's* (1835) he is characterized as "a shallow

scholar, an empirical philosopher, who stumbled on his discoveries and lacked the logical capacity usefully to apply them, a malcontent politician and a heretical religionist." Dr. Parr, on the contrary, speaks of Priestley's attainments as numerous without a parallel, his talents as superlatively great, and his morals as correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation. These estimates are certainly diverse, but possibly they are equally near the truth.

Priestley was much more of an experimentalist than a philosopher. In religion as well as in science he sought novelties. Facts, and facts only, could satisfy him. But his caprice was as noticeable as his positiveness, and his logical inconsistencies were gross. A queer instance of this is found in his adherance to the theory of "phlogiston," the supposed principle of inflammability, or the matter of fire in composition with other bodies, the absurdity of which was shown by his own discovery of oxygen.

As a man of science, Priestley has left his mark upon his age. But besides being a scientist he aimed at being a metaphysician, a theologian, a politician, a classical scholar, and a historian. With an amazing intrepidity he plunged into tasks, the effective performance of which would have demanded the labors of a lifetime. With the charge of thirty youths on his hands, he proposes to write an ecclesiastical history, and soon afterwards observes that a fresh translation of the Old Testament would "not be a very formidable task." He carried on all manner of controversies upon their own ground with Horsley and Badcock, with Price, Beatty, and the Scotch philosophers, with Gibbon and the skeptics, and yet often labored for hours a day at his chemical experiments. So discursive a thinker could hardly do much thorough work, nor really work out or coordinate his own opinions. It is not now for the first time remarked that the minds best fitted for prosecuting the labors of experimental philosophy are by no means those from which we expect light to be cast into the more obscure region of metaphysical analysis. "Priestley's mind," says Leslie Stephen, "was objective to an extreme; he could fix his faith upon nothing which had not the evidence of sense in some way or other impressed upon it. Science, morals, politics, philosophy, religion, all came to him under the type of the sensational. The most spiritual ideas were obliged to be cast into a material mold before they could commend themselves to his judgment or conscience. His intellect was rapid to an extraordinary degree; he saw the bearings of a question according to its principles at a glance, and embodied his thoughts in volumes, while many other men would hardly have sketched out their plan. All this, though admirable in the man of action, was not the temperament to form the solid metaphysician; nay, it was precisely opposed to that deep, reflective habit, that sinking into one's own inmost consciousness, and from which alone speculative philosophy can obtain light and advancement."

It would be in vain, therefore, to anticipate any great force or originality in Priestley's speculations. At best, he was a quick reflector of the current opinions of his time and class, and able to run up hasty theories of sufficient apparent stability to afford a temporary refuge amid the storm of conflicting elements. With such tendencies of mind, therefore, and living in an age the whole bearing of which was away from the ideal to the sensational, it is not surprising that Priestley entered with energy into those principles of Hartley from which he hoped to reduce all mental science to a branch of physical investigation.

His metaphysical creed is gleaned from his "Examination of Reid, Beattie, and Oswald." In fact, it is declared in one extraordinary sentence, where he affirms that "something has been done in the field of knowledge by Descartes, very much by Locke, but most of all by Hartley, who has thrown more useful light upon the theory of the mind than Newton did upon the theory of the natural world." Priestley rested the truth of materialism upon two deductions. The first was that thought and sensation are essentially the same thing—that the whole variety of our ideas, however abstract and refined they may become, are, nevertheless, but the mod-

ifications of the sensational faculty. This doctrine had been more fully maintained in France by Condillac, and is a crude anticipation of the positive view. The second deduction was, that all sensation, and, consequently, all thought, arises from the affections of our material organization, and, therefore, consists entirely in the motion of the material particles of which the nerves and brains are composed. It is but justice, however, here to add that Priestley did not push his materialism so far as to evolve any conclusions contrary to the fundamental principles of man's natural religion, or to invalidate the evidence of a future state; for in the full conviction of these truths he not only died but lived.

Instead of distinctly inferring with modern positiveists that we can show nothing of the ultimate nature either of mind or body, Priestley adopted the view that the soul is itself material. According to his quaint illustration, it resembles a razor. The power of thought inheres in it as the power of cutting in the razor. The razor dissolved in acids, is annihilated; and the body destroyed by putrefaction, the power of thinking ceases. But the particles remain in each case; and the soul, like the razor, may again be put together. The advantage of this doctrine, according to Priestly, was that it confirmed Bishop Law's theory of the seat of the soul. The soul being, in fact, a piece of mechanism, is taken to pieces at death, and though it may afterwards be put together again by divine power, there is no ground for the superstitions embodied in the doctrine of purgatory. Moreover, it strikingly confirms the Socinian doctrine by removing all pretext for a belief in the preexistence of Christ.

To sum up, then, the precise influence of Priestley upon the progress of sensationalism in a few words: He succeeded in cutting the last tie which had held Hartley to the poor remains of spiritualism. He reduced the whole phenomena of mind to organic processes—the mind itself to material organization, and mental philosophy to a physical science. The whole existing order of things being an elaborate piece of mechanism, we infer the Almighty Mechanist by the familiar watch argument. Indeed, the Deity himself becomes almost phenomenal, and Priestley has considerable trouble in saving him from materiality. He denies that a belief in his immateriality would increase our reverence for him, and declares that he must be in some sense extended, and have some common property with the matter upon which he acts. It would seem, indeed, that God is rather matter of a different kind from the ordinary than in any strict sense immaterial.

If Priestley was great as a scientist and ambitious as a philosopher, he failed as a theologian. His writings in that department were many, but his auditory has decreased continually. He is now remembered principally as the author of a work apologetic for Unitarianism. The "Corruptions of Christianity" was intended also as a polemic against Romanism and orthodox Protestantism. But as such it was, and remains, a failure. The Socinians alone recall with pride the work which Priestley, the theologian, wrought. His position is easily defined. He writes as a Protestant, and charges the Papacy with corrupting tendencies. But he charges the corruptions back to the earliest of the post-apostolic writers, and includes among the corruptions the Trinitarian doctrines. He makes Christ a mere man. He places the writers of the New Testament on the same level with Thucydides or Tacitus, while he still believes in the miracles. He is compelled, moreover, to accept the Protestant theory that there was in the earliest ages a body of absolutely sound doctrine, though, in the effort to identify this with Unitarianism, he is driven to great straits, and forced to discover it in obscure sects, and to make inferences from the negative argument of silence rather than from positive assertions. Though he makes free with the reasoning of the apostles, he can not give up their authority. Accepting without question the authenticity of the Gospels, he labors to interpret them in the Unitarian sense. He could not see that the real difficulty is the admission of supernatural agency, and that to call a miracle a very little one is

only to encounter the whole weight of rationalist and of orthodox hostility. His aim, as he explains in his Preface, is to show "what circumstances in the state of things [notice this slipshod style], and especially of other prevailing opinions and prejudices," favored the introduction of new doctrines. He hopes that this "historical method will be found to be one of the most satisfactory modes of argumentation." Obviously, a writer thus incompetent to appreciate the bearings of the most vital doctrines of Christianity was not a very competent historian of thought.

Priestley had avowedly taken much of his information at second-hand. To have written exclusively from original sources would, as he remarks, have taken more than a lifetime; and what is the use of other men's labors if they are not to save trouble for ourselves? He had, however, as he expressed with unlucky candor, "looked carefully through" many of the writings of the early fathers. Looking through involves much overlooking, as it produces many downright blunders. He confesses, though, the endeavors to extenuate the importance of some of these errors. When he was replied to by Dr. Horsley, the trained scholarship of that orthodox divine readily asserted its superiority over Priestley's desultory cram; and such palpable blots perhaps injured the credit of the writer even more than their intrinsic value justified. It was, however, abundantly clear that Priestley was a rash and unqualified critic.

His main proposition was that the earliest Christians were Unitarians; and that Unitarianism remained for a long time the creed of the masses, and was, therefore, not condemned as a heresy, though the cultivated Christians had adopted the Trinitarian views. When confronted by testimonies from such early writings as the epistle of Barnabas or the Ignatian epistles, he takes refuge in vague assertions of interpolations, while obviously quite unable to say how far the interpolations, admitted to some extent, really injured the value of the documents as evidence. The truth is, as Horsley charged, "Priestley reasoned in a circle." "So long," says Horsley, "as the sixth page of the first volume of Dr. Priestley's shall be extant, the masters of the dialectic art will be at no loss for an example of the circulating syllogism."

Priestley evinced the full force of his inconsistency most in the list he gave of "maxims of historical criticism." These are sound enough as far as they go, but they avoid the really critical question as to an admission of supernatural agency. And here he so acted because he was himself willing to accept the miraculous as long as it was in his favor. This, and his desire to assign the latest possible date to the origin and prevalence of the belief, and his quiet assumption of the absolute authenticity of all the primary documents, whilst rashly attacking the authority of all the later documents, brings him into such an incoherent position, and causes him to apply his canons of criticism so fitfully, that his performance borders on the ridiculous. It certainly gave an unmistakable triumph to his opponents. Yet, undaunted by this defeat, Priestley returned to the charge in his "History of Early Opinions Concerning Christ" (1786, four vols., octavo)—"the result," as Horsley sneers, "of a whole two years' study of the writers of antiquity." Even Horsley scornfully declined to take the trouble of reading it. He states what may well be believed, that it had a very slow sale. Perhaps it will be our easiest course to follow Horsley's example, and allow the copies to "innocently rot in the printer's warehouse," or the other receptacles into which time or fortune may have drifted them.

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE outward life ran very smoothly in the Thorn household after the excitement preceding and following Floy's departure. Aunt Patience realizing that youth's proper heritage is happiness, kept her own secret anxieties for the ear of her heavenly Father, and gave herself to brightening the days for Ruby and for Hugh.

Mrs. Thorn mourned for her daughter in a way that interfered more with others' comfort than it did with her own. Richard seemed to have no thought but business, and Hugh, by dint of perseverance, persuaded his father to secure him a position in the house. The duties were light, the salary lighter; but the young man had, what he desired, the opportunity to observe men, and to familiarize himself with practical things. He was an acute observer, and made use of every advantage, as if some prophetic voice had told him he would need whatever he could learn. His readiness for any service, absence of all pretension, eagerness to aid those below, and to learn from those above, soon made him a favorite. The force and gentleness of his character found ready recognition in the community of men to which his new life introduced him, and men who feared his father drew near and loved the son. And Richard could not refrain from frequent expressions of regret that Hugh, if equal to active life, should not choose a profession. But to all objections the son replied:

"This seems to be my bent, father, and so far I am successful and happy, and I like the contact with men, the real hand to hand fight with every-day things."

But Richard did not perceive that while every smallest detail of duty was performed with scrupulous exactness, yet without any prying or artifice, the great and general condition and interests of the house were being comprehended by a mind that seemed to take in every thing, and to lose nothing it once observed.

Happy days were these for Ruby, who entered with delight into Hugh's new life, and enjoyed their hours together all the more because of separation. She helped Aunt Patience to mother him, waiting to see if a speck of dust clung to his coat when he went out, and watching for him to return at night. His broad shoulders looked quite equal to the burden of life, his crutch was gradually displaced by a cane, and his rarely fine head and noble countenance made him a marked man wherever he passed, and now that he was happy with the consciousness that he was acquiring ability to be of use, his whole bearing was one of such manly vigor as to inspire confidence in his power. He felt sure, if he only kept on, that he should come to such a knowledge of all their business affairs as would enable him to be of service if trouble came, and this was the inward secret purpose that animated his task.

Aunt Patience was so full of joy at seeing the spirit of healthful, cheerful happiness pervading the young lives so dear to her, that she almost forgot her dread and fear that it might not last. She did not, however, forget to watch and to pray; for her own soul could not move entirely from under the shadow of the fear of Richard's fall from the high integrity that to her was more precious than aught else in life.

The letter containing the money did not come; but Ruby was not troubled, believing Marah had thought better of sending, and would come and bring it herself. Aunt Patience told her she had written to Marah. But Aunt Patty's letter reached the Thorn plantation after Marah had gone, — after Lloyd Allan had gone also on his errand North.

Graham stayed upon the place at first, waiting in the faith that Marah's insane love and longing would lead her back, but still she did not come. Then he set on foot inquiries for her in every direction, but still with no result. He resorted to carefully

worded advertisements assuring her of safety and protection, in the vain hope of beguiling her back; but if she saw them she did not trust them. He would have sent Aunt Patty's letter back to the care of Richard Thorn, but his heart called him strongly northward, and he finally decided to be the bearer of it himself, if he could first insure protection to the much-wronged creature to whose safety he felt pledged. To this end old Pete was summoned.

"The property is now mine," said Graham, "and I wish Marah to take charge of it on her return. When she comes back you are to tell her that I leave every thing to her in my absence, and if she chooses to employ you, you will still remain. You can probably have your home here, and by and by I will buy you, and give you your freedom if you do every thing in your power to be of service to Marah."

Pete took his lesson humbly, and pulled his gray wool in token of respectful submission. Graham dismissed him with some misgivings, yet he did not know any thing better to do.

Poor Marah! hiding or hastening away, in her blindness and terror, from the best friend she had ever known.

It was late Summer when Florence and Harry sailed, and never was there an Autumn in which, notwithstanding all troubles, there was so much real gladness and light in the Thorn household. Youth asserted itself, and they laughed and sung and filled the rooms with life. Hugh's faith was beautiful and strong, as our faith is apt to be when God seems to be giving us what we want. And Ruby's doubts and questions seemed to have died a natural death. She had not ceased to think; but there is a questioning of the head that is quite consistent with a rest of the heart. She beat about sometimes blindly enough in her effort to understand why things were as they were; but as God shone in the life and love of Christ, so Christ shone in the life and love of these two disciples—Aunt Patience and Hugo—and the sweetness of his Spirit in them imperceptibly softened and sweetened her own.

And Patience and Hugh had time again for happy talks, such as had strengthened him all through his youth. In one of these she said, one night when he seemed very weary:

"Your ambition and energy delight me; but you ought to remember there is a bound to your strength."

"But God knows what I want to do, Auntie, and I feel sure he will give strength to do it."

"Yes, Hugh, I have often felt that; but perhaps a better way to put it is, God knows what he wants me to do, and will give strength for it. There is often a wide difference between what he wants and what *we* want. While we should be eager to discover and carry out his plan, we should be careful not to make our own plans, insisting he shall carry them out."

Hugh looked thoughtful, and just then Ruby came in, with seeds and fresh water for his birds. He was in the arm-chair, with his head thrown back, and in the twilight she could not help seeing how like he was, in brow and eyes and the masses of hair, whose gold shone through the brown, to her father. He watched her as she talked to the birds, twittering back to them in a voice as musical as theirs. And when she passed out, his eyes met those of Aunt Patience who had been watching her also. She had laid aside her work in the dusk, and, as she sat with folded hands, she looked as sweet and not much older, than when she sat on the veranda of that southern hotel, with Marah beside her.

As Ruby disappeared, she said:

"What should we do without her, Hugh?"

"I do not know," he answered with an inward shiver at the thought, and then his face lighting up with his great love for her, he said, suddenly, "Auntie, you dearest mother of an auntie that ever a man had, tell me if I am making a mistake when I think God's plan for me includes my planning and living for Ruby? I am so happy day by day, in thinking he will let me have her near me all my life."

Aunt Patience was startled. She had not realized how fast her boy had grown. And

she did not know why, but she feared for him, and had all the motherly desire to spare him pain. So she asked him, gently:

"What makes you feel sure He will let you have her all your life, my son?"

She rarely said "my son," and only when she was deeply moved.

"Why, only because He sent her to us, and has so let me grow into the way of thinking of her before any thing else; and because I feel now as if I had no life without her, and then—well, I don't know, auntie; but perhaps I feel it because I love her so. It would seem a cruelty to take her from me now."

"And she?"

His face had been glowing. It paled a little, but he could not wait for her question.

"She? Well, of course, while I felt useless and unable to cope with other men, I dared not hope to win a woman. But now I am strong; and I feel almost sure I shall be well, that I can be cured completely. I understand the disease myself now, and if I could have had two years abroad before I entered business I could have returned a well man. There are new discoveries in treatment for such cases, but they require time. Mr. Monteith told me all about it."

"Why, my dear boy, why, if you knew this, did you not try it?"

"I could not take the time, auntie."

"But you did not need the business. Surely, with all Aunt Patience has at your disposal, you did not need the business."

"No, precious auntie," but—then a long pause, and then a kiss. He had not said "the business needed him."

And upon this happy Autumn came the visit of Lloyd Allan. He came at evening, just before the house was lighted, and Tom showed him to the parlor in the dusk, and sent the housemaid in with lights, while he went himself with the card to Patience Thorn. She recognized at once the pleasant companion of her southward voyage, to whom she had been indebted for many courtesies, and to whom her invitation had been most cordial to visit her at the home of her nephew whenever he came North. She remembered his deferential care of her, and her own regret that so good and lovely a man should be the owner of slaves. She appreciated his coming to see an old lady who, she was certain, made herself disagreeable by her condemnation of the national sin. And, while she was smoothing her best black silk, and patting her cap border with her soft white hands, he was alone in the parlor, strolling from picture to picture with the interest of a lover of art. Suddenly he stopped before a portrait of Florence in the sea-green velvet and white lace, with the water lilies in her hair and the girdle of seagrasses clasped with a coral branch. It was a lovely picture, idealized, but true in expression and grace to the best there was in the original. It had been a fancy of Ruby's to have the picture, and Florence had been gratified to allow her to try to make it. And when it was done, though it showed Ruby's artistic power, and her master was very proud of it, she had not allowed it to be in sight till after Floy was gone. Then she presented it to Uncle Richard, never dreaming how she hurt him by the gift, or how the man's soul writhed in pain at sight of the face he had loved. As in duty bound, he spoke of it to Mrs. Thorn as a souvenir Rubetta had made "for us," and hung it in the parlor, though he would have liked it much better in the library.

To Lloyd Allan it seemed full of beauty, and he was enjoying it when Aunt Patience came, with her cheery presence and gentle welcome. She would not let him go, but kept him talking till dinner was announced, when she insisted that he must dine with her. Quite willing thus to make the acquaintance of the man whose business called him North, he lingered; and when the family came in, and he saw Rubetta Thorn, he gave a little involuntary glance at the picture, that asked, plainer than words, "And whose, then, can the portrait be?" He was no longer young or susceptible, but it is true that when he heard the original "was married and over the sea" he felt a little pang of regret. From the moment when he told Mrs. Thorn he was sorry he had come too late to see the original of that portrait he had a friend in his hostess.

Richard graciously acknowledged the claim of one who had shown any courtesy to his aunt; and when on Hugh and Ruby dawned the fact that Mr. Monteith was his friend, and had been passing weeks at his home, the former was ready to welcome him with undue warmth, but Ruby, though she listened carefully, grew more quiet than before, which did not prove her any less glad.

When Tom threw open the drawing-room door, and Lloyd Allan entered with Mrs. Thorn on his arm, the black face grew first yellow and then a tawny white, and the shining teeth fairly chattered with fear. For once Tom had no story ready to tell. For once the situation was beyond his powers of invention. He never for a moment doubted that Mars' Lloyd had come to bear him away bodily into the torments from which he had rescued him. With great difficulty he recovered himself, and with much trembling of hands and spilling of soup went through his duties, with his round eyes constantly searching Allan's face for mercy. But the guest gave no sign that he had ever seen him before, and Tom, between the courses, looked in a pocket-glass that he kept in the butler's pantry, and asked himself if it might not be possible he had so changed that he would not be known. He lied more lies to himself in his promenades around the table than he could tell out in the rest of a natural life. It is to be hoped some of them dropped into the soup and the sauces, and were drowned. No lashing he ever had in his sauciest plantation days equaled the punishment inflicted by that one dinner on poor Tom.

And later, when the ladies had left the table, Mr. Allan, without any delay, stated that his visit had a purpose beyond the pleasure of a renewal of his acquaintance with Mrs. Thorn. "I am made, by circumstances which have thrown them in my hands, the bearer of jewels belonging to Miss Thorn, which I am to deliver to her uncle I am also prepared to refund a sum of money said to have been inclosed with these jewels if, on examination of the matter, it seems I am in any way responsible for its loss. Your agent claims that the money with which the woman escaped would have been found by him, if I had not interfered with his plans."

And just here Richard, who had been growing more and more anxious, interrupted the explanation with a courteous invitation that the conversation be continued in the library. This excluded Hugh, who, though perfectly conscious that his father preferred he should withdraw, yet had been so spell-bound by the news, and so overjoyed at it as hardly to realize what was expected of him.

When he returned to the parlor his mother had already gone to her room. Unconscious of any reason for concealment, he told Aunt Patience that Mr. Allan had brought the jewels that could not be found, and that he offered to pay the money too, though he did not understand clearly about that.

Auntie wished he had said nothing; but the young people were eager to talk, and to see what had been brought, and to hear where they found them. If these were what Marah had meant she must have intrusted them to him. Then he has seen her.

"Oh, I can not wait to know," said Ruby, restlessly tapping the carpet with her foot.

And Hugh thought, "Poor Marah! papa doubted her without a cause."

And Aunt Patience was full of surprise and anxiety, and wished they would hasten their talk in the adjoining room.

At last they came.

"It is so late, my friends, that I must leave Mr. Thorn to tell you of our little business; but I shall see you soon again, and often." And he bade them all good-night; bowed a little stiffly—so Hugh felt—to Richard, gave a glance at the portrait, and then turned to go.

Tom gave him his hat and cane, and looked at him with the whites of his eyes gleaming and his teeth chattering.

"Tom," said Allan, with an aspect of great fierceness, "so long as you behave your very best, and stay here, you are safe, and I shall hire you to Mr. Thorn. But if you tell lies—mind, if you tell one lie to Miss Patience, or fail to obey her—it 's all over, and you go back to the plantations."

"Oh, good Lord, Massa Allan!"

"Not a word," said the other. "I give you a chance; just one. You stay here till I want you, now."

And he ran down the steps, and away to his hotel.

He walked briskly, and his shoulders gave an occasional shrug, as if he were not quite satisfied with his visit. The two had been pretty well matched in the recent interview. There was something wrong, he was sure, under that cold, reserved exterior of Richard Thorn. He had "heard from the agent," he said. He "was glad Mr. Allan had bought the place; sorry the lawyer had not been allowed to take his own course as to the recovery of the property." "The woman ought to have been arrested and punished for concealing it so long." He "should feel justified in arresting her wherever found." Strange how he hated her, and only because she had read him aright. So far she had not harmed him, and he had been victorious every step of the strife. Lloyd could not understand it; but he insisted on paying Mr. Thorn the missing sum. "If in time to come, Marah was found and could restore it, all would be well; if not, surely neither Mr. Thorn nor Ruby should be the losers, but those through whose interference she had escaped."

Finally when Lloyd urged it upon him as a duty he owed his brother's child, Richard with great apparent reluctance consented. And Lloyd drew the check for the full amount, assuring himself and Richard it was all right, sure Monteith would wish so to prevent any further persecution of Marah. Yet he wished Mr. Thorn had refused to take it, at least for a time, and he could not shake off with a shrug of the shoulders some burdening sense of mystery and wrong.

And Richard would have gone directly back to the library had not Ruby broken in with:

"Now, Uncle Dick, let me see my treasures, and tell me when Marah is coming."

"I will bring them," he said, as he turned away.

Once within his room, the strong man was terribly shaken. His heart throbbed with the loud, hard beat that almost stiffled him. The question of the girl, so frank, so unsuspicious, was yet like the sudden pulling off of his armor. He felt for a moment as if they all *knew* him, his secret purposes and motives. He became suddenly conscious of the net he was slowly weaving around his soul, and the pit his own hand had digged seemed to yawn at his feet. The breath came hard, and great drops stood on his face. For a moment he longed unutterably to be rid of the whole burden, and felt as if by a gigantic effort he could be free. It was not too late. He could give Ruby *this* money. He could, from the proceeds of the sale, raise enough to refund to Mr. Allen at once; he could retrench decisively in his expenses, contract his business, and, after a little time, restore all he had so far used that was not his own. He could buy Marah, and give her back her freedom and her child. Then let the failure come, he would be an honest man; he could look into Hugh's pure eyes; he could kneel again as he had done when a little child, at Aunt Patience's knee, and confess how nearly he had come to bringing her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. To be free, to atone, to be loved and rested, he felt almost ready to give his life. Never dying manhood made fiercer struggle with evil powers. Angel and demon strove again, and once again on the battle-ground of his soul, and the angel went down. And the deadly blow was dealt by a little weapon, dangerous, sharp, and poisoned, and called "*this time*." Only *this time* and he would use the advantage the sale and this offered fund gave, and it would retrieve all. Only this time to take what was another's, that thereby he might make a brave effort to redeem the whole. One more sin, one more venture, one more risk, and after that, atonement and adherence to the right.

Only "this time"—alas for the souls it has slain!

When Richard came back he brought the jewels. Of the money he said nothing at all.

"Is Marah coming, Uncle Dick?"

Mr. Allan did not know. She had gone from the villa. He thought she might already have come North.

"But have you the money, papa?"

Richard frowned.

"I only ask you because I want to be sure Marah did not do the dreadful thing you thought," whispered Hugh, while Aunt Patience and Ruby were helping each other to make the best of the news of Marah.

All interest in the treasures was lost. Marah *might* be coming, but she *might* not. No one knew, and Ruby was ready to cry with disappointment and pain. And Aunt Patience looked ready to share her tears, but amid her soothing, she heard Richard say in a low tone to Hugh:

"Yes, he paid me the money; and, but that she ought to be severely punished, I am glad to be rid of all thought of her. She has given me too much trouble. I never wish to hear her named again."

Somehow they were so bright at eventide, why were they all so sorry at midnight?

There are no outward changes to mark the crises in human souls. They went on as before after that night, and outwardly there was no sign that in Aunt Patty's soul there was a deeper pain, in Hugh's a deeper love, in Richard's a deeper sin. And in Ruby's there was certainly a deeper determination to delay no longer her search for her early friend. She would have gone long ago, but for the silent disapproval that often is a more powerful influence than words. But this project was the only one Ruby ever cherished which Hugh seemed willing to defer. He dreaded to know more than he now knew of Marah; and even Aunt Patience, while acknowledging the duty of the search, never seemed quite ready to undertake it. Now, that Mr. Allan had said he did not know when Mr. Monteith would come, and that he might be forced to go to England without coming North at all, she could see no reason for delay.

Pondering on all these things, one morning, not long after, Ruby went out, portfolio in hand, to the studio of her master in painting, a queer old German artist, full of talent and eccentricity. He knew four objects of affection, his art, his Fader-land, his mild-eyed old frau, and his young pupil. The first had been ungrateful, for it gave Professor Baume neither fame nor money in return for the devotion of a life; the second only kept him in a state of longing homesickness; the third was the only one who gave him back love for love, and made up for all the rest by her admiration and faith.

Ruby's talent for painting could not have fallen under better direction, and she was a great favorite in the studio, where she sat and worked, while dear old Frau Baume sat near in her white cap and apron, and canary-birds sang in the sunny window. The old artist in his worn velvet-cap and flowing beard made a picture of himself, and he would not have a studio away from home, for he told the fraulein he must have the "mutterchen" to be his model for the haus-mutter in the "Folk Homes" he loved to paint. He had chosen her from one of the folk homes in her rosy youth, when he was romantic and young, and she more than made up to him for all the great world withheld. She made the sunshine of the quaint little rooms and the wide studio, and was as quaint herself as any figure that could step out of a bit of old tapestry, such as her husband loved to hang about. Rubetta was her special pet, and always climbed the high stairway and sat down to her work with a sense of restful comfort. The Herr Professor praised and scolded in turn. Frau Baume petted her and brought her a tiny cup of chocolate and the bit of German bread full of the caraway seed, which Ruby picked out and fed to the birds while the old folks talked. And more than either would have owned it, they loved to have her there.

Some of her gravest problems had been pondered there as she sat in silence at her easel, and sometimes she hardly heard as they talked, so busy was she with thoughts in which they had no share.

To-day she painted in silence, and as she started to go, her master asked her to stop, if she had time, at the museum of art, and look at a certain picture, the treatment of which he wished her to observe. She was late, and anxious to reach home in time to greet Hugh. She passed directly through the vestibule and the intervening rooms of the gallery to the one in which the picture

hung. The custodians knew her well, for she was a faithful student, and smiled as she passed at the regretful glance she cast at favorite pictures which she had not time to enjoy. When she found the one she sought she stood rapt, as if she had been suddenly lifted from the dampness and the darkness of closing day into the midst of a Summer morning landscape, where every thing, water and sky and grass and trembling leaf, was thrilling under the kisses of the sun. The light seemed in the picture warming its heart and radiating thence instead of shed upon it from without, and Ruby felt it as if she were again in the meadows of her southern home. As she looked, some one near her said softly, as if speaking to himself: "Verily the time of the singing of birds has come." She started and looked around. A little distance behind her stood Lloyd Allan, and by his side, his eyes bent upon the picture, and his thoughts evidently far away, stood the St. Christopher of Hugo's dream.

"Well, I must go, Graham, if you want to dream your sunset away here," said Lloyd, briskly. "I had almost forgotten an engagement. I will see you at dinner, and this evening we will go together to Mr. Thorn's."

Ruby heard it, and yet she did not move. Before the echoing footsteps had left the room Mr. Monteith was at her side. She was half frightened to find herself so glad, too frightened to smile or to speak; but as he held out his hand she laid both hers in it, and he held them both with a clasp quite needlessly strong, since she did not care to take them away.

"I am so glad to find you again," he said.

No one had ever made love to Ruby, yet somehow she understood, as every woman does when a man's heart creeps into his tones that way. But she answered:

"And I am so glad, too; for I have been so anxious to see"—and then she paused before she added, "to see or to hear from—Marah."

And, strange to say, he took the answer, and was content.

And there they stood and talked before the picture that made him feel as if the "time of the singing of birds had come;" and whether she studied, as Herr Professor Baume wished, its "breadth of treatment," certainly its Arcadian repose and beauty took possession of her soul as well as his, and together they lived, for a little while at least, in a Summer land, a morning land of promise, into which it seemed impossible there could ever creep the chill of sadness, or the blight of the more terrible commonplace.

"It is a picture that makes one think of 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,'" he said, at last.

"Yes; but why must all sweet fields be beyond floods, Mr. Monteith?" asked Ruby.

He looked at her as if uncertain what she meant, and she added:

"Why must lives go through so much trouble to gain any rest?"

"To make Christophers of us, perhaps," he said, smiling, "and inspire us to bear one another's burdens."

"But no one *can* carry another's. I can not carry Hugo's or Marah's or auntie's, however much I wish."

"Can you carry your own?"

"Not very bravely, I fear."

"Nor can we entirely lift them from those we love. But we can go beside them, and keep very close, and bear *with* them; and that is all that makes life worth having."

"But you are so strong. Hugo thinks you could lift any one up to the places where they would be strong too."

"But I can not. Only the Master can do that. What I can do, and all I can do, is to *keep near*, and only that to those who can let me."

"Well, Hugo will let you. He needs and wants you near."

"And *you*?"

"I? Why, I do not have any thing to do about it. You always seem near to me."

They walked home together; but he was late already, and he left her at the door, promising to come and see them all in the evening. Hugh was waiting for her somewhat anxiously; for, since his business life began, never once had she failed to watch

for his coming. His face was radiant as she entered, but hers was so much more so that he held her at arm's length, exclaiming:

"Why, Ruby, you look as happy as if you had not been lost in the twilight. I was just ready to start out for you. Who brought you home?"

"St. Christopher."

"Ruby, Ruby, you do not mean it! He has not come?"

"Yes."

And she told with girlish candor of the meeting in the gallery. What she omitted is not for us to say, for girls do not always remember with exactness, but he had come, and he was coming again to-night, and they were glad,—strangely glad, Aunt Patience thought, for people who knew so little of a friend. Yet when he came she gave him a hearty welcome. Richard was away on business; and the evening was one without a pang to any of them, except, perhaps, to Patience, who found a little heartache creeping into her evening prayer for Hugh.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. MONTEITH surprised Hugh on the morrow by appearing at his place of business. He paid his respects in cordial fashion to the elder Thorn in his private office; and then, drawing Hugh aside, he showed him the letter addressed to Marah.

"Hugh, one of these days I am going to have a frank talk with you about this mysterious woman. You know she has disappeared. After Lloyd left this letter came, and I did not know any better way than to bring it with me, as it was posted in this city, and she probably knows no one here but your family. I thought you would know who wrote it. I want it to reach the writer."

Hugh looked at it. "It was written by my Aunt Patience," he said.

"Will you take it to her, then?"

Hugh laid it upon his desk. He wished Mr. Monteith would have the talk *now*, but Graham was not ready till he had solved some puzzling problems for himself. That Marah had an enemy in Richard Thorn Lloyd Allan told him he was sure, but the reason of the enmity remained a puzzle still.

Late in the afternoon Hugh said to his father:

"Will you take this letter up to auntie, papa? I am going to dine with Mr. Monteith, at his hotel."

And Richard took it. He was surprised when he drew it from his pocket, after he was home, to see it addressed to Marah, and wondered where Hugh had found it. He could not rid himself of a sort of fear that Marah might appear and give him annoyance, though he knew he had all power in his own hands and she had none. He had laid aside before this all scruples as to any means of finding out about her; and he opened this letter carefully, and read it, and sealed it again. It only told Marah of the reception of the unsealed letter promising the money, and of the failure to receive the one containing it. It begged her to keep it if she had not yet sent it, and to come with all speed to Ruby, who could not wait for her longer. This explained the mystery of one letter lost from his pocket in the hall. Where was the other, that would be a proof that the money had come? Was this the first tightening of the net that would finally hold him in a grasp from which he could never again be free? Aunt Patience did not suspect him, or he should have known it. She was not a woman to let such a matter rest. He must keep her unsuspecting still. While he was thinking it over Hugh entered, and, seeing the letter lying on the table, he said:

"Ah, there 's auntie's letter. I will take it up to her and be back in a moment, papa."

And before Richard could think whether it was safe or wise to object he was gone.

He found her sitting in his own room, engaged in a motherly office at his dressing-table. The chaos of neckties and gloves and handkerchiefs was fast coming to order under her touch, when Hugh threw his arms about her, and drew her playfully to the sofa, and gave her the letter he had brought. As she read the trouble crept up to her face in such a cloud that he said:

"Auntie, I do n't wish to be curious, but is it not something about which I can help you?"

"Only the suspense and the mystery,

Hugh. I ought not to speak of it, but I am burdened almost past sleep. Did your father say that Mr. Allan brought money with the jewels?"

"Yes, auntie; but what of that? It was found in the old house, and I was very glad, for father thought Marah had taken the money, desiring to bring it herself to Ruby. I am so glad it was not true."

"But Hugh, my son," said the old lady, struggling with her fears, "it was true; for Marah wrote Ruby she had it, and had sent it to her through me, at Thornton. I never received it. Who did receive it? Where is it? It can not be right for Mr. Allan to pay it again. I have almost broken my heart over it, boy." And for the first time in his life Hugh saw Aunt Patience tearful and unnerved.

Hugh threw his arm quickly about her.

"Auntie, I am ashamed of you. How could you, with a great, useless fellow like me about, try to carry such a care? Why, we can work it out together. Probably Marah changed her mind, and intrusted all to Mr. Allan."

Poor, hopeful, trustful old heart! Here was a natural solution; why had she not thought of it before? How unjust she had been to Richard!

"And, auntie, why do we take the roundabout way of doing things when the direct way is so easy? There are two things that can be done; one by you, and one by me. You ask papa all about it, and I will write to Thornton, to see if such a letter ever came. And my part I will do at once," he said, kissing her, and hastening half-playfully to his desk. "Now, you go to see papa, and before we sleep we will be 'easier in our minds,' as Rachel says."

She kissed him, and, half-ashamed of the unwonted breaking down, crept away to her room.

Mr. Monteith and Mr. Allan had come home with Hugh, and the former had been making Mrs. Thorn happy with description of the country where her daughter had gone, while Lloyd's eyes rested often and a little sadly on the pictured face of Floy.

Patience heard their voices as she passed the door, and entering her own room in the dark through the wee bedroom that Ruby had always used, she saw a figure kneeling beside the bed. She knelt also, and gathering Ruby's face up against her breast, they waited in silence.

"Is it trouble that has sent you here?" whispered Aunt Patience.

"Oh, no, dear auntie, not that; but of late I have had so much to make me happy, and Marah is going to be found. Mr. Monteith says he will find her for me. And I felt ashamed of that time when I said I never would pray again, and I want to tell God so, and to thank him for—for every thing, auntie," and the flushed, happy face went out of sight under the soft, white hand. Patience kissed her, and thought of Hugh, and went away down to the library, forgetgetting the prayer she had come to pray.

And Richard was prepared for her questions, and answered them in this wise, giving her only as much truth as he must.

"Yes, Lloyd Allan *had* bought the place, and Marah *had* taken the money, and the lawyer would have made her tell what she had done with it, had not Mr. Allan interfered to prevent. So Allan had done right to refund that which he had been the means of withholding."

"O Richard! there is some mistake, she wrote us that she sent the money."

"She probably wrote a falsehood then," said the excited man. "She is too crazy to know what she writes."

"I do not believe she has ever been too crazy to speak the truth," she answered, firmly.

"Do you not? I should be very glad if you will accept some of her stories as true. It would relieve me of much annoyance and care."

Had any one told Patience the day would ever come when Richard Thorn would look and speak to her with a voice and manner that could hurt her so, she would not have thought it possible, neither indeed would he.

"I do not understand you," she said, with dignity.

"Well, it's better you should not," he

answered curtly. "Ruby's affairs are in my hands. I must be left to manage them as I see best. Be assured she is far better off than if I believe Marah's word, for then she would not be here."

"You frighten me, Dick; you must not leave it in this way. Surely I have a right to know whatever concerns Robert's child. What is it Marah says?"

"If you must know, then, she says Ruby is not the child of Robert and Lucia; but their adopted child only, and that she, Marah a slave woman, is her mother."

Aunt Patience grew very pale.

"Now, auntie, remember you forced it from me. If Marah is not 'too crazed to speak the truth,' then Ruby is not Robert's daughter, has no claim whatever on his estate, but lives by my bounty. I have taken the other view much to my own disadvantage. I believe the woman to be crazed, and have dealt with her as I thought best for all concerned. The price I have paid for her protection is my brother's fortune, and no end of care for myself and drudgery for my son. Do not add to it the loss of your good will."

And the dignity and aggrieved innocence with which he said it were quite enough to convince Aunt Patience, and more than that, so subtly does sin work in the soul, to convince himself for the moment that in keeping Ruby he had done a heroic deed.

And Ruby had run down from that moment in which her heart had brimmed over with thankful prayer, to find Mrs. Thorn bidding good night to Mr. Allan.

"Mr. Monteith has gone into the conservatory to find Hugh. I hear Hugh's steps," said Mrs. Thorn.

Ruby went on to join them with a wondrous lightness of heart, that made her feel as if the world were new. The presence of this strong, gentle spirit made the house another spot to her. The air had life in it now. As she opened the door she heard—

"Hugh, you are like a younger brother I had who died long ago. I have put you, somehow, in the empty place, and I will not let you suffer and not help you bear it. Tell me, my poor fellow, what has stricken you so?"

But Hugh caught a glimpse of her as she came into the alcove, and laid his hand on Graham's.

"Hush! there's Ruby; it is nothing. Let me go;" and he broke away from the strong arm circling his shoulders, and was gone.

And Monteith turned and met her with a smile, and led her in among the flowers. It was too soon for him to speak. He had no right to ruffle her happy girlhood with love's talk so soon, before she had had time to know him; and yet, as they talked of other things, as he reached high up and drew down a spray of a delicate fern, and gave it to her, and she broke the twig in two pieces, giving him a piece of it again, he knew he was showing his love, and she knew, or if she did not, he did, that she was loving him in return.

He talked of Aunt Patience to her, and said:

"You could not have lived with her all this time without feeling that 'God had sent some one to take care of you.'"

She was silent, and he repeated:

"Has he not?" and Ruby smiled and answered:

"*Yes.* He is the only one who *never* fails us. There is nothing else that is sure; but in God there is certainty and repose."

And saying these words over to herself, when he had gone, she started to go to her own room.

"In God there is certainty and repose," she whispered, as she passed the library door. It was ajar, and within a clear, hard voice was saying, slowly, coldly, as if it were merely a fact to be told like any other fact:

"Then Ruby is not the child of Robert and Lucia, and she, Marah, a slave woman, is her mother."

Hugh was already at his desk, in pretended and playful haste to write a letter of inquiry to Thornton, when Aunt Patience left the room to seek his father. His haste seemed to pass away with her presence, and he sat with his elbow on the desk and his head on his hand, thinking earnestly.

How manly and noble the face and figure had grown! What a triumph over bodily

pain and depression it revealed. Uncle Robert, in his grandest youth never looked more like that picture of St. Michael in the old Church of the Capuchins, near the Piazza Barberini, than his nephew looked to-night. There was such masterful strength and scorn of evil under the sweetness of the brow. Wrong and darkness *must* flee before him, he felt sure of it; for he so loved a life in the light. This little mystery of the letter, this whole mystery of Marah, must and should be cleared away; for of all his dear ones he could not have Aunt Patience troubled. She alone of all had been the one to whom he took his cares and she had carried his sorrows, and this was the first time she had ever told him a grief of her own. Henceforth he must be on the watch to help and spare her. The first thing to be done was this letter. He lifted the sloping lid and put his hand in for paper. It touched, instead, the envelope he had thrown in so long ago. There it had lain; for recently he had written his letters in the counting-room down town, and the little desk was rarely used. He drew it forth and looked at it.

"Miss Patience Thorn, Thornton, Vermont,"—mailed from a small post-office in Florida, of which he had never even heard; remailed from Thornton to his father's office and his father's care; found at the door of his father's library, found open, found empty;—no, and he held it up to the light. There was something in it, a thin slip of paper, unseen and unremoved with the more important contents. On it was scrawled:

"My Ruby: I sent by the same mail, from a post-office five miles away, the letter announcing this. I inclose with this $—— in money, the full amount, just as I found it in the safe. I go back to save the jewels. I do not know what they will do with me, or how far I am to suffer in the persecution of Richard Thorn. He has already sold the villa to Lloyd Allan, and given orders to sell me, Ruby. I shall escape if I can; but I must first save for you the jewels that I dare not send. If I succeed, you will see me soon. If you hear from me no more, you will know I count nothing precious, not even freedom of life, that I can give for my child. Yet, to see your face once more, and the face of the white-haired, beautiful friend. God bless you—and pity—your mamma Marah."

A thin penciled letter slipped in with a parcel of money—how had it ever escaped his eye who had taken the money out? Perhaps it had not; perhaps it had been read and returned before the envelope was lost.

But Hugh thought of none of this. He could think nothing clearly. His soul only cried, "My father!" with much the same sort of anguish that tore the heart of the old minstrel king who cried, "O Absalom! my son, my son! Would God that I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son!"

Sometimes human relations reverse themselves. Many and many a daughter has lived as if her mother were her only child, giving in full measure the protection and tender care that the mother is supposed to bestow. And the greater soul is ever father to the weaker in this world where so many stumble and fall. And the nearer God a brave soul comes the more it takes on of his Spirit of Fatherhood, that pities, uplifts, and protects. Poor Hugh! He was fast coming into his share of the divine heritage that marked him a son; for, like his Elder Brother, he was putting his love, which was the "God in him," under the burden of others' suffering and sin.

The anguish of his surprise and disappointment in his father, the destruction of one of his idols, the agonizing death of his trust, the blow to the heart of his youth, that made him feel as if the gold of his hair should be gray,—why need we talk of all that? Once, during the terrible hours, he stole down to the conservatory. He loved the dim lights, the cool trickle of the fountain, the fragrance of the plants. The touch of the leaves, as he laid his hands on them, had always had a sort of healing for his hours of pain, and the room where he had found and read that letter seemed dreadful to him, as if he could never breathe its air again.

He heard voices in the parlor, but he thought they would not heed him as he passed. Once among the flowers, he leaned

his hot face against the window, and tried to pray; but, alas! the whispered words died in his throat and his heart refused to say any thing but "I loved my father so! O God, I loved my father so!" Here Graham found him drawn to the spot he hardly knew how, and no words were needed to show him Hugh was battling with some great pain. He might have helped him perhaps if upon that moment of sorrow Ruby's face had not shone bright with its coming joy. Hugh went back again, and alone just as we all must meet our death struggles of every sort, he saw the life die out of his boyhood and his youth, and took up his manhood with two new tasks added to his work—the atonement for all the wrong that had been done, and the saving his father from any future sin. He knew enough of the business now to see why his father had sold the villa, and why he had taken Ruby's money, and why, too, he had taken advantage of Lloyd Allan's sense of honor to double the stolen sum. And hours passed before he could extricate his thoughts about it from the overwhelming feeling of the sin and the shame of it all.

When, at last, the question of what was to be done stood clearly before him, and he was able to think, he never admitted a doubt as to the possibility of *undoing* all. Could he do it alone, without his father's help? Could he be sure his father would be a help? He must bend his energies to three things—to finding out the true condition of his father's and of Ruby's affairs, and preventing at all cost further inroads into her fortune. This he must do through the opportunities the business would give. He must ask Lloyd Allan to give him the privilege of buying back the villa at some future day. He must find Marah and save her from the threatened fate of a slave. He must give his life's labor, if need be, to restoring what had already been taken from Ruby; and first of all the money paid by Mr. Allan on Marah's account must be given back to him. How was it to be done? He did not see how this first step could be taken without revealing to his father the knowledge he had gained. And that was to destroy his hope of saving him, for he knew Richard was not a man to put his hand in his and be led back like a penitent child to the right.

He knew that it would be an end to all the loving intercourse on which he built his hope of winning him again, if once his father knew. Richard would never thereafter let him love him, and in loving him was the only saving chance. No, he would not let Richard know, so long as he could possibly control events without it. And Aunt Patience—once he would have taken it all to her, and together they would have worked it out. He wanted her advice now; he might be forced to take from her more than advice, but he could not tell her this disgraceful thing of his papa. Richard was like her only son, now Uncle Robbie was gone. No, no; he had seen only to-night that she was not strong to bear trouble as she once had been; so he would spare her dear old heart, and carry the load alone. There was comfort in the thought of Robert, the sort of comfort he would have felt if his uncle had come near and the two had clasped hands in the dark. And in his new sorrow and new struggle he was not alone; for he had highest communion with the invisible Friend, the sense of whose comprehension and sympathy was the support of his daily life.

Aunt Patience sat down stairs in the corner of the deep sofa in the drawing-room alcove, long, long after she left Richard. She wanted to be alone, and up in her room she knew Ruby would come stealing in after she was ready for bed, to sit and talk while she braided and brushed her hair. She feared she had not strength to hide her heartache from her child. By and by she remembered that Hugo would leave his door open for her to come and tell him what she had learned. She could never tell him. She believed now that Marah had become crazed, and had told that which gave ground for the defense Richard had made of his course. She had not one doubt about Ruby's rights and relationship, nor did she believe Richard had one; yet he had reminded her of that letter Robert had written to her in his sickness, in which he said he "*had* owned a slave," and also that he had "paid

a price for Ruby's mother. It was true that he had bought Marah, and held her as a slave, and many other things, so Richard assured her, pointed to the same solution. She recalled the letter, and resolved to read it once more when she went to Thornton, and wished, oh, so earnestly, she had reached Robert in time for him to tell her all, as in that letter he had promised her to do.

It looked indeed very strange, and nothing seemed stranger than Marah's conduct concerning the contents of the safe. Yet she could never believe Ruby to be any other than Robert's child, and to her she should be Robert's child to the end of her days.

Hugh's door was unlocked, and he was in the high, invalid chair by the window. She saw the smile with which he greeted her lighted a very pale face, but he held out his hand for her to come near.

"I did not find out any thing certain, my boy," she said, touching his forehead caressingly, "but I had a little talk with your father about a good many things, and it ended in my feeling that Marah is very much crazed indeed, quite enough so to account for any thing. Your father seems to be doing his best to bring things around, and to be carrying very heavy burdens. I wish we could help him. I can not bear to have any man, however good and strong, be so harassed, lest his cares take the form of temptations."

"Can we do any thing to help him, dear auntie?" said Hugh. "Let us talk it over a little. But you must not stand, and yet I like to have you near."

"Here, then," she said, seating herself on his sofa; and he came and threw himself down beside her.

"I ought to send you to bed, auntie, dear. This is a bad way to take care of you," said Hugh.

"Well, that does sound grown up, sure enough," she answered, trying to speak lightly. "It is I who send you to bed when I think proper for you to go. But to-night I will let you sit up with me a little while."

"How many, many nights you have watched with me when I suffered," said Hugh, "holding my head on a pillow on your lap! I often feel as if I'd like to rest it there again."

As he spoke she passed him the sofa cushion, and he took a low stool at her side, and leaned his head in just the old boyish fashion upon her knee. Every thing seemed favorable for one of their dearest old-fashioned talks, yet they were very silent. It was the same resting-place, the same hand on his head, the same sweet face bending over him, and yet the child she comforted was gone

"I always loved the nights, auntie. I suppose I learned it when a child; for I was always awake with the pain when others slept. I used to wonder so how they could go to sleep whom Christ allowed to be with him in Gethsemane. If they loved him, how could they?"

She did not answer his question, but she said, after a pause:

"Yet, after all, Hugh, if the *loneliness* had been taken out of his agony it would have lost one element of comfort for us.. We all have our Gethsemanes, our nights of shrinking and struggling, before we are ready for our crosses. We all have our cups, over which we cry, 'Let this one pass;" and I think when those times come we are almost always alone. And when we are ready at last to say, 'Thy will be done,' there is rarely any ear but God's to hear."

Then another silence,—each soul was in its garden alone. At last Hugh said:

"Auntie, I am coming to know papa's business well. I think a crisis is coming soon, which I see no means to avert."

"There is my property, Hugh."

"Yes; but it must not be sacrificed, or even offered to him. It would not save the rest, and we may all have to come to you to take care of us. But, auntie, I have been thinking if I could establish something outside, some business of my own, and you could keep the old home at the farms, that then we could together carry father and mother and Floy along through the years, if things come to the worst here."

"Why do you include Floy, Hugh? Do you not think Harry can care for her?"

"A little while, auntie, a little while, till his money is gone and papa can send no more.

Sooner or later she will come back to us. Poor, dear girl! nothing we can do will save *her* suffering, I fear; but we can save a home for her perhaps."

"Well, Hugh, my heart is with you, and all I have is for those we love."

"I have had several talks with Mr. Monteith, auntie, about his own life and his work on his own estates. The latter includes towns and villages and manufactories, as well as farming regions. His tenantry and peasantry are very numerous, and when they came into his hands they were very wretched, and his life is given to improving their condition. He feels responsible for them, and of course the work to be done for their bodies and souls is a hundred-fold more than one man could accomplish. Now, to find just the right helpers for the best part of his work—that is, the inspiring them to be something nobler and better than they are—is very difficult. It is a work one can not very well define, not that of a teacher or a missionary, and yet men such as he wants should have the spirit of both. He says he is a 'friend' to his people, and he wants to find other friends to aid him in the work which he feels is good work. He seems to fancy, auntie," he added, modestly, "as if my life of suffering might make me quick to feel their sorrows and, possibly, powerful to help."

"A Christly work, indeed, my son," said Aunt Patience, looking down lovingly into his eyes, "and you certainly are fitted for it if ever man could be."

"Well, auntie, any fitness I might have is due largely to you. I confess the thought of it stirred me; but I said to Mr. Monteith that the Christly workers needed the forty days in the wilderness, and I feared life had had too little desert and too many blossoms for me."

"I do not quite agree with you, Hugh. Did Mr. Monteith agree?"

"Well, he said that we often come to the borders of the desert before we know it, and we often do not find our fountains are bitter till we drink."

"I hope it was not a prophetic word, Hugh."

"I think it was, auntie. I am over the borders already, and I have tasted the 'waters, and they are not sweet.'"

His voice was a husky whisper, struggling through tears. What did it mean? She could only wonder if he had found out that Ruby's heart was not his own. She kissed his forehead, and, thinking to help him overcome his feeling, asked:

"And would such a career suit your wishes, Hugh?"

"Above every thing in the world I should desire it. It would be the fulfillment of my own thought of how to make life of sweetest worth. It hurts me to give it up."

"But why give it up, my son?"

"Because my work and my duty lie at home. I told Mr. Monteith of the different villages upon the river that carries the Thornton mills. I told him how great the business of the manufactories once was, and how the late depression, and the supply so far in excess of the demand, had forced many of them to close. I told him of the throngs of laborers out of work, and that such work as he wants done needed to be done at home. And he seemed to take it all in at once, and says they have in his own communities a great market for some of the things we can no longer sell. The Scottish moors, the English meadows, are not like our prairies, where the various machines have crowded out the scythes. He says there is still demand for scythes and hay-cutters and harvest-knives, such as were made in those factories of yours when we had a Western market."

"But the man who last worked them, Hugh, gave them up in disgust, saying they could not be carried on with profit."

"I should like to try it, auntie. I should like to hire them of you, and make the experiment. I know many of the men of the villages have been long out of work. Nearly all their families have been more or less indebted to you in poverty and sickness. They all love you, and will feel you are going to start the factories under my direction, and as much for their benefit as for your gain. I know competent workmen for managers in the various departments, and I could be sure

of an English market if we could produce an equally good article at a rate to compete with English prices. Mr. Monteith is eager I should try it. And by and by, perhaps, we may do something with the tub-shops and the chair-factory. If he will make a market I will soon have the valley people at work again."

"And there is the cotton mill, Hugh," said Aunt Patience, startled at the boldness of his scheme and the undaunted spirit with which he considered it.

"Well, Mr. Monteith imports his cotton direct, and we could hardly hope to enter there into successful competition; but if the others succeed we can do all we wish with the cotton mill at home. How does it strike you, auntie? Will you help me to try it?"

"I will help you in any thing, Hugh; but when I think of your health and your inexperience I confess the greatness of the undertaking staggers me."

"But we shall only undertake one thing at a time, auntie; and with Mr. Monteith for an ally, promising to take our first year's work, the risk is not so great. With your influence in the homes, and with me trying to be what Monteith calls a friend to the men, and"—

"With God over all and in all," said Aunt Patience, solemnly.

"Yes, with God over all, it is certainly safe to try. We must go up and look over the ground soon, auntie."

"Yes, dear; any time when you are ready."

"Well, auntie," said Hugh, rising, and kissing her as he led her to the door, "since we are going so soon, it 's just as well not to send any letter to the Thornton post-office, is it not?"

"Just as well, my comfort," she answered, returning his kiss.

And she went away and prayed for him in his trouble, but she did not know what hurt him. And he shut the door and prayed for her in her trouble, and he did not know what it was. No matter,—God knew, and even this bitter night he gave them both the gift he giveth "his beloved"—sleep.

SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM.

AN educated lady once remarked to John Foster, "I do not admire Shakespeare at all." Recording this remark, the great essayist says, "*I* admired *her*." The supreme self-complacency which led her so courageously to express a judgment in "opposition to the concurrent opinions of all the most enlightened and thinking minds," amused and probably puzzled Foster. If the lady had merely censured the prince of dramatists for the frequent grossness of his language, for his many ambiguous and indelicate expressions, for introducing his readers to much "improper company," for his numerous pictures of "disgusting moral odiousness," for the soul-harrowing spectacles which give character to his tragedies, and for the anachronisms and improbabilities which abound in his plays, Foster would have readily understood and no doubt agreed with her. But when she, though a cultivated woman, affirmed that she did not admire *any thing* in our "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, as Coleridge called him, he was perplexed. How was it possible to harmonize such a judgment with the fact of her culture?

We accept that lady as a type of a small class of minds whose ethical and æsthetical tastes, offended by the undeniable coarseness found in the pages of the unequaled dramatist, prejudice their understandings and prevent them from seeing the many jewels of matchless beauty with which they are adorned. Or, it may be, they are unwilling to search for gems in so slimy a soil. We respect their repugnance, because we share it in a degree sufficient to awaken regret that Shakespeare was either so like his age, or so submissive to its gross spirit, as to soil his otherwise incomparable pages with words and thoughts which can not be successfully defended either at the bar of taste or

in the court of morality. They do, in truth, constitute a bar-sinister on the escutcheon of his fame. Nevertheless, we are not prepared to ostracize this "astonishing man," whom Hurd pronounces, "the most original thinker and speaker since the days of Homer;" but, regarding his dramas as a microcosm of human characters, we read them with such wakeful precaution as one maintains when walking through the streets of a great city at night, glancing lightly on what is evil, and giving close attention to their noble thoughts, their wise maxims, their peerless imagery, and their unequaled portraitures of character. While rejecting Coleridge's assertion that "Shakespeare may sometimes be gross, but always moral and modest" (who can conceive of moral and modest *grossness*?), we accept Schlegel's statement that our poet "never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of goodness of soul." His villains, such as Iago and Richard III, are made to appear morally odious both in motive and act. Indeed, as Goethe has shown, all his characters appear like "watches with crystalline plates and cases, which, while they point out the hour, enable us, at the same time, to perceive the inward springs, whereby all is accomplished." Hence, his readers always see the bad act associated with the wrong motive and an evil result. In this sense Shakespeare is moral; but the coarse language, the indecent allusions, the profane words, so frequently put into the lips of his characters, are neither modest nor moral.

Since the time of Schlegel and Coleridge there has been a class of Shakespearean bigots whose admiration for "our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child," as Milton described him, have borne them to the opposite extreme of the above-named lady's *nil admirari* point of view. She saw no merit in him; they see too much, at least on the ethical side of his claims. She was blind to his excellencies; they to his moral faults; and their blindness led them to defend what is ethically indefensible, and to insist on finding a higher purpose in his dramas than ever entered into his own conceptions.

Beginning, for example, with Coleridge himself, and limiting our inquiry to his estimate of Shakespeare's delineations of female character, we find him saying in his "Notes on the Tempest:"

"In Shakespeare all the elements of womanhood are holy; and there is the sweet yet dignified feeling of all that *continuates* society, as sense of ancestry and sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that sane equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience,—not of the individual only, but of all those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors even up to the first mother that lived. . . . He has drawn it—woman's character—in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude, shown in all of them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition without the intervention of the discursive faculty, sees all things in and by the light of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone."

Hudson, in his excellent lectures on Shakespeare, writing in the same vein, says:

"Next to the Bible, Shakespeare is the best friend and benefactor of womankind that has yet appeared on our earth; for next to the Bible it has done most toward appreciating what woman is and toward instructing her what she should be. His writings contain at once the reality and the apotheosis of womanhood. The incomparable depth and delicacy and truthfulness with which he has exhibited the female character, are worth more than all the lectures and essays on social morality the world has ever seen."

Mr. Cook, the distinguished Boston lecturer, indorses Hudson, by saying, approvingly, "It has often been asserted that, next to the Christian religion, humanity has no other so precious inheritance as Shakespeare's divine gallery of womanhood."

The high literary reputation of the authors here quoted, compels one to hesitate before objecting to their so strongly expressed opinions. Indeed, there is much,

especially in our citation from Coleridge, to which one can not consistently object. It is doubtless a fact that Shakespeare, in making his female character, see "all things in and by the light of the affections," struck the key-note of womanhood's distinctive character. It is not by the analytical processes of the understanding, so much as by the intuitions of her heart, that woman forms her judgments and regulates her conduct. Shakespeare has delineated this feature of womanhood with amazing power and fidelity, and in marvelous variety. But when Coleridge affirms that "in Shakespeare all the elements of womanhood are holy;" when Hudson claims that his female characters "*instruct*" woman "*what she should be*," and are "worth more than all the lectures and essays on social morality that the world has ever seen;" and when Cook declares that they constitute a "*divine* gallery of womanhood," we, as a Christian moralist, feel bound to dissent with emphasis. After a careful survey of this "divine gallery," we boldly affirm that it does not contain one woman who, measured by the pure standard of Christ, can be accepted as being *on the whole* "an instructor of what a woman should be." Many of them, it is true, exhibit the constancy, the fortitude, the patience, the trust which are among the noblest fruits of the truest conjugal affection; but what Christian moralist can hold up any one of the poet's characters *in its entirety*, and honestly say to the women of this generation, "This is, in all things, a model for your imitation?"

We find no evidence, either in Shakespeare's life and character or in his plays, that he ever professed, even by implication, to be a creator of moral or religious models for either sex. As an actor and dramatic writer his first aim was to please the patrons of his theater. This is frequently expressed in his epilogues, as, for example, at the close of "All's Well that Ends Well:"

> "Now the play is done.
> All is well ended if this suit be won,
> *That you express content;* which we will pay,
> *With strife to please you*, day exceeding day."

The fact that, with this low aim, which was a necessity of the profession into which his circumstances had forced him, Shakespeare should have introduced so many grand and noble thoughts into his plays, may be accepted as evidence of his desire to do what he might to lift the stage out of the filthy depths into which it had fallen when he began to tread its boards. It implies that his genius despised the intellectual, if not the moral, degradation of the theater. It proves that nature had endowed him with a great heart and a mighty intellect, and suggests that had his youth been passed under high religious auspices, he might have avoided a profession he despised, and employed his splendid powers in the production of poems which would have been, in truth, next the Scriptures, the best legacy of genius ever presented to mankind. But it does not prove that Shakespeare's life was ruled by his own best conception of human duty, or that he aimed to create a series of characters fitted to be models of ethical propriety and purity. On the contrary, his abounding grossness and the evident abandon with which he enters into the spirit of his most objectionable personages, show that whatever struggles between good and evil went on in his heart the former was not dominant. Both the dramas and the man are moral puzzles. Yet, though one wonders how the same mind could have written both the vulgar and the lofty, the pure and the impure things contained in the plays, one can not, with any degree of moral consistency, imagine that Shakespeare ever intended to make his characters the instructors of what either men or women should be, as his bigoted admirers claim. Dr. Angus takes a more defensible view, when he remarks, in his "Hand-book of Literature," "that though his genius is unrivaled, it is the earthly and natural he paints. Of the heavenly and the supernatural—the spiritual in the highest sense—he says little. Perhaps the man felt more than the poet reveals. Perhaps he deemed the place not fit for such utterances. Perhaps he deemed human life alone to be the proper subject for dramatic treatment. Still the fact remains. His characters are all *human*. For the divine we must turn to another book and to other teachers."

This is, we opine, the proper estimate of all Shakespeare's characters, including his best women, and not excluding even Queen Katherine, his ideal "good woman." He portrays her justly as "a wife, a true one;" and makes her ask, in protesting against her divorcement:

"Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next heaven? obeyed
him?
Been out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayer to content him?
And am I thus rewarded?"

This speech implies that her religious affection was dominant. Was it? Had it been truly and intelligently so, she would be entitled to a niche in Mr. Cook's "*divine* gallery;" but, alas for this deeply injured queen, as the play truly shows, her religious life was not sufficiently vital to subdue her native Castilian haughtiness, her passionate obstinacy, her narrow bigotry, and "her excessive pride of birth." Seeing these unconquered vices in her character, we can not, notwithstanding her many excellencies, accept her as being, on the whole, an instructor of "what woman should be."

What, then, shall we do with Helena, Portia, Isabella, Miranda, Hermione, Desdemona, Juliet, and other specimens of Shakespearean womanhood, if we refuse Katherine a place in a "divine gallery?" Their conjugal affection and fidelity are admirable; but they are marred by manifestations which no Christian father would like to see imitated by his daughter. Take Helena in "All's Well that Ends Well," for example. She sought Bertram in marriage: was, in fact, the wooer. By favor of a king she procured an unwilling husband. To bring about the consummation of her marriage she disguised herself in man's apparel and resorted to a very questionable expedient with Diana, a poor widow's daughter, in order to accomplish her aim. Take Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," She makes love to Bassanio, and dons male apparel to snatch his friend from Shylock's grasp by a legal plea which she learns from her uncle Bellario. In like manner, Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," disguises herself as a page, that she may win back the vagrant affections of Proteus, her betrothed. Rosalind, in "As you Like It," is guilty of assuming the same unmaidenly disguise. Imogen, in "Cymbeline," acts the part of a man, that she may cure the jealousy of her too credulous husband, Posthumus. Viola, in "Twelfth Night," also puts on the guise of a page. Desdemona wooes the "Moor of Venice." Miranda, the heroine of "The Temptest," of whom Mrs. Jameson says, "Her character resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only. . . . So delicately refined that she is all but ethereal." But Miranda falls desperately in love with the "brave form" of Ferdinand at first sight. So also does Juliet with Romeo. Juliet is a character greatly admired by Shakespearean zealots. Let us, therefore, scan her character as closely as our space permits.

She is a girl of fourteen. Romeo enters her father's hall in a mask, and is enamored by her beauty. His figure and flattering speeches charm her too susceptible nature. After a brief flirtation, he, though a stranger, asks and receives a kiss. They part, but her imagination is captured, not by his character and worth, for she has had no opportunity to learn either, but by his speech and appearance. She is, or thinks she is, deeply in love. She permits him to ascend the balcony of her chamber that same night, where, after a few words from him, she says:

. . . "O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

To this forward profession of love Romeo responds in rapturous phrases, and as they are parting, Juliet proposes an immediate marriage in these words:

"If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

A secret marriage, carefully concealed from the young lady's family, swiftly succeeds this brief, passionate courtship, and the well-known tragical result follows.

The special feature in Juliet's character, on which her claim to a place in a "divine gallery" is urged, is the strong expression she gives to the sentiment of conjugal fidelity when commanded by her parents to marry Count Paris, they being ignorant of the fact that she is already the wife of Romeo. Juliet exclaims:

"Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow, chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife with my sweet love."

Doubtless this passionate protestation of conjugal fidelity is as beautiful as it is strong. Standing by itself, one can admire and commend it; albeit one can not help asking what virtuous bride, secretly married to one man, but on the point of being forced to marry another, would not protest, if not with the same intensity, yet with equal decision? It is the poet's language, not Juliet's protest, which is extraordinary. Taking Juliet's entire character, as drawn by Shakespeare, she is a very entertaining illustration of the poetical idea of love, viewed as a passion unguided by the understanding and very slightly restrained by the moral sense. As we estimate her she is entirely too *human* to be admitted to a niche in a *divine* gallery of womanhood; too regardless of the respect which every girl owes to her parents; too lacking in maidenly modesty to be accepted as an instructor of what women should be; and so ignorant in her conceptions of marriage, viewed as a companionship of congenial minds, that no parent, worthy of the name, would dream of presenting her to his daughters as a model of womanly excellence; but only as a warning against the danger of mistaking the wild impulses of passion for the more considerate movements of genuine affection for a worthy object.

We have noted several other Shakespearean women besides Juliet as wooing instead of waiting to be wooed. Is such conduct consistent with the purity of womanhood?—a fitting thing for maidenly imitation? Charles Lamb, unwilling to censure his idol, defends the boldness of his heroines by saying, "Here the ordinary rules of courtship are reversed, the habitual feelings crossed. Yet with such exquisite address is the dangerous subject handled that their forwardness loses them no honor; delicacy dispenses with its laws in their favor; and nature, in their cases alone, seems delighted to suffer a sweet violation. Such wonders true poetry and passion can do, to bestow grace and dignity on subjects which naturally seem insusceptible of them."

This, though an apology in form, is in meaning, if not intent, a condemnation of female wooing. It is conceded to be in itself so indelicate and unnatural that it is only made to appear otherwise by having the glamour of the poet's genius thrown around it. Surely Shakespeare, who is supposed to have been lured into his own unhappy marriage, while he was yet a mere boy, by the forwardness of Anne Hathaway, who was six years his senior, could not have intended women to accept his poetical conceptions of female wooing as intended for their imitation. What shall be said of such of Shakespeare's heroines as dress as men in order to compass the ends of their affection? Very properly he makes Julia, when she is about to put on man's clothing, ask her maid:

"How will the world repute me?
I fear me it will make me scandalized."

And when she finally throws off her disguise, he puts these words into her lips:

"O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush;
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love;
It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds."

Here we have woman's instinct condemning what woman's passionate love defended. Her instinct, though it did not control Julia, was purer than her passion. Whether Shakespeare intended to teach this or not,

we can not say; but one who was wiser than the poet sides with the instinct, saying, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord, thy God." (Deut. xxii, 5.)

No. All the elements of womanhood in Shakespeare are not holy. Far from it. His best female characters err by acts which Coleridge describes as "exaggerations of love." He may be regarded as a demonstrator of moral and mental character, whose eyes looked deeper into the secret chambers of the human soul than those of any other uninspired man. What he saw there his pen described with inimitable felicity; hence much may be learned from him. But since he describes both the evil and the good with equal force, his pages need to be approached as Jude exhorted the disciples of his times to seek the conversion of a certain class of pagans; namely, "hating the garments spotted by the flesh." But let none, certainly not inexperienced maidens, look upon his characters as "divine," or as "instructors of what woman should be;" but if they look upon them at all, let it be as poetical creations intended to give pleasure to the imagination, not to guide the life.

ST. ANDERS AND THE CROSS ON HVILHÖI.

A LEGEND OF DENMARK.

RENDERED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WHERE the ocean breezes blow
Salty over islands low,
Telling of the wastes of snow;

Winds from ice-glens rushing forth,
In the sullen, savage North,
Over fiord, bay, and forth;

Where the Winters, dark and wild,
Bring the Northman's hardy child
Golden Summers brief and mild,

Dwelt St. Anders, holy priest,
Keeping every sacred feast,
Praying daily toward the east,—

Dwelt St. Anders, in whose breast
Lingered still the strange unrest
Of the Vikings of the West.

Cowled and tonsured priest was he,
Yet the salt breath of the sea
Stirred the hot pulse of the free.

Voices of the surging deep,
Through long ages gone to sleep,
Where the vanquished demons weep,

Echoed hoarsely o'er the main,
Till the rover's quenchless pain
Wrapped the sea-king's child again.

Where the southern zephyrs float,
Lightly danced his crazy boat,
But the priest took little note;

Recked he not the spicy gales,
Shining oars, and flapping sails,
Deep-sea marvels, sailors' tales.

Wonderful the pass might be
Twixt the pillars of the sea,
Weird its sights of *glamourie;*

Awesome forms might swim the wave
Luring seamen to that grave
Whence the cross alone might save;

Bright the fair mirage at even
To the gazer might be given;—
Anders' wonder-land was Heaven.

Borne upon the amber air
Floated perfumes rich and rare,
Painted dreams of cities fair;

But Italia and the shore
Of the Attic thought of yore
Offered vainly all their store.

Nought to him the sunny smiles
Of Ionia's realm of isles;
Nought the crumbling pagan piles.

Air and sunshine, dawn and dew,
Tempest, earthquake, crested blue,
Whirlpools where his bark drave through,—

These and countless marvels more
Of the southern sea and shore,
Carelessly our saint passed o'er.

But one thought his soul possessed;
Where our dear Lord's feet had pressed
He would kneel, and, kneeling, rest.

Where in darkness once there stood
Awful sight! the Holy Rood;
Where was poured the precious blood,

On the cursed yet hallowed sod;
Where the bleeding feet once trod
Of the weary Son of God;

Where, deep in the garden's shade,
Jesus' rock-hewn grave they made,
And his broken body laid;

Where, as circled after years,
Centuries of blood and tears,
Weary souls their comfort sought,
Breaking hearts their longings brought,
To the land with blessings fraught;

Here where faith poured out its store,
Laid its gold the cross before,
Filled its coffers o'er and o'er;

Here where nations, bond or free,
At Christ's altars bent the knee,
In him finding liberty;

Here, before that holy grave,
Whence he rose the world to save;
One with sinful souls and brave,—

Anders, bowing night and day,
Knelt to meditate and pray,
Biding in the Church alway.

When the priest at evening came,
At the shrine to trim the flame,
Knelt St. Anders all the same.

Still he knelt when morning light
Flooded earth with rosy light;
Kneeling still at noontide white.

When the golden sunsets played
On the mountain's light and shade,
Ever Anders knelt and prayed.

Who shall say what visions fair
Of God's glory met him there,
In those solemn hours of prayer?

The ship's captain bold and free,
No transported saint was he,
Longing now to sail the sea,

Sent his messenger on shore,
To the temple o'er and o'er,
To the saint the shrine before.

"Ho! sir priest," he bade them say,
"If you will not come to-day,
Yet my ship must sail away."

Day by day these words were said,
Still the priest no answer made,
Still in silence knelt and prayed.

Till, his slender patience o'er,
A great oath the captain swore,
Hoisted sail, and ran from shore.

When St. Anders now, at last,
Rising from his sacred fast,
All his long-vowed vigils past,

Came from incense-burdened air,
Into daylight soft and fair,
Lo! the ship was no more there.

And another vision grew
Of the North-land where he knew
Warm hearts beat for Him and true;

Of his village place of prayer;
Of his empty life-post, where
Souls were waiting for his care.

Thus he wandered by the shore,
Sadly conning o'er and o'er
How to reach that land once more.

All at once along the sand
Rode a Presence bright and bland,
Sweet, yet kingly in command.

He a humble ass bestrode,
Yet along the sandy road
Every foot-print gleamed and glowed.

"Mount, my son, and ride with me,—
Why so sad thy face I see?
Faithless never must thou be."

Sweet the voice, august and true;
Anders felt its tones, and knew
What it bade he could but do.

"Soft, my child, possess thy soul;
Mind thee how to make thee whole,
Once I rode an ass's foal,—

How, though outcast and unknown,
Rode to empire o'er my own,
Seated on this lowly throne.

Sweet, my child, thine eyelids close,
In my circling arms repose,
Safe I'll guard thee from all foes.

Those who seek my feet in prayer
Lose not aught by lingering there,
Ever more they are my care."

Hearing gracious words like these,
By the murmur of the seas,
In those strong arms finding ease;

Thinking of the love which kept,
Anders now no longer wept,
But, ere many moments, slept.

Where Slagelse by the sea,
Lives by labor peacefully,
On the hill-top broad and free;

When the golden tinge of dawn
Brought the gladsome Summer morn,
And another day was born;

Anders, opening his eyes,
Scarce believing for surprise,
Saw his home before him rise.

There the brown, thatched hay-ricks stood,
Yonder grew the stunted wood,
In the market-place the rood;

There the pointed village spire,
There the early cottage fire,
Curled its gray smoke ever higher.

Blue the sky and blue the sea,
Where white breakers lovingly
Clasped the islands of the free.

Not a sail was in the bay,
For the ship that sailed away
Came not for a year and day.

Simple tales the simple folk
In those twilight ages spoke
Ere the noontide glory broke.

Rather deeds than dreams were then
In the thoughts of childlike men,
As they talked by shore or glen.

Yet wherever spirits speak,
Though their words be rude or weak
To express the truths they seek,

Other human souls may trace,
Answering as face to face
Lines of truth and lines of grace.

As the teacher wise may be
In the lore of earth and sea,
And explore all mystery,

Yet may listen, pleased to know
How a little child will show
Thoughts that in his bosom glow;

As a father, wise as kind,
Hails the infant's dawning mind
Apt in little much to find;

So, though in our well-taught age
Truth its unveiled light displays
To its seeker's earnest gaze.

In the shadows we may see
Traces of humanity,
Of the glory yet to be;

Listen with indulgent smile
To the tales which other-while
Did the children's hearts beguile,

And in many a simple word
Read the love the ages poured
Round the foot-prints of the Lord.

More! We still may sometimes see
Lessons hid mysteriously,
There awaiting you and me.

Thus in days when heart and brain
Throb with action's rushing pain,
Every prize of life to gain,—

Days when even slackened pace
Surely loses men the race,
Brings disaster and disgrace,—

Days when all the air is rife
With the battle cry and strife,
And the busy hum of life,—

Days when work for God and men
Taxes thought and time and pen
Prayer becomes a brief amen,—

Surely it were well to stay
On Hvilhöi one Summer's day
Where St. Anders woke, they say,

Neath the cooling, grateful shade
Of the Cross the people made,
Where the years their steps have stayed,—

Hear his simple tale, and know
In all ages it is so,
And must ever be below.

Though with toils and turmoils lost,
Though life's ocean must be crossed,
Praying time can not be lost.

He before whose feet we lay
Every burden of our day
He will speed us on our way.

Though our convoys sail while we
Low before him bend the knee,
He will waft us o'er the sea,
To the port where we would be.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE SCIENCE OF MISSIONS.

Is there a Science of Missions? Unquestionably the grandest philanthropic task ever conceived by the human mind—and such we assume the evangelization of the world to be—is not to be accomplished by random efforts, unguided by clear and fixed principles. Every art of man reposes on scientific principles, the faithful observance of which is essential to its successful practice. Much more, then, must this mission work, which touches every imaginable human interest and involves the transformation of the character of millions, depend for its success on principles which have their foundation in human nature and in the government of God. And those principles, whatever they are, constitute the science of missions.

The natural sciences are made up of deductions reached by careful study of the facts and phenomena which lie open to observation in the material universe. In like manner the Christian inquirer must learn the divine method for the propagation of the Gospel by closely studying the facts connected with the historical development of Christianity. Its first missionaries were inspired men, and, although their inspiration did not insure their infallibility in the details of Christian work, yet, such was the intimacy of their fellowship with the divine, we can not reasonably doubt that the broad outlines of their methods were discerned by means of that clear comprehension of great principles which such spiritual intimacy implies. Nor can we consistently question the supposition that the inspired record of their missionary labors was intended to be a guide to the Church in all ages. These points conceded, it follows that he who clearly discerns the leading principles which governed apostolic missionaries is master of the "science of missions."

Before questioning their methods, however, we must not forget that our knowledge of the two cardinal principles of missionary science is not to be learned by deduction, but is to be taken directly from the lips of our Lord. When he bade his disciples "go into all the world and preach the Gospel," he set forth authoritatively the fundamental, unalterable principle of all missionary work; namely, that the simple proclamation of the fact and purposes of his death was to be the means of human regeneration. When he added, "Lo I am with you always to the end of the world," he announced the equally essential truth that his perpetual presence, as a spiritual force, should give efficiency to preaching to the end of time.

These two principles were fully recognized by apostolic missionaries; by no one of them more fully than by Paul. The theme of their preaching was, in the strictest sense, Jesus and his resurrection. Their dependence for the effect of their simple discourses about their Lord, was in divine influence accompanying their word. Hence Paul said, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

But this *increase* had to be preserved. The individuals composing it, left in their solitary individuality, if not seduced from their newborn faith by the countless allurements to evil around them, would be powerless to spread the truth. They must, therefore, be combined, organized, instructed, supervised, and led to efforts for the further spread of the truth. How did the apostles meet that need?

Speaking of Paul, the typical missionary to the heathen, Dr. Anderson, in his "Foreign Missions" says, "His grand means, as a missionary, was the gathering and forming of local Churches." To oversee and instruct each one of these local Churches, he selected two or more of its most suitable converts, ordained

them as presbyters, and then "boldly left it." This he did every-where; his stay in one place being generally very brief. "At Corinth," to quote Dr. Anderson again, "it was indeed extended to nearly two years, and at Ephesus to nearly three. But in most places he could have spent only a few weeks or months."

That Paul exercised a species of paternal oversight over these mission Churches so far, at least, as to write them occasional letters, pay them brief visits, and, in a few cases, to send his missionary associates "to set in order the things which were wanting," is evident from Scripture. It is equally clear that with respect to their internal affairs, such as finance, discipline, etc., they were not controlled from without, but were self-governed.

There were no missionary associations in their times with funds to support either traveling missionaries, like the apostles, or the native pastors whom they set over those infant Churches. The latter were therefore necessarily self-supporting. They had to stand alone or die, and we do not read that this was counted a misfortune. But we do know that they did not die. On the contrary, they displayed remarkable vitality. They grew vigorously, they became *nuclei*—the mothers of other Churches, which also multiplied until they covered the then known world.

Now let the reader review this necessarily brief statement of apostolic missionary methods, and he will see that they comprehended the following principles: 1. The preaching of the cross is the instrument of human regeneration. 2. Divine influence is the life of preaching. 3. To preserve converts they must be organized into local Churches. 4. Mission Churches should be supplied with ordained native pastors as quickly as possible. 5. They should be self-governed; their missionary teachers exercising only a paternal and advisory superintendence over them. 6. They should be self-supporting. Missionaries should be sustained by the Church at home, as Paul was by his own efforts; but for local expenses, including the support of the native pastor, mission Churches should be self-supporting. 7. Such Churches are self-propagating.*

If these principles, evolved from the divinely instructed minds of the first missionaries of the cross, comprise the science of missions, it follows that missionary success depends upon the fidelity with which the modern Church applies them. The true science of missions is neither more nor less than the plan of God for the conversion of the world. And we think the above principles are fairly deducible from the precepts of Jesus and the action of the apostles. The reader has the record. Let him read and judge for himself.

There will be no dispute with respect to the first three principles enumerated above. The fourth, which claims that heathen Churches should be supplied with ordained *native* pastors at the earliest practicable moment, will not be so generally accepted. Missionaries of all denominations have been slow to adopt it. Representing a higher civilization with a purer ethical development than they find among the heathen, they are disinclined to place ecclesiastical trusts in the hands of converts. They fear that under a native pastor a mission Church would not reach the pure ethical life required by their Lord. Forgetting, or not deeply weighing, the fact, that the high ethical life they represent is the growth of many generations, and that it is neither Scriptural nor philosophical to expect its immediate production in heathen converts, who will necessarily, at first, more nearly resemble the Corinthian disciples of the Pauline age than they will Anglo-American Christians, they imagine that nothing but their own personal administration, long continued, can preserve the fruit of their labors. Hence they treat their converts as pupils and minors, not to be trusted until after many years of missionary instruction. To many of them, such boldness as Paul showed in ordaining as presbyters men just lifted out of the mire of heathenism appears like madness, if proposed for adoption in their modern field of labor.

We yield to no man in our respect and love for the modern missionary; but we greatly prefer the judgment of the inspired Paul. In fact, we do not think missionaries can be the successful *pastors* of Churches of converted heathen, for the reason given by Dr. Norman M'Leod, who, after visiting India, said: "We (missionaries) come into outward contact with them, but oceans of thought, feeling, associations, habits, and beliefs separate us mentally,

*For a remarkably clear discussion of these principles, the reader is referred to "Foreign Missions: their Relation and Claims." By D. Anderson, LL. D.

socially, spiritually until we can meet in the fellowship of a common Christianity. . . . It is thus evident that we must ultimately rely upon native evangelists and pastors to educate the masses of the natives in the Christian religion."

Rev. H. Venn, honorary secretary of the "Church Missionary Society," uses still stronger language. He says: "It may be said to have been only lately discovered in the science of missions, that when the missionary is of another and superior race than his converts, he must not attempt to be their *pastor;* though they will be bound to him by personal attachment, and by a sense of the benefits received from him. Yet if he continues to act as their pastor, they will not form a vigorous native Church; but, as a general rule, they will remain in a dependent condition, and make but little progress in spiritual attainments. The same congregation, under competent native pastors, would become more self-reliant, and their religion would be of a more manly, home character."

This theory, so harmonious with apostolic missionary practice, is confirmed by a wide range of missionary experience. Perhaps no missionaries have made the experimental test so thoroughly as those of the "American Board." For years they shared the common unwillingness to leave mission Churches to the care of native pastors. In 1854 a deputation sent out by the Board recommended the apostolic method. The missionaries in Ceylon and in Continental India adopted it with many fears. They ordained native pastors. They organized native "associations." They required mission Churches to manage their own affairs without depending upon them except for occasional aid and counsel. The result was just what both Scripture and human nature teach us to expect. The missionaries were astonished to see the development of character which followed, both in the native pastors and their people. The Churches were satisfactorily governed; they grew liberal and self-supporting; their ethical life improved; their spirituality deepened, and their numbers increased. Says Dr. Anderson, speaking of native pastors in India and the conclusions reached concerning them by the missionaries:

"The native brethren are well adapted to the work of preaching the Gospel. They are generally fluent in their own language, and command attention by their free allusions to native customs and ideas. In this respect no foreign missionary can ever compete with them. Divine truth is exhibited in its relations, and applied to the conscience as well as by the missionaries, and they may be expected to become better preachers than persons from other lands."

The Doctor elsewhere quotes the language of an old missionary in India, who, after witnessing an ordination of seven natives, and a protracted meeting conducted mainly by the native brethren, remarked: "I confess I have received new ideas of the strength of our native Christians."

The history of the native Churches in Madagascar during twenty-five years of cruel persecutions; in Tahiti for twenty years, during the rule of the French; in India during the rebellion, furnishes striking examples of genuine Christian character and development without the presence of missionaries, and under the guidance of native leaders only. Viewed in connection with the history of native Churches among the Karens in Burmah, it fully justifies Dr. Anderson in saying, "My own estimate of the value of a native ministry has been rising for more than a score of years. A large number of the Christian islands in Central and Western Polynesia are properly reckoned among their trophies. They have been the fearless pioneers of the white missionary, . . . and many a beautiful christianized group is now manned solely by native missionaries and pastors."

We have dwelt on this question because we desire to diffuse our conviction that, if heathen nations are to be christianized, it must be by native Churches and preachers. The function of our missionaries is to quicken and develop such home instrumentalities in Africa, Japan, China and India, and from these must arise the forces which are to give a Christian form to each national individuality. If mission Churches could not be made self-sustaining and self-propagating, our hope of the world's conversion would grow faint. We thank God that a multitude of facts prove that they are potential spiritual forces, likely, if properly guided and trusted, to accomplish the predicted result.

But we fear that too many missionaries still

retain that honest mistrust of native Christians mentioned above. In the statistics of Protestant missions in China, for example, we see it stated that there are four hundred and ten male missionaries, seventy-three ordained, and five hundred and eleven not ordained, *native* preachers. What does the reluctance to ordain native preachers, shown by these statistics, mean, if not distrust? Methodist missionaries show somewhat greater confidence. The statistics of five branches of Methodism in China give an aggregate of fifty-three male missionaries, with twenty-five ordained, and one hundred and thirteen unordained, *native* preachers. Vastly better, however, is the showing of our own Foochow Conference, which, with only five male missionaries, has ten ordained, thirty-seven unordained, *native* preachers on trial, and a long list of *native* local preachers. Evidently our missionaries in that conference have a higher appreciation of the natives and a stronger confidence in the Pauline principle, than their fellow-laborers in China. We have no doubt their success will be according to their faith in this principle of missionary science.

Turning to the report of our North India Conference, we find that it has twenty male missionaries, but only eight natives in its ranks; though it reports no less than one hundred and seventeen natives employed as local preachers. Of the latter, one presiding elder says of those under his care, "Nearly all are efficient workers." On the other district, the elder says, "The force of native helpers is larger and I think better than ever before." Why, then, one can not help asking, are not more of them admitted to membership in the annual conference? The animus of their exclusion is thus expressed by an elder who says, "this plan keeps our work under careful supervision, while we are training up efficient workers." Undoubtedly; but it is twenty-two years since our work began in India, and one can not help thinking that with more of Paul's faith in native converts, more than eight out of one hundred and twenty-five "efficient workers" would have been admitted to conference and ordained. We say this, not to censure our heroic brethren, who have to deal with the question practically, but to enforce our conviction that the time has come for committing our work, in India especially, more fully than heretofore, to the management of the natives themselves.

The science of missions teaches that native Churches with native pastors stand inseparably related to the vital questions of self-support and self-government. What, then, is our duty? At present we have, and must have some time longer, native Churches in ecclesiastical connection with our Church at home. But, as Dr. M'Leod said to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, the permanence of this connection "surely can not be desired by any intelligent Christian." Much of our policy regarding it, however, will be influenced by our aims. Are we seeking chiefly to establish a sect, or to spread Christianity? If the former, then, regardless of apostolic examples or of consequences, we shall hold fast to our ecclesiastical control over our foreign work; if the latter, we shall cheerfully surrender it as speedily as the native Churches develop strength enough to stand alone and to govern themselves independently of us. Our help as pioneers in the "regions beyond," as educators of young men and women, as advisers, and even as benefactors to their missionary funds, may be long needed; but as soon as possible we believe our conferences in heathen lands should be self-governed: they should have their own native bishops; their national general conferences; and their Disciplines modeled on ours, but modified by themselves as history may suggest and their several idiosyncrasies, guided by the spirit of Christianity, may require. It will be a glorious day in our Church history when her missionary work shall part with its ecclesiastical aspect, and resolve itself into efforts to aid independent Methodist Episcopal Churches in Africa, Europe, and Asia in their efforts to carry the Gospel into the regions around them. Surely, to be the mother of such Churches would be more glorious than to be a vast, unwieldly ecclesiastical body, struggling against the ten thousand obstacles sure to arise, in order to maintain a doubtful authority, and a necessarily superficial supervision over people of many nationalities, each of which is naturally and Scripturally as much entitled to an ecclesiastical autonomy as we ourselves.

Still more obvious is it our duty to prepare our missions in nominally Christian nations for independent Church existence. Among

them the ministry is almost exclusively native. The Churches are becoming largely self-supporting, especially in Germany, where for their own sake they ought to be speedily made self-governing. We have given them a theological school, a Book Concern, a literature, and very liberal supplies of money. They have numerous churches and furnished parsonages. Their statistics show that the average support of their preachers is better than in many, if not most, of our home conferences. That they would grow faster as the Methodist Episcopal Church of the German Empire, with a native bishop, than as a conference of a foreign Church, many of their most thoughtful minds have clearly seen. Nevertheless, such is the narrowing effect of nearly thirty years of financial dependence on our missionary treasury, that they cling to us as well-fed children do to a fond father's resources. Nay, they groan because, notwithstanding the staggering embarrassments of our Church at home, she does not give them more money. A presiding elder, who probably voices their general feeling, utters this groan in our last Missionary Report, saying "it is too hard to be reduced two thousand dollars or three thousand dollars in our appropriation, and carry about two thousand dollars more for increased wants." We feel ashamed as we quote the brother's words, knowing that much of the twenty thousand dollars granted his conference this year will be given by home Churches no better able to bear their own burdens than most of his. But what are a parent's embarrassments to a long dependent child? Surely that brother's groan is an illustration of the ill effect of dependence, and, if it be typical of a general feeling in Germany, it is an incidental reason for hastening the day of their ecclesiastical independence. Let us give them a bishop, bid them walk alone, aid them as we can in their strictly missionary work, and wish them a long, prosperous Church life. Once out of leading strings, the German Methodist Episcopal Church would soon become a mighty, manly, self-propagating spiritual force in the land of Luther. With such an example before them, our Swedish and Italian missions might, in a decade or two, prepare themselves for a like independent existence. We should thus be left free to send men and money to territory beyond their limits, and thereby assist in extending missionary work to every center of population on earth.

Such are the conclusions to which the "science of missions" points—native Churches supporting their own pastors, self-governed, yet guided by the paternal counsel of missionaries, and these Churches, from the nature of the Christian life, when freely developed, necessarily self-propagating. By founding such Churches the apostles won the civilized world to Christianity. By imitating their example, the modern Church can complete the evangelization of mankind. D. W.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRINCES.—The recently twice repeated attempts on the life of the hoary Emperor of Germany, reveal a rather low state of morals in the community where such a crime can even be thought of once, to say nothing of its repetition. When our beloved Lincoln was suddenly cut down by the assassin Booth, the whole country, north of Mason and Dixon's line, quivered with pain, and even in the South the larger portion of those arrayed in arms against the Federal Government regretted the nefarious deed. But in Germany hundreds of arrests have been made of persons who have been heard to approve the cruel attack on the life of William I, and it is not to be presumed that these hundreds are alone guilty of all contempt of law and order. The extreme socialistic opinions which are cherished by a large proportion of the lower classes, reveal a state of affairs such as society has never known, certainly not since the modern order of things. Assassination of princes has occured before, but never has the same spirit animated the assassin. Henry IV fell by the daggar of Ravaillac because the Romanists desired a more trusty tool on the throne of France. The Marquis of Montferrat was murdered in the market place of

Tyre, but he owed his death to the rivalry of Richard I. Gustavus III of Sweden was killed by Ankarstroem at a masked ball, but the diabolical act was the plotting of a reduced nobility anxious to regain their lost opportunities to impoverish the people. James I of Scotland received twenty-eight wounds while at supper in the convent of the Dominicans, near Perth, from a band of nobles led by the Earl of Athol, for a cause very similar to that which cost the Swedish king his life. The attacks on the life of the Hohenzollern prince and his prime minister are not, however, the work of a faction, but of agents who claim to represent a very considerable proportion of Germany's workingmen. Say what we will, such a state of things shows an uncontrollable element of considerable extent and power. Its work contrasts greatly with the conduct of the agitated masses of England, especially of London, in 1715, when the treacherous alliance of Bolingbroke and Oxford and others of Anne's tory ministers with the son of James II of Scotland, made the dethronement of George I appear a political desideratum. The late Dr. Doran thus writes of this period:

"Unpopular as the king and royal family may have been, there was never the slightest show of fear or uneasiness about them. Even in August, when an invasion was imminent, they went abroad among the people quite unprotected. One Saturday evening in that month we hear of them embarking in barges, attended by many of the nobility, afloat, and going down the river 'through bridge as far as Limus, to divert themselves with music, which was most excellently performed on a great number of trumpets, hautboys, and double curtails.' On the return, the boats on the river became so closely packed that the king ordered his watermen to ship their oars and drift up with the flowing tide, as there was no room left for rowing. The whole mass thus moved up together. The king and royal family had perfect confidence in the people, and this trust was not abused. The enthusiasm was unbounded. As twilight came down upon them, the shipping and also the houses ashore illuminated with lanterns and fired salutes. George I was as safe as if he had been at Windsor; and when, on landing at Privy Garden Stairs, he turned round to salute the people, he must have felt they were a noble people, and they must have acknowledged that he was a stout-hearted king. And again in August of the next year, while antagonistic mobs kept London in perturbation, the Prince and Princess of Wales regularly dined in public at Hampton Court."

New Elections in the Academy of France.—What a strange body that French Academy is, after all! When the English scientist, Darwin, espoused the evolution doctrine, that learned conclave in the most marked way possible passed censure on his scientific *credo*. But now when a vacancy is to be filled they elect the great free-thinker Rénan, the author of "*Vie de Jésus*," to membership, notwithstanding his repeated declarations, for the last twenty years, against the belief in the divinity of the Savior of the world. And this scoffer of Jesus is to sit in the place of the eminent physiologist Claude Bernard! How very different from this selection is the choice of Henry Martin, the historian, well-known to us by the excellent translation Miss Booth (now the editress of *Harper's Bazar*) furnished us years ago of his "Louis XIV and his Times." M. Martin is a fit successor of the great historian of the French Revolution, and though Thiers differed widely from him who now occupies his seat in the Academy, M. Martin is a most worthy scion of those two illustrious writers of history Thiers and Lanfrey, whose loss France has been called to mourn within the present year.

Philipp Veit.—Germany has not lost within the year a more illustrious son than this Veit, who recently passed away at the good old age of eighty-three. He was one of the most celebrated Christian painters of this century. He seems almost to belong to the past, so thoroughly was his history linked with the great masters his country produced in the first half of the present era,—Cornelius, Overbeck, Lebadon, and the other regenerators of modern German fine art.

Philipp Veit was of Jewish blood, and many members of his house have greatly distinguished themselves in German history. In the capital of the new empire the name is honored, and the achievements of this Jewish family are related with pride by all of its citizens. Philipp was born in that metropolis. The home of his family was then, as it is now,

that of the Veit descendants, on the corner of the New Promenade and the Bourgh bridge. It is an unpretentious but solidly reared two-story brick house, bearing in its very exterior all the evidence of refined and well-to-do inmates. Philipp's mother was a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the great philosopher and Jewish reformer. After divorce from her first husband, Veit's father, she married Friedrich von Schlegel, the well-known author of a "History of Literature," a "Philosophy of Life," and a "Philosophy of History," besides many other celebrated literary productions. Schlegel was his step-son's first instructor, and doubtless inspired him with his own enthusiasm for art. Afterwards young Veit studied for some time at Dresden, and then went to Rome, where he joined the band of devoted German artists who were at that time seeking to found a new school of art on the old basis of the Christian faith.

The German nation lives, breathes, and works by theory. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to see four young students, resolved upon a reformation in art, make their way to Rome, the fountain of art inspiration, and there determine what should be their theory of painting. As the heroes of Switzerland met on Mount Rütti to swear fealty to each other and their native land, so these devotees of art met in Rome to swear fealty to a theory whose purpose was to reanimate man's soul with the old faith and motive; and renouncing sensual beauty on the one hand, and empty formation on the other, they determined to labor with pure hearts, ascetic and contented spirits, truth and fidelity of method, and lofty, thorough, chastened ideality. It was the Pre-Raphaelite movement of Germany.

Veit became one of the most enthusiastic leaders in this movement. He early executed some great religious paintings, the chief, perhaps, being his fresco in the Villa Bartholdy of the "Seven Years of Plenty," painted as a companion subject to Overbeck's "Seven Years of Dearth." He finally returned to Germany after a long residence in Rome, and accepted the position of director of the Städel Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a position, however, which he was obliged to resign in 1843 in consequence of religious differences. He then removed from Frankfort to Sachsenhausen in Hesse Cassel, and from thence of late years to Mayence, where he spent his last days. All Veit's important works are either religious or symbolical in their signification. He never fell from the high ideas he had set before him in youth, but remained true to the last to the lofty principles enunciated by Cornelius and his school. One of his greatest works, "Christianity as the Guardian of the Fine Arts," is in the Städel Institute, and another, "The Ascension of the Virgin," in the cathedral at Frankfort. These works are not mere easel-pictures, but vast frescoes, rivaling in extent and design individual wall paintings.

Young Prigs Fifty Years Ago.—There is no more noteworthy character in the Anglican Church than Archdeacon George Anthony Denison, of Taunton. He is now a man of seventy-three. His life is, in many respects, a most eventful story. The "Notes" of this life, which he himself has just published, prove that the days of romance in every-day life are not all past yet. That he has a warm heart, an affectionate and generous nature, and that there is a really racy and an exuberant genial side to the man Denison will be news to many students of ecclesiastical history. But if they will read the "Notes" they will learn and believe as we did and do. Perhaps our readers will indulge us in repeating here one of the archdeacon's stories of his student life after graduation at Oxford, in 1826, which so richly illustrates his quaintness of character. It was in 1829. He had gone abroad with his old tutor, Drury:

"The day we got to Milan we were dining at the *table d'hôte*, a large mixed society of many nations besides our own. I suffered severely that day; it was well merited punishment. There was some general talk about cameos; in worse than childish ignorance I rushed upon my fate, remarking complacently *that the best cameos were mosaiques*. Mr. Drury was on the other side of the table, some little way up. Down he came upon me: 'Why, you great fool, they 're all shells.' I shrank into my shell."

The archdeacon makes some wise and kindly remarks upon this story; but it does not occur to him that it goes to show that there were conceited young prigs fifty years ago, whom, even in those days, their elders delighted to "take down" upon occasions.

ART.

MURAL DECORATIONS IN CHURCHES.

We have for some time contended that the Puritanic prejudice against the artistic decoration of churches has worked harm both to art and religion. We have, through these columns, as well as in public lectures, tried to show what the American Protestant Church is losing by handing over to Romanists the nearly exclusive use of art in places of public worship. The subject is being more and more agitated in public circles in this country and in England. In France and Germany it seems to be better understood, though the Protestantism of France, being largely of the Geneva type, has done least. In a recent number of the *Builder* is found a report of the proceedings of a late meeting of the "Royal Institute of British Architects." By invitation, Mr. Edward Armitage, R. A., presented a paper on "Mural Paintings in Public Buildings and Churches." The subject was most opportune, since the Society of Architects has recently elected a considerable number of painters as honorable members. The joint body represents two sister arts; and, therefore, we say that the presentation of a subject, mutually interesting to both classes was most timely. It is well known that the members of these two "sister professions," the architects and the painters, have not worked together in the utmost harmony. The strife between them as to "which should be first," has sometimes degenerated into bitterness, and nearly always been a fruitful source of that want of harmony in buildings where both arts are represented. It is not often that the world is blessed with a Michael Angelo, who is, at the same time, architect, sculptor, painter, and poet, who can design his own buildings, and introduce into them just those proportions and spaces which allow the joint working of the three sister arts to produce a result in the highest degree harmonious. Usually the lack of harmony is caused by the misunderstanding as to which is chief and which is subordinate. Is painting and statuary the chief, and is the architectural arrangement only to afford frames or settings for these results of the brush and chisel? or is the architect's the main work, and painting and sculpture only ancillary? These are the vexing questions which have not been satisfactorily solved by members of these various professions. It is only reasonable to suppose that the joint deliberations of a society made up as is the above mentioned must result in good to both. It is most evident that there should be joint partnership of architect and painters in the production of our best churches and public buildings.

Mr. Armitage found three chief impediments in the way of successful Mural decoration; namely, first, the enormous cost of modern high-class work; secondly, the want of harmony between the work of the architect and that of the painter; thirdly, the perishable or unsatisfactory nature of the material generally used. He thought that one reason of the enormous cost was the misapprehension of the ordinary painter as to the true end of mural work. Most artists of the better class are inclined to work up a mural subject with all the detail and nicety of an easel picture, whereas this high finish is only unnecessary but positively detrimental to mural painting. Much of mural decoration is so distant from the eye that nice details are entirely lost, and the very end of pains-taking labor is defeated. There seems to be a forgetfulness of the story of the artists who competed for the statue to adorn the crowning point of the temple of Minerva, that the one who wrought out his marble life size, with the most exquisite finish and polish, and gained the verdict of the multitude over the heroic size and bold outline of his competitor, was utterly confounded when these were raised to their proper positions. Then was seen how much better was boldness than finish. But it is this very finish that demands time, and time is money with all of us. Mr. Armitage would, therefore, make mural painting more strictly of a decorative character, with good composition, firm, correct outlines, filled in with flat tints of harmonious color, and in this way so reduce its cost that it would be possible to employ the best talent in church mural painting.

In discussing this question of cost, he tells us that the great work of Paul Delaroche, in

the Hemicycle of the School of fine arts at Paris, containing seventy-four life-size figures, on which the artist spent four years of incessant toil, was paid for at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars per square yard; while Flandrin's frieze of St. Vincent de Paul, a more truly decorative work of the very best class, cost at the rate of one hundred and ten dollars per square yard. Mr. Armitage's own words on this point are well worth quoting: "If the speedy acquisition of a large fortune be denied the mural painter, on the other hand, he is saved from many of the minor annoyances to which the painter of easel pictures is exposed. His work is not relegated to the gallery or dining-room of some so-called patron, to appear at intervals at Christie's salerooms, or very possibly left on his hands without finding a purchaser at all. He is independent of the dealers and the commercial element in art. He is beyond the range of the annual attacks of fine-art critics, whose small stings are really a cause of great annoyance to thin-skinned painters. He has not to flatter or please his sitters or paint "pot-boilers" for the market. Finally, he is educating public taste, and, therefore, benefiting his country in a more direct manner than the successful portrait, *genre*, or landscape painter." The second objection to mural painting Mr. Armitage would remove by cultivating between the architect and the painter a more cordial relation and friendship, so that they should produce work in complete harmony, like the violin and alto in an orchestra. The third is an obstacle which will ever be serious in a climate like England or especially the United States. The essayist, after confessing his former prejudice against wax-painting and *wasserglas* or silica, states his complete change of opinion relative to the durability and excellence of these two processes after visiting some work done by Pauwels at Ypres in wax, and some *wasserglas* by Guffens at Courtrai, in Belgium. These works seem to promise very much for mural painting, and afford, in the opinion of Mr. Armitage, a partial solution of the question of material.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

Sir Gilbert Scott, to the date of his recent death, had, for many years, been the acknowledged prince of architects in Great Britain. His many exquisite works scattered throughout the United kingdom, his truly large and philosophic spirit, his deep and abiding interest in every thing which might advance the interests of his profession, and the helpful encouragement which he was ever ready to afford to his fellow-workers, conspired to make him an artist whose leadership was acknowledged without envy by the British public. We are glad that his death is being made the occasion of doing a good work for the noble work of architecture. It is proposed to found an endowment, in connection with the Royal Architectural Museum, of an Art Mastership, for teaching drawing, designing, modeling, carving, etc., to the workman engaged in the building trades; or a studentship, which shall give a young workman, of superior talent, the leisure and opportunity to cultivate his gift; or prizes, which shall encourage art workmen to cultivate excellence. We earnestly hope that the English public will regard the occasion of sufficient magnitude to found all of these worthy endowments. Each has a peculiar kind and range of stimulus; but they should be combined in order to reap the highest advantages to the profession. It seems eminently fit to seize upon this opportunity to do this handsome thing, since Sir Gilbert was one of the founders of "The Royal Architectural Museum," and throughout his life-time took a most lively interest in its welfare, and enriched its collections with some of the finest specimens of ancient art workmanship. He, most of all the English architects, understood the absolute necessity of some such means of stimulus and encouragement in order to perfect the taste and skill of the artisan, who must translate the architect's thoughts into wood, iron, and stone. Only by founding just such schools there and here in America, can workman be so thoroughly trained artistically, and truly prepared to put into public buildings and churches that peculiar charm and value which makes every thing that the mediæval workman touched so wonderfully attractive. When will it be understood by the rich and well-to-do that lasting monuments are not found in the centuries, but rather in the institutions which their wealth has founded and endowed. A quarter of a century will fill up the monumental inscription with moss, and the name will be scarcely legible. The charities and

endowments are the true glory; and in these are found the real beauty, the abiding blessing, and the genuine perpetuity of fame.

MUSIC AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE international musical contest at the Trocadero, Paris, has attracted to itself the careful attention of the musical world. This is the first time when a comparison of music of different countries could be made at a world's fair. The results of these monster exhibitions are being discussed by the critics, and it must be confessed that the general verdict is against them. There are certain conditions, which must here be fulfilled, that in no way contribute to elevate the standard of musical taste, and certainly tend to create on the part of the public an unjust demand upon musicians themselves. For instance, the high authority, *L'Art Musicale*, says, "If an enlarged *locale* can not be made profitable with the existing repertory of concert-rooms and theaters, it will be necessary to provide another. The box is ready and must be filled. Thus, then, are our composers condemned to work on a certain scale whether they will or not. Architects have imposed upon them the obligation. But what is the gain from this agglomeration of material? Nothing; not even for art, in the name of which it has been made. How many composers of delicate talent, wishing not to appear indifferent, will imitate the frog in the fable, and with the same result? How many singers fitted for an honorable career will lose their chance in the unhappy emulation now set up? The renovation of music by command will be sure to entail a catastrophe. It will kill the art of singing, already in its agony. Murder dogs the steps of composition. It is not in doubling, tripling, or quadrupling the quartette of an orchestra that a proportionate increase of effect is secured. It is not by covering a delicate man with many clothes that he is made strong. He loses, under the mass of his wrappings, the proportions of his form, and with that his attraction and all that constitutes his specialty."

Notwithstanding this sensible lament, it must be acknowledged that the idea of the international contest is a happy one. Most liberal conditions have been offered to the various countries to send their own compositions, together with their own performers, to Paris. Many of the chief countries are to be represented. Some have already made their presentations, and the results are before the public. The one good thing is to see this most noble art for a brief space dissociated from that mercenary spirit which too generally governs it, and to witness a really honorable rivalry of the various peoples in their originations and methods of execution. Aside from the general apprehension expressed by *L'Art Musicale*, there may be present a temptation to forget what is, in the best sense, artistic, and to seek those more gairish effects that arouse the applause of a miscellaneous audience. Thoughtful directors will, however, consider that their reputations are not made by the opinions of the multitude, but by the sober and thorough criticism of their brethren of the profession through the appropriate journals.

In this contest Italy is represented in orchestral work by the celebrated orchestra of La Scala, at Milan, conducted by Signor Franco Faccio. The general verdict on their performances was that Italy had no reason to be ashamed. While in national compositions presented there was nothing remarkable (indeed a poverty of material was manifest), in execution and fine study of effects Signor Faccio left little to be desired. With an orchestra one hundred and fifteen strong, the leader had fine opportunities for study. The artistic arrangement of twenty-four first violins, twenty second violins, sixteen violos, sixteen violoncellos, fourteen double basses, besides twenty-four wind instruments and one harp, requires an amount and thoroughness of study which the mere laymen can not well appreciate. A critic who witnessed the performance, writes: "The playing of the orchestra had some remarkable features, one very prominent characteristic being the immense superiority of the 'strings' over the 'wind.' It must be confessed that the 'strings,' in the matter of execution, were splendid. Their fire was immense when their conductor let them loose; and even French amateurs, who are no strangers to impulsiveness, declared that the Italian impetuosity was somewhat too great for their tastes. One critic called Signor Faccio's men "The Zouaves of Symphony," and avowed that at need they could improvise the music they had forgotten to place upon their desks

But while the 'go' of the Milanese had a curious effect upon those not used to it, their manner and its results presented features of great attraction." One of the most interesting features of these musical contests is the variety of renderings of the same musical composition and text. The different temperaments of the peoples impressed themselves on their performances. In these interpretations of the various compositions which were performed was noticed the widest possible divergence, and few would have been prepared to believe, in advance, that the same text could have given rise to such almost totally different performances. So true is it that things are as the eye-glasses make them.

NATURE.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON PLANTS AND ANIMALS.—Professor Paul Bert, who has recently devoted a great deal of attention to the study of the influence of light on animals and plants, denies that the leaves of the sensitive plant close on the approach of evening, the same as if they had been touched by the hand. On the contrary, he finds that from nine in the evening, after drooping, they expand again and attain the maximum of rigidity at two in the morning. What is commonly called the "sensitiveness" of plants is but the external manifestations of the influence of light. Professor Bert placed plants under covers of different colored glass; those under the green glass drooped in the course of a few days as completely as if placed in utter darkness, proving that green rays are useless, or equal to none at all. In a few weeks all plants thus treated died. It has been proved by Zimiriareff that the reducing power of the green matter of plants is proportionate to the quantity of red rays absorbed, and Bert shows that green glass precisely intercepts these colored rays, and that plants exist more or less healthily in blue and violet rays. In the animal world phenomena of a directly opposite nature are found, and of a more complex character. Here the light acts on the skin and the movements of the body either directly or through the visual organs. M. Pouchet has shown the changes in color that certain animals undergo, according to the medium in which they live. For instance, young turbots resting on white sand assume an ashy tint, but when resting on a black bottom become brown; but when deprived of its eyes this fish exhibits no change of color under any condition. The phenomenon, therefore, seems to be nervous or optical. Professor Bert placed a piece of paper with a cut design on the back of a sleeping chameleon; on bringing a lamp near the animal the skin gradually became brown, and on removing the paper a well-defined image of the pattern appeared. In this case the light acted directly and without nervous intervention. If, however, the eye of the chameleon be extracted the corresponding side of the animal becomes insensible to the influence of light. According to Dr. Bouchard a sunstroke is the direct effect of the action of light upon the skin, produced by the blue and violet rays. The heat-producing rays have no part in such accidents, as proved by the fact that workmen exposed to intense heat do not feel this effect.

THE COMMON ANGLE-WORM.—To the unobserving eye this worm is a very simple organism without any particular head or tail, and possessing only a slightly rough and bristly body of tubular form, composed of contractile rings. It is regarded by most people as a rather ugly but harmless, wriggling thing, slimy, and disagreeable to touch, and about as destitute of interest as any thing that lives. But all this is founded on a false estimate, and the false estimate is, as usual, founded on ignorance. This lob-worm may almost be called a clever and intelligent creature; very shy indeed of allowing its mode of action to be seen, but showing by certain results, which readily come under our observation, that it has instincts which fall very little short of reasoning and design. There are difficulties in ascertaining the habits of the lob-worm: first, from its timidity and watchfulness; next, from its rarely appearing on the surface except at night; thirdly, from its operations be-

ing conducted almost entirely under ground. It is immediately conscious of the tread of an approaching foot, or the least tremor of the earth, such as is caused by digging. The lob-worm has a singular habit of filling up the entrance of its hole with fallen leaves, bits of stick, and straw. If it can not get these it piles up a little hillock of pebbles. Possibly this is done to allow the passage of air into the hole, and yet to prevent the intrusion of insects. The attention of Professor Paley was directed to the fact that if the small heaps of pebbles were cleared away from the hole in the evening, they were sure to be replaced in the morning. Suspecting that they worked only at night, he went late one evening, after a shower, to a bed in the garden. Walking on tiptoe, he was lucky enough to see one very big worm with its body half-way out of the hole. He stood perfectly still and watched it as it reached out its elastic head to a small pebble, and by a clever jerk drew it to the edge of the hole. This was repeated until every pebble within a circle of about six inches was removed and piled over the hole. The professor also observed something much more marvelous than this. He found on a gravel path a number of worm-holes, all stopped up with the long narrow leaves of the weeping-willow, placed in erect bunches. On examining separately a number of these bunches, each containing perhaps twenty leaves, he was surprised to find that every leaf had the stalk-end uppermost, the other end rolled together so as to fill the hole. Perhaps in one or two out of a hundred leaves had the creature made a mistake. Evidently the stalk-ends were too tough to nibble, and the worm had the extraordinary intelligence, blind as it is supposed to be, to find out by touch the right end!

Physiological Action of Glycerine.—It has already been shown by Catillon that the internal administration of glycerine is followed by a diminished excretion of urea, together with a slight but decided rise in the temperature of the body. After a time, moreover, a steady increase of weight may be observed. Although glycerine, when introduced into the stomach is completely absorbed, all attempts to demonstrate its presence in the blood have proved unsuccessful. The natural inference is that it undergoes oxidation in the system. The ultimate products of its decomposition are carbonic acid and water; and a decided increase in the elimination of the former compound through the lungs ought, if the inference in question is correct, to be observed. By collecting the products of respiration in dogs to whom glycerine had been administered, Catillon succeeded in demonstrating a marked increase in the absolute amount of carbonic acid excreted. None of the intermediate products of the oxidation of glycerine, such as formic acid, could be detected in the blood. Hence it may fairly be concluded that the process of combustion takes place both rapidly and completely.

Glacial Ice.—A Wyoming Territory paper announces that a company has been formed there to bring ice from a glacier. The deposit covers a number of acres, is seventy or eighty feet deep, and is supposed to contain a hundred thousand or more tons, some of which may be as many years old. The ice can be cut and sold at one and a half cents a pound, and by the ship-load at five dollars a ton.

The Electric Light in Farming—At a recent agricultural exhibition in the Palace of Industry, in Paris, among other implements of use to farmers was a novelty in the form of an electric lamp for the field. It is operated by an ordinary agricultural steam-engine or locomotive, and is designed to be used whenever it becomes necessary to push the farm work during the night. By its means a whole field may be illuminated in the darkest night. With weather predictions transmitted by telegraph, and possessing the electric light, it will be possible to anticipate the coming storm and secure a harvest in a single night. Thus man is rendering himself more and more independent of the vicissitudes of the seasons.

The Ear and Sea-bathing.—The danger of indulging in salt-water bathing to excess or at improper times has often been pointed out; but the possible injury to the ear that may result from it is not so generally known. The ear is one of the most delicate of our bodily organs, and is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric influences. Exposure or sudden chill may cause inflammation, and violent vibrations may rupture the tympanum or produce some other injury. Immersion in water, an element as foreign to the natural functions of

the ear as to those of the lungs, may cause both shock and cold, and thus lead to serious disease. The chief danger is from diving, and from the foolish habit of "ducking" the head on first going into the water. Even if one does not get water into his ears in this way, he runs the risk of sudden chill during the operation, or from standing in the wind with wet hair afterward. Dr. Samuel Sexton, Surgeon-in-chief of the New York Ear Dispensary, says, that though he had long known bathing to be a source of aural disease he had no idea of the extent of the evil until he made the matter one of special research last Summer. Out of some eight hundred aural cases that came under his observation during the season, *sixty-five* were found to have had their origin in salt-water bathing. The amphibia, who live equally well in air or water, have natural means of protecting their auditory apparatus; but man is not so constructed, and therefore he can not with safety practice diving or submerging the head. It is equally dangerous to the ear to receive dashing water into the mouth or nostrils. A roll of cotton wool in the ears is some protection. Sea-water is more dangerous than fresh, because it is generally colder, and because its saltness renders it more irritating to the ear. The cold plunge of the Russian bath is dangerous, and Dr. Sexton give a detailed account of four cases of inflammation due to this cause.

Theories of Color in Nature.—Mr. Darwin's theory on the subject of colors was that all or almost all the higher forms of animal life were due to voluntary or conscious sexual selection, and that diversity of color is due at least, first of all, to the transmission of color variations either to one sex only or to both sexes, the difference depending on some unknown law and not being due to simply natural selection. Mr. Wallace, who has had long experience in the tropics, regards this view as erroneous, and it seems to him that the very frequent superiority of the male bird or insect in color, even when the general coloration is the same in both sexes, is due primarily to the greater vigor and activity and the higher vitality of the male. He observes that the colors of animals usually fade during disease or weakness, while robust vigor adds to their intensity. This intensity is most developed in the male during breeding season. This richness of coloration in the male would be further developed by the combats of the males for the possession of the females. Increased vigor, acting thus on the epidermal system, would soon produce further distribution of color, and even new tints and markings. And even the remarkable display of peculiar beauties of coloring and plumage of so many male birds may be thus accounted for; for at the pairing season these birds are in a state of greatest energy. Even unornamental birds, at this time, flutter and spread their wings and erect their head-crests or tail feathers. It will thus be seen that Mr. Wallace's theory of color might almost be called a molecular one. He thinks the causes of color are due to the molecular or chemical changes produced by the action of light, heat, and moisture.

The Ingenuity of Bees.—It has been noted that humble bees frequently pierce the corolla of flowers, near the base, with their probosces, which they then insert into the opening thus made and extract the honey. Indeed, it is the usual way taken by these bees to obtain the nectar when the corolla is too long for the tongue to reach the nectary in the common manner. And an observation was recently made on a large bush of *Weigelia rosea*, which was covered with flowers in all stages, from the unopened bud to those blossoms which were withered and ready to fall. A great number of bees swarmed over them—humble bees, hive bees, mason bees, and sweat bees. The older flowers were each pierced near the base by a longitudinal slit, made by hive or humble bee, which had previously visited them; and, whenever a bee alighted on one of these flowers, it immediately went, without attempting to enter the corolla, to the slit and inserted its probosis; or, if the flower was an unmolested one, it proceeded at once to make one. By the humble bees this was instantly effected without trouble; but to the hive bees it seemed to be more difficult. Of the numerous hive bees observed, only a single one attempted to enter the mouth of the corolla, and it came out without going farther than the opening, while the mason and sweat bees went, in every instance, straight into the mouth of the flower, and never attempted to make a slit or use an old one.

A NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—Some experiments have recently been made in the city of Brussels for the purpose of breaking in horses by means of an electric bridle. The apparatus consists simply in a couple of reins, along which run electric wires. At the end of the reins a small electric battery is attached, which is entirely in the power of the driver. By pressing on a little knob the electric current acts on the corners of the horse's mouth, and after a few consecutive or intermitting shocks the animal becomes perfectly docile. The inventor confidently asserts that runaway horses can immediately be brought to a standstill by means of this apparatus.

THE TELEPHONE FOR THE DEAF.—A method is described for using the telephone for enabling the deaf to hear. A string was fastened to the parchment diaphragm of a simple telephone made of wood, and this was carried around the head of a deaf person, who clasped the string with both hands and pressed them over his ears. This experiment was partially successful; the sound of the voice was always heard, and some words were distinguished. Afterward a single string was fastened to the instrument, the other end being held between the teeth of a deaf person. In this case every word was distinctly heard, even when spoken in a low tone, and at the farther end of the room.

RELIGIOUS.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.—Our readers are probably aware of the determined efforts of the *Evangelical Alliance* to effect a permanent unity of action among the orthodox Protestant Churches of the world. What was done by the last World's Conference of the Alliance (in 1873) is too well known to need even a reference here. It is to be greatly regretted that the disturbed state of European politics prevented, or, at least, made inexpedient, the holding of a General Conference this year at Berlin, as had been desired by the Emperor William I. What will be done for the unification of all evangelical Christianity at the next council, which it is now decided is to be held in Basle, remains to be seen. In the mean time, however, the "Pan-Presbyterian Council," held at Edinburgh last year, and the "Pan-Anglican Council," just held in England, must have wrought much for the promotion of this purpose, and their work pave the way for greater and better things yet to come. But what shall be said of an association such as the British support and the Pan-Anglican Council gave ear to, which, ostensibly formed *for the promotion of the unity of Christendom*, resolves, "That the advance of the infidel movement throughout Europe, and the actual or threatened dissolution of the relations of Church and State constitute a fresh call on all sincere believers to pray and labor earnestly for the reunion of Christians in one faith and one fold; that the accession of Pope Leo XIII, and the reawakening life of Eastern Christianity, afford at the present moment special grounds for renewed energy and *hope;* and that the serious obstacles to mission work at home and abroad, caused by the division of Christians, render it incumbent on all persons to labor, as well as pray, for the restoration of visible unity?" Every American Christian would most heartily favor this association's urgent call to the Pan-Anglican Council to "issue a solemn and consentient declaration that it is the first duty of all Christians to labor and pray for the uniting into one body of all those who call upon the name of Christ, and agree in the divine authority of Holy Scripture, in the creeds, and in the *decrees of the Church*, so that there be no more divisions among us." And further, "to recommend some practical means and mode of action whereby a consummation so devoutly to be wished for may, in God's good time, be accomplished." But what about this agreement in the decrees of the Church? Shall we be agreed that it means those reasonable decrees accepted and owned by the entire community of true believers, the visible body of Christ, or shall we be agreed to accept what the Church claiming to be alone of apostolic origin and to hold the power of the keys, has decreed? Much

confusion might be avoided if these Anglicans would at once clearly state in which of all the many equally admissible senses they use the word *Church*.

AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENT OF THE "DISCIPLES."—The Church of Christ, or, as they are more generally named, the "Disciples of Christ," is a body of Baptists sometimes called simply *Campbellites*, after their founder, Thomas Campbell, an Irishman, who came here in 1808, and settled in Western Pennsylvania as a Presbyterian "Seceder," but, in 1827, joined by his son Alexander, started at Wellsburg, Virginia, a small association of disciples, pledged to reject all creeds, confessions of faith, and formularies, and to conform their practice as Christians strictly to the teachings of the Divine Word. This "Mahonning Association," as it was then styled, developed in time into what is now know as the "Disciples of Christ," of whom there are about 500,000, distinguished for more than usual culture, and principally scattered through Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Virginia. They have a few representatives in British America and in England. In 1869 they organized a missionary society, and they have since expended nearly half a million dollars in home and foreign work. They have made few converts in England and Denmark, but at the last missionary convention (October, 1877) they contemplated the early founding of a French mission, and a reinforcement of workers among the *benighted* British. In response to this wish for additional supply in the English work, one of Cincinnati's popular preachers of that body has recently left his pulpit and gone to Southport, England, to preach there until the "true Church" shall be permanently established in Britain. In questions of speculative opinion the Disciples allow the widest differences. But they contend most earnestly for the unity of a practical acknowledgement of one faith, one Lord, one *immersion*, one hope, one body, one Spirit, one God and Father of all. On the doctrines of atonement, resurrection, and future judgment they hold orthodox views, though they object to many of the terms of theology, such as "trinity," "eternally begotten," etc. They break the loaf, in commemoration of the sacrifice of the Savior, every first day of the week, claiming for this practice the warrant of apostolic example, and, therefore, as of divine obligation. They contend that it was the chief object of the meetings of the first Christians on the Lord's day, and its peculiar sanctification. They hold, further, that faith and repentance are the divinely appointed antecedents to baptism, and that it is the privilege and the duty of the Christian minister to say to all who believe and repent "Be *immersed* every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." This adherence to the dogma of baptismal regeneration is the principal un-Protestant characteristic of these Disciples.

ORIGIN OF FETICHISM.—This is the lowest form of human worship. The shapeless stone, the meanest reptile, or any object however worthless or insignificant, is consecrated by a vague and mysterious reverence. It is substantially a rude form of Pantheism, and its root is to be found in the fear generated in the rude nature of the savage by the unknown forces of the universe. The term *Fetichism* or *Fetishism* is derived from *feitico*, a word borrowed from the Portuguese *fetisso*, and used by the negroes of Senegal to denote an instrument of witchcraft. It was first brought into Europe by the Portuguese in the second half of last century. It has long been a query why these European Christians should have used this word for such a low form of worship when in their own language it is applied to amulets or talismans. Max Müller, the celebrated German philologist at the University of Oxford, has recently given the answer. Here is his own language: "Why did the Portuguese navigators who were Christians—but Christians in the metamorphoric state which marks Roman Catholicism—why did they recognize at once what they saw among the negroes of the Gold Coast as *feiticos*? The answer is clear. Because they themselves were perfectly familiar with a *feitico*, an amulet or talisman; and probably all carried with them some beads or crosses or images that had been blessed by their priests before they started for their voyage. They themselves were fetich-worshipers in a certain sense. What was more natural, therefore, for them if they saw a native hugging some ornament, or unwilling to part with

some glittering stone, or it may be prostrating himself and praying to some bones, carefully preserved in his hut, than to suppose that the negroes did not only keep these things for luck, but that they were sacred relics, something, in fact, like what they themselves would call *feitico?* As they discovered no other traces of any religious worship they concluded, very naturally, that this outward show of regard for these *feiticos* constituted the whole of the negro's religion. Suppose these negroes, after watching the proceedings of their white visitors, had asked on their part what the religion of those white men might be, what would they have said? They saw the Portuguese sailors handling their rosaries, burning incense to dauby images, bowing before altars, carrying gaudy flags, prostrating themselves before a wooden cross. They did not see them while saying their prayers, they never witnessed any sacrifices offered by them to their gods, nor was their moral conduct such as to give them the idea that they abstained from any crime because they feared the gods. What would have been more natural, therefore, for them than to say that their religion seemed to consist in a worship of *gru-grus*, their own name for what the Portuguese called *feitico*, and that they had no idea of a King of heaven, or offered any worship to him?"

A NOVEL WAY OF TREATING OF EVOLUTION.—Professor W. K. Parker, in a foot-note to an interesting paper of his on the Structure and Development of the Snake, makes this dry remark: "I am frequently asked whether I believe in design, and am aways at a loss how to answer the question, it seems to me so perfectly gratuitous. If the questioner would but give me time, I would promise to write him a book upon the fitness to be seen in a frog, or even in a flea, that should be as large as a family Bible."

INTEMPERANCE.—Germans drink incredible quantities of beer, but it is not so alcholic as John Bull brews. In Munich they drink so much beer that it amounts to seventeen gallons a year for each person in the city. They have one immense brewery, where all the beer made is drunk on the premises. Mugs are provided; each drinker helps himself to a mug, gets it filled at the flowing fountain of beer, seats himself at the table, guzzles it, pays, and goes. Yet there is less intemperance in Germany than in England or Scotland.

THIS story is told of Mr. Moody by a writer in the Springfield *Republican*: Moody was preaching at the New Haven Tabernacle upon "Salvation" and its perfect freedom, and replying to certain supposed objections, when he made the following illustration: "You have only got to take it, that's all. Here, Mr. Meserve" (turning to the pastor of the Davenport Congregational Church, who sat close by), "if I were to offer you my Bible you would accept it, would you not?" "Certainly," said Mr. Meserve. "Then take it," said Mr. Moody, "it is yours," thrusting the free gift; "keep it." The illustration brought down the house as Mr. Meserve put the book—a copy which Mr. Moody had long used—into his pocket. He has since refused a hundred dollars for it, as it is deemed a very valuable keepsake on account of Moody's notes and marks therein. The whole transaction, moreover, was utterly unpremeditated on Mr. Moody's part, and, besides, he greatly valued the book. Yet the illustration was so effective that nothing could induce Mr. Moody to take it back. Hence Mr. Meserve had a duplicate interlined Bible bound up for him.

THE first book ever printed by Gutenberg was the great Mentz Bible. It was brought out in 1455. At a recent auction-sale at Paris a copy was knocked down for $10,000. It is printed in vellum, but is in an imperfect condition, having one leaf and several portions restored in *fac-simile*. At the celebrated Perkins sale in 1873, a copy of the same work realized the enormous sum of 3,400 pounds, or about 17,000 dollars.

THE recent agitation in this country and in England over the dogma of eternal punishment has brought out several remarkable interpretations of those original passages which the Church of Christ has long agreed to take in a more literal sense than Canon Farrar and his school are willing to give them. But whatever the scholar's discussion as to the meaning of the original word used to declare the *eternity* of punishment for sin, it is quite certain that in recent times "the bottomless pit got roofed over," as Mr. Carlyle would say. Now the question is how much will this kind of roofing stand?

—A pretty good story this. A young and inexperienced preacher was addressing an audience at Saybrook, New Hampshire. His text was, "I am the light of the world." But he was making pretty poor work of it, stammering and stuttering and halting, when an indignant huckleberry-picker, a sort of masculine woman, shouted out, "If you be the light o' the world you needs a snuffing."

—Spurgeon's Church in London is probably the largest Church in the world. It has 5,045 members of whom 296 were received by baptism the past year, the net gain being 100. Next year Mr. Spurgeon will have completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate of the Church, and a celebration of the event is to take place.

—During the last sixteen years the Wesleyans have built in London and the suburbs ninety-one new chapels. In ten years (1866–76) they have added over six thousand members to their communion, whilst their ministry during the same period has increased by fifty-three.

—The Primitive Methodists have acquired during the ten years twenty-six new chapels in the metropolis, and increased the membership of their Churches by twelve hundred, whilst their ministry, during the same period has increased by nine.

—There was a little fellow who knew Mother Goose better than he knew his Bible. One Sunday he was asked in his class "Who were thrown into the fiery furnace?" That was too much for him. The question was passed; the answer came promptly, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." This was a mortification to the little fellow, and when the next question came, "Who put them in?" he answered with a jump, "Little Johnny Green."

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

Air Travel.—So we are to fly at last! The man has been born who will wing us to the sky and afford the fullest facilities for the most distant journeyings. Morse spanned the world, and Schroeder and Ritchell will cross over it. No more extortions by corporate monopolies! No more dust, coal-cinders, open draw-bridges, worn out boilers, steep embankments, runaway horses, or collisions in the fog! The world was made akin by the telegraph, the flying-machine will bring all men face to face. In the heat of Summer we 'll fly to Alaska, in the cold of Winter we 'll wing our way to the sunny South. Those of our readers who are skeptical about the feasibility of our plan may read the full account in the *Scientific American* of the recent open air exhibition of the newly invented flying-machine of Professor C. F. Ritchell, at Hartford, Connecticut. On the first trial the machine, which weighs only one hundred and fourteen pounds, went up to a height of fully two hundred and fifty feet, past the spire of the Colt Memorial Church, and sailed off until over the Connecticut River, the operator meanwhile exhibiting his power to change its attitude and direction at will. When he ascended there was but little wind blowing, and the machine appeared to be under perfect control, but gradually a breeze sprang up, and it was deemed safest to make a speedy return, as there were indications in the sky of an approaching storm. The machine turned and made its way back in the teeth of the wind, until directly over the ball ground whence it had ascended, and then alighted within a few feet of the point from which it had started. On the second trial some time was spent in getting the weight and lifting power so neatly balanced as to show that the machine could exert a lifting power of its own. When this had been effected to Professor Ritchell's satisfaction, the apparatus rested quietly on the grass, but could be lifted or set back with the light pressure of one finger. When the word was given to "go" the operator, Quinlan, weighing ninety-six pounds, began turning the wheel, the horizontal revolved with a noise like a buzz-saw, and the machine darted up almost vertically to a height of about two hundred feet. There a strong, steady current of wind, setting toward the south-west was encountered, and the machine was swept away by it, broadside onto the spectators. The operator was seen throwing his vertical fan

into gear, and by its aid the aerial-ship turned around, pointing its head into whatever direction he chose to give it. All this was the work of but a few seconds. Although Quinlan could move the apparatus about, he could not make any headway against the strong wind. Reversing the motion of this horizontal fan, he descended apparently about one hundred feet, to get out of the current; but, finding that impracticable, reascended to a much greater height than he had at first reached. Still he was swept off toward New Haven, and after a little time went out of sight. He had vanished behind a distant hill, and for a while it was supposed he had alighted. Then he was again sighted, far away and not less than one thousand feet above the earth. The cylinder of the machine looked no larger than an orange. At length he disappeared altogether. At six and one-fourth o'clock, P. M., having been battling with the wind very nearly an hour, he descended safely at Newington, and at ten o'clock was back at Hartford. He said that one time he was eight or ten miles away from his starting point; but by tacking and working between the gusts of wind, won his way back as far as Newington, only five miles from Hartford. He says that the working of the machine is so easy that he could continue it for four or five hours without fatigue, in a quiet atmosphere.

TEA AND COFFEE.—It may never have occurred to our readers to consider the age of these favorite beverages among our European ancestry. In England, down to the Revolution and after, beer was the principal beverage of all classes. It is reported by statistical calculation that in the year after that civil war a quart a day was brewed for every man, woman and child in England; whereas the same calculation makes the amount in the present day sixty quarts per annum, or just one-sixth. It would not be a fair conclusion that the English are now a more sober people because less beer is drunk; for a great deal that was brewed was very small beer. The majority of English people have three meals a day—breakfast, dinner, and tea, and it is only at one of these that the larger portion ever touch beer. The choice then lay between wine or spirits, cider, beer, milk, or water. It is to two beverages that have since passed into common use, tea and coffee, that the diminution in the amount of beer is due.

Tea, or, as it was always then pronounced, *tay*,

("Here thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."—*Pope.*)

was first brought into England by the Dutch nearly a century earlier; but during the whole seventeenth century it was regarded as a rare luxury. Mr. Pepys drank his first tea September 25, 1661, describing it as "a China drink of which I have never drunk before." In the reign of Charles II, the East India Company presented the king with two pounds of tea. But during the latter years of the century and through the reign of Anne its use as a beverage rapidly spread. Just after the accession of George II, the consumption amounted in one year to seven hundred thousand pounds, and the price, depending on the quality, varied between thirteen shillings and twenty shillings a pound. The amount imported into England in 1872 was one hundred and eighty-five million pounds. Coffee was making its way at the same time. It was imported from the Levant, which is easily reached from Arabia, its home. It was first brought into England by a Cretan gentleman, who made it his common beverage at Baliol College, Oxford, in the year when the long Parliament first met. Coffee became a social power earlier than tea. The Greek servant of an English Turkey merchant from Smyrna is said to have started the first coffee house in London in the time of the commonwealth. About the end of the seventeenth century, coffee houses were very common and important as means of social and political intercourse between men. They filled the place that is now filled by London clubs. Some were chiefly political places of resort for only one party; others, especially the famous Wills, in Covent Garden, were literary. Those who wished to see, to hear, or perhaps to bow to a prominent literary man, such as Dryden or Addison would find him at the coffee house. The houses had great influence in the formation of opinions. Men now-a-days often take their opinions from their newspapers or the club; then they took it from the coffee house.

INGENIOUS FOILING OF HIGHWAY ROBBERS.—Strategy is certainly deserving of our admiration when it is successfully used to cir-

cumvent roguery. One of the best of such efforts, and worth relating here, is told by a writer of an English popular journal: "While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half a dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterward it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that route."

An old Defender of the Faith.—The revival of the question as to Tom Paine's real character and ability brings to mind that in the year 1801 a book was published in Philadelphia, written by Elias Boudinot, LL. D., Director of the United States Mint, and entitled "The Age of Revelation; or, the 'Age of Reason' shown to be an Age of Infidelity." It is a searching and thorough review of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," in the form of letters to a daughter, by Dr. Boudinot. He was a distinguished philanthropist, and the first President of the American Bible Society, formed in 1816. The daughter to whom the letters were written was the widow of William Bradford, Attorney-general of the United States. The book is an able, learned, and acute review of Paine's essay, but would be regarded as somewhat heavy in this day.

LITERATURE.

It is certainly in keeping that a book on art should itself be a superior specimen of the part of book-making, and all this is effected in Dodd & Mead's edition of Dr. Lubke's "History of Art," lately issued in two superb octavo volumes, which, as a piece of workmanship, is distinguished throughout for thorough and substantial elegance, rather than for any thing gaudy or meretricious. The paper is solid and heavy, so making the volumes larger than their number of pages would indicate. The letter press, with its clear and large types, and the wood-cut illustrations properly executed and elegantly printed, altogether make up a couple of volumes such as the tasteful book buyer rejoices to meet with, and the amateur library collector rejoices to assign to a conspicuous place on his shelves.

The work itself is not an entirely new one. It was first published in 1860, and it has gone through seven editions in the original German under the hands of its author. It was translated into English not long after its first appearance, and in that form it has been received with much favor in Great Britain. But as that translation was made from an early edition of the work, it does not, of course, contain the author's later additions and emendations, and therefore, in preparing this American edition for the press it seemed necessary to revise the English translation so as to embody the author's latest revisions. But in attempting to do this, so many and considerable were the changes found necessary, that it was deemed better to make an entirely new version from the author's latest issue. We have, therefore, in these volumes an original American translation, which appears to have been made by a hand thoroughly competent to the duty assumed, and no pains seem to have been spared in making it a thorough English rendering of the original. The literary style of the work is excellent. The language is pure, idiomatic English, and not, as is often the case with attempted translations from that language, only Anglicised German. All the good points of the original composition, which have contributed so much to the success of the work in its German dress, have been preserved and reproduced in the translation, making the work a

*Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. Wilhelm Lubke, Professor of the Polytechnic Institute and at the Art School in Stuttgart. A New Translation from the Seventh German Edition, edited by Clarence Cook. In Two Volumes. Fully Illustrated. Imperial Octavo, pp. 571 and 695. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1878.

decidedly pleasant one to read. The hand of the American editor is seen in every part of the work, perfecting its minor details, and giving it the finish that is but little noticed when present, but the absence of which is often a fatal blemish. The bibliographical references have also been thoroughly revised, and enlarged especially in respect to English and American works.

Of the merits of the work, as a general history of art, we should hesitate to speak with entire confidence, if we had only our own judgment in the matter to rely upon; but the verdict of the great public, and as well of the select circle who make art matters a specialty, so fully corresponds with our personal impressions, that we are the more confident of their correctness. In selecting, out of the abundance at hand, the portions to be used, the author appears to have judged wisely, and to have happily succeeded in constructing a history at once comprehensive and compact. Every part of the civilized world, of all ages, is noticed, though most of the space is devoted to the classical period, the mediæval and the modern; and of the last, Germany, as might be expected, is especially regarded. The departments of art discussed and detailed are, of course, architecture, sculpture, and painting. Some notice is also taken of pottery; but much more in the additions made by the American editor than in the original.

The works of the great masters of art, selected for descriptive and pictorial illustrations, comprises some of the well-known pieces of their several departments. The author's criticisms and disquisitions on these are in the very best vein, enabling the reader to appreciate the distinctive characteristics of the works under his notice. And in this he is well assisted by the pictorial illustrations, wood-cuts, of which there are between five and six hundred in the two volumes, finely executed and handsomely printed (which last is by no means the least of the things to be taken into the account in the production of such illustrations). For the production of such a work, thus making it accessible to the great American public, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are entitled to the thanks of the public; and all the more because such really valuable works are often less remunerative than the worthless trash of the times. But though such works are sought and read only by the comparative few, yet their appreciation is not without its commercial value to any first-class publishing house.

While there is no radical difference between the new tune book of the Methodist Episcopal Church * and its predecessors, as, indeed, there could not be, it, nevertheless, contains two features which deserve commendation from all who are interested in the promotion of a fit and worthy musical service in the Church. In a number of long-accepted tunes changes in the harmony have been made so as better to adapt them for congregational singing. This improvement is most noticeable in the case of tunes which introduce passages for a single or two voices, and which, when sung by the congregation, always left an impression as of an unsatisfactory hiatus; in the new book such passages have been set to full harmony, and have thus been rendered more fit for congregational singing, which is a factor in the Protestant Church service that should always be sacredly guarded. The other feature is the introduction of quite a large number of tunes new to the tune books of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and among them several German chorals. This, and the omission of some tunes which, though familiar, had fallen under condemnation, we are inclined to look upon as by far of the greatest importance. The renovation is by no means complete; concessions evidently having been made, as in the collection of hymns, to the affectionate spirit created and sustained by early associations and memories, but a beginning is there which will, it is to be hoped, in the fullness of time result in a complete eradication of not a few injurious elements that now desecrate the song worship of the Church.

The Protestant Church is slow in recognizing the need of a purification of its music, and yet it is as crying there as in the service of the Church of Rome, which for a decade past has fostered a movement with that object in view. At present this movement is divided into two branches, but their general aim is to purge the music of the Church of all secularism and sensualism. It is a remarkable move-

* HYMNAL OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WITH TUNES. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 8vo and 12mo editions.

ment, because of its deep conscientiousness and its audacity, which prompts it to move without hesitation against some of the most splendid accomplishments of the musical art, simply because they do not meet the requirements of purity in the Church service. One branch of this movement is extremely radical; it seeks with one sweep to blot out from the musical service all that has been written for a thousand years, and to return to the plain Gregorian chant. The scheme is startling in this day of art-progress, but it is beyond denial that much can be urged in its favor from the stand-point occupied by the devout musician as well as that of the devout Churchman.

It is acknowledgedly true that those melodies which emanated in hearts filled with religious feeling during the first century of the Christian era, and which, moreover, may have been modeled on the relics of the best period of classic Greek art, contain the true spirit of Church music. They are free from passion; they lift the soul of the worshiper above the petty things of this earth, and expand it with awe, veneration, and devotion. This, surely, is the mission of Church music; and any thing which contains a reminiscence or suggestion of things pertaining to this earth is unfit for the sanctuary.

The other branch of the movement seeks only to return to the style of music established for the Church by Palestrina in the sixteenth century, when the freer manner of composing was in danger of banishment from the Council of Trent. This music is based on the Gregorian melodies, and its retention through the mediation of Palestrina saved the art from a reactionary shock, which would, in all probability, have checked its development for more than a century. The movement is in the hands of conscientious and capable men, and is agitating with every prospect of ultimate success. Not long ago Father Young, President of the Society of St. Gregory in New York City, received from Cardinal Martinelli, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites in Rome, a letter, highly commendatory of the purpose and plan of that Society, which represents the first branch of the reform movement described above.

The bane which the reformers in the Catholic Church have found in its service is also present in the hymnal tunes of the Protestant Church. The tendency to theatrical effects, which mars nearly all the settings of the mass since the days of Palestrina, has a parallel in the tendency to flippant triviality in the modern settings of the hymns. As a whole, the Protestant musical service lacks dignity, but it also has an impure alloy, which came from making the hymns the vehicle of intense feeling and emotion. The elements of a hymn for religious service should all be harmonious; loftiness and purity of sentiment should be paired with dignity and simplicity of expression. Excitement and passion may prompt a Bacchanalian song, or inspire a political ditty; but they can not give to a religious hymn that sublime harmony which comes from perfect repose, and which is alone worthy of being employed in the worship of a God, who is himself the embodiment of the harmonious elements, wisdom, truth, goodness—the triad of Divinity. K.

THE subject of the origin, life, and especially the methods and processes, by which existing organisms come to be what they are seen to be, is just now fairly opened to popular inquiry. The prevailing drift of thought has brought us again to the same questions that engaged the acute dialectics of the old Grecian philosophers; but we come to them much better prepared to deal with them than were they, because of the better methods of philosophizing now in use, and also because of the vast increase of real knowledge—both natural and spiritual—at the present time over that of two or three thousand years ago; and in respect to the effects of these inquiries upon religious faith, there can be no grounds for misgivings on the part of believers, or of exultation on the part of would-be unbelievers, since whatever is true must favor whatever is good.

But it is equally certain, that by reason of this earnest spirit of inquiry and the increase of knowledge, very large modifications of opinions have occurred, and many long cherished notions have fallen out of favor, and so men have been compelled to revise their *credenda;* and since it is a rather complicated as well as a delicate work to submit one's opinions to his own reason, there is naturally no little halting about the matter.

Among the numerous books touching this subject that spring up all about us, because

the season favors their growth, one now lies before us, by a Chicago physician, having the general title of "Life in Other Worlds,"* which is further explained by the sub-titles and heads of chapters. It evinces a good deal of earnest thought in the author, but also of incomplete thinking; and yet there are clear signs of an imperfect apprehension of certain great and fundamental truths, that remain still to be fully brought out, on both the natural and the spiritual side. Our materialistic scientists can neither deny nor explain LIFE—itself the chief factor of the world of being; and our spiritual teachers must themselves learn to inquire rather than dogmatize on this subject. Such books as this are at once indications of the strugglings of the public mind towards the light to which they are themselves tending, and promises of the ultimate triumph of the truth.

THE mania about "ceramics," old china, of which we have taken notice in these pages, has given rise to a delightful burlesque in the form of a book,—a sketch, probably partly real and partly imaginary, of "The China Hunters' Club."* It purports to be a historical sketch of a company of amateur china hunters, in a country town, devoted to the revived and temporarily popular pursuit of "ceramics." In telling the story of the club the occasion is taken to weave in a good deal of the history and poetry of pottery, which is both curious and useful. About the most amusing part of the whole is the account given by the author of personal adventures among the old country families of New England, in search of rare old pieces of crockery, with sketches of the marvelous "finds." The last chapter tells "How the Club Ended," and is, though rather a sad story, yet so true to nature that the work would have been incomplete without it. Since in such matters every thing depends on the *genuineness* of the article, without respect to its intrinsic value, and since scarcely any two persons will agree in respect to questions of this kind, differences of opinion are sure to arise, which, among such persons, are apt to lead to altercations, and to end in personal alienations. How all this occurred, effectually breaking up the club, is told with much force and truthfulness of presentation.

"CHAUTAUQUA"—a few years since only the Indian derived name of a remote rural locality—has suddenly become a place of renown, with "a literature of varied character," chiefly of the lighter class of *quasi* religious works, and now, to complete its circle, appears the inevitable novel, depicting "Life at Chautauqua," from the pen of a somewhat celebrated, and really eminent minister of the Gospel.* There is often detected among men of really enviable reputations a desire to excel in something apparently quite foreign to their proper pursuits. Somebody has said that Gladstone cares much more for his Homeric reputation than for all the civic honors that he has so ably won, and which he so justly wears; and that the great Duke of Argyle is pleased especially to be recognized, not for his ancestral rank, nor from the relations of his family with that of the ruling sovereign, but as the author of "The Reign of Law." An old author tells us in homely verses of "a Grecian youth of talents rare," a favorite disciple of Plato, who, ambitious to win the praises of his master, appeared in the races as a charioteer, but received instead only rebukes and chidings.

So an able minister of the New Testament, whose praises are in all the Churches within the bounds of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, seeks to win for himself the eclât that comes to the successful adventurer in the fields of romance founded on facts. That he has done even that absurd thing rather cleverly is neither to be denied nor wondered at; and we are free to grant that his book is intrinsically better than most of its class—which, however, is saying very little. Probably if it had gone out without an author's name it might have passed muster, and been placed near the head of its rank. But to those who know the author, and are aware of his capabilities, the absurdity of the association can not but be apparent—very much like

*LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS: Including a Brief Statement of the Origin and Progress of Life in Our World. By Adam Miller, M. D. With an Appendix, of Three Sermons, by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D. Chicago: Fox, Cole & Co. 12mo. pp. 279.

*THE CHINA HUNTERS' CLUB. By the Youngest Member. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 274. Illustrated.

*IDA NORTON, or Life at Chautauqua. By Rev. H. H. Moore, Reporter for the "Assembly Daily Herald." Introduction by Rev. T. L. Flood, A. M., Editor of "Chautauqua Assembly Herald," Jamestown, N. Y. M. Baily: Chautauqua Press, Fairpoint.

when Mr. Barnum yoked an elephant to plow one of his fields at Bridgeport. But since the name of *Chautauqua* suggests a "new departure," in a variety of things, so, perhaps, it is not right to judge of this specimen of Chautauqua literature by the usual canons of criticism. We, therefore, give it up.

Rev. William Taylor, whom we have at various times written down of California, of Australia, of South Africa, of India, and just now of South America (west side), seems to be a missionary society in himself. Nine months ago he left New York for Callao, via Panama and for six or eight months he, accompanied by an unnamed friend, has gone up and down among the cities and towns of that coast, "prospecting" and preaching the Gospel, — the former with a single eye to missionary possibilities, the latter with a present purpose and full faith that somebody will be converted; and usually, according to his faith it is done unto him. Having made a brief visit to this country, chiefly for reinforcements, he, as in other cases, gives us a book,* made of narratives of his adventures, and such accounts of the places visited as may show their capabilities as mission fields; and to his expectant views they seem indeed to be white for the harvest. The book contains a great amount of valuable information respecting the condition of affairs in the places described, while its relation to the evangelistic work of its author invests it with an untold interest.

Mr. Thomas W. Price, of Philadelphia, accompanied Bishop Merrill and Dr. Dashiell on their trip to Mexico, wholly unofficially, and chiefly health seeking. Though neither a practiced tourist nor a professional writer of travels, he yet seemed to have observed as clearly and intelligently as any of the company, and now his "Notes on Mexico," a little volume of a hundred pages, seems to indicate no want of aptitude to relate what he saw. The narrative is at once concise, clear, and graphic, and so naturally told that it carries the reader along with the writer, and makes him seem to see what is so felicitously stated. His account of the country is literally that described by Bishop Heber and located in Ceylon:

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

His remarks on the missionary work, with which he was brought into the nearest possible relations, are at once encouraging and admonitory. It would be well could more of our intelligent men of business, members of the Missionary Board, with their practical habits of observation, look in upon our missions, especially in the financial and business management. It would no doubt improve the missions, and perhaps lighten their demands upon the treasury of the Board.

A series of condensed biographical sketches of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, a name well-known in current literature, is in course of publication, which is to be reproduced in this country by the Harpers. We have now in hand the initial volume, "Samuel Johnson," by Leslie Stephen.* Both these names stand without prefix or suffix on the title page, because neither of them needs any such supports. The book is in its character half-way between a full biography and an ordinary review, or essay, upon its subject. It is, of course, well written, perspicuous, graphic, and forceful. Few will be found hereafter to traverse all the mazes of Boswell's inimitable records, and therefore a mere condensed sketch of their great subject has become necessary, and Mr. Stephen's volume very well fills that demand.

The second of the series of "English Men of Letters,"* edited by John Morley, and reproduced in this country by the Harpers, has for its subject "Edward Gibbon," the historian, written by James Cotter Morison, of Lincoln College, Oxford. As simply a narrative of events in the life of its subject it is rather a meager affair, and indeed the subject afforded no great amount of incidents deserving to be remembered. But this lack of biographical matter is compensated for by the author's learned disquisitions and criticisms on Gibbon's writings, and especially the "Decline

*Our South American Cousins. By William Taylor, author of "Four Years' Campaign in India," etc., etc. New York: Nelson & Phillips. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 12mo. pp. 318.

*Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 195.

*English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. "Gibbon" By James Cotter Morison, M. A., Lincoln College, Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 184, 75 cents.

A NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—Some experiments have recently been made in the city of Brussels for the purpose of breaking in horses by means of an electric bridle. The apparatus consists simply in a couple of reins, along which run electric wires. At the end of the reins a small electric battery is attached, which is entirely in the power of the driver. By pressing on a little knob the electric current acts on the corners of the horse's mouth, and after a few consecutive or intermitting shocks the animal becomes perfectly docile. The inventor confidently asserts that runaway horses can immediately be brought to a standstill by means of this apparatus.

THE TELEPHONE FOR THE DEAF.—A method is described for using the telephone for enabling the deaf to hear. A string was fastened to the parchment diaphragm of a simple telephone made of wood, and this was carried around the head of a deaf person, who clasped the string with both hands and pressed them over his ears. This experiment was partially successful; the sound of the voice was always heard, and some words were distinguished. Afterward a single string was fastened to the instrument, the other end being held between the teeth of a deaf person. In this case every word was distinctly heard, even when spoken in a low tone, and at the farther end of the room.

RELIGIOUS.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.—Our readers are probably aware of the determined efforts of the *Evangelical Alliance* to effect a permanent unity of action among the orthodox Protestant Churches of the world. What was done by the last World's Conference of the Alliance (in 1873) is too well known to need even a reference here. It is to be greatly regretted that the disturbed state of European politics prevented, or, at least, made inexpedient, the holding of a General Conference this year at Berlin, as had been desired by the Emperor William I. What will be done for the unification of all evangelical Christianity at the next council, which it is now decided is to be held in Basle, remains to be seen. In the mean time, however, the "Pan-Presbyterian Council," held at Edinburgh last year, and the "Pan-Anglican Council," just held in England, must have wrought much for the promotion of this purpose, and their work pave the way for greater and better things yet to come. But what shall be said of an association such as the British support and the Pan-Anglican Council gave ear to, which, ostensibly formed *for the promotion of the unity of Christendom*, resolves, "That the advance of the infidel movement throughout Europe, and the actual or threatened dissolution of the relations of Church and State constitute a fresh call on all sincere believers to pray and labor earnestly for the reunion of Christians in one faith and one fold; that the accession of Pope Leo XIII, and the reawakening life of Eastern Christianity, afford at the present moment special grounds for renewed energy and *hope;* and that the serious obstacles to mission work at home and abroad, caused by the division of Christians, render it incumbent on all persons to labor, as well as pray, for the restoration of visible unity?" Every American Christian would most heartily favor this association's urgent call to the Pan-Anglican Council to "issue a solemn and consentient declaration that it is the first duty of all Christians to labor and pray for the uniting into one body of all those who call upon the name of Christ, and agree in the divine authority of Holy Scripture, in the creeds, and in the *decrees of the Church*, so that there be no more divisions among us." And further, "to recommend some practical means and mode of action whereby a consummation so devoutly to be wished for may, in God's good time, be accomplished." But what about this agreement in the decrees of the Church? Shall we be agreed that it means those reasonable decrees accepted and owned by the entire community of true believers, the visible body of Christ, or shall we be agreed to accept what the Church claiming to be alone of apostolic origin and to hold the power of the keys, has decreed? Much

confusion might be avoided if these Anglicans would at once clearly state in which of all the many equally admissible senses they use the word *Church*.

AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENT OF THE "DISCIPLES."—The Church of Christ, or, as they are more generally named, the "Disciples of Christ," is a body of Baptists sometimes called simply *Campbellites*, after their founder, Thomas Campbell, an Irishman, who came here in 1808, and settled in Western Pennsylvania as a Presbyterian "Seceder," but, in 1827, joined by his son Alexander, started at Wellsburg, Virginia, a small association of disciples, pledged to reject all creeds, confessions of faith, and formularies, and to conform their practice as Christians strictly to the teachings of the Divine Word. This "Mahonning Association," as it was then styled, developed in time into what is now know as the "Disciples of Christ," of whom there are about 500,000, distinguished for more than usual culture, and principally scattered through Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Virginia. They have a few representatives in British America and in England. In 1869 they organized a missionary society, and they have since expended nearly half a million dollars in home and foreign work. They have made few converts in England and Denmark, but at the last missionary convention (October, 1877) they contemplated the early founding of a French mission, and a reinforcement of workers among the *benighted* British. In response to this wish for additional supply in the English work, one of Cincinnati's popular preachers of that body has recently left his pulpit and gone to Southport, England, to preach there until the "true Church" shall be permanently established in Britain. In questions of speculative opinion the Disciples allow the widest differences. But they contend most earnestly for the unity of a practical acknowledgement of one faith, one Lord, one *immersion*, one hope, one body, one Spirit, one God and Father of all. On the doctrines of atonement, resurrection, and future judgment they hold orthodox views, though they object to many of the terms of theology, such as "trinity," "eternally begotten," etc. They break the loaf, in commemoration of the sacrifice of the Savior, every first day of the week, claiming for this practice the warrant of apostolic example, and, therefore, as of divine obligation. They contend that it was the chief object of the meetings of the first Christians on the Lord's day, and its peculiar sanctification. They hold, further, that faith and repentance are the divinely appointed antecedents to baptism, and that it is the privilege and the duty of the Christian minister to say to all who believe and repent "Be *immersed* every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." This adherence to the dogma of baptismal regeneration is the principal un-Protestant characteristic of these Disciples.

ORIGIN OF FETICHISM.—This is the lowest form of human worship. The shapeless stone, the meanest reptile, or any object however worthless or insignificant, is consecrated by a vague and mysterious reverence. It is substantially a rude form of Pantheism, and its root is to be found in the fear generated in the rude nature of the savage by the unknown forces of the universe. The term *Fetichism* or *Fetishism* is derived from *feitico*, a word borrowed from the Portuguese *fetisso*, and used by the negroes of Senegal to denote an instrument of witchcraft. It was first brought into Europe by the Portuguese in the second half of last century. It has long been a query why these European Christians should have used this word for such a low form of worship when in their own language it is applied to amulets or talismans. Max Müller, the celebrated German philologist at the University of Oxford, has recently given the answer. Here is his own language: "Why did the Portuguese navigators who were Christians—but Christians in the metamorphoric state which marks Roman Catholicism—why did they recognize at once what they saw among the negroes of the Gold Coast as *feiticos*? The answer is clear. Because they themselves were perfectly familiar with a *feitico*, an amulet or talisman; and probably all carried with them some beads or crosses or images that had been blessed by their priests before they started for their voyage. They themselves were fetich-worshipers in a certain sense. What was more natural, therefore, for them if they saw a native hugging some ornament, or unwilling to part with

ment by which Great Britain becomes knight-errant (Quixote!) for Turkey,—and certainly viewed in that aspect, whether as to its manner or its substance, it is open to all the unfavorable criticisms that it has received,—the result upon the common people of that empire can scarcely fail to be good. For the theoretical rights of its colonial or alien subjects the British Government is usually quite indifferent. *Magna Charta* and the "Bill of Rights," and all the innumerable safeguards thrown around the personal liberties of the subject, are of force only within the Parliamentary precints. All foreign subjects of the crown may indeed enjoy its protection; but they possess no rights of their own. In theory the British monarchy is every-where the veriest despotism; and in the foreign possessions of the crown it is such in fact. And yet in most countries it would be a decided improvement were their own governments replaced by this British absolutism. To whatever extent, therefore, the power of Great Britain shall become potent in the internal affairs of Turkey, by so much will those affairs become better than they are. The heaviest burdens that an Englishman, were he a Hastings or a Clive, would think of imposing, would be light and altogether tolerable compared with the terrible exactions of the irresponsible Turkish officials, that habitually harass and spoil the people. And then it must be considered that the essential spirit of British law, and the traditional instincts of the British mind favor personal and municipal freedom. It may be hoped, therefore, that this liberty-breathing spirit will penetrate deeply, and become widely diffused throughout that dark and debased empire; for wherever it may come it will promote thrift and industry, will awaken the spirit of inquiry, and call forth the latent activities of the people; and above all else, it will assert and render both real and effective the spirit of religious freedom. China was thus opened to the Gospel by British cupidity overleaping all laws whether human or divine, and the Word of God that thus entered is now the promise of salvation to that people. And as now, by a less flagrant disregard of right, the Turkish Empire is to receive the same privilege of having the Gospel, it may be hoped that the results will be equally salutary.

THE statesman, whose quickened mental vision enables him to detect the germs of revolutions where ordinary observers see only promises of security and growth, is often quite unprepared to sympathize with his compatriots in their appreciations of the apparent prosperity of public affairs. Just now the British nation, from the queen to the beggar, is possessed by a frenzy of delight on account of the virtual capture by her diplomates of the vast empire of Asiatic Turkey. But there are still a thoughtful few, whose words of caution are, for the time, drowned in the almost universal clamor of exultation, who doubt the wisdom and even the safety of this enormous increase of territorial responsibilities. Rome once dominated the world, and, as a consequence, the liberties of the Republic were lost; the city became a stagnant mass of luxury and vice, till at length the empire fell to pieces by its own weight, and the conqueror of the whole earth became an easy prey to hordes of vagrant savages. Such an example serves to show the unsafety that an undue extension of territorial possessions and of administrative rule is sure to bring in its train. In like manner power held by virtue of commercial supremacy is neither permanent nor at any time to be desired. Venice once held all Europe as her tributaries, but her wealth failed to render her people either happy or secure in their possessions. Spain, Portugal, and Holland, all, and each, became enriched by trade and foreign commercial relations, which were pursued to the neglect of humbler and less remunerative home industries: and now the conditions of those countries speak warningly of the instability of merely commercial greatness. Great Britain is much more of a country than was either of these in the days of their greatest prosperity, and so are her commercial and colonial extensions wider. Her home territory, as compared with her commerce and her foreign possession, is less in proportion than was that of Venice or Holland, and in these enormous outlying possessions and interests may at length be found the chief danger of the home island. By such processes is the way prepared for the coming of that wonderful New Zealander, of whom prophecy speaks as sitting upon a broken pier of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.

SUNNYSIDE (RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING).

WHAT has been occasionally designated as the Knickerbocker literature may be defined as the poetry and prose produced in New York City and State during the first half of the nineteenth century, by Bryant, Cooper, Drake, Halleck, Hoffman, Irving, Morris, Paulding, Verplanck, Willis, Woodworth, and others, as essayists, historians, novelists, and poets. Of these authors—almost all of whom long ago ceased from their literary labors—and of their writings, it is our purpose to speak without further preface, not forgetting, however, the wise saying of Sterne, that "when a man sits down to write a history, though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift, or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heel what lets and confounded hinderances he is to meet with in his way."

The pioneers among Knickerbocker au-

thors were the friends and literary partners, James K. Paulding and Washington Irving, who were joint writers of "Salmagundi; or the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launce-

lot Langstaff, Esq., and Others," a work which appeared in fortnightly numbers from the Shakespeare Gallery of Longworth. It was continued through twenty parts. In "Salmagundi" the humors of the day are hit off in a collection of sunny and good-natured essays, and in so agreeable a manner that the work is still read with interest after the lapse of seventy years. The few poems which appear on its pages were written by William Irving, an elder brother of Washington, and the brother-in-law of Paulding, whose sister he had married. "Cockloft Hall," which figures conspicuously in "Salmagundi," is a veritable mansion on the Passaic River, near Newark, and was so christened by Mr. Irving. It is still in a good state of preservation. Seventy and more years ago it was a favorite resort of its young owner, Gouverneur Kemble, Paulding, the Irvings, Captain Porter, father of the present admiral, Henry Brunt, and other merry young blades who made the old mansion gay with their fun and frolic. Kemble, in a note to the writer, dated February 6, 1872 says: "The old place near Newark, in New Jersey, christened 'Cockloft Hall' by Mr. Irving, was called Mount Pleasant. The house was built by Nicholas Gouverneur, grandson of Abraham Gouverneur, who married the daughter of Governor Jacob Leisler."

Among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was James Kirke Paulding (1779–1860). He was also the first of our writers who could be put forth as successfully refuting those critics—chiefly English—who claimed that there was no nationality in our literature. Nationality is the prominent characteristic of all his writings, which appeared almost continuously during a period of nearly sixty years, commencing with "Salmagundi," in 1807, and concluding with a volume of American comedies. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside" and "Westward Ho!" found inspiration at home for his earlier works—when neither American scenes nor American society were supposed to furnish attractive materials—as he continued to do throughout his long career of authorship. Paulding was a man of great intellectual robustness; strong in his convictions, and inexorable in his prejudices; with great clearness of perception, but little inclination to the ideal; a hearty hater, and a devoted friend; rejoicing in sarcasm, though free from malignity, both in his books and conversation; never yielding to the illusion of fancy or feeling, and expressing himself in language more remarkable for its grave irony and brusque vigor than for its amenity or elegance. No man ever stood up more stoutly or manfully in defense of that

"Mother of a mighty race,"

when assailed from abroad, than did James K. Paulding; nor did any author born on American soil ever entertain greater contempt for foreign example or criticism.

Between Paulding and his contemporary, Cooper, there were many strong points of resemblance; between the author of the "The Backwoodsman," and his life-long friend and literary partner, Irving, none at all. In

addition to his numerous novels and an exceedingly popular Life of Washington, Paulding was the writer of the now forgotten verse referred to in "Fanny:"

> "'T was a dull,
> Good honest man—what Paulding's muse would call
> A 'Cabbage head,'"

and by another New York bard, who in a couplet, thus elegantly and judiciously determines the relative merits of Homer and Paulding as poets:

> "Homer was well enough; but would he ever
> Have written, think ye, 'The Backwoodsman?' Never!"

WASHINGTON IRVING.

No doubt, during his long career Paulding

> "Gave up to party what was meant for mankind,"

by devoting much of his time and strength to political controversy and to writing anonymous articles and editorials on miscellaneous subjects for the newspapers.

The echoes of the eloquent eulogies wreathed by Bryant and Everett round the name of Washington Irving on the 3d of April, 1860, had scarcely reached the beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson, near Hyde Park, of his contemporary, Paulding, when he, too, was called away, and it requires no stretch of fancy to imagine that he only lingered to gather up and carry with him to his honored friend the grateful homage of their common country. The hand of Spring was laid on the elder, whom the Winter had spared. Paulding passed away peacefully early on the evening of the 6th of April; and although by "reason of strength" he had attained to more than fourscore years, he died as Irving died, suddenly, and, like his life-long comrade, in the peace of his own happy home, surrounded by those who were most near and dear to him.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York," was published in December, 1809. It was commenced by Washington Irving (1783–1859) in company with his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, with the purpose of parodying

a hand-book which had just appeared, entitled "A Picture of New York." Dr. Irving's departure for Europe left it in the hands of his brother, by whom it was completed. The humor of this racy work is irresistible, and it is related of a grave judge

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

that, in the course of an important case, he suddenly exploded over some laughter-compelling passage of the work, which he had smuggled with him to the bench. "Already," pathetically writes the author, in concluding this charming work, "has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow; in a little while, and this genial warmth which still lingers around my heart, and throbs, worthy reader, throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled forever. Haply this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form a humble sod of the valley whence may spring many a sweet wild flower, to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hatta."

Of Irving's other well-known writings, a series fitly concluded by his noble "Life of Washington," it is unnecessary to speak; to enumerate or criticise them is needless, and would be a plagiarism from the stores of universal memory. Of his works, including his well written life, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, more than a million of volumes have been sold in this country, and hundreds of thousands in Great Britain, where they are only less known and admired than in his native land. I should be glad to share with my readers some personal recollections of the genial author, but I must pass on to speak of other less known writers and works than those which emanated from his ever-busy and ever-charming pen, concluding with a brief extract from an essay by the venerable Richard H. Dana,* who happily survives at the age of ninety, an object of the deserved respect and admiration of his countrymen: "Amiableness," remarks Mr. Dana, "is so strongly marked in all Mr. Irving's writings as never to let you forget the man; and the pleasure is doubled in the same happy manner as it is in lively conversation with one for whom you have a deep attachment and esteem."

Samuel Woodworth (1785–1842), who may be called a single-song poet, was the youngest son of one of the neglected band that achieved our independence. He removed from Massachusetts, his native State, after serving an apprenticeship as a printer in Boston, and established, in 1812, a weekly newspaper in New York, entitled *The War*, to the columns of which he contributed numerous patriotic songs and odes on the victories won on land and sea by the Americans. These and other poetical pieces were published in a volume in 1818, and a second collection, including his most popular poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," appeared in 1826. At this time Woodworth

* Richard Henry Dana, who completed his ninetieth year November 16, 1877, was born before Lord Byron, who has been dead more than half a century. His career has a special interest for his countrymen, from the circumstance that it includes the entire literary history of the nation, not excepting Barlow's "Vision of Columbus," which appeared after the date of his birth.

was one of the notable citizens of New York, and his house in Duane Street was the resort of the leading literary men of the day, such as Cooper, Halleck, and Verplanck. The second named of these writers, it will be remembered, addressed as a "Poet's Daughter" one of his beautiful compositions to Miss Woodworth. In 1823, Woodworth with George P. Morris, established the New York *Mirror*. In this very popular literary journal there appeared in 1827, after his retirement, a fine steel engraving containing a group of portraits of the most popular American poets of that period, among which appear the amiable features of Samuel Woodworth, while among the others are James G. Brooks, Fitz Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, James G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, and Charles Sprague, the last survivors of this group. Halleck, in "The Recorder," written a year later, alludes to two other American poets, not included among the above:

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

"Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven; whose poet dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harps of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains,
When glory, hope, and peace were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains
The feet of angel messengers.
Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers, and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness,
And virtue for the listening boy."

Woodworth was also the author of a History of the War of 1812–14, and of several dramatic pieces, chiefly operatic. Of these, perhaps, the most popular is "The Forest Rose." In 1861 his son edited and issued an edition of his father's poetical writings, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of George P. Morris. Samuel Woodworth was a man of irreproachable character, and notwithstanding the want of success that invariably attended his various literary enterprises, he was universally esteemed an honorable and upright citizen. His fame will rest chiefly on his fine lyric of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which has, says Marsh,* embalmed in undying verse so many of the most touching recollections of rural childhood, and will preserve the more poetic form *oaken*, together with the memory of the almost obsolete implement it celebrates,

* "Lectures on the English Language," by Hon. George P. Marsh. New York, 1860.

through all dialectic changes as long as English shall be a spoken language.

Gulian Crommelin Verplanck (1786–1870), an accomplished author, and for sixty years

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

prominent in the highest literary and social circles of his native city, was born in Wall Street, and as his name indicates, was descended from the founders of the Empire State. He graduated at Columbia College in 1801, and after studying law, he spent several years of study and travel in Europe. Returning to New York he entered upon a literary career, and in 1821 accepted the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Seminary of New York. In 1825, he was elected to Congress, where he held his seat for eight years. He was the first President of the State Board of Emigration, an office which he retained till his death in his native city at the age of eighty-four, and for nearly half a century he was vice-chancellor of the State University. He was for forty years a member of the vestry of Trinity Church and occupied many other posts of trust and usefulness.

More than threescore years ago Verplanck began his literary life by the delivery in New York of the first of a series of scholarly addresses on which his fame is mainly founded. As early, however, as 1814, he wrote a dozen or more incisive articles against the war with England then going on; followed by a volume of essays on the "Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion." In 1827, in connection with William C. Bryant and Robert C. Sands, he engaged in the production of an annual entitled, "The Talisman," which was illustrated with engravings on steel from paintings by American artists. Three annual volumes of the "Talisman" were issued for the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, to all of which Verplanck was a contributor. He was a somewhat indolent man and his mode of composition was certainly singular. Nearly all his contributions to the "Talisman" were written in Sands's library, where seated in a chair with his arm resting on another, while his feet were supported by a third, he dictated to one of his *confrères* as rapidly as they could write. All the articles and poems in the second of the series were written by Verplanck, Sands, or Bryant, with three exceptions. "The Little Old Man of Coblentz," is from the pen of John Inman, a brother of Henry, the painter; "Red Jacket," was written by Halleck; and the sonnet beginning,

"Beautiful streamlet by my dwelling side,"

is the production of John H. Bryant, an Illinois farmer, and a brother of William Cullen. The preface to the volumes signed, "Francis Herbert," is the joint production of the three literary partners.

In 1847, Verplanck completed his scholarly illustrated edition of Shakespeare, which was issued by the Harpers in three handsome royal octavo volumes. His labors consisted in a thorough revision of the text, which he did with independence as well as carefulness. An excellent feature of his work is the pointing out of colloquial expressions, often called Americanisms, which, obsolete in England, are yet preserved in this country. He gives original prefaces to the plays, characterized by the ease and finish common to all his compositions. This ripe

scholar, able writer, wise statesman, and highly-gifted conversationalist, divided his time between the city of New York and his ancestral home at Fishkill, on the Hudson, a well-preserved old mansion in which the Society of the Cincinnati was founded.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851), whose writings are instinct with the spirit of nationality, stands at the head of American novelists. The Edinburgh *Review* long ago said: "The empire of the sea has been conceded to Cooper by acclamation; and in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians, or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion.

"'Within this circle none dare move but he.'"

Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey; entered Yale College in 1802, and having obtained a midshipman's warrant in the navy three years later, he for six years, followed the life of a sailor. Resigning from the naval service in 1811, he married Miss De Lancey, a sister of the late Episcopalian Bishop of Western New York, and soon after entered upon a literary career by the publication of his first novel "Precaution." His second work, "The Spy," displayed more skill and power. This charming story, founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution, appealed strongly to the sympathies of his countrymen, and became a great favorite, as it is still, after a lapse of nearly sixty years. It was first published in New York in 1821. The "Spy" was speedily translated and reissued in several European languages, including the Russian, and it made the name of Cooper almost as well known in the old world as in the new. His reputation was confirmed by the appearance, in 1823, of the "Pioneers" and the "Pilot," works which shared public attention at home and abroad with the "Waverley Novels." From that time until the publication, in 1850, of his twenty-eighth and last work of fiction, being one more than Scott wrote, Cooper enjoyed an uninterrupted career of literary prosperity. Several years after his death a noble uniform edition of his novels was issued in thirty-two octavo volumes, with illustrations by Darley, of which, it is said, fifty thousand copies are sold annually.

In 1827, Cooper visited Europe, the fruit

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

of which was a manly vindication of the land of his birth, from many current misrepresentations, in his "Notions of Americans." Halleck in his admirable poem "Red Jacket," refers, in this wise, to this work and its author:

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind;
A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind."

Cooper also wrote while abroad, "Gleanings in Europe," "Sketches of Switzerland,"

and several other similar works which enjoyed a large measure of popularity half a century ago, American books of old world travel being less common at that period than the present. Soon after his return from Europe, Cooper gave to the world his elaborate work on the "United States Navy," which has passed through numerous editions and is still the standard history of the American naval service. Besides this valuable work, which was republished in England and led to considerable controversy, he published two volumes of "The Lives of American Naval Officers." The distinguished author died at his residence, Cooperstown, in his sixty-second year, and since that time his beautiful home, known as Otsego Hall, has been destroyed by fire. Six months after his death a public meeting (as many of my readers will remember) was held in honor of his memory, an occasion which no one who had the good fortune to be present will be likely ever to forget. The place of meeting was in New York, and the presiding officer was Daniel Webster, with Irving and Bryant seated by his side. The great statesman addressed the large assemblage, speaking for the last time in New York, and was followed by Bryant in an appreciative and poetical discourse, now included in his volume of public addresses.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Fitz Greene Halleck (1790–1867), who enjoys the proud distinction of being the first American poet honored by a public statue, left his native town of Guilford, Connecticut, for New York City in 1811. Here he resided for twoscore years, and during a large portion of that period was perhaps the most popular poet of this country. During the second war with Great Britain, Halleck joined a New York infantry company,

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"*

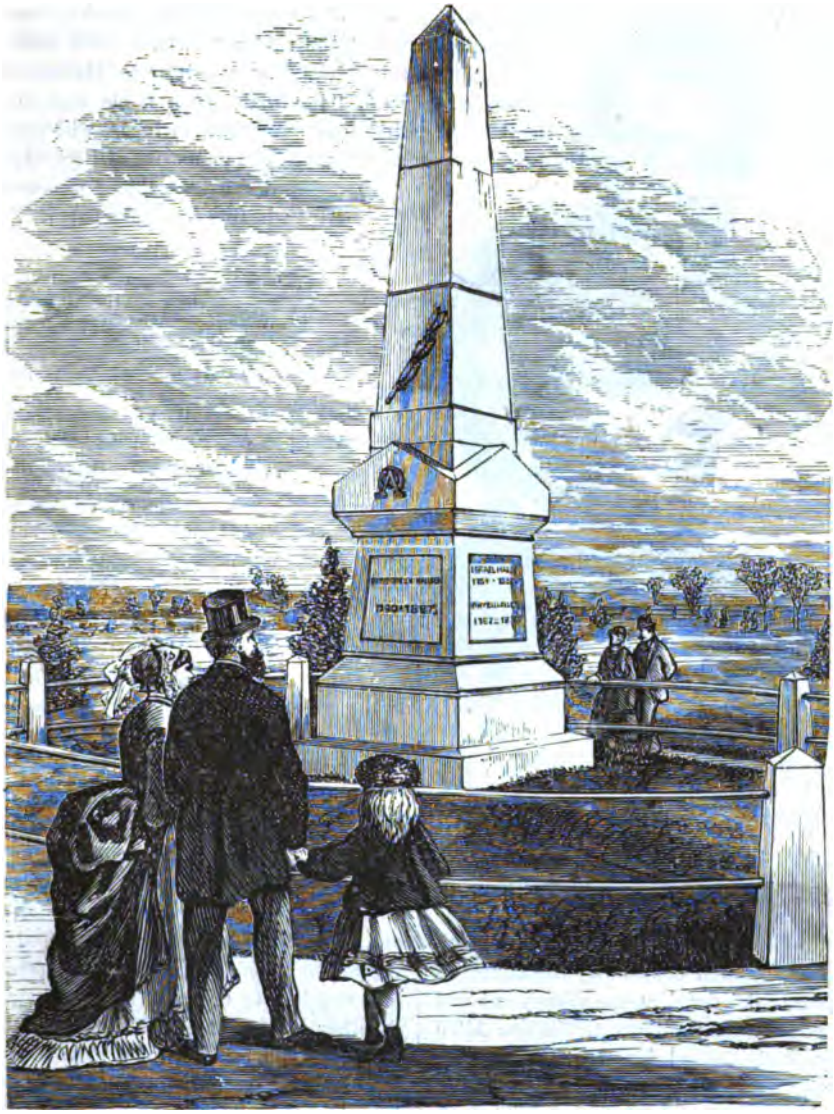
as he afterward wrote in "Fanny," and excited their martial ardor by the composition of a spirited ode. This and occasional poems which appeared in the papers were Halleck's only claim for poetic fame, till the appearance of "The Croakers," in 1819, electrified the town. Their happy blending of wit, humor, satire, and sentiment, threw the whole city in a blaze of excitement. Of this series of satirical and quaint chronicles of New York life nearly sixty years ago Halleck, in 1866, said "that they were good-natured verses, contributed anonymously to the columns of the New York *Evening Post* from March until June, 1819, and occasionally afterward. The writers† continued, like the author of Junius, the sole depositaries of their own secret, and apparently wished, with the minstrel in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," to

"Save others' names, but leave their owe unsung."

Halleck's longest poem, "Fanny" the perpetual delight of John Randolph, was written during the Summer and Autumn of 1819, while the poet was residing for a few months at Bloomingdale. It was issued anonymously and a few months after its first appearance in December of that year, "Fanny" enjoyed the unusual distinction of being printed in full in a London journal. A second edition enlarged by the addition of about fifty stanzas, for which the poet was paid five hundred dollars, appeared early in 1821. The following year Halleck visited Europe, carrying with him letters to Lord Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, and the manuscript of his

* The sole survivor of this much admired corps is Gen. Charles W. Sandford, of New York. [Since dead.]

† Fitz Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake.



FAMILY TOMB OF THE HALLECKS—BURIAL-PLACE OF THE POET.

friend, Fenimore Cooper's "Pioneers," for publication in London. While abroad he wrote "Alnwick Castle,"

"Home of the Percys' high-born race,"

and the song he sang in praise of his brother-bard Burns. "Nothing finer has been written about Robert than Mr. Halleck's poem," said Isabella, the youngest sister of the Scottish minstrel, as she gave the writer, in the Summer of 1855, some rose-buds from her garden, and leaves of ivy plucked from her cottage door, near the banks of the bonny Doon, to carry back to his gifted friend. In 1827 the first collection of Halleck's poems was published, containing among others, his immortal lines, "Marco Bozzaris." Other editions followed, and in 1832 he appeared as the editor of a complete edition of Byron's poems, for which he wrote an admirable memoir. Halleck died at seventy-seven and was buried in his native town, where a noble obelisk, erected

by New York friends and admirers, now marks his grave. In 1867 his Life, prepared by his literary executor, was published; in 1877 his statue in the Central Park was unveiled by the President of the United States in the presence of fifty thousand spectators, and since that time a memorial volume has appeared containing the addresses and poems, delivered at the monument and statue dedication, by Bryant, William Allen Butler, and Bayard Taylor, by John G. Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the judgment of Alfred B. Street, "Halleck is the greatest poet the New World has yet produced." His poetry affects him as it does Bryant, like the strain of martial music, making his heart beat quicker. No other American poet's writings have a similar effect. Another writer remarks* that it is a curious fact that Halleck, who never studied the classics in their original, should have been, in some cases, so severely classical, while his Connecticut contemporary, Percival, 1795–1856, who was steeped in classics, often followed the romantic school. The following unpublished lines, written by Halleck about 1810, "the flight of a noble bird, for the first time essaying his wings," will perhaps, as a Spring-time memorial of its author, be deemed worthy of preservation in this desultory paper.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (ÆT. 60).

"THE TEAR.

"On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the damp grave Mary wept;—
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the Wint'ry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear
And placed it in her diadem."

Sir Walter Scott relates that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Dean Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing they would have worn him out long ago." Voltaire, Titian, Goethe, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Humboldt, Moltke, and among Americans, Adams, Taney, Horace Binney, and Richard H. Dana, may be cited in refutation of this theory, which, I presume, has nothing to do with thews or stature. Another bright and brilliant example of faculties, and faculties of a high order, remaining unimpaired in mind and body till long past the grand climacteric, is William Cullen Bryant, born in Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and for fifty-three years a citizen of New York; who, till his death, at eighty-four, remained cheerful, happy, and full of conversation, continuing heartily to enjoy what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life." Having early in the century written "Thanatopsis," a poem which a popular clergyman says is the only one yet produced by an American that is likely to live five hundred years, the venerable poet, after an interval of seventy years, enriched

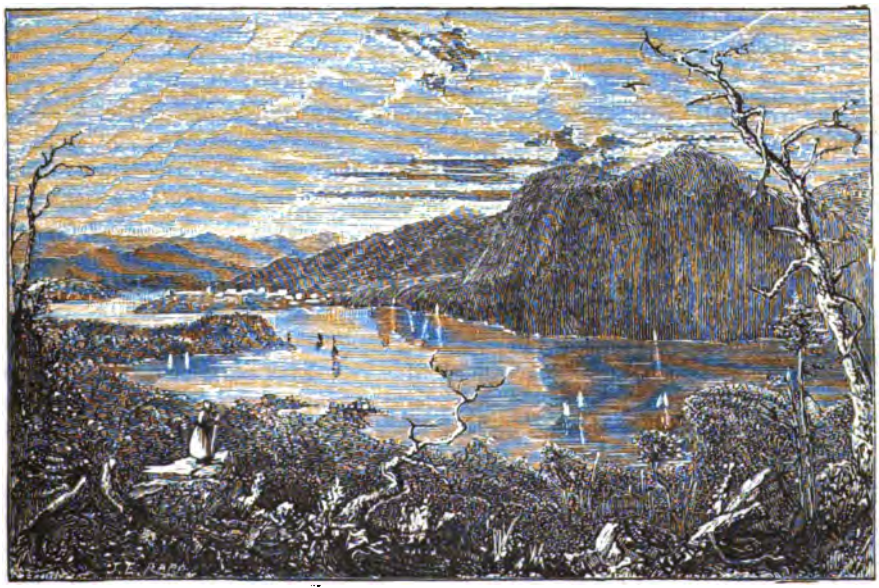
* Professor William C. Fowler, of Connecticut.

the world with such noble lines as "The Flood of Years," and this sonnet in memory of his friend John Lothrop Motley:

"Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be!
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea!
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for right and liberty.
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that—ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men—
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then."

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820), the author of "The Culprit Fay," was born in the city of New York in the year that gave birth to the eccentric poet, Percival, and John P. Kennedy, the author of "Horse-shoe Robinson." At eighteen he abandoned merchandise and began the study of medicine. It was at this time that Drake and Halleck first met and formed a friendship that was only severed by death. When the young physician married in 1816, it was Halleck who acted as groomsman; when their only child was born she was christened Halleck; when he went to Europe it was to his brother poet that he addressed several amusing poetical epistles; when the pulsations of his gentle heart were daily growing ing feebler, it was his faithful friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying pillow; and when the grave closed over Drake, and his sorrowing friend had said, as Scott did when standing by the last resting-place of Johnnie Ballantyne, "there will be less sunshine for me hereafter," it was the sorrow-stricken friend who wrote



CRO'NEST ON THE HUDSON.

those tender lines so familiar to the English-speaking world, and which will ever continue to be among Halleck's and Drake's most enduring monuments:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

The exquisite poem, "The Culprit Fay," on which Drake's reputation as a poet chiefly rests, was written in his twenty-first year, and not, as it has always been asserted, in the Summer of 1819. It was in this year that the two literary partners produced the "Croaker Papers," a signature adopted from an amusing character in

GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." The poems were copied from the original by Langstaff, Drake's partner, that their handwriting should not betray them, and were either sent through the mail or delivered by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Halleck in the counting-house, in Wall Street, of Jacob Barker, the well-known Quaker banker and merchant. So carefully did they keep the secret of the authorship that these amusing *jeux d' esprit* were generally attributed to the Salmagundi set—the cultured Irvings, Duers, Pauldings, Hoffmans, and Verplancks. Since Drake's death, they have been collected and included in the latest editions of Halleck's poems, and the author of each indicated for the first time. Sixteen years after Drake's death his poetical writings were first published in a handsome octavo volume.

The genial George P. Morris (1802–1864), a well-known journalist and the most admired of American song writers, was a native of Philadelphia. In early life he removed to New York, and at fifteen was a contributor of verses to the newspapers of that city. At twenty-one, he, with Woodworth for a partner, established the *Mirror*, a literary weekly journal, which he continued until 1844, when, associated with Willis and Hiram Fuller, he began the publication of the daily *Evening Mirror*. At the close of 1845 he established the *National Press*, changed in November of the year following to the *Home Journal*, a highly successful society weekly, which he edited with Mr. Willis until a short period before his death, at the age of sixty-two. General Morris edited a number of works, including "The Song Writers of America," and in conjunction with Willis, "The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." In 1825 he wrote a successful drama, called "Briar Cliff," founded upon events of the American Revolution, from which he derived the substantial reward of thirty-five hundred dollars royalty or copyright. He was the author of the libretto of "The Maid of Saxony," and of a volume of prose sketches published in 1836. But it is chiefly as a song writer that Morris will be best remembered. Some of his lyrics, such as "Woodman, spare that tree," and "Near the lake where drooped the willow," are compositions of which any poet might be proud. A proof of the great popularity of Morris, as a poet, is the fact that for above a score of years he could, any day, exchange one of his songs unread for a fifty-dollar check, when not one of the *literati* of New York could at that time sell one for the twentieth part of that sum. Between 1838, the year that he published "The Deserted Bride, and other Poems," and 1860, when the last edition of his poetical writings appeared, several collections of his songs, ballads, and poems were issued by some of the best New York publishers. His military title, by which he was usually designated,

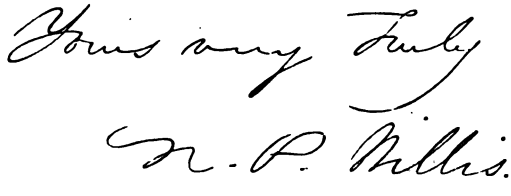
comes from his connection with the State militia.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, born in New York City in 1806, and for the past twenty-eight years by reason of a mental disorder, living in complete retirement from the world, was, perhaps, the most generally admired of the group of Knickerbocker authors who flourished in his native city something less than half a century since, and of which he is the sole survivor. As a song writer he stands among Americans second only to Morris, and some writers have asserted that his lyric of "Sparkling and Bright," is unsurpassed by any similar production in the English language. No martial poem, I think, produced during our late war, equals Hoffman's spirited lines in his far-famed stanzas on the battle of Monterey:

"We were not many, we who stood."

Charles Fenno, a brother of Ogden Hoffman, at the age of eleven was with some boyish companions, one day seated on the Cortlandt Street dock, with his legs hanging over the wharf as the ferry-boat came in, which caught one of his limbs and crushed it so badly as to render amputation above the knee necessary. At fifteen he entered Columbia College, and six years later was admitted to the bar. Abandoning the law, he associated himself with Charles King in the editorship of the New York *American*, and three years later established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. To its columns he contributed a series of letters descriptive of a tour in the North-west which were collected and published in 1834, entitled, "A Winter in the West." This work was followed by "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," and in 1840, by the romance of "Greyslaer," founded on the celebrated criminal trial of Beauchampe for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, of Kentucky, which also furnished the theme of Simms's novel of "Beauchampe." Mr. Hoffman has

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.



also issued several volumes of poetry, and it is as a lyrical poet that he is best known to the world. In this field he is unquestionably entitled to take very high rank. Among the favorites, which have carried his name so extensively through the land, may be mentioned, "Rosalie Clare," "'T is hard to Share her Smiles with Many;" "The Myrtle and Steel;" "Room, Boys, Room;" and "Rio Bravo, a Mexican Lament."

It was a sunny morning in September, 1860, that I walked on shore from a steamer, at the wharf known as Caldwell's Landing, midway between Cold Spring and Newburg on the Hudson, and drove to a picturesque mansion nestled among evergreens, and admirably situated on the plateau north of the justly celebrated Highlands, and within sound, under favorable conditions of weather, of the evening gun at West Point. Entering the substantially built brick house, I saw around me on every side signs of culture and refinement in the fresh flowers, pictures, books, and *bric-a-brac*, so perfectly in harmony with my idea of a poet's home. The tall and graceful master of the mansion enters, and after a cordial and manly greeting we set forth to see his loved domain, and to gaze upon the extensive and varied view commanded by his "*coign of vantage.*" Passing through the well-kept grounds, we soon reach a picturesque glen, and descending, walk along to a mass of rocks, among which the musical waters rush past on their way to the great river two miles distant. Seated on the gray rocks, the master, with much animation, describes substantially in these words, his first visit to the site on which his beautiful home now stands: "I was recommended by my physician," he said, "to seek a residence somewhere north of the Highlands, and some sixteen years ago, when I first saw the place, it was one of the roughest pieces of land that I ever looked upon. But it had capabilities. I saw trees, knolls, rocks, and this ravine, musical with waterfalls, and to the south 'a noble wild prospect,' as Sam Johnson would have said, and I at once determined that it should be mine. Walking over the rocky fifty acres with the owner, who looked his astonishment no less than expressed it, that a city man should want his 'unimproved property,' as he called it, he said, 'What on earth can you do with it? It 's only an idle wild.' I did not tell him, but I bought it, and you see what I have made of it, and that I was indebted to my Dutch predecessor for an appropriate and very pretty name." The speaker was Nathaniel Parker Willis (1807–1867), and the place Idlewild, almost as famous as Irving's Sunnyside. Here, with the exception of a health trip to the tropics, and to the Southern and and Western States, the gifted and graceful writer spent the last twenty years of his ever-busy literary life; here it was that after bravely battling for existence for many years, he at length fell a victim to the relentless tyrant, consumption, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, and was laid at rest by the side of his mother's grave in Mount Auburn.

Willis, for many years the most talked about of American authors, was a native of

Portland, the birthplace of Seba Smith, John Neal, and Henry W., and Samuel Longfellow. His father and grandfather were publishers, the latter having been an apprentice in the office with Benjamin Franklin, and a member of the famous Boston tea party. He graduated at Yale College, and began his literary career by winning a prize of fifty dollars offered by the publishers of an illustrated annual. He established in New York the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted for two years, and then, in 1831, merged it into the New York *Mirror*. Willis spent several years in Europe, where he wrote "Pencilings by the Way" for his paper, and before his return to New York in 1837, he married an English lady, and fought a duel with Captain Marryatt. Having lost his wife, Willis, in 1845, married the only daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, and soon after established, with Morris, the well-known weekly, *The Home Journal*, which still flourishes. To its columns he contributed for nearly a quarter of a century much of the material afterward embodied in some twoscore of duodecimo volumes. He published, in 1856, "Paul Fane," a novel, and he was also the author of several plays and various volumes of poems issued between the years 1827 and 1860. Many of his sacred poems have found a place in the popular collections, some even in Church hymn-books, and are much admired for their exquisite finish and melody.

THE ICE-BRIDGE.

IN January, 1871, with a large number of others, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, in the city of Quebec, and looked down on the mighty river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked a very low point, and all around there could be seen but the dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the bosom of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its black waters from view. What could induce human beings, in such an extreme atmosphere, to pace up and down this exposed promenade? The formation of the "ice-bridge" was momentarily expected. Facing the bitter cold, all anxiously looked down upon the hidden stream, and vigorously paced up and down the snow-clad terrace.

Suddenly a cry was heard: "It is taken." Instantly all rushed to the railing and excitedly peered down upon the waters. Slowly the mist arose, and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark-blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point, and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist Nature had performed her work—in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct—a glorious crystal plane, as wonderful as it was beautiful. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening; the intense cold quickly thickened the ice, and in an hour after its "taking," a boy, in a sleigh drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed toward the opposite shore, a rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, rose from the river, for the thin ice was as a sounding-board, and even when the sleigh became as a speck, the rumbling sound continued reverberating between the opposing high lands. Then followed, as it seemed to me, foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped in sweeping circles hither and thither; then hundreds followed.

On the wharfs and quays along the river-side were collected hundreds of on-lookers; so I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a closer inspection. A continual row of people were venturing down, shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and a paralysis seemed to strike on-lookers and skaters alike; the ice was moving, the bridge was breaking up. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the wharfs, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders; many were immersed

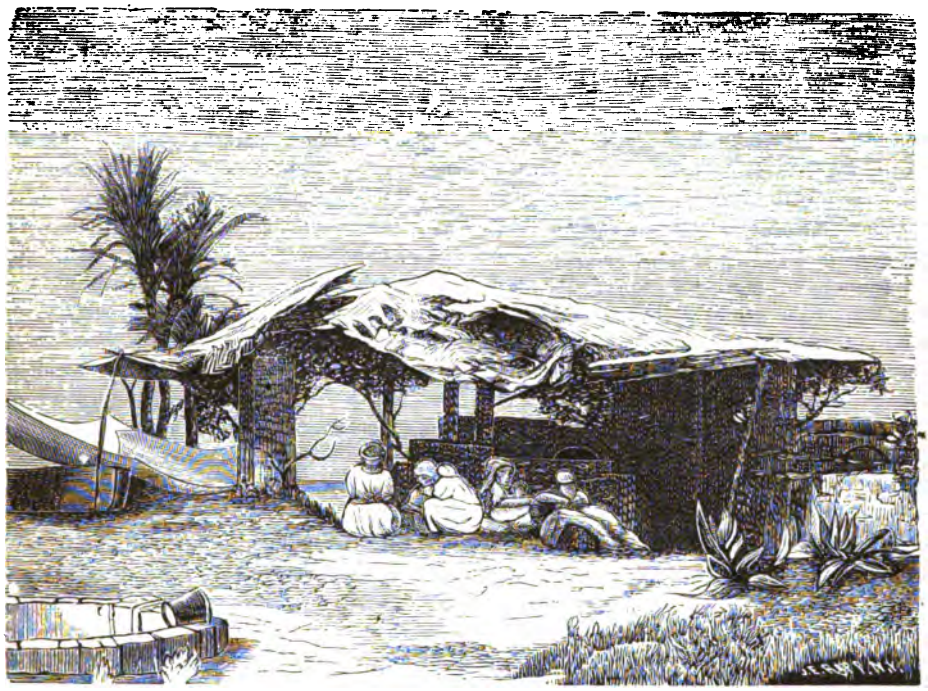
in the chilly waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave.

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright, and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as pure and smooth as any mirror. The venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's memories, rushed wildly over its surface, and ice-boats swept across it with amazing rapidity, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea-gulls. It was a gala festival, and men and women reveled in the rare enjoyment. From the city height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of human beings, of boats, of vehicles.

Myself and two friends—a bride and bridegroom of few days—were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with an enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates, and soon found ourselves upon the ice. Near by was an ice-boat, ready to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores; so we closed a bargain with the master, and stepped into our conveyance. Voluminous buffalo-robes lined with crimson were wrapped around us, and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire; our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which was now carrying us, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Rapidly we passed up the river. On one side were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while on the other were the higher heights of Levis; and now we were beneath the Plains of Abraham, crowned by the monument of the illustrious Wolfe, rushing past the now desolate timber coves. On one side were the churches of St. Columba de Sillery and St. Augustine, and on the other, of St. Nicholas and New Liverpool, and then the Falls of the Chaudière.

We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when, with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat, with marvelous rapidity, was on the home-stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a frozen-in vessel; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorenci Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarefied atmosphere; already its cone had begun to form, and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, past Beauport, l'Ange Gardieu, and Chateau Richer; when again we turned, and, doubling le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St. Joseph de Levis, and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting-point, after a wild ride of about forty miles, accomplished with marvelous speed. We put on our skates, and no sooner had the steel touched the glistening ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle; we seemed hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were gliding hither and thither; ice-boats, with their white sails, were sweeping upwards and downwards; and horses, as if in delirium, were galloping in every direction. I remained with my friend the bride, while her husband forged ahead, we following as best we could. She, full of happiness and joy, glided along by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her loved one as he skillfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I turned my eyes and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot, and loud cries; but my attention was diverted from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to catch her and prevent her falling, and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping, and striving to break through the icy fetters! As he passed beneath us he gave one despairing look upwards, and was swept away forever from our sight! I conveyed her to her home, where, for many a succeeding day and night, she lay on her couch, the helpless prey of brain-fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

ALONG THE RIVIERA.



WOMEN AT WORK, NEAR NICE.

THE impatient traveler who journeys in Italy in the night, if he be a real traveler, is sure to be sorry in the morning. Railways, steamboats, and night trains may add in comfort, but they steal the charm. That "he loses who makes haste," is not so true of any other country. The distance between great centers can ordinarily be bridged without the sense of loss, but here every place is interesting, either because of its present or its past. In Italy art and genius were impartial in distribution of treasures, for wealth and power were confined to no one part of the land. Every-where has some one lived whose home we would not pass; every-where has some one died whose grave we wish to see. And where we do not care to trace the hand of history, that of nature has made the land so lovely or so grand that we can not let it go unseen.

Time was, when, going out from Genoa, one had only the choice between the steamer to Leghorn and the diligence over the wonderful coast road. After a while the more comfortable though less rapid *vettura*, or private carriage, took the place of the diligence with all who could pay the difference in price. The advantages were, no company, or a choice of company, a knowledge of what manner of man or woman was to occupy the nearest seat, and the privilege of taking three days or nine for the journey, as one's purse and inclinations might decide. But to-day we have three modes of travel from which to choose—the steamer, the vettura, or the train. The railway is now complete, by which one can make the journey in a day which by carriage can not be comfortably accomplished in less than three, or delightfully in less than a week.

And here we are already in Genoa, being of the number who repent having come in the night, and as we stow away bags and wraps and umbrellas, and climb to our seats

behind the lean horses and the sunbrowned veturino, who leaves us to arrange our own parcels while he idly cracks his whip, most heartily we wish we had taken our time and seen all that was to be seen. We came all the way from Turin, and we have missed the Riviera di Ponente. And that means much to those who know what it is. It means loss of coast scenery to which no other in the world is to be compared for beauty. It means missing such an acquaintance with the changing glory of the seas as would have made us love it forever after, in spite of all its coquettish, capricious ways. It means the loss of long drives through groves of olive and myrtle and orange trees, that fringe the blue of the sea and are sheltered by gray masses of rock that tower to the blue of the sky. It means no sight at the bare-armed fishermen, in their red Phrygian caps, drawing in their nets at sunset in the harbors, while the water seems a "sea of glass mingled with fire." It means the loss of all nature could crowd into the strip of land between mountain and sea, all the way from Nice to Genoa. For this part of the coast is called the Riviera di Ponente, or the Western Coast, while that extending from Genoa downwards, on which our coachman is ready to start, is called La Riviera de Levante, or the Eastern Shore. Giacomo is in haste to start, but we know his ways; he is as good at loitering after we are once away as he is at starting, and we are somehow possessed of the spirit that proved disastrous to Lot's wife, and look longingly backward, wishing, by the help of some fairy godmother, to transfer the lean horses, the rickety carriage, and the grumbling driver to Nice. You wonder at it? Then you are a stranger to Nice. Giacomo wonders at it too, and grows impatient and torments his horses till their restlessness forces us finally to bid him be off. He passes the railway station. There has been great talking going on in the carriage behind him, and it ends in an order to drive back to the depot.

"Giacomo, here is consolation in form of 'buono mano.' Seek another party for the Riviera di Levante, but seek one that has already seen the Riviera di Ponente. We will go by train to Nice, and return by the road wonderful Cornice, and then we will go on with you." It was very bad Italian, rendered intelligible by a very good *pour boire*. Giacomo understood the latter, and from the jumble of miscalled words probably selected *vendredi* and *albergo* and *dieci oro*, and aided by a sight of the speaker's watch, gathered that he was to meet us again at the hotel in Genoa on "the following Friday morning at ten o'clock." He said "grazia," and "si signore," and with many cracks of his whip drove thoughtfully away, wondering a little perhaps at the changeable character of the American will, and we are left to go by train to Nice. This we do in seven hours' time, passing through seventy or eighty tunnels on the way, running sometimes so close to the shore that we felt the spray dash in our faces; one moment sure we were plunging straight into the sea, and the next afraid to look up lest the threatening mountain bury us in a rocky tomb. And, ungrateful creatures that we were, when the journey was ended, having had our own way, and we were snug in bed in the Hotel des Anglais, waiting for the sea to sing us to sleep, some one declared that after all "it could not have been Nice we cared so much to see." "No, we came only for the journy back. Yet we may as well look a bit in the morning, now that we are here," though we find it hard to decide just which of the party it was that wanted so much to come. In the morning the fatigue is over and we sally forth. What a day! What an atmosphere! What a sky and sea! It works its charm upon the mind at once, and the veriest grumbler is "glad he came."

The water comes up almost to the doors of the dwellings; but Nice has no harbor. Yet a mile away, around the point yonder where the high rocks lift, is the little bay of Villa Franca, where for several Winters anchored the American fleet. At such times the young officers made a pleasant addition to the social life of Nice, and many a bright afternoon or evening the winding road along the shore was thronged with carriages laden with parties going out to some festa on board one of the ships. Not American la-

dies only honored these entertainments, but the English, the Italian, and the French. For all through the Winter season the health lovers and the pleasure lovers of all these nations throng to Nice. The hotels are counted by dozens; the villas, many of them most charming and all occupied by strangers, number nearly a hundred. The old town is one of high dwellings and narrow, dirty streets, full of Italian people trying to be French. The new town is of wide avenues and Parisian shops and grand hotels, and one great promenade by the sea, where every body goes to see every body else. Here the invalids and the babies are wheeled about or sit in the sun. The babies play with rattles and sleep. The invalids take a newspaper instead of a toy between their naps. In the little park, or Jardin Public, nearly the whole population stroll in the afternoon and sit listening to the music of the band. It is a most lovely garden, full of tropical plants, colossal myrtles, and noble palms. One of the latter, the great palm tree in the center, was planted there "in honor of the annexation to France." All is sunny and bright; the music is French, the the dress is French, the chatter, too, much of it, in French, and the place has quite the aspect of a little capital up to the hour of four o'clock P. M. About that time the wind rises; the very sea seems to shiver; the damp, cold breeze goes through wraps and flesh direct to the bones, and the people make all haste to go in-doors. Baby wagons are trundled home, shawls and wraps come out, invalid chairs are jostled over the ground and the world of Nice goes shivering to dinner. No climate is better for invalids if they remember that when the clock strikes four the out-door day is done.

FISHERMEN IN THE HARBOR OF PORTO MAURITZIO.

There is the walk on the Promenade, the hour in the garden listening to the music, the ball or amateur theatricals at a hotel, or the smaller circle at the house of a friend at night. There are talks, the drives, the church on Sunday; and to the general visitor that is all there is of it. But he who is equal to long strolls among the peasants, and who loves to watch the men in the fields and the women pressing the olives which they have gathered, or making perfumes from the oranges, will find another sort of charm. There are towns away back among the hills that look as if they had been built for fortresses—towns crumbling year by year and taking on the aspect of towers that rise from the native rock. Some have been de-

serted for lack of water, and some still keep a flock of shepherds, wild, strong people, who never come down from the hills themselves, though they sometimes send their daughters to earn a marriage portion by work in the homes of Nice.

These people seem almost to be a mountain race apart. Their patois, their songs, their habits are more like those of the herdsmen of the upper Alps than like the dwellers in the hills surrounding a French city.

Nice has always been called the "Pearl of the Mediterranean." If it is so it is but one in a tiara of pearls set in the opalesque hues of the circling sky and the sea. Away to Monaco; and this time it is, indeed, the real Cornice Road. We are hardly out of Villa Franca, across the peninsula of olive groves, with the sea in sight and the sky one bending arch of torquoise above, before we are in sight of Monaco. At some points this tiny principality only measures one hundred and fifty yards across. The railway train that passed us on our drive in one half-hour will have traversed the entire length of the land. Never was so small a place more beautiful, and never was there a place so small from which so many people turned away heart-sick and miserable, leaving their hopes behind them; for here are the headquarters of the gambling of the Continent, and the place is more thriving than ever since the withdrawal of governmental sanction has closed the kürsaals of Hamburg, Baden Baden, and Weisbaden. Once the tired gamester, who had any thing left after a Summer at these various places, squandered the surplus here; now he makes Monaco the center of his operations.

The palace crowns a rocky promontory, whose smooth sides, descending abruptly into the sea, look as if they were part of the castle itself, and as if the whole structure rose direct from the water. Dull and dark cypresses and Italian pines, gardens beautiful with myrtle and orange and terraced balconies, tempt the eye on the landward side. The vines and the aloes cling to the rock above the sea, and the place reminds one of the pirates' nest it was once said to be. The town, numbering less than two thousand people, clings around the castle as if for protection, and the walls and battlements and fortifications inclosing the whole seem like the toy protections to a toy estate. The town, the castle, and the huge rock on which it stands, all suggest a diminutive warrior, perfectly clad in armor and boldly stepping forth from the ranks to meet the enemy alone—a little David, sling in hand, ready for whatever giant may be in the way. And yet, imposing as it looks, the dark shadow the cliffs cast in the sea below is not more unsubstantial and insecure than is the place itself. Its little show of power is a pitiful sort of sham. All the reality there is to it is that of the revenue that comes from the gambling at Monte Carlo. The place is only separated from the promontory on which the palace stands by a little stretch of winding road so smooth that the wheels move almost without sound, and lined with tropical shrubs. Rare exotics fill the garden plateaus of Monte Carlo, and the glistening of the fountains under the gas jets at night changes the blossoms to jewels, such as mother earth might be glad to wear upon her bosom for the children to toy with as they rest in her arms or climb about her knees.

But there are children of earth who care very little for the beauty that comes only with such simple things as flowers and light. Such linger not long in the gardens, though they are as fragrant, as cool, as pure as ever Eden was. The crowd is for the Casino, a sort of palace beautiful, made attractive by gilding and glitter and glare. Behind the marble pillars of its portico are ball-rooms and concert-rooms and reading-rooms, banquet halls, and all these are only the vestibules of the gambling-rooms, the magnificently decorated "*Salons de jeu*,"—every thing is gilded here. There is no way of keeping out blackness of heart, rottenness of moral nature; but they must not enter without good manners and good clothes. Strictest regulations as to outward appearance and demeanor are enforced by servants whose liveries are as immaculate, and whose tread as soft, whose authority as inexorable as if the place were a cathedral and they beadles, who, staff in

NEAR THE PROMONTORY OF MURTOLA.

hand, lie in wait for the irreverent visitor who enters with covered head. One must walk softly and talk softly in the *Salons de jeu*. You may ruin your fortune, break your mother's heart, be made in turn excited, anxious, reckless, desperate, hopeless, frenzied; your senses may be swept out as your money is swept in by the pitiless croupier; but no one minds so long as you bear whatever comes with composure and decorum. No matter what wreck to soul, body, or fortune, so long as you do not disturb the play. To stand silently by and watch the fever glow and burn in the eyes of the players is as intensely painful as to watch the physical sufferings of children. It begins so coolly, with the light toss of a small sum upon the board. It grows interesting as the player wins,—annoying, exasperating, maddening, at the last, as he loses and continues to lose. A hundred varying phases of emotion sweep the soul and the face in an hour. Very few people play indifferently. It becomes a terrible passion, and in the end it is always Monaco that wins. An old saying has come down to us from the days when she lived by piracy. Translated it means, "I am Monaco, perched on a rock. I neither sow nor reap, nevertheless I mean to eat." She reaps now, but it is the spoil of the vices of strangers. She fattens on their poverty and folly, and, after a modern and less fatiguing fashion, she is a pirate still.

A day is enough at Monaco, for the pure air seems tainted and spoiled for a healthful spirit, and the spot is one where souls are sick. You can not forget the gaming, and the effect, after the first curiosity is gratified, is painful, like the study of mental disease. Invalids are often depressed by going to remedial institutions where no one but the doctor is truly well. How much greater the depression if nobody tried to be or wanted to be well! Such a place is Monaco to any nature that finds and feels the sore and aching spots in human souls.

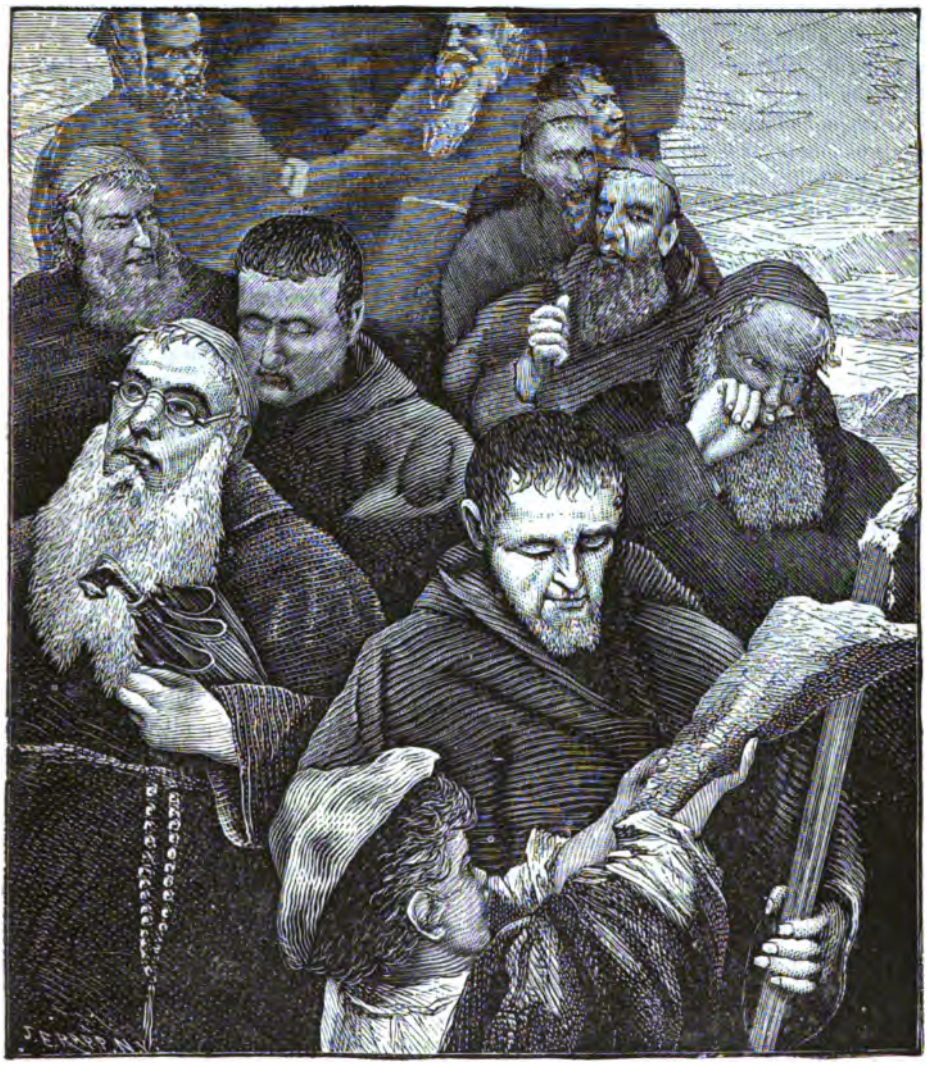
And Mentone, only a little farther on, gives us as much if not more beauty and less pain. The very name suggests health, loveliness, and rest. The maritime Alps shelter it in the rear,—throw out spurs that inclose harbor and town in a semicircle of rocky heights. The shore is dotted with white villas, the town creeps back under the shelter of the hills. The vegetation is more luxuriant and beautiful than we have yet seen, and the dark shining foliage of the

numerous lemon trees seems to drink up the heat of the sun. The sick body or spirit that could not rally here if the wonderful climate and scenery are allowed to do their work, must be almost past cure. Hundreds try it every year, and it is only recently that the native people begin to be demoralized by the throngs of guests. France bought Mentone from Monaco for eight hundred thousand dollars in 1860, and yet it is harder to make it French than either of the last visited places. Monaco only seems to be French without effort; Nice tries hard and only partially succeeds; Mentone accepts whatever is thrust upon her, but never seems to try.

Here at last we realize what it is to be upon the Riviera, for leaving Mentone the beauty beguiles on every side. We dislike to turn from the towers of gray rock over which the blue sky hangs, and along whose sides the olives crowd the terraces, and the orange trees struggle with the vines for a place to cling, and yet the tempting sea, on the other hand, is changing in color every hour. It is never twice alike under a sky that changes too and challenges it always to reveal new beauty. It is chameleon-like in its color. It is gray with the rocks, or blue with the sky, or pale green with the olives; it is gold with the sunset, or red and violet with the clouds. One can not weary of it, for it is the sea at its *best*,—the sea in its restless youth, before it has done any thing but play or discovered its hidden strength of storms and its hidden power to chill. But beautiful as it is, its shifting motion makes it seem ever farther and farther away, and neither the sky nor the hills are near. Closer, and less like dreams, seem the old villages through which we pass, and the people we constantly meet. There are mothers toying with dark-eyed babies; there are old women spinning at cottage doors; there are children, bare-legged and brown, but often with their ragged hats garlanded with flowers, and brawny fishermen mending their nets or waiting for the tide. There are donkeys, too, who seem somehow to be, as the New Englanders would have it, "*Folks* as much as any body," trotting along the hard road or trudging through the soft sand, with their panniers on their sides and their masters on their backs. The whizzing trains pass frequent, now below us, so that we only see the smoke, now above us on the zigzag road, and again through some tunnel where we followed its course by the rumbling sound, as if the thunders had been imprisoned in the rocks.

Over St. Louis's bridge, spanning a lovely ravine, and we are no longer in France. At the frontier village of St. Mauro, a guide will try to lead us away, after the luggage has been inspected, to caves on the shore where fossil remains of animals and weapons of flint have been found. He is usually in league with the driver, who likes his party to be diverted, as thus the journey may be prolonged, and he be paid for an extra day.

Again at Ventimiglia, formerly the frontier town of Piedmont, we shall be invited to look at ancient Roman inscriptions in the cathedral, and at a mile-stone preserved in the Church of San Michele. It is well to resist the mile-stones and other antiquities which will multiply as we proceed; for the early Romans have left their traces everywhere along the route, and push on through Bordighiera to San Remo, which latter place, situated much like Mentone, is its rival as a resort for invalids. Here the plantations of palms become a marked feature in the landscape, and seem to crowd the lemons and olives off their own ground. Their leaves have become an article of export to Holland and to Spain, and to Bordighera has been granted for many years the privilege of furnishing the palms for the services of Palm Sunday, at St. Peter's Church in Rome. It is no small privilege when we consider that the people are not content with having one palm branch to be preserved in their homes after it has received the blessing of the Pope, but they purchase those woven into crosses and anchors and all sorts of quaint devices, and for the most beautiful large prices can be obtained. So the traffic is most profitable, and the people near San Remo have great cause to be grateful to the seaman who secured it to them. The story, almost too familiar to be repeated, is, that a sailor,



PROCESSION OF MONKS FROM THE ITALIAN MONASTERY.

named Bresca, of San Remo, aided, at the peril of his life, in the erection of the obelisk in the piazza of St. Peter's in Rome. His hand on the ropes at a critical moment, and his voice encouraging and directing just as the effort seemed about to fail, won him the offer of a reward from the Pope. And he asked that to Bordighera might be granted the privilege that has since supported many of her families and covered her hill-sides with palms. As we pass on there comes before us an older story still of one before whose feet they cast the palm boughs down, and while we are thinking how strange it is that this custom should have grown from that, the driver whirls us up before the Victoria Hotel, where we are to pass our first night. San Remo has about eleven thousand people, but so compactly are the dwellings crowded to get her in the shelter of the hills that it seems a much smaller town. We must be away early in the morning, and therefore improve the cool evening time for a stroll and a sight of what is to be seen.

The old Gothic Church is too dark for an evening visit, but the streets and the people

of a Southern town are never more interesting than at night. The air of the early morning is like wine. It is not well to wait until the day grows warm. The towns are picturesque and unimportant, but the scenery is one panorama of beauty. We travel fast, for we would travel far to-day. Leaving San Remo, an enchanting view of miles of coast is before us. We leave behind the old square Castle of Arma, and make our first halt at San Lorenzo. Not because there is any thing special to be seen, but the "sweet wine of San Lorenzo must be tasted," which is the driver's way of suggesting that he is thirsty. At Oneglia we cross the torrent by a wire suspension bridge, and enter the town by roads that run through charming vineyards. The place was burned by the French in 1792, and yet looks as venerable as the towns that count centuries. The hills move back from the coast, and the country grows luxuriant and the towns change from unreal, sleepy, picturesque little places, to bustling, busy seaports. Such is Alassia, which is prosaic enough, though said to be named from the daughter of Emperor Otho, who escaped hence with her lover. This little bit of romance is only read or remembered by the stranger. It means nothing at all to the people who are building the ships down there on the sands. Neither does it matter to the citizens of Albegna that her castle towns date from the feudal ages, and her cathedral has Runic emblems carved above its doors, and an old heathen temple for a baptistery. The city's heart and hands are busy with the ship-building, which is carried on extensively in nearly every considerable town. This ceaseless noise of hammering is all that saves the coast from seeming to be in siesta. This is the to-day of Italy. Of its to-morrows we begin to have faint prophetic gleams, and we have only to lift our eyes to the heights as we pass on, to read the story of its yesterdays. It is written in old Roman bridges like Ponte Lungo, in the ruined forts of the Spanish kings above Finale Marina, in the deserted monasteries that crown the hills, in the ruined castle and abbey of the island Bergeggi, all of which we leave behind to plunge into the long tunnel, and from the darkness of which we emerge to see a picture of coast scenery that can never be forgotten. Forty miles or more away as we are, we can yet see Genoa.

"At Savona, shall we dismiss carriage and burden ourselves with specimens of Italian pottery, which manufacture is the staple product of the city, and go by rail to Genoa? or shall we drive on for yet another day?" It did not take long to decide, for in this last forty miles lies a possible visit to the old monastery of Il Deserto, crowning the heights above Varezze. And only four miles farther on lies the town of Cogoletto, which claims the honor of having been the birthplace of Columbus. Whether or not it was here his eyes opened to the light, the tradition is sufficient to make us glad to see the place. We find only an ordinary Italian town, many of whose people are employed in the huge foundries of shot and shell, whose smoke makes a black cloud upon the sky.

The twenty miles remaining between Cogoletto and Genoa have all the beauty of the suburbs of that city. We have left behind the rocky heights crowned with aloes, and make our way through a succession of gardens, filled with every luxuriance of foliage, and every charm of landscape into which enters a view of both mountain and sea. As we near the city the villas of the old families of Grimaldi and Doria and the wonderful Pallavacini villa tempt us to delay.

"It is afternoon. It is Thursday. We are to meet Giacomo at Diecioro on the morning of Vendredi. Why not, then, rest here at Pegli over night, and enjoy the walks and fountains and cool vistas of the last named villa till the morrow? It is only six miles from the Albergo in Genoa, and we can easily go in by the morning train."

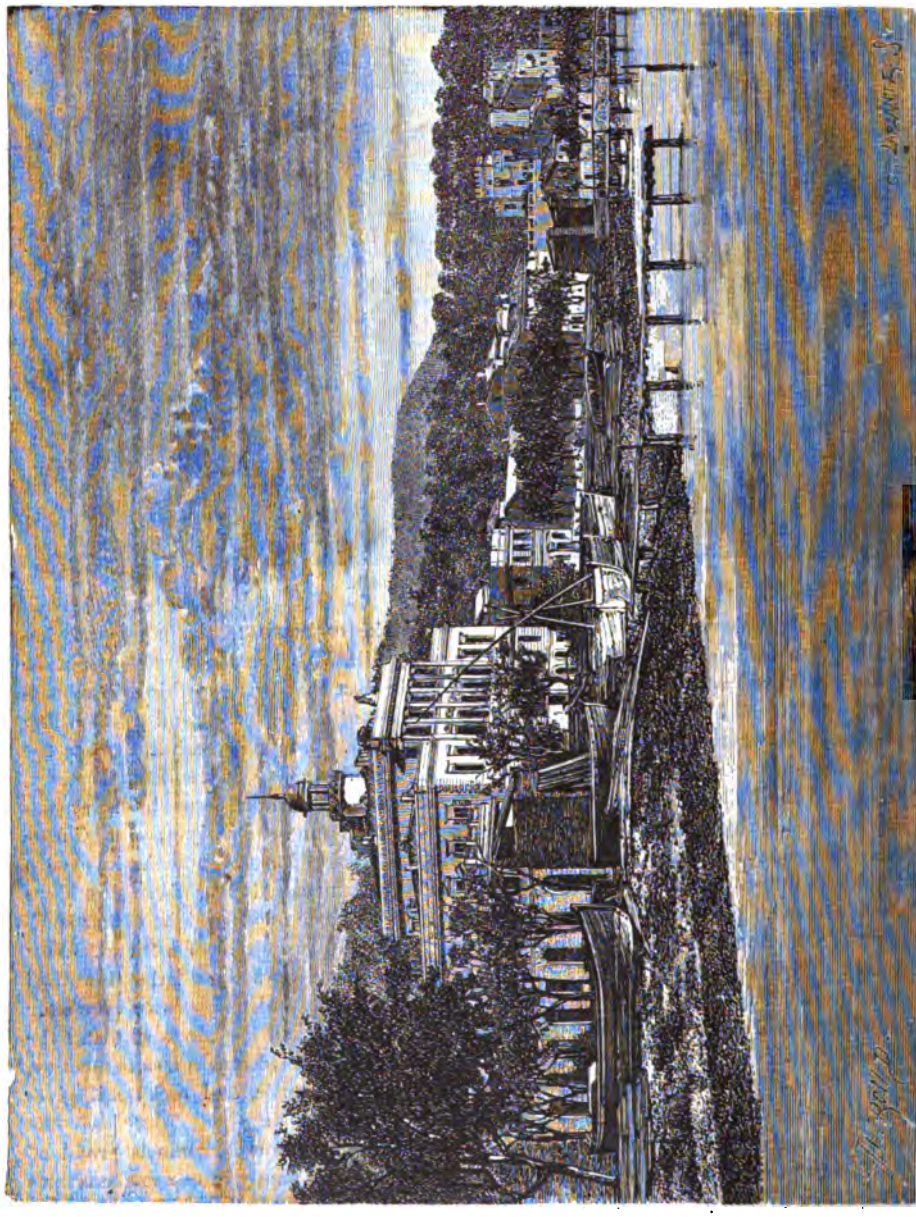
Genoa is the central point on the Cornice road. On her right hand lies the beauty we have passed. We are not too weary of it to try the beauty waiting before. The railroad is completed on the Riviera di Levante, but if we take it we lose a day amid scenery more widely picturesque and beautiful than any

WORK AND PLAY BY THE SHORE.

just passed. Yet it is worth going once over the railroad to realize the herculean labor that has built it, not only along the myrtle-lined shores, but along the face of almost impassable cliffs, where even the aloes seem to cling to the crevices of the rocks. For a long distance the old carriage road and the railway keep side by side, and by either route one has glimpses of the white villages half hidden in foliage, and the people at work and the children at play by the shore. But erelong the wildness and grandeur conquer the beauty and peace, and the little sheltered townlets like Nevri and Lavagna disappear, and the rocky coast of Sestri di Levanti comes to view, and we begin to ascend through olive groves, which, by and by, give place to pines; through solid but squalid hamlets, where the buildings of gray stone cling around the wreck of some old convent or castle, fallen to ruin years ago. We have left the sea and are entering the mountain fastnesses of one of the wildest and grandest passes in Italy. At the town of Moneglia the remains of the rocky fortress that protected the entrance to the gorges are imposing still. No greater change could be possible than that between this cold mountain region of desolate rock and that smiling shore below. Two thousand feet above the sea we climb, resting at a solitary hostelry, descending then again through dreary villages till we come suddenly upon a glimpse of the sea. We have been so in love with the Mediterranean during these last days that we welcome another sight of her smiling face as if it were that of a friend. Now far below us we know lies all that beautiful land of blossoms, and we go down ever more and more gladly till the air is soft and the scent of the orange blooms comes to meet us, and the hard, sterile, and rocky soil gives place to living green.

As we descend, for Giacomo is proud of this picture and happy in our exclamations of delight, and cracks his whip and whirls us down at a rapid rate, we get a glimpse of the mountain of Carrarra in the distance and a view of the wonderful bay of Spezia, almost at our feet.

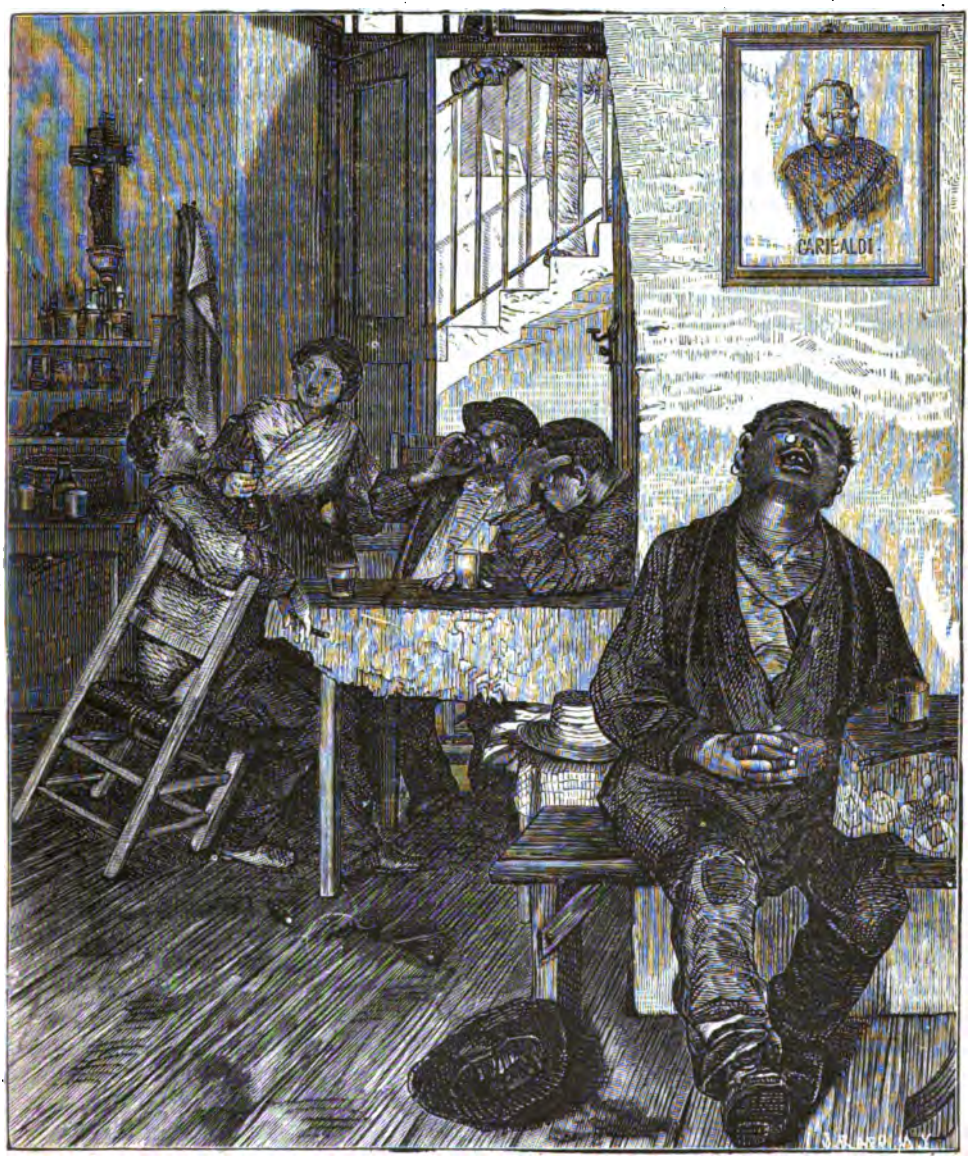
All along this coast the rocks are marble-veined. Out in the bays there are islands of marble; a detour from the railway will take one to the town and the quarries, of which there are more than four hundred in active operation. They have furnished many generations of people with a dwelling, a monument, or a tomb. But the journey is not for us to-day. We are going straight on to the wonderful harbor of Spezia, from which Napoleon thought he could command the whole Mediterranean Sea. For ships of war it is one of the finest as it is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It lies almost like a lake between two fortified points, and it has proved its importance whenever



MALTESE CROSS HOTEL, SPEZIA.

Southern Europe has been at war. The town itself is not of consequence, but its situation is one of the most beautiful in the world, and a constant temptation to invalids and strangers who take up their residence in some of the many charming villas, and gather at night with the more transient visitors on the balconies of the Hotel of the Maltese Cross.

Sit there with them if you are weary and would watch the sea; or if you would hear what dress-maker they had in Paris, and how much they paid for extra baggage and for bedroom candles, which were never burned, and how much they got for a five-franc dinner. But if you do n't care about all this and have seen the latest number of the American Register, come with me into the narrow streets of the town, and stroll about among the people. See, here is the cheapest



AN INN AT SPEZIA.

kind of an inn, but the staircase and curb-stones are of Carrara marble, pure enough in the hand of an artist to have become the face of a cherub. See the crucifix above the wine decanters on the shelf, and the picture of the patriot on the wall.

Spezia has many historical reminiscences, and here is a good place to hear them. Talk to the first sun-browned, brawny workman you find awake, and he will tell you, with much gesticulation, and more interest in the telling than you have in the hearing, perhaps, all he knows and all he has heard of that ever happened here. You will be sure to get the story of Garibaldi, and much better than out of a book it will sound. The hero was laid up here for months after the battle of Aspromonte, at the Hotel Citta di Milano, and there, at different times, came all the distinguished surgeons of the world. The bullet had passed through the boot, and only two out of seventeen surgeons thought it remained there still. Then Dr. Nelaton, of Paris, was sent for, and to him is due the credit of inventing the probe with which the bullet was found. He did not extract it, as is generally supposed, though his reputation was greatly enhanced by the discovery he had made. The operation, according to the best authority, was performed by Zanetti, an eminent Italian surgeon, and Nelaton was not even present at the time. Great stress the Italian narrator places upon this last item, being a little jealous, may be, that any hand but an Italian's should have been thought to have saved the hero's life. Spezia is very proud of Garibaldi, and if he had been born there all classes could not claim him more sincerely as their own.

Back to our rest on the shore, to sleep with the breath of blossoms coming in at the windows borne on a soft sea breeze; to sleep with the low, soothing break of the waves against the rocks upon the shore; to dream perhaps of hills where the snows are drifting, and eaves where the icicles cling; to wake and go on, but with a strange intoxicant doubt as to which was real and which was dream—that vision of the wintery night or this of the radiant day. It is all so unreal that I half fancy they who have seen the "green fields beyond the swelling flood," and wandered beside the jasper sea for a while, would turn back to our dusty ways with something of the feeling with which one takes up life after a week along the Riviera and upon the old Cornice road.

THE CLOUD.

THE cloud lay low in the heavens,
Such a little cloud it seemed;
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast,
Where the rose light lingered across the west,
Soft and gray as in innocent rest,
While the gold athwart it gleamed.

It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
Seen over the sleeping wave;
Yet the keen-eyed mariner shook his head,
As slowly it crept over the dusky red:
"See, the rocket-lines are clear," he said,
And his lips set stern and grave.

And or ever the eve was midnight,
That cloud was lowering black.
Dimming the light of the stars away,
Dimming the flash of the furious spray,
As the breakers crashed in the northern bay,
Winds howling on their track.

So in life's radiant morning,
May a tiny care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its sway to prove,
As if to whisper, My surface may move,
But my roots can laugh at loss.

It may seem such a little jarring,
Only Experience sighs,
For with time's sad learning to sharpen the glance,
He sees the "rift in the lute" advance,
Knows how fate may seize upon circumstance
To sever the closest ties.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

WHAT school-boy of forty-years ago, does not remember the thrilling appeal which his school-mates, one after another, were wont to make in behalf of Logan, "the Mingo Chief;" and who can measure the influence which those recitals of Logan's wrongs have exercised in the formation of the character and in the development of the energies of the youth of America? Logan, we are told, was the son of Shikellimus, a chief of the Cayugas, one of the members of the celebrated "Six Nations," of New York; and Mr. Drake informs us that he, too, was a chief of the same powerful tribe. He was distinguished always for his bravery in war; but he was equally distinguished for his gentleness in peace. He took no part in the French War, except as a peace-maker; was always recognized as a steadfast friend of the whites until 1774. And it is well-established that when he became the enemy of the Europeans, it was because he had been wronged by them in the unprovoked murder of his brother, sister, and other members of his family.

It appears that in April, 1774, a party of land-speculating whites were exploring the unoccupied lands, on the western side of the Ohio River. The Indians evidently looked on their movements with disfavor; and it was pretended they robbed some of the unwelcome visitors of their horses, and in other ways manifested what, either with or without reason, was regarded as an unfriendly spirit. The whites becoming alarmed appear to have collected at a place styled "Wheeling Creek," the site on which the city of Wheeling now stands. And, while there, on the 27th of April, information was received that two Indians, in company with a party of traders, were on the river a short distance above. Captain Michael Cresap, one of the exploring party, immediately proposed to send a party out to kill them; and although the proposition was opposed by some of the most discreet of the party, including Colonel Ebenezer Zane, the founder of Zanesville, it was adopted, Captain Cresap heading a number of the more reckless of the party, who went out and shot the unsuspecting savages.

On the same day information was also received that another and a larger party of Indians was encamped on the bank of the Ohio below Wheeling Creek. And Captain Cresap and his friends, proud of their unholy achievement up the river, and strengthened by a number of others whom success had swayed over to the victors, immediately went out to attack that party also.

It was not pretended that any of these Indians had committed any wrong on their assailants, or any other white man; and it is very evident that they were on a journey, having encamped where they then were only temporarily. But the reckless, bloodthirsty Cresap and his party, like too many others who have lived on the frontiers, in our own time, knew no rights in an Indian which a white man was under any obligation to recognize; and he went out fully intending to destroy the peaceful occupants of the encampment. For some cause, however—possibly his numbers were considered insufficient to warrant the proposed experiment—the captain on his arrival at the camp, assumed a friendly mien; and, soon after, the Indians struck their tents, and without molestation moved still farther down the river to the mouth of Captina Creek, where they again encamped.

During the night Captain Cresap and his followers pursued the Indians, attacked the new encampment, and killed several of the unsuspecting sleepers, with no other damage to his own command than the wounding of one of his men. On the following day he returned to Wheeling Creek, carrying with him "a quantity of property, which they called 'Indian plunder,'" and a fresh scalp as evidence of their prowess in their unprovoked hostilities against the Indians.

Colonel Zane has left on record that, "at the time of the last mentioned transaction,

it was generally reported that the party of Indians down the Ohio was Logan and his family, but I have reason to believe that this report was unfounded." There appears, however, to be very little reason for questioning the assertion that notwithstanding Logan was not himself present when Captain Cresap murdered the occupants of the encampment at the mouth of the Captina Creek, some members of his family were there and among the victims.

On the 24th of May, 1774, another outrage was inflicted on the Indians in which Logan was again a sufferer. It appears that another party of Indians was moving down the Ohio River with their women, children, and property. It was of the same tribe, if not of the same neighborhood, as that to which the party belonged who were murdered by Captain Cresap at the mouth of Captina Creek. It had proceeded as far as the mouth of Yellow Creek, about thirty miles above Wheeling Creek, now within Jefferson County, Ohio, when information was received of Captain Cresap's outrage; and fearing to go farther lest he should also intercept and attack it, it encamped where it then was, to abide the progress of events.

On the Virginia side of the Ohio River, immediately opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek, where this second party of Indians had thus temporarily encamped, was a frontier settlement named "Baker's Bottom;" and among the ruffians who then lived there were Daniel Greathouse, Edward King, Joshua Baker, who kept a tavern, and one Tomlinson.

The intelligence of Captain Cresap's horrible success at the mouth of Captina Creek had undoubtedly reached this settlement, and the ruffianly inhabitants were at once seized with an unholy ambition to embark in a similar enterprise. Accordingly, under the leadership of Greathouse, who was evidently the author of the scheme, a plan was formed for the destruction of the party of Indians which was at that moment resting, while *en route* down the river, at the mouth of Yellow Creek, opposite to the settlement where these creatures lived.

It was arranged that men should be called in from the neighboring openings, on the pretense that Joshua Baker's family was in danger from the Indians; that meanwhile Greathouse should cross the Ohio, visit the encampment at the mouth of the Yellow Creek, and ascertain how many Indians were there. That Baker was to encourage the Indians to cross the river to his tavern, "which they had been in the habit of; to give them what rum they could drink; and to let Greathouse know when they were in a proper train, when he would fall on them." It was openly represented "as an inducement that they [the whites] would get a great deal of plunder. And that, as the Indians would be made drunk by Baker, little danger would follow the expedition."

In the prosecution of his plan Greathouse crossed the Ohio River to the encampment, and counted the Indians who were there. He found, however, "that they were too large a party to attack with his strength," and he was compelled, therefore, to rely as much on Baker's rum as on the gunpowder and hatchets and knives of his own followers. Besides, the Indians had heard of the murder of their relations by Captain Cresap, and "they were angry," it is said. And it is also said that the presence of Greathouse in the encampment was attended with so much danger that one of the squaws, in a friendly spirit, warned him of it, and "told him to go home,"—a service which, however, did not avail to save her from the common fate of her people.

It was not long before "several men and women," who had been "decoyed" from their encampment on the opposite bank of the Ohio River, were at Baker's tavern, and nowithstanding the contemporary record is silent on the subject, there is little doubt that Mr. Doddridge was correct when he wrote, "the men drank freely and became intoxicated." They were evidently fitted for the slaughter by Baker, agreeably to the programme laid down by Greathouse, and were thus made drunk, to ensure the greater success in the undertaking and the greater safety to the whites. But it mattered little whether they were drunk or sober, since

they were separated from the body of their party, and their numbers no longer offered an obstruction to the ruffians who had planned their destruction. "Greathouse with his party fell on them," James Chambers testified, "and killed all, except a little girl, which the deponent saw with the party after the slaughter."

Mr. Doddridge stated that the greater number of the squatters who had assembled at Baker's on that occasion, in response to the call for help, for the protection of that model tavern-keeper and his family, "protested against the slaughter as an atrocious murder," and took no part in it, and that the rum-soaked victims and the two squaws who were thus murdered, fell at the hands of Greathouse and not more than five or six of his followers. He said also that the little girl "was saved from the slaughter by the humanity of some one of the party, whose name is not now known."

The discharge of fire-arms and the confusion of the neighborhood aroused the suspicion of those Indians who had remained in the encampment; and correctly supposing that their friends who had crossed the river had been attacked, they immediately manned two canoes and hastened to their assistance. But Greathouse, and those who acted with him, had already silenced those whom they had decoyed from the encampment, and they were, therefore, perfectly prepared to receive the approaching re-enforcement. They concealed themselves on the bank of the river, we are told, and when the canoes had come within range of their rifles, they opened a fire on the Indians who were in them, killing the greater number and compelling the others to return to the encampment.

Among those who were thus murdered were the squaw who had warned Greathouse of his danger when he visited the encampment a few days before, and a brother and sister of Logan—the last of his living relatives. The sister of Logan was in a delicate situation, and, in consequence, was made the object of the murderers' most elaborate barbarities; indeed, as an eye-witness of the slaughter subsequently said, "the party appeared to have lost, in a great degree, the sentiments of humanity as well as the effects of civilization."

The frontiers had enjoyed uninterrupted peace, at this time, for nearly ten years. From the conclusion of Sir William Johnson's treaty with the Indians at the German Flats, in the latter part of 1764, until this unprovoked outrage at Captina and Yellow Creeks, there was no appearance of discontent, either among the whites or the Indians. The enterprising settlers were pushing their way into the Western forests along the whole extent of the Western frontier, and even at that early day there was a considerable population along the Virginian bank of the Ohio River. But it was known that the Indians would resent the wrongs to which, without provocation, they had been thus subjected by Cresap and Greathouse; and the settlers along the entire frontier, without waiting for a warning, appealed to the Colonial Government of Virginia for protection, and, with their families and movables, either moved off to the more thickly peopled settlements in the interior, or took up their residence in the frontier military posts.

In a short time, as had been foreseen, the Indians throughout the entire Western country commenced hostilities, and prominent among them was Logan, the last of his family, who had laid aside his friendship for the whites, and sought nothing else but to avenge the loss of his kindred.

On the 12th of July (1774), Logan, with only eight warriors, struck the first blow on the west fork of the Monongahela River, in what was then called West Augusta County, in a part of the country where no one expected to see an enemy. He had left the settlements on the Ohio River undisturbed, notwithstanding every one had expected that they would be the first to feel the burden of war, and he had gone, instead, where no one expected him, where no one was prepared to receive him, and where his blows would be most keenly felt and most disastrous.

It was on the 12th of July, while Logan was on that expedition, that he encountered three men who were pulling flax. One of the three was shot, but the other two were

spared, well treated, and carried away prisoners. It has been said by William Robinson, of Clarkesburg, who was one of the two captives, that "the principal Indian of the party which took them was Captain Logan; that Logan spoke English well, and very soon manifested a friendly disposition to this subscriber [Robinson], and told him to be of good heart; that he would not be killed, but must go with him to his town, where he would probably be adopted in one of their families, but above all, that he must not attempt to run away; that in the course of the journey to the Indian town he generally endeavored to keep close to Logan, who had a great deal of conversation with him, always encouraging him to be cheerful and without fear, for that he would not be killed, but should become one of them, and constantly impressing on him not to attempt to run away; that; in these conversations, Logan always charged Captain Michael Cresap with the murder of his family: that, on his arrival in the town, which was on the 18th of July, he was tied to a stake, and a great debate arose whether he should not be burned, Logan insisting on having him adopted, while others contended to burn him; that, at length, Logan prevailed, tied a belt of wampum around him as a mark of adoption, loosed him from the post, and carried him to the cabin of an old squaw, where Logan pointed out a person who, he said, was this subscriber's cousin, and he afterwards understood that the old woman was his aunt, and two others his brothers, and that he now stood in the place of a warrior of the family who had been killed at Yellow Creek,"—probably in that of Logan's brother, who is said to have fallen in the massacre at that place.

In all this Logan certainly displayed nothing of the "vengeance" of which some modern historical writers have made so much. He had avoided those settlements against which, because of their possible participation in the murder of their kinsmen and kinswomen, he would have been most likely to have hurled his "vengeance," had he entertained any; and he had gone into the interior, distant from those whose habits and character he reprobated, to seek some one whom he might adopt, after the fashion of his race, in the place of one of those who had fallen a victim of white men's treachery, cupidity, and barbarity.

Having seated Robinson in his new home, and as far as he could do so formed new domestic associations for his captive, Logan appears to have directed his attention to those who had probably participated in the massacres of Captina and Yellow Creeks. Accordingly on the 21st of July—three days after his return home from West Augusta County, he took a piece of paper to Robinson, "and told him," as the latter has testified, "that he [Robinson] must write a letter for him, which he [Logan] meant to carry and leave in some house where he should kill somebody, that he made ink with gunpowder, and the subscriber proceeded to write the letter by his direction, addressing Captain Cresap in it, and that the purport of it was to ask, 'why he had killed his people?' That some time before they had killed his people at some place, the name of which the subscriber forgets, which he had forgiven; but since that he had killed his people again at Yellow Creek, and taken his cousin, a little girl, prisoner; that, therefore, he must war against the whites, but that he would exchange the subscriber for his cousin." Robinson says he signed the letter with Logan's name, and that the latter then took the letter "and set out again to war."

It is a curious circumstance that on the 2d of March, 1799, nearly twenty-five years after that letter was written, Judge Harry Innes, of Frankfort Kentucky, transmitted to Mr. Jefferson a letter in which appeared the following paragraph:

"In 1774 I lived in Fincastle County, now divided into Washington, Montgomery, and part of Wythe. Being intimate in Colonel Prescott's family, I happened, in July, to be at his house, when an express was sent to him, as the County Lieutenant requesting a guard of the Militia to be ordered out for the protection of the inhabitants residing low down on the north fork of Holston River.

"The express brought with him a war-club and a note which was left tied to it, at the house of one Robertson * (whose family was cut off by the Indians, and gave rise to the application to Colonel Prescott), of which the following is a copy, then taken by me in my memorandum-book.:

"'CAPTAIN CRESAP.

"'What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga a great while ago; and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too; and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry—only myself.

"'CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

"'July 21, 1774.'"

It will be seen how completely William Robinson's testimony was confirmed by Judge Innes's communication to Mr. Jefferson; and it will be seen also that Logan was prosecuting hostilities against the whites on his individual account, without connection with others, either of his own or any other tribe.

As we have already stated, the settlers along the frontier, before the actual opening of hostilities, sent an express to Williamsburg, the then seat of government of Virginia, communicating intelligence of the uneasiness of the Indians, and of the evident certainty of the commencement of an Indian war at an early day, and appealing for protection.

The General Assembly was in session when the express from the western frontier reached Williamsburg; and there appears to have been little delay in securing the necessary means for the effectual protection of the settlers as well as for the suppression of any general uprising among the Indians, which the latter might attempt.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a minute account of the disastrous war which was waged by the Shawnees, the Wyandotts, and the Delawares, united against the whites in what is known in history as the "Dunmore War;" but it may be said that Logan is supposed to have been engaged in consolidating the several tribes in the struggle; that he was active, both in council and in the field; and that after the battle of Point Pleasant, in which the great warrior Cornstalk so highly distinguished himself, he refused to attend the council in which his countrymen concluded a peace with the Earl of Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, who had led an army against the homes of the Shawnees near Chillicothe, on the Scioto River, or to assent to the treaty when it had been concluded.

As Mr. Jefferson said, "Logan disdained to be seen among the suppliants" when the Indians sued for peace; and General John Gibson, who was a member of Governor Dunmore's staff, and, as such, was sent into the village to receive the submission of the Indians and to conclude a treaty with them, has left a deposition in which he said "that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where this deponent was sitting with the Cornstalk and the other chiefs of the Shawnees, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood where they sat down, when Logan, after shedding abundance of tears, delivered to him the speech, nearly as related by Mr. Jefferson in his 'Notes on the State of Virginia.' . . . That his deponent, on his return to camp, delivered the speech to Lord Dunmore; and that the murders perpetrated as above (at Captina and Yellow Creeks) were considered as ultimately the cause of the war of 1774, commonly called 'Cresap's War.'"

This treaty was concluded with the hostile Indians in the month of November, 1774, on Sippo Creek, a branch of the Scioto River, where the Earl of Dunmore was then encamped; but Logan indignantly refused to go to the camp for such a purpose, or to have any thing to do with such a treaty. "Logan is no counselor; Logan is a warrior," he said, and contented himself with sending by a messenger the speech which has since become so celebrated the world over.

There are several versions of this speech, each slightly differing from the others; we

* It has been stated positively by those who were personally acquainted with the family, and who remembered the circumstance, that this is an error—the name was "Roberts," they say, and not "Robertson."

have preferred that which was copied into the "American Archives," an official publication, from *The Virginia Gazette*, the official paper of the Colony of Virginia, and published at Williamsburg, the seat of the Colonial government, within a few weeks after the Governor of Virginia had received it from its eloquent author. It was in these words:

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him. In the course of the last war, Logan remained in his cabin, an advocate for peace. I had such affection for white people that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have even lived with them had it not been for Colonel Cresap,* who, last year, cut off in cold blood all the relations of Logan, not sparing women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad that there is a prospect of peace, on account of the nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear. Logan disdains the thought. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

The publication of this specimen of Indian eloquence arrested the attention of the intelligent in every part of the continent. As Mr. Jefferson said of it many years afterward, "it was known to the camp, where it was delivered; it was given out by Lord Dunmore and his officers; it ran through the public papers of these States; was rehearsed as an exercise at schools; published in the papers and periodical works of Europe;" and, several years afterwards, was copied by that distinguished scholar in his celebrated "Notes on the State of Virginia," and nearly half a century later it was wrought into poetry by being put into the mouth of Outallissi, in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

In 1797, for the first time, not only the entire transaction respecting the part which Logan had had in the war, and in the conclusion of the treaty, was stated to be false, but the speech itself was said to be a forgery by Mr. Jefferson, to aid him in proving that the man of America, physically and mentally, was equal to the man of Europe. Possibly this charge against Mr. Jefferson was prompted by the bitterness of political partisanship, which at that time was exceedingly violent; but whatever may have been its inspiration, the accused bravely repelled the assault, aptly remarking, "Wherefore the forgery? Whether Logan's or mine, *it would still have been American*," leaving the original argument, which it was intended to illustrate entirely unimpaired. But the evidence which was called out by the accusation completely established the fact that Logan did decline to participate with Cornstalk in the establishment of the peace; that he did deliver to General Gibson—subsequently an honored judge of Alleghany County, Pennsylvania—the speech which was attributed to him; that that speech was delivered by General Gibson, in Logan's behalf, to the Earl of Dunmore; that by the latter and his officers "it was given out" in the camp, published in the official Gazette of the Colony, and thence scattered over the entire civilized world.

Heckewelder, the well-known Moravian missionary, who resided on the Big Beaver River, "in the neighborhood of Cuscuskee," knew Logan personally, and has said of him, "I thought him a man of superior talents than Indians generally were." Referring to a conversation which he had had with Logan, before the murders at Captina and Yellow Creeks, Heckewelder said, "The subject turning on vice and immorality, he confessed his too great share of this, especially his fondness for liquor. He exclaimed against the white people for imposing liquors on the Indians; he otherwise admired their ingenuity; spoke of gentlemen, but observed

*Logan was misinformed on this subject. The outrage at Captina Creek was not committed by the father, *Colonel* Cresap, but by the son, *Captain* Cresap; and the latter was not present at, and had nothing to do with, the murders at Yellow Creek. General Gibson, in his deposition, from which we have quoted, stated that he corrected Logan's error when he received the speech from him.

the Indians had but few of these as their neighbors, etc. He spoke of his friendship to the white people; wished always to be a neighbor to them; intended to settle on the Ohio River below the Big Beaver; was, to the best of my recollection, then encamped at the mouth of the Big Beaver; urged me to pay him a visit, etc. In April, 1773, while on my passage down the Ohio, for Muskingum, I called at Logan's settlement, where I received every civility I could expect from such of the family as were at home."

Heckewelder says further, "Indian reports concerning Logan after the death of his family, ran to this: That he exerted himself during the Shawanese War, then so called, to take all the revenge he could, declaring he had lost all confidence in the white people. At the time of the negotiation, he declared his reluctance in laying down the hatchet, not having, in his opinion, yet taken ample satisfaction; yet for the sake of the nation, he would do it. His expressions from time to time denoted a deep melancholy. Life, he said, had become a torment to him; he knew no more what pleasure was; he thought it had been better had he never existed, etc. Report further states that he became in some measure delirious; declared he would kill himself; went to Detroit; drank very freely; and did not seem to care what he did, nor what became of himself. In this condition he had left Detroit; and on his way between that place and Miami was murdered."

What Heckewelder has given as "Indian reports," concerning Logan's "reluctance in laying down the hatchet," and his revengeful spirit, after the peace had been established, is contradicted by all who knew Logan. But there need be no doubt that Logan's last days were obscured by the evil results of his intemperate habits; though there are grave doubts concerning the "Indian reports" of his death in a drunken frolic, on his way from Detroit to the Miami; indeed, it has been stated positively by those who had given great attention to the subject that he died "of disease at old Chillicothe on the banks of the Scioto River, fifteen miles from the present city of Chillicothe, the place of his residence, and, we believe, the very spot where his celebrated speech was delivered, and where, it is said, the Logan Historical Society intend to erect a monument to his worth, inscribed with his speech, so that in future ages our sons, from imperishable marble, may learn something of the native eloquence of the New World."

It may serve to round the end of this sad narrative by saying that Cresap came to New York at the head of a company of Virginia Riflemen in the Summer of 1775—the first of the battalion of Riflemen which was authorized to be raised by the Continental Congress, and the first of that historically great body of men which subsequently became of world-wide celebrity as the Continental army. He had not been long in New York when he was attacked with sickness; and, on the 18th of October of that year, he died, without having gained any other laurels or become better entitled to the remembrance of posterity than as the simple, unadorned murderer of Logan's kinsmen, and gibbeted for the contempt of the world, through all time, by Logan's untutored eloquence. The visitor of Trinity church-yard, in the city of New York, who shall wander among the tombs in that ancient resting-place of the dead of old New York will find on the north side of that celebrated church edifice, and within twenty feet of it, a heavy brownstone slab, standing with its face toward Broadway, and bearing beneath a very rude carving of a cherub, the following inscription:

In Memory of
Michael Cresap First Capt
Of the Rifle Batalions
And Son to Coll Thomas
Cresap. Who Departed this
Life October the 18: 1775.

We are not insensible of the fact that some modern writers have affected to apologize for Cresap's crime, if not to deny it, and assert his innocence. We are not inclined to dispute the respectability of the culprit's family, nor his own while he was restrained by the demands of civilization and family ties; but we do dispute the force of this general plea when confronted

by the specific testimony of those whose opportunities for acquiring accurate information, and whose fidelity to the truth in narrating that testimony, were unquestionable, until modern dilettanti assumed that those who were born in affluence and respectability, and who, in after life, were favored with family influence in their political advancement, were incapable of wrong-doing, such as this was. But the venerable David Zeisberger, senior, the well-known Moravian missionary to the Delaware Indians, who resided among them, on the Muskingum, at the time when the murder was committed, only repeated the unbroken testimony of those who were best informed on the subject, when he told his fellow-missionary, the historian, Heckewelder, "that he had from the time when the murder was committed to the present day firmly believed the common report, *which he had never heard contradicted*, namely, that one Cresap was the author of the massacre, or that it was committed by his orders." Mr. Doddridge, the distinguished historian of North-western Virginia, also found no one whose contradiction was worthy of notice to dispute the charge; and we ourselves know too well that those who are first in the field in rebellion sometimes require some other evidence than that fact as a voucher for their own personal respectability and integrity.

ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

THERE can be no doubt that the many-aged belief in the occult virtues of precious stones has added greatly to the prestige of these beautiful "flowers of the mineral world."

Many writers have endeavored to explain the reasons for the passionate eagerness to acquire objects which are easily counterfeited, so as to deceive an inexperienced eye, and which—the diamond excepted—are of no practical use whatever. The true cause certainly seems to lie in the fact that tradition has lent its aid to endue them with the charm of poetry and romance, and has so perpetuated their influence.

The sage Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum," gives some reasons for the estimation in which jewels are held. "There are," he says, "many things that operate upon the spirits of man by secret sympathy and antipathy. That precious stones have virtues in the wearing has been anciently and generally received, and they are said to produce several effects. So much is true, that gems have fine spirits, as appears by their splendor; and therefore may operate, by consent, on the spirits of men, to strengthen and exhilarate them. The best stones for this purpose are the diamond, the emerald, the hyacinth, and the yellow topaz. As for their particular properties, no credit can be given to them. But it is manifest that light above all things rejoices the spirits of men; and probably varied light has the same effect with greater novelty, which may be one cause why precious stones exhilarate."

Renodeus, in his treatise concerning medicinal substances, as quoted by Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy), admires precious stones "because they adorn kings's crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuff, defend us from enchantments, preserve health, cure diseases; they drive away grief, cares, and exhilarate the mind."

No people were more credulous as to the mysterious powers of precious stones than the Jews, and the nations bordering on them. Eastern writers pretend that Solomon, among a variety of physiological compositions, wrote one on gems, a chapter of which treated on those which assist or repel evil genii. It became a peculiar profession of one part of their sages to investigate and interpret the various shades and coruscations of precious stones; and to explain the different colors, the dews, clouds, and imageries, which gems, differently exposed to the sun, moon, stars, fire, and air, at partic-

ular seasons, and inspected by persons peculiarly qualified, were seen to exhibit.

Among the Arabians, serpents were supposed to possess precious stones of inestimable virtue. This belief was current through many ages. Matthew Paris relates the story of a miserly Venetian, named Vitalis, who was rescued from a terrible death—having fallen into a pit in which were a lion and a serpent—by a wood-cutter, to whom he promised half his property for this deliverance. The lion and the serpent, who take advantage of the ladder by which Vitalis is brought to the surface, also testify their gratitude to the woodcutter, by crouching at his feet. While the poor man is having his humble repast in his little hut, the lion enters with a dead goat as a present. The serpent also enters, bringing in his mouth a precious stone, which he lays in the countryman's plate. He next goes to Venice, and find Vitalis in his palace, feasting with his neighbors in joy for his deliverance. On being reminded of his promise, the rich man denies having seen the woodcutter, and orders his servants to cast him into prison; but before this could be effected the rustic escapes, and tells his story to the judges of the city. At first they are incredulous; but, on showing the jewel, and proving further the truth, by conducting them to the dens of the lion and the serpent, where the animals again fawn on their benefactor, Vitalis is compelled to perform his promise. This story, adds Mathew Paris, was told by King Richard, to expose the conduct of ungrateful men.

In Timberlake's "Discourse of the Travels of two English Pilgrims to Jerusalem, Gaza, etc., 1611," we find an account of a great jewel which was taken from a serpent's head, and used in conjuring. In Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina," a serpent is mentioned with eyes of real jacinth. In the romantic history of Alexander, he is said to have found serpents in the vale of Jordan "with collars of huge emeralds growing on their backs." Milton gives his serpent eyes of carbuncle. A marvelous stone was said to be found in the serpent's brain, but in order to secure its luster and potent influences, it was to be extracted from the living animal.

The Draconius, described by Albertus Magnus as of a black color and pyramidal form, was also taken out of the heads of dragons, while they lay panting. To the snake-stone a popular superstition is still attached in the East. In the narrative of a "Voyage in Her Majesty's Ship Samarang," Captain Sir Edward Belcher says: "At my last interview with the Sultan of Guning Taboor, he conveyed into my hand—suddenly closing it with great mystery—what they term here the snake-stone. This is a polished globe of quartz, about the size of a musket ball, which he described as of infinite value, an heir-loom, and reported to have been extracted from the head of an enchanted snake." Allusions to serpent-stones are frequent in the early writers. We read in the "Gesta Romanorum," that the Emperor Theodosius, the blind, ordained that the cause of any injured person should be heard on his ringing a bell, which was placed in a public part of his palace. A serpent had a nest near the spot where the bell-rope hung. In the absence of the serpent a toad took possession of her nest; the serpent, twisting itself around the rope, rang the bell for justice, and by the emperor's special command the toad was killed. A few days afterward, as the emperor was reposing on his couch, the serpent entered the chamber, bearing a precious stone in its mouth, and, crawling up to the emperor's face, laid it on his eyes, and glided out of the apartment; the monarch was immediately restored to sight.

Apropos of the burglarious toad, the philosophers taught that though ugly and venomous "it wears yet a precious jewel in his head." Lupton, in his "Book of Notable Things," instructs his reader how to procure it; "you shall know whether the tode-stone be the ryghte or perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a tode, so that he may see it, and if be a ryghte and true stone, the tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that none should have that stone." If swallowed, it was a certain antidote

against poison; and it was usual to take it as a precautionary pill—rather a hard one—before eating.

In the "Philosophical Transactions," Vol. VI., p. 21, we find that the toad-stone was supposed, in the Highlands, to prevent the burning of houses and the sinking of boats, and if the commander in the field had one about him, he would either be sure to win the day, or all his men would die on the spot!

The bezoar was a stone procured from the cervicabra, a wild animal of Arabia, and was supposed to have been formed of the poison of serpents which had bitten the creature, combined with the counteracting matter with which nature had furnished it. There was a belief in the Middle Ages that the bezoar was a potent charm against the plague and poison. In the inventory of the jewels of Charles V, made at Yuste, after his death, is the entry of "a box of black leather, lined with crimson velvet, containing four bezoar stones, variously set in gold," one of which the emperor directed "to be given to William Van Male, his gentlemen of the chamber, being sick—as it was suspected—of the plague." In the same inventory is mention a blue stone, with two clasps of gold, "good for the gout."

Faith in the virtues of certain precious stones for the cure of diseases was transmitted from early ages to a comparatively late period. In the church of Old Saint Paul's, London, was a famous sapphire given by Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of that city, for curing infirmities of the eyes. In reference to Queen Elizabeth's assumed power of healing scrofulous patients by the royal touch, it was said by Vaughan, Bishop of Chester, that "she did it by virtue of some precious stone in the crown of England, that possessed such a miraculous gift." Harrington, however, observes slyly: "Had Queen Elizabeth been told that the bishop ascribed more virtue to her jewels, though she loved them well, than to her person, she would never have made him Bishop of Chester."

The wonderful effects of stones found in various animals are too numerous to mention. The brain of a tortoise contained one that had the effect of a fire-annihilator in extinguishing flames; moreover, whoever did, at a proper time—having first washed his mouth—carry it under his tongue, felt a divine inspiration to foretell future events. Birds were particularly distinguished for the possession of talismanic stones. The hyena was very properly hunted; not, however for its ferocious propensities, but for a precious stone in one of its eyes, full of mystic virtues. One of the most curious superstitions, and one which has been a favorite theme with writers of all ages, is connected with the carbuncle, or ruby. Ælian has a singular story on this subject, how a certain widow Herculea had attended a young stork which had broken its leg, and how the grateful bird, returning from its annual migration, dropped into her lap a precious stone, which, on her awaking at night lighted up her chamber like a blazing torch.

The fabulous animal called the carbunculo, said to have been seen in some parts of Peru, is represented to be about the size of a fox, with long, black hair, and is only visible at night, when it slinks slowly through the thickets. If followed, it is said to open a flap, or valve, in the forehead, from which an extraordinary and brilliant light issues. The natives believe that the light proceeds from a precious stone, and that any person who may venture to grasp at it rashly is blinded; then the flap is let down, and the animal disappears in the darkness.

In the "Gesta Romanorum" is the story of "a subtle clerk" who, seeking hidden treasures, enters a hall filled with riches, and brightly illuminated by a carbuncle. The tale was originally invented of the necromancer, Pope Gerbert, or Sylvester II, who died in 1003. Golding, in his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" (1565), describes "the princely palace of the sun" as

> "Beset with sparkling carbuncles that like to fire doth shine."

M. Googe's translation of "Palingenius" (1565) mentions a city of the moon, as with

> "Bulwarks built of carbuncle
> That all is fyer yflamed."

Mandeville, in his "Travels," says: "The emperor hath in his chamber a pillar of gold, in which is a ruby and carbuncle, a foot long, which lighteth all his chambers by night." So, in the adventures of the Golden Fleece, the hall of King Priam is described as illuminated at night by a prodigious carbuncle, placed among sapphires, rubies, and pearls, in the crown of a golden statue of Jupiter, fifteen cubits high.

In Pausanias, we read of the carbuncle that "a Charake prophet had, near as big as an egg, which they said he found where a great rattlesnake lay dead, and that it sparkled with such surprising luster as to illuminate his dark Winter house like strong flashes of continued lightning, to the great terror of the weak, who durst not, on any account, approach the dreadful fire-darting place, for fear of sudden death. When he died it was buried with him according to custom." Luiz Bartholomew, in his "Segredos da Natureza," states that he saw a carbuncle of the King of Peru so bright that in a dark place it made all the bystanders' bodies transparent, so penetrating was its splendor."

Chaucer describes Richesse as crowned with the costliest gems:

"But all before full subtily
A fine carbuncle set, sawe I.
The stone so cleare was and bright,
That al so sone as it was night
Men might in se to go for nede
A mile or two in length and brede,
Such light ysprange out of that stone."

Shakespeare alludes to the carbuncle in "Titus Andronicus:"

"Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole."

Innumerable were the effects produced by certain precious stones; among others the heliotrope had especial virtues. It was called by necromancers the "Babylonian gem," and if rubbed over with the juice of the herb of its own name, it rendered the wearer invisible. In the Middle Ages, the heliotropes which contained many red spots were highly valued from a belief that the blood of Christ was diffused through the stone. The moonstone was, as its name implies, venerated from its supposed lunar attraction. It is one of the prettiest, though most common of precious stones in Ceylon. Pliny describes it as containing an image of the moon, "which, if the story be true," he observes, "daily waxes or wanes, according to the state of that luminary." Chalcedony hung about the neck dispersed sadness, and if a person carried one perforated, with the hairs of an ass run through it, he would overcome all disasters. Crystal dispelled witchcraft. The chrysoprasus gladdened the heart; the chrysolite expelled phantoms, and, what was more serviceable, rid people of their follies. The onyx, in the Middle Ages, was believed to prevent ugly dreams by night and lawsuits by day. The jasper was a charmer of scorpions and spiders, and was worn as a talisman by the Roman athlete. Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us that, "if hung about the neck, or taken in drink, it much resisteth sorrow and recreates the heart." The same qualities were attributed to the hyacinth and topaz. The crystal has been the most popular of all oracular stones; a favorite stone was the beryl, "which," says Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," "is a kind of crystal that has a weak tincture of red; in this magicians see visions." The custom was to consecrate, or "charge" them, as the modern term is, for which purpose set forms were used, which are described in Reginald Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft." The famous crystal of that prince of quackery, Dr. Dee, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The properties of the ruby were endless; bruised in water it was a panacea for all complaints; it had the peculiarity, wherever worn, of discovering its presence by its luster, which would shine through the thickest clothes. Powdered agate was an infallible remedy for "all the ills that life is heir to." Pliny quotes the Magi, as teaching in Persia that storms could be averted by burning agates. The amethyst would prove a boon to modern tipplers, if, as the ancients asserted, it prevented intoxication. The sapphire and the emerald strengthened the sight, a property said to have been also possessed by the turquoise; but it could confer a still

more wonderful gift on its wearer: "Whoever," says Van Helmont, "wears a turquoise so that it, or its gold setting, touches the skin, may fall from any height and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow, so that it cracks, and the person is safe." The Romans regarded the diamond with superstitious reverence, and Pliny tells us that it baffles poison, keeps off insanity, and dispels vain fears. Ben Mansur, alluding to the electric properties of the diamond, says: "It has an affinity for gold, small particles of which fly towards it. It is also wonderfully sought after by ants, who crowd over it as though they would swallow it up." A marvelous curative power was supposed to exist in a diamond belonging to the Rajah of Matara, in the Island of Borneo, the Malays believing that a draught of water in which it had been placed, would cure every disease.

In the journal of Sir Jerome Horsay, who was employed as a messenger between Ivan the Terrible of Russia and Queen Elizabeth, is a curious account of the superstitions prevalent at that period (1584). "The old emperor," writes Horsay, "was carried every day in his chair to the treasury. One day he beckoned me to follow. I stood among the rest venturously and heard him call for some precious stones and jewels. He told the princes and nobles present before and about him, the virtue of such and such, which I observed, and do pray I may a little digress to declare for my memory's sake: 'The loadstone, you all know, hath great and hidden virtue, without which the seas that encompass the world are not navigable, nor the bounds nor the circle of the earth can not be known. Mahomet, the Persian's prophet, his tomb of steel hangs on their Rapetta at Darbent most miraculously.' He caused the waiters to bring a chain of needles, touched by this loadstone, and hanged all one by the other. 'This fair coral and this fair turcas, you see. Take it in your hand. Of his nature and Orient colors put them on my hand and arm. I am poisoned with disease. You see they show their virtue by the change of their pure color into pale—declares my death. Reach out my staff royal and unicorn's horn, garnished with very fair diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones that are rich in value—cost seventy thousand marks sterling of David Gower from the fowlkers of Ausborghe. Seek out for some spiders.' He caused his physician, Johannes Lloff, to scrape a circle thereof on the table; put within it one spider, and so one other that died, and some other alive, then run apace from it. 'It is too late, it will not preserve me. Behold these precious stones! The diamond is the Orient's richest and most precious of all others. I never affected it. It restrains fury and luxury; gives abstinence and chastity. The least parcel of it in powder will poison a horse, given in drink, much more a man.' Points at the ruby: 'Oh, this is most comfortable to the heart, brain, vigor, and memory of man, clarifies congealed and corrupt blood.' Then at the emerald: 'The nature of the rainbow, this precious stone is an enemy to uncleanness. The sapphire I greatly delight in; it preserves and increaseth courage, joys the heart; pleasing to all the vital senses, precious and very sovereign for the eyes; cheers the sight; takes away blood-shot, and strengthens the muscles and sinews thereof.' Then takes the onyx in hand: 'All these are God's wonderful gifts, secrets in nature, and yet reveals them to man's use and contemplation as friends to grace and virtue, and enemies to vice. I faint; carry me away till another time.'"

EGYPT IN 1878.

IN heading our article "Egypt in 1878," it makes little difference, so far as national characteristics are concerned, whether we shall be understood to mean B. C. or A. D. Blot out some streaks of railroad, a European style of building in one or two cities, some agricultural machinery, and a few courtiers dressed in French costumes, and Joseph himself, if restored to life, would see little change from the time of his bondage or of his fame. The pyramids would be familiar objects to his eye. Even the Suez Canal, our great modern lion, would be no novelty to him, as, according to Herodotus, its older brother was made by Necho II, five hundred years before Joseph's time, though Strabo gives it a somewhat later origin, which, however, may have been only a renewal. He would see the *fellahs*, as in his own day, not personally enslaved, yet ground down by cruel taskmasters, and raising vast structures of stone for the glory of the government. "The lean kine," along the banks of the river—still *the* river as much as ever—would remind him of the old sultan, whose dreams he read, and who rewarded this skill of the Hebrew slave by making him his viceroy. And when he examined the present administration he might smile at the absence of progress in the art of government during thirty-five centuries. For he would see Egypt now, as then, placed by command of the modern Pharaoh under the rule of a viceroy to whom he has practically said, "Without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt; according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou." He would be surprised and perhaps rather proud to find the policy of the present ruler, as well as his own (both of them, by the way, foreigners), to be the accumulating of real estate. And he would certainly be tempted to self-complaisance when he found that the mills of modern financiers do not grind any more closely than did his own, as the rate of taxation on the peasantry under Ismail is about the same as under Joseph—a fifth part of all gross earnings.

The vitality of national characteristics in Egypt is strikingly illustrated by the present condition of the country. Notwithstanding successive waves of Persian, Roman, and Saracen invaders, the government and social condition of the country are the same as when Joseph was monfettish. Not a formal constitution, but the genius of a people determines its form of government. As in England, limited monarchy means practical republicanism, "with safeguards against revolution;" as in France a theoretical republic means actual Cæsarism, so in Egypt constitutional forms do not in the least modify a rule as absolute as that of the Pharaohs.

Egypt presents the singular spectacle of a brand-new civilization with its staid broadcloth and cylindrical hats, its Remington rifle and Krupp cannon, not burying the old, scarcely even elbowing it out of position, but finding room for itself to grow on the alluvial lands of Father Nile. The younger Egypt "has risen not on the ruins of, but side by side with the imperishable old—railways and telegraphs, sugar factories and cotton-gins, mingle not incongruously with pyramids and Sphinxes, rock-tombs, temples, and hieroglyphics, dating from before Abraham." The present ruler is one of the most uncommonplace men of this century. His title khedive (ke-deev) means king. He is perhaps the only living man entitled to the common appellation, merchant prince. He is not more a king than he is a farmer, a sugar-refiner, a cotton-raiser and manufacturer, and a civil engineer. He is a hard-working man, busily engaged from twelve to fourteen hours a day attending to all the details of his administration, from the negotiation of a treaty or a loan, to the approval of a contract for coals or machinery. His energy and administrative ability have won for his realm a position and prestige equal to those of a second-class European

kingdom. His one great error has consisted in embarrassing his finances by constructing railroads and canals more rapidly than the wealth of the country developed, a mistake that has also been made in other quarters of the world.

The population of Egypt proper is about five and a half millions; of these the most numerous, and, to at least the "uncommercial traveler," the most interesting, are the Fellaheen, numbering four and a half millions. The *fellah* is the aboriginal inhabitant, occupying to-day, as he has for thousands of years, the lowly position to which the Israelites were reduced during their sojourn in Goshen. His uneventful history has made but slight changes in either his nature or fortune, and his physiognomy and dress are identical with the representations made of him on pyramids and temples four thousand years ago. He is patient and toilsome, oppressed by cruel taskmasters—"the ass couching between two burdens." His condition is a perpetual paradox—a citizen, but ruled by foreigners; a land-owner and a serf; his earnings, beyond what is necessary to a bare existence, wrung from him by tax-gatherers, and yet he toils with the energy and good heart of an American farmer; deprived of all the comforts of life, his food a few dried dates, his raiment a cotton shirt, his home a hut, yet he is uncomplaining, contented, and even happy. For a companion-picture place beside him the modern communist, emerging from a saloon, wiping his mouth of its "lager," and lighting his pipe, and then as he walks down the street, shouting "blood or bread." Most striking sermons on the weakness and strength of civilization and of human nature do these pictures furnish.

John Stuart Mill cites France as a proof that "the greatest good of the greatest number" is attained by having the land divided into minute farms, instead of large ones, as in England. His opponents might cite Egypt as a balancing argument. The *fellah*, despite his abasement, is the proprietor of real estate. Almost all the arable land (excepting one-fifth bought up by the khedive) is divided into small holdings, and there, as elsewhere, land holding is honorable, and the bitterest insult an angry Egyptian woman can fling at her neighbor is, "Ha! your man has n't got any land."

There is extant a papyrus letter, three thousand years old, describing the present condition of the *fellah* as accurately as though written to-day. It says: "Before he has put the sickle to his crops the locusts have blasted part thereof; then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him. His horse dies of weariness as it drags the wagon. The tax-collector arrives; his agents are armed with clubs; he has negroes with him who carry whips of palm-branches. They all cry, 'Give us your grain!' and he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next the wretch is caught, bound, and sent off to work, without wages, at the canals. His wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

The *corvée*, of which the earliest historical notice is in Exodus, has survived till the present. It is the imposition of compulsory labor on the canals and on the khedive's sugar estates, "where for three months in the year large bodies of men are taken in gangs to work, receiving neither wages nor food for themselves and their camels—their wives having to bake and bring bread for their husbands, and the men to supply and feed their own cattle."

This race for so many ages so cruelly oppressed, are physically handsome and well proportioned. The men are tall and muscular, the women finely formed and of a high average of beauty, at least in youth, maturing early, but once out of their teens rapidly withering. Some writers find an excuse for the harshness of the tax-gatherers in the fact that "the Egyptian peasant has been noted in all times, from Cheops to Ismail, for his unwillingness to pay taxes at all." It is said to be a point of honor to bear any amount of punishment rather than disgorge the amount of taxes claimed. Perhaps among ourselves some hard-pressed and sore-dunned debtors during these pinching times would think "the stick" no bad exchange for "the iron" dunning which enters

"into the soul." But after all the record of the misfortunes of the *fellaheen*, we have the verdict of the most intelligent travelers and foreign residents in Egypt, that they are "the most patient, the most pacific, the most home-loving, and withal the merriest race in the world."

About three hundred thousand wandering Arabs pay allegiance to the Egyptian Government. These Bedouins are divided into sixty tribes, retaining the nomadic habits and proud independence of Abraham, their great progenitor. The tribe, whom Moses calls Midianites, who guided the Israelites as far as Ezion Geber, are probably the Tor Arabs of Sinai; and the Alawin, dwelling next to them, are probably the hostile Edomites; "who refused to give Israel passage through his border," and compelled the long *détour* of Mount Hor, and the wanderings of forty years.

Slavery is still very prevalent in Egypt, and its victims are brought from Circassia, Abyssinia, and Central Africa. It would scarcely be proper for us *as yet* to lift our hands in holy horror at this, any more than for the newly reformed drunkard to denounce the intemperance of moderate drinking. It is yet too soon for us to indulge in pious invectives against Egyptian slavery. England waited about twenty years after freeing her colonial slaves, before she began very bitterly to inveigh against her sister countries, who had not followed her example; possibly she might still find some things within her empire not very unlike slavery. We cleared our skirts less than twenty years ago, so we ought, in the interests of decency wait a little longer before our Pharisaic righteousness shall join in the outcry against others. Besides, slavery in Egypt is not nearly so cruel as ours was. The slave is a member of the family, doing the domestic work only, never working in the fields, and scarcely ever even in the stable or garden. The religion, and still more important, the custom of the country, are strongly in favor of clemency to slaves, and during the present reign much has been done to better their condition. An old religious law entitled a slave who was badly treated to insist on being sold to another master, and the khedive superseded this law by another decreeing complete emancipation for the ill used slave. The masters for some time evaded this law by bringing counter-charges of theft or other offense against any slave who appealed to the courts against them. By this means their servants were generally induced to return to them in preference to enduring the severe punishments of Egyptian justice. To remedy this default, the khedive gave authority to the foreign consuls to examine all cases of alleged ill-treatment, and where proved, to demand from the native authorities the plaintiff's manumission.

The khedive has shown a fair desire to put an end to the slave-trade, upon which the maintenance of slavery in Egypt depends. For many years he was hampered by insurmountable obstacles. When in England, ten years ago, the antislavery societies of England and France asked him to use his influence for its abolition. He told the deputation he was most anxious to put down the slave-trade, that all boats coming down the river under Egyptian colors were carefully examined, but that most of the slave-boats hoisted English, French, or other foreign flag, and from such boats he was debarred the right of search by the European powers. He held the opinion that the only effective way of dealing with the traffic was to arm him with power to prevent Europeans from prosecuting it.

Apart from the essential villainy in slavery, namely, the robbery of human beings of freedom, the most offensive feature of Egyptian slavery is the barbarity of the slave-trade in Central Africa. The king has recently taken an important step toward abolishing it, by appointing Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) Governor-general for life of all his equatorial possessions. "Chinese" Gordon, as he is called in England, is a noted traveler, an able soldier, gifted with indomitable energy and administrative ability, of a deeply religious spirit, the Bible being the constant companion of his travels. He gained his *sobriquet*, when, with two American officers, Burgevin and Ward, he rescued China from its rebels. He is now

devoting all his great and tried powers to the putting down of the slave-trade. In a recently published letter Colonel Gordon says: "I am astounded at the powers he (the khedive) has placed in my hands. With the Governor-generalship of the Soudan, it will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. So there is an end of slavery if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in the Government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that Government is against it, it must cease."

Foreign residents form an important component of the population of Egypt. Almost all civilized nations meet around the mouth of the Nile in mutual jealousy. Among these, the most prominent are France and England, who are struggling to determine whether the Mediterranean shall be a French or English lake. England holds three keys to the Mediterranean. First comes Gibraltar, fortified according to the canons of the most approved military science, strongly garrisoned, and containing seven years' provisions for the garrison stowed safely away. Next comes Malta, a half-way house between Europe and Africa, nature and art combining to render it as impregnable almost as Gibraltar. The third key is the Suez Canal, which England endeavors to secure by having purchased a controlling number of shares in the Canal Company, and by her political influence. And, last of all, Cyprus is added to her strategical points, and all the Levant lies at her feet. With these keys in her hand, the Mediterranean has become virtually an English lake, and "John Bull's India House" is almost perfectly protected against either burglars or sneak thieves. If she could now secure the Dardanelles, she would have an additional lock. Until the war of 1871, so disastrous for France, that country's star exercised the greatest influence upon Egypt. But since then it has waned, and that of England has arisen in the Egyptian sky, until the wish or will of the British Cabinet has become a law unto Egypt, almost as authoritative as the behests of her ancient Pharaohs, or of the Mediæval Caliphs. While England and France struggle jealously for pre-eminence, many other nationalities compete for political influence, or at least commercial standing. There are in all about ninety thousand foreign residents, many of whom are employed in the various public offices. A majority of the judges are foreigners. England, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, Russia, Denmark, and the United States, each contributing one; Belgium, Sweden, and Greece, two each; and Holland three. In the other public departments foreigners are about as abundant; and as every nationality insists on representation in almost every office, the number of officials are greatly in excess of the demands of public business. This necessarily increases enormously the expenses of administration, and is one of the chief drawbacks to the khedive's reforms. Misery is said to love company, and perhaps some of our American cities will find comfort in sympathizing with this Eastern people so "grievously vexed with a" government by foreigners.

Egypt is as dependent for her very existence on the waters of the Nile as ever she was. There is not an acre of tilled land but is fertilized directly from the river. The annual rise, caused by the equatorial rains, begins in June and attains its greatest height in the latter part of September. The country is irrigated by eight hundred and forty-six canals, measuring in all eight thousand four hundred miles, of which one hundred and twelve have been constructed during the present reign. The large canals which issue directly from the river tap it at a higher elevation than the district they are intended to irrigate, and from them issue smaller canals which water still lower and more remote sections.

Consul-General De Leon, in his book, entitled "The Khedive's Egypt," gives a most graphic picture of the state of society in Egypt. Social life in Egypt has no apparent change in modern times, in so far as the great bulk of the native population is concerned. This results from the isolation of woman from general society, since it involves also the isolation of man, whose hearth and home are in the harem, where none but he may come. It is true that the women of the

higher class have adopted the fashions, fabrics, and, in some instances, language, of France, and listen to the indecencies of Offenbach's opera bouffé. But they listen or look from a carefully curtained stage-box, and at the theater alone are they allowed even this partial privilege of semi-publicity.

A lady who was present at the marriage of the khedive's eldest daughter, four years since, furnishes an account of the festivities on that occasion. The invited guests passed through an extensive garden, lighted by countless colored lamps, to a richly furnished saloon, where were marshaled the white female slaves of the harem, half of them clad as men. These slaves conducted the guests to a second room, where dancing-girls performed to the music of their own castanets. The guests then passed into large refreshment rooms, where food and drinks were served in both Eastern and Western styles. Refreshments partaken of, the guests were presented to the queen-mother in a vast saloon gorgeously furnished, capable of accommodating thousands of persons. Then the guests reclined on divans covered with rich silks, while the dancing-girls again performed, and received valuable rewards. Then the bride appeared, walking through an avenue of her dusky household servants. The guests stood up as the princess advanced, and as she passed along, girls stationed on raised chairs behind the visitors, showered on them from baskets a quantity of small gold coins, struck off expressly for the purpose, many of which lodged in the hair or dress of the guests. The lady who furnished this account found, on disrobing at night, fifteen or twenty dollars worth of them.

Of Egyptian antiquities we have all heard and read from our school-days down; but there they are to-day much as they were thousands of years ago. Mr. Kinglake's magnificent paragraph on the Sphinx, which, according to Mariette Bey, was already old before the Great Pyramid was built, and which stands "gazing straight on with calm, eternal eye" across sixty centuries, is especially noteworthy. He says: "Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon, dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful; and still that shapeless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

The civilized and Christian world owes a great debt to Egypt. Civilization found a home and was nurtured in her breast; though, as Ulysses carried off the sacred image from Troy, foreign invaders ravished the Palladium of human culture from the shelter which was perhaps alike its birthplace and its cradle. We remember gratefully that twice the spiritual hopes of mankind found a home, though indeed an inhospitable one, in the same land—the sons of Jacob and the Son of Mary. By the rough hospitality there received Israel was forged into a sturdy nation, inured to obedience, patience, and self-reliance, and fitted for the sacred trust of the covenant of promise. Its sojourn in Egypt furnished a long chapter in the only Providential history of a nation ever published. Her influence upon the spiritual interests of men does not yet seem exhausted, for within the last five years she has furnished England with a new religion. Some scholars in London have adopted as their creed that the great pyramid at Ghizeh, with its mathematical proportions, and astronomical disclosures, hinting at prophecies, is God's all-sufficient revelation; and so in a new and enlarged sense, they find "sermons in stones."

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

AMONG the mottoes of English families, few are better known than this—"Live while you live"—chiefly because of the happy paraphrase of Dr. Doddridge, who inherited it with his family crest:

"'Live, while you live,'—the Epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasure of the present day,'
'Live, while you live,'—the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

Most of our readers will remember that Dr. Johnson spoke of this as one of the very finest epigrams in our language. It is, however, a converted epigram; it is not probable that when the original motto was first expressed it was intended to convey the sense which Doddridge gave to it; it is like one of the jewels of Egypt adorning an Israelite on his way through the wilderness. The classics and the classical languages are full of words to whose concise elegance a Christian sentiment has given an additional charm, not transforming, but, in a noble sense, expanding. The sentiment of the motto is, without doubt, as Doddridge has said, Epicurean; it is, says an amiable writer in commenting upon it, "a dubious and worldly sounding motto;" and he further remarks, "It is difficult to get a quite holy Christian sentiment into the motto by reason of the '*while* you live,' which mars its adaptableness more seriously than at once appears. It shuts out eternity so jealously, and makes death into a gloom and a finish so obstinately, and the 'while' is so wholly alien from affinity of any thing whatever, that Dr. Doddridge did but, after all, make a very brilliant best of a bad business." It seems that the intention of the motto might originally have been that old Epicurean philosophy of the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake as the end of life; live to enjoy—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" hence the skull, or skeleton, at the ancient feast was not there to impair but to promote hilarity and enjoyment. But as the great St. Basil said, "The study of truth in the classical and Gentile writers is like gazing on the sun in water in order that we may be able to look up to the true light;" and Gregory the Great says, "We are instructed by them in such secular wisdom that our minds may be more capable of receiving that which is divine." Basil says, again, "As in culling a rose we avoid the thorns, so in such discourses let us enjoy the good, and be on our guard against that which is hurtful." In this spirit Doddridge appears to have paraphrased his family motto; he threw over it a spell and a charm until, as with the varied languages of the day of Pentecost, its words were "filled with the Holy Ghost, and it spake with another tongue as the Spirit gave it utterance."

What innumerable crowds there are of whom it may be said, they never live. Some meandering along the ways of life in dignified dullness, and some scarcely attaining even to so much sensation as that—living in a sort of oyster-bed, crawling stupidly along like a crab or a lobster—creatures curious to contemplate; or lying like a jelly-fish upon the shores of existence, utterly insensible to the thunder and the melody of life's great and solemn waves. A well-known writer, in his "Sea Side Studies," remarking upon molluscs, suggests a singular human analogy. Molluscs, he says, have their little world, and are as perfectly constructed for it as we are who condescend to notice, and patronizingly admire them; but they hear nothing of the marvelous inflections of speech, tremulous tenderness of affection, the harsh trumpet tones of strife, the musical intonations of mirth; deafer than the deafest adder will they remain, charm we never so wisely; insensible to music, to Beethoven's melodious thunder, Handel's choral might, Mozart's tender grace, the mollusc can only perceive noises, only recognizes loudness; a wave of sound agitates the otolithes in his ear, and their agitation communicates to the ganglion a

sensation of sound loud in proportion to the agitation. The description of the shell-fish might without any alteration be appropriated to some pieces of human nature, men and women who do not live indeed, and even to those who only live for coarser pleasures—those of whom the apostle says, "Living in pleasure, they are dead while they live."

It is a rememberable moment when we begin to live indeed—to perceive that "life is real, life is earnest." Just such a moment is described in the interesting life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, when he was yet quite a youth, with the germ of noble qualities in him, but unawakened, undeveloped—that critical time of character; school life and friendships had not touched into awakening the powers of the soul which were in after years to exert themselves so potently upon an extended scale in the interests of the human race; and just at this time (probably about seventeen) he visited the seat of the Gurney family at Earlham, and there his mind received the impulse which throughout life pressed upon it continuously; in the grand old hall he found a family—from its widowed head, through all its younger members—in earnest; all alive; four girls and three boys, they were all "living." It was a revelation to him. They received the youth as one of themselves, and his masterly, although then uncultivated, mind fell, say rather rose, beneath the fascination of their influence.

It was a charming little instance, one of many which might be sighted, of life in earnest. The presentiment of love, perhaps, had something to do with the magic of the influence. In after years this noble young man married into the family which first stirred the pulse of high moral and intellectual life within him; but this only leads to the further remark, that a pure and holy love itself becomes an invocation, and says to the young heart, "Aspire, be worthy: live, while you live!" There is no finer definition of this "living while we live" than the aphorism of Thomas Binney: "Be a whole man—to one thing at one time," gathering all the powers to one great purpose, and thus discovering how, in their happy fraternity, they yield a rich reward of pleasure.

There is an interesting little parable, how, once upon a time, two travelers set forth, choosing their separate paths; the names of the travelers were Duty and Pleasure. Pleasure pursued its flower-strewn way along what at first, seemed a road all sunshine and delight; but as the day went on the pathway became monotonous, and even dull and wearisome, aimless and unsatisfactory; it was found that it had its thorns and rough stones too. Duty, on the other hand, choose what seemed a more stern, dull, and uninteresting, although well-defined path, until in the way Duty suddenly and unexpectedly came up against the spot where Pleasure lay asleep beneath a forest tree. Duty awoke Pleasure from her slumbers, and then henceforth they went on together, hand in hand; and the pathway of Duty and Pleasure became one. This is no doubt that which Doddridge indicates in his epigram: the life of mere sensation can not be a high life; and it is this sentiment which is pleasingly versified by Archbishop Trench, when he says:

"Oh, righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend.
While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasures by the way."

The poet Cowper also, in well-known and beautiful verses, tells the story of the traveler, beneath the enchantment in the wilderness, beholding castles and groves; finding his senses bewitched by sweet music, until suddenly, the charm dissolves apace; he wakes up from the seductive spell to find himself alone in the dreary wilderness. And such is life, until we are able to find a higher solace than ever could be given from the enchantment of the senses; expressing, in the language of Scripture, the meaning of the last line of our epigram, "Doing all to the glory of God."

Living to purpose; living for that which occupies and interests the heart, is

living indeed; life with a loving heart in it; indeed, that only can be called life which is intensely interesting, by its high aims, to its possessor, and that which interests us metes and proportions our pleasures and our satisfactions to us. Life is what we make it; the higher the life, the more intense the satisfaction and the enjoyment. Some lives are very intense; we speak of them as very short, brief—consumed, it seems, in one glorious moment. We foolishly feel a pity for a life which seemed to us so soon to pass away as in one great, glorious deed—a great action like that of General Wolfe or Sir John Moore; a zealous missionary, like Henry Martin; an eloquent preacher, like Thomas Spenser, drowned at twenty-one; a pastor, like Robert Murray M'Cheyne; a poet, like Kirke White. But such lives are not so short after all. "He liveth long who liveth well." Living while they lived, such persons gather up into a few years, or one or two performances, an intensity of duty and enjoyment we could scarcely wish to see spread out and attenuated through threescore years and ten; and then, on the other hand, the same principle of pleasure finding its repose in duty gives the same mild luster of sweet enjoyment to old age. Has the reader ever looked, perhaps, at John Wesley's last signature in the Journal of the conference? He will find it difficult to make out a single letter of the name as it straggles over the paper from the poor, weak, glorious hand; but at that very time a son of the poet Crabbe, attended by his father, heard him preach at Lowestoft. The chapel, he says, was crowded to suffocation. The old patriarch was assisted up into the pulpit, and was supported there, while preaching, by a young minister on either side, and he touched the heart of the great poet by one of the finest appropriations from Anacreon, the very classic poet of pleasure; his lips stammered out:

"Oft am I by women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old!
See, thine hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By these signs I do not know;
By this I need not to be told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old.'"

The great poet testifies how impressed he was by his cheerful air, and the beautiful cadence he gave to lines which assuredly are jewels from Egypt. Astonishing indeed to old Anacreon, could he have foreseen that his Bacchanalian lyrics could ever have found themselves in such a company. Men who have lived indeed, carrying action, thought, and affection down to so remote a period of life—perhaps far beyond fourscore years—with a cheery disposition, may look round and say, "I am not so old, you see, after all!"

The life of Doddridge exemplified the spirit of his epigram; no life has been more rudely, not to say even recklessly, laid bare. All his most confidential letters—all those which might be called the almost foolish and bouyant overflowings of his young nature, before life settled with him into its serious purpose. It was a hardly worked life; he intermeddled with every kind of knowledge, kept up an incessant correspondence with all orders of men—bishops, noblemen, men of science, ministers; preaching, lecturing to his students, reading from vast and varied treasures of literature; traveling. Always a buoyant and cheerful nature, the eye detects nothing that was inconsistent with this line of his epigram. God, in Christ, was at the center of all his thoughts, ambitions, actions, and enjoyments. His hymns are amongst the most beautiful in our language. As expressing the sentiment of his far-famed epigram, his life was a greatly consistent life, and on his death he might have expressed the words of his well-known hymn:

"I'd speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death."

Fine and true sentiments move us even by themselves, although they come from lives not wholly consistent; but it is very beautiful when, as in Doddridge's case, we are able to say, that man lived his own epigram, and in the noblest sense fulfilled the motto given to his family through so many ages before he was born.

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT Patience rose from her knees, and moved softly about in the moonlight. She would not make a light or a sound lest Ruby should waken. To her supplication for the sad ones under the roof, she had added a thanksgiving for the one sleeping, as she believed, with a happy heart. Crowded as she was with other thoughts, she yet missed the good-night talk with Ruby, who was accustomed to creep very close to her in the darkness. Yet the motherliness of her nature would not let her break the dear child's rest. Whenever the talk was omitted, she had crept in and kissed her as she slept, and to-night, more than ever, she longed to atone by added tenderness for the cruelty of such thoughts of her as had been uttered in the library below.

Ruby not Robert's child! She felt as if Robert himself had heard the insult and would arise from his grave to protect her. She was strengthened in her own purpose to befriend and hold her dearer than ever; but though the night was far spent, she did not go in to Ruby's bed.

And there, her white face in her hands, trying to hide herself from herself, or from the consciousness that she was alive, was Ruby waiting, longing for the kiss and the word, and the tender touch of the hand that had never failed her before. She hardly knew how she reached her room. And when her face was buried in the pillows, it seemed as if she had just wakened from a dream. She did not remember how she came to be lying there, cold and alone. Her real, conscious, living self had not moved on one step beyond the moment when she heard the dreadful words uttered at the library door. They had come in an overwhelming tide, deluging her consciousness and drowning out for the time being every thing else. She was not a heroine of the sort that could at once resolve on silent suffering. If Aunt Patience had come in, had spoken to her, had touched her, the touch might have marked the turning of the tide, and its slow receding revealed some point of comfort, now submerged and out of sight. But the night wore on and Patience did not come. Why not? Ruby never would need her more, and she never had more love to meet the young girl's need. Will the veils that here so often hide from our sight the souls that need us most be riven further on? Shall we see face to face, rid forever of this blinding, baffling something that hides our opportunity to help? Is it true that in our souls exists a nameless power to know when others need our ministry even here and now? a power that grows in proportion as the soul obeys the divine impulse to help? Is it true that he who never fails to help where he does see, never will fail to see where he can help? Be that as it may, the night of sorest need wore on and Aunt Patience missed her chance. And Ruby, with new suspicion born of her new sorrow, wondered if she withheld from Marah's what she would have given *Robert's* child. And she recalled the moment in the conservatory when Hugo hastened from her sight last night. Perhaps Hugo knew and he too had shunned her.

And Graham, when he came to know, what could *he* do, but turn away from her too? Now she could see, she thought, why Uncle Richard had for a long time seemed to dislike her,—why Aunt Clara had seasons of displeasure and apparent disgust,—why Marah, and Marah only, clung to her and loved her with real devotion. The demons of distrust had been long quiet in her heart; but she knew now, by her quick suspicion of all these friends, that they were neither driven out nor dead.

At thought of Marah, a strange and rebellious resentment swept over her.

"*Her* child! not Robert's? not Lucia's? but Marah's—then she was the daughter of a slave. No wonder they hated her. She hated herself. Yet they would speak and

look and act as if they loved her, and she could not bear it. And this was what they called 'God's taking care of her.' This"—and suddenly her resentful thought was checked by the memory of Graham's words, "He alone *never* fails. In God alone there is certainty and repose!"

"He *alone!*"

The words stood up like a rock in the sea of her troubles. The waters beat against them, but they did not go under again.

"Had he not cared for her?" What would have been her fate if he had not taught some one to care? If the story was true, if Marah was a slave, Ruby knew what that meant. She had so far escaped Marah's fate. Surely so far God had cared. For love had been her shield, and love, so Aunt Patience said, was of God. Her heart softened toward Marah, poor sufferer, who had not escaped. Out of her new misery seemed born a pitying purpose to protect Marah, and in this purpose she forgot for a moment to pity her own self. And that pity was of God. So ere the dawn broke there crept over her soul a faint, timid feeling that he, the sure one, who had cared, would care for her still. The dear child's life was terribly stricken in this second sorrow, but not altogether rebellious and not altogether afraid.

She spent all the next day high up by the vine-clad window, in the studio of Herr Baüme. She kept her easel before her, but the old professor saw her thoughts were roving away over the tops of the chimneys, among the white clouds in the sky. He pretended to grow impatient.

"I veel not have it so," he said. "You have not right, mein fraulein, to pring me up mein winding shtair die finger und die prush together, all alone. I veel have the *soul* as *vell*. I vill geev mein lesson ven I have mein arteest; I vill not geev to young fraulein, who prings no heart, no soul, no speerit to her vork."

But Ruby knew his fondness for her too well to mind his talk, and the good Frau Baüme lighted his pipe and sent him away for a walk; and then, seeing the smile of thanks in Ruby's eyes, stole away herself with her knitting, first throwing a night-cap over the cage of the astonished canaries. What was it whispered to the kindly simple soul that Ruby could not bear to hear them sing? When she brought in the tiny cup of chocolate, Rubetta knew it was a reminder that it was time to go home. The dear old lady did not wish her loved professor to return and find her there, and the picture still untouched. She feared he would say to Rubetta what he had already said to her:

"Mein fraulein ist not any more goot for notings. I tink already she is in lofe!"

Knowing how anxious he was to accumulate that which would take him back to Deutschland, the old lady ventured to remind him that the fraulein paid him for his time, and he was not wise to drive away his best pupil by fretting over her lack of promise.

"And vill you I takes her money ven she takes notings back? You is von vicked voomans, mein frau. No, no; eef she pring me not ze spirit, I geev not ze time, I takes not the money, I takes a valk. Ven I veel haf no more conscience I veel get no more eenspiration, I veel no more be arteest."

And he clung to his honesty and went without his money, and longed all the same for his dear old Faderland.

Ruby stopped at the art gallery on the way home, and walked straight to the picture that was so full of life and light. There it hung just as before; but "the time of the singing of birds" was past. She was breasting the swelling floods, and there was no one to carry her across; but she thought she saw a little gleam of fair green fields beyond, a little thread of reason and meaning in it all.

In the swiftly succeeding days she kept herself very busy, and as much as possible away from Hugo and Aunt Patience. They talked much together, for both were full of the new business plan for Thornton, and she, poor child, fancied they talked of her. Hugh stayed away from her a little, too, for he feared she might detect his trouble, which of all things he wished to conceal. He had given himself utterly to his work, the redemption of what was lost and salva-

tion of what remained. Until that was done she must never know how he loved her. Perhaps, by and by, when strength had been given to go through all, and he had succeeded, he would tell her how she had been his one hope and joy and inspiration in all. Perhaps, by that time, she would have learned to love him, and meantime he would love her with all his heart, for without this how could he live at all? He passed many hours with Monteith, to whom he opened his heart so far as he could and not compromise any one. Such was his trust in this his first and only man friend, that he could have shared his inmost experience with him, trusting as men rarely trust men, and as women, notwithstanding the general notion to the contrary, still more rarely trust women. It was almost an ideal friendship between them, as real and strong as if it had been founded on a knowledge of years. If Hugh could have entered into Monteith's work, it would have been to him apprenticeship to the noblest labor he could conceive under the noblest master he had ever known. He did not hesitate to lay before Gray the facts of the trembling fortunes of the house, and his desire to infuse it with new life, and to do this without trespassing upon his father's pride; but he breathed no word concerning his doubt of his father's honor. That sad secret he guarded as something between himself and God, and the other secret of his love for Ruby, which he never meant to betray again, until he had proved himself strong enough to protect and great enough to crown her life with joy.

Of his first secret Graham knew more than Hugh guessed, but of the second he never dreamed. Hugh seemed to him like Ruby's brother. He comprehended the rare quality of his nature, and felt the strain it was undergoing, with strong desire to stand by him in the fight and see him conquer. He coveted Hugh for himself and his own work, but failing of that he still tried to be a sharer of Hugh's life and work by making them as much as possible his own.

So it happened that in these days he was much at the house, but much with Hugh, who lost no opportunity of securing his suggestion and counsel. When one night Graham announced that he must not longer delay his return to England, a great shadow seemed to fall upon the home, and especially upon the young hearts in which he held already so large a place. Rubetta had watched him with Hugo's busy plans and theories and endless talks, and had kept away; but now that he was going, going, and she should perhaps never see him again, she longed for the hours she had failed to grasp as they sped. He was going—and before he came again what dreadful things might befall! While he was there she had felt him such a tower of strength. She had not known till now what a refuge from herself and her own troubled thoughts his almost daily presence had been. Seeing how she shunned him, and fearing he had frightened her by showing his love too soon, he kept the feeling of his heart from creeping to his eyes or voice. But she dated the silence, or, rather, the absence of whatever it was she missed from his speech, from that dreadful night, and suspected that he too knew the story Marah had told to Uncle Dick.

Upon no member of the household did the news of Graham's departure fall pleasantly save Mrs. Thorn. For some time she had been wishing she might go out to Floy, and this combined a favorable opportunity with a desirable escort. Her mild suggestions were not long in growing to decided clamors, for she was not accustomed to be denied. When it was arranged that she should go, all united in preparing her for the journey. After a short time Monteith meant to return, and could bring her back if she wished. To no one else would Hugh have trusted her, but Monteith promised his personal protection till he saw her in the presence of her daughter. Richard made no objection, and Aunt Patience was as assiduous in preparing for her comfort as Rachel could have been had Patience been the one to go. A trusty maid, familiar with her moods and whims, accompanied her, and she went laden with loving messages for Floy, and excited and sorry at the last that she had decided to go. She said "she felt driven out of her home." "She would never

have gone if, when she proposed it, they had not all joined in." She knew she should be ill and die and never see home again; and yet had any one prevented her going, she would never have forgotten that "above all things she longed to go." Hugh begged Monteith to become acquainted with Harry and to let Harry know him, and when Gray promised Hugh felt as if some great thing had been done; for to know Graham seemed to him a liberal education in all that was noble and good.

They sailed at early morning, and, contrary to the family custom, all went to the dock, that Mrs. Thorn might not feel neglected at the last. At the parting moment, as some one shouted "All ashore as is goin' ashore," just as Aunt Clara was working up a case of first-class hysterics, Monteith bent to say good-bye to Ruby. She gave him her hand. It was not quite steady, but he held it in a way that supplied both warmth and strength.

"I never went away from America before with sorrow," he said, seriously; "but I shall come back with joy."

She tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"I mean," he added, "I shall come back with joy if I may come for you."

No answer.

"All ashore that 's goin' ashore," broke in upon the next words. She did not hear them, and Hugh's hand touched her shoulder.

"Come, cousin, they are off, and we shall go too if we are not quick."

"Would you like to go?" asked Gray, still keeping her hand as he led her to the plank.

"Oh yes; if only I might."

"Then it is *au revoir*, and not good-bye," he said, smiling back into her eyes. But she answered:

"No, it is good-bye."

"I will not accept it. Good-byes are for those who part. I never go away from you."

And Hugh had been nearer than Graham thought, and he had heard it, too; not all, but enough to fill him with trembling and doubt. She surely had answered "No, it is good-bye," but her sad face revealed how hard it was to let him go. Poor Hugo! he was not ready for this new torment, and she had surely said "good-bye."

He could not believe she loved Graham, that Graham could take her away from him. He forgot he had tried not to have Gray know; he forgot that Ruby did not know how he cared for her, and it seemed cruel, so cruel to him at first. The aggressive spirit of manhood was aroused in him. He did not propose to give Rubetta up to any stranger, however good or noble he might be. He ought to have foreseen that others would love her; but here was a matter in which others must take their chances with him. It was not the man who loved her best, but he who made her love him, who should win her. And the mightiest love must win. And no man did, no man could love her as he did. Did he love her enough to give her up if she wanted to go to Gray? No—yes—yes, if it should be true; but it should not come true. He did not choose to have it true. And so over and over again as the days went on, crowded with other cares, the old, sad story wrought itself out in his experience till, by and by, he hid the whole subject away in his heart, and the habit of patience came to lie at last like a stone above the grave of his pain.

And meantime the business went on, and the work at Thornton began. Hugh went up sometimes alone, sometimes with Aunt Patience, and after a while Ruby went up also, to pass a little time at the Farms. So charmed was she with the quiet country life that she entered with something like her old enthusiasm into the pursuits of those about her. She wanted to know all about kitchen and dairy, and shared with Rachel her sympathy and scorn of the "shiftlessness" of Nancy and the lack of discipline for the children of Silas Stubbs. She took long walks with what Rachel called "messes," which Patience ordered to be cooked for the sick. She became so interested in the village schools that she would have been willing to present herself for examination and have undertaken a school herself provided that would have secured her Nancy's children as pupils. She took long rides with Patience to the farm-houses on the hills and

the manufacturing villages along the river; for Patience knew every home, and while the starting of the shops and mills supplied the men with work, she was always helping the women in one way or another either to earn or to save. Great lessons Rubetta learned of how to aid without enervating or wounding the self-respect of the recipient.

A distinct class by themselves are the native New England country poor. Nowhere else will be found such poverty and self-respect combined. Nowhere else the women will rear a household on the proceeds of the sale of dried apples, doing it bravely and never telling that their only hope hangs on a sour apple tree. Nowhere else will you find the freshest monthly and the highest toned journals of the day on the oil-cloth covered table of women who earn them by taking in the washing of Summer boarders. The poor of this class are "*folks* as much as any body," and you can not hurt them more than to take for granted that they are willing their poverty should be known. To help such people is delicate work that comes up into the high art of charity. And this high art Patience Thorn knew to perfection. If old Aunt 'Bijah Perkins wanted to make her a "dish o' tea 'cause she looked kinder beat out," she let her do it, and praised the old blue china cup in which it came, till Aunt 'Bijah said it "seems 's if 't was 'most good 's new."

They were all her friends, and they soon became Rubetta's friends as well. She renewed here her old habit of being much in the saddle, and, with Hugh beside her, on a strong, black horse, such as he had coveted when a boy, they went from farm to farm, from mill to mill, or village to village, making, as the good dames said, peeping from behind the paper shades of their windows, "as putty a couple as ye mos' jinnally see." Hugh talked to her of his plans, and she entered into them with such heartiness and pleasure that he almost forgot what pain was hidden away in his heart, for such flowers of present pleasure seemed to be growing there.

Once they were riding home in the twilight, and he had been telling her how well the work was opening; how glad the people were to have it going on; how the grog-shops seemed to be the only places losing. Every thing else seemed brisk and bright, and he felt the work to be done among this people was as important as that offered him by Monteith.

"It is of the same character, Cousin Ruby, and it makes no sort of difference *where* it is done. There is need of practical helpfulness every-where."

"Yes, Hugo; and I am glad you undertook this instead of that beyond the sea; for here I can help you, and there I could not. I am going to know every girl in that cotton mill sooner or later, Hugh."

What demon tempted him he could not tell; but before he knew he was going to speak, he had said,

"But what shall I do when you are gone?"

She looked at him surprised; then a swift fear that it might be they could not always let her stay came to her, and she was silent.

"You know you will marry some day, Ruby, and, just as we get every thing working, go away to help some other man."

She began to understand him.

"I shall never marry, Hugo."

"Do you mean it, Cousin Rubetta?"

She noticed how often he said cousin of late; he never used to say cousin. Was it to remind her that whatever might be the fact he did not cast her off?

"Yes, I mean it."

He drew his horse nearer in the dusk. They could only hear the hoofs on the solid ground. Over head a star came in sight.

"Ruby, I have thought for a long time that you would go to help Mr. Monteith in his work some day."

He paused as if he would have said more. Another star came out, and another—one for each word she spoke as she said softly:

"Dismiss that thought, Hugo, for I never shall."

"Then will you not stay always by *my* side and help me in *my* life. I love you Ruby! I need you!"

Ah! he was forgetting, but he did not need to check himself; she did it for him.

"No, no, dear Hugo; not that, either. I love you too. I want to stay near you always, but I shall never marry any one."

He was silent, and a cloud suddenly swept between him and the stars.

"Then it was good-bye and not '*au revoir*' to Gray?"

"Yes," she faltered, but she was so glad Hugo could not see her face.

"And it is good-bye and not '*au revoir*' to me?"

"Yes, Hugo, so far as that subject is concerned, it is good-bye."

No more was said. The hoofs kept pattering down the sand. Aunt Patience was waiting for them in the porch.

"You are so late, my children," she said, anxiously.

"Yes, we lingered, auntie," said Ruby.

"For what, I wonder, when you knew Rachel's supper was waiting?"

She made no answer; but Hugo kissed her, and said, "I was watching for the stars to come out, auntie mine."

"And were you rewarded?"

"No, auntie, they did not shine for *me*. But is n't it blessed to think there *are* stars, no matter for whom they may be?"

Rachel came in, grim and solemn. She did not like to have the good things get cold. The suppers were her pride, and if any thing could have tempted them to hunger it was such food as she prepared. When the meal was over she backed out of the room, with teapot in one hand, and cream-jug in the other, leaving only her face with which to beckon Hugh. This she did with grimaces that to a stranger would have suggested St. Vitus's Dance. He followed her, and after deliberately wiping her face on her apron, she drew from her pocket a telegram.

"I hate them things," she said, holding the buff-colored envelope at arms' length between her thumb and finger. "Somehow they allers make me think of Nancy's last baby, with the colic inside and a yallar flannel night gown on. Miss Patty never got one yet, 'thout ther was a pain doubled up inside on't, suthin' sure to hurt." And all the time she talked she was watching Hugh's face, intensely anxious lest this "yaller night-gown" too held "suthin' to hurt."

"It's only about business, Rachel," said Hugh, cheerfully, catching the meaning of her anxious gaze. "I must take a run to the city by the midnight train; I want to be there in the morning; so tell Silas to be ready to drive me over to the station." She was not satisfied, but as he said no more she went about her work saying "nothin' to nobody," "doing a heap o' thinkin'" all the same.

Hugh told Aunt Patience the dispatch was from the confidential clerk, telling him that unless certain payments, falling due almost immediately, could be met, the house would be obliged to suspend. She had drawn heavily already on her own resources for the starting of the mills, yet she placed in Hugh's hands every available security to be used, if on examination they would avail any thing. Hugh knew this would be but a drop in the sea of debts, and that he would not use it; but he took it, and she was happier, feeling she had done what she could.

When he reached the city, in the early dawn, he went directly to the man who had sent for him,—an old man, who had been in the firm's employ when Richard entered it, strong and young. He had been one of the first to know and trust Hugh, and to detect the purpose of his great anxiety about the business. His voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he saw in the younger face traces of months of anxiety crowded into one sleepless night.

He told Hugh that until recently, whenever emergencies came, Richard had, at the last, produced the money to meet them, from some source unknown to him; but though the day was at hand, he had given no intimation of a purpose to provide for this deficiency.

"Was he at the office yesterday?"

"Yes, and every day; but you know the bravest of us understand when he is not to be approached or questioned. I dared not wait; indeed I dared not wait," said the old man nervously. "I feared for him, Mr. Hugh; I felt you should be here. He will

talk to you, perhaps, and tell you what he means to do; at any rate you can comfort him when the blow falls, if indeed"—and he glanced at Hugh as if to read some hope in his face—"if indeed we can not avert it."

They breakfasted hurriedly together, and went to the counting-rooms, where they secured two hours before the opening of the business day. They spent it in examining into the true condition of things, and the iron sank deeper into the young man's soul when he saw the entries that showed where his father had come to their aid in previous critical times. Whence had the sums come that had bridged these awful chasms and saved the plunge into the abyss of ruin? He did not know what private resources his father had, and while he doubted and feared, he did not cease to chide his doubts or to love his father with a pitiful and tender love.

Only the night before, at the very moment when Rachel was hiding in her pocket the "yellow night-gown that had the pain doubled up inside," Richard had turned homeward, with a step more halting and a face more haggard than it had ever worn before. He made no effort to brighten it as he mounted the steps, for he would meet no one inside from whom he needed to hide his care. Tom would be there to serve his lonely dinner; his wife was in Europe and the others were at the Farms. It was the first time they had ever all gone at once and left him alone. How glad he was to be alone, yet he longed unutterably for a sight of Hugh's young face. He had been terribly burdened all day, but until this moment he had not felt alone. He wondered if the evening train would not bring Aunt Patience down, or Hugh may be, or Ruby—no he did not want Ruby; but *some one*, it seemed to him he must have some one come. He asked Tom if there were no letters, no telegrams; but there was nothing to say they were near. Well, why should he mind? why did he want them so, he asked himself, when, one by one, he had driven them away and shut his heart from all the ministry they would have given? He wandered restlessly from room to room. Poor Clara! she was safe beyond reach of the trouble, he thought, and he even felt the stirring of a pitiful sort of tenderness for her. He called her "Poor Clara!" and wondered if he had been a different man if he could have made her life a happy one. He lingered in the library, and finally sank into his own leather-bound chair. Every night since the others left he had done the same thing, wandered through all the rooms, and then sat the night out here with no company but his thoughts and the half-scared Tom—wonderfully quiet and well-behaved since Lloyd Allen told him it was useless for him to think to evade him. He really was superstitious enough to believe Lloyd must have "dat kind ob ebil eye de debble gibs folks sometimes, dat sees when a nigger done do n't behave hisself." And he was terrified too at his master's troubled looks and ways. So this black specter was the only one Richard encountered, and he took no more notice of him than he did of the bronze statues that adorned his rooms.

Alone, through all these silent nights the silent man had been meeting the results of his life. He had risked all and lost all. He had made venture after venture, and the last had failed. He had wrecked the honor of his manhood; he had done things that if known would disgrace the name that had never been stained before; he had destroyed the future of his son, and robbed and ruined his brother's child. And where he had hoped to succeed he had failed; and where he had hoped to gain he had lost. All the giving himself to evil had brought him only shame. He had sowed the wind, and the mutter of the whirlwind was already in the air. He had used sum after sum, now in the business, now in speculation, in order to replace that used in business, till most of that which Robert left was gone. Sometimes he had made himself believe it was a *duty* to risk more to retrieve that which was gone, and sometimes he had used it to meet some pressing need. And now the cords of the net-work of sin were tightening, and cut and hurt him, only drawing closer whichever way he tried to escape. There was one chance more, only one—there were the jewels of Robert's wife. They would tide over the

coming crisis; but just ahead would there not rise another? Each time he had thought the billow that threatened to overwhelm him was the last, and there was smooth sea beyond; but if he sold the jewels and met this wave, another would show its white storm-cap in the distance before this one was gone. He drew the jewels from the safe where he had placed them on that night when Lloyd had brought them, and Ruby had placed them in his charge, and looked them over—rare old jewels, such as any noble signora of the brightest days of Rome might have been proud to wear, in quaint old settings that would have done credit to the skill of the Castellani. He knew their beauty and their worth. He knew a dealer who would be glad of them too; but as he gazed, holding a necklace of intaglii in his hand, his harassed thought ceased to follow his will, and began to revert to the woman who had left these for her daughter, the woman whom Robert loved. And with her face came the thought of Ruby, Robert's child, and the time when she had offered him her all. And with the two came a thought of Robert himself, and the threefold cord pulled at his soul with a strength he could neither understand nor resist. He fancied in the darkness that they drew near, that three hands touched the box. One was small and rosy, and it offered to him the gift; but two of the hands were white and cold, like the hands of the dead, and they held the other back, while voices whispered to him, "And can you not leave her these?" He pushed them back hastily and rose from the table, but the strange fancy haunted him still. "Leave her these!" "Leave her these!" seemed to be whispered in the air. Was he going mad? Was he losing his senses? he asked, as he turned to leave the room. Tom met him at the door. "A lady to see Miss Thorn, asks me when she will be at home? Will you see her?"

"Who is she?"

"Dunno. Reckon some Miss Ruby's teachers. Looks like poor white folks," muttered Tom. "Seems to want to know berry much."

"Show her in."

She came, not like poor white folks, but like a lady; and Richard knew her before the veil swept back that revealed the face of Marah.

She was worn and white and thin, like one who had long been ill. But she no longer quailed or trembled in the presence of one who had wrought her such sorrow. The two seemed to have changed places. His was the pallor now, and the trembling voice and hand. And yet it was not fear that shook him, but a strange overmastering sense of a power he could not resist. He eyed her with horror, as if she were the Nemesis of his dreams. She showed no emotion, but, approaching the table, she laid her hand upon the jewels, and said in a whisper:

"And will you not leave her these?"

"Yes, yes; but who sent you? Did you come from the dead, Marah? Who sent you? tell me!" he uttered, grasping the table for support.

"God sent me, may be, to keep you from further sin. Now tell me, where is my child?"

"At Thornton, with Aunt Patience."

And still he stood and stared, as if he could not take in the meaning of her presence. She gathered the jewels together and placed the parcel under her shawl; and still he stared and did not speak.

"I will see that she has them, Richard Thorn. I have traveled many days to find them; and now I want the money that goes with them, also." He started. "You have it. Lloyd Allan told me so when he found me in the hospital, where I lay, as they thought, dying. I raved about these things, for I could not die till I had seen them in Ruby's hands. And he tried to comfort me by telling me he had given the jewels and paid the money to you. I must have *that* too." She did not seem to know to whom she was speaking, or to remember any cause of resentment. She was too full of her one purpose to care for aught beside. "I did wrong not to give it to Miss Patience; I must take it to her now."

"I can not give it, Marah."

"Then Lloyd Allan shall come for it himself. He shall know that Ruby never se—

it." And she turned and left the room and the house without another word.

It is doubtful if he took in what it meant, the disgrace of having Lloyd Allan know he had spent the money. Something had come to him that seemed to prevent his apprehending clearly and fully what things meant. He leaned his elbows on the mantel and his face in his hands, and tried to think what had happened. Dimly it came to him as something in the long ago, that he had not liked to be alone in this house; for he had a revolver in his desk and every time he sat down to write or to think, a voice kept bidding him take it and end all this misery and pain. And then he would wander through all the rooms, and find himself irresistibly drawn back to this, and to the desk, and to the drawer. It would be soon over, and yet he wished Hugh would come. He was so glad that the jewels were safely on their road to Ruby, that so much was saved, that he almost had a gleam of courage that all might be saved. But no, no; it was too late, and if Hugh came he would have to know all, and the blow would fall,—to-morrow? No, not to-morrow, but the day after. Well, then, he could live one other night, and perhaps, after all, Hugh would happen down. Marah came in some mysterious time and fashion, why not Hugh? But she came, she said, "Sent of God to keep him from further sin." His thoughts grew clearer. Did God, then, care to keep him from further sin? Was there any sin left undone? Yes, one; and would he add that to the rest? He bowed his head upon his folded arms, and his thoughts went round and round in the surging whirlpool of temptation. Every swirling rush onward took him nearer the vortex; in imagination his hand grasped the weapon, but through all his confusion of brain, he yet heard something about "saving him from further sin." He saw the ruin of his life and the open grave, and half in madness, half in terror, began to struggle to be free. Many times he said he "would not do it," [illegible] striking out [illegible] le of the [illegible] believe it [illegible] is face, so weary and white, but his eyes flashed with a new light. He "would not do it," he said again. He would live, he would face it, he would confess it all; he would begin again and give his life to atonement. He walked to the desk. There was no tottering of the limbs, no trembling of the hands that drew ball after ball from the pistol; and calling Tom, he said:

"Here, Tom, I think you may need this now, you are so much alone. Keep it for burglars, and don't shoot yourself. I give it to you for your own. You have been more faithful of late."

He did not go back to the library, but up to Hugh's room, where the strong man struggled and wept like a little child. He went at last to the desk, thinking to make a little statement for his son, and there, fumbling among the papers, he found the envelope and letter that had already made confession for him, leaving no deeper depth to be opened for the pure gaze of his boy.

What he suffered only Infinite pity beheld; what prayers he prayed only the Infinite heard; but, late at night, he crept forth a bowed, aged, wrinkled man, over whom the whirlwind of remorse had swept.

He went to the drawing-room, and throwing himself in an arm-chair, turned his face to the picture of Florence Field.

"Dear little Floy," he said to himself, as a mother says "dear child" to the baby on her breast before she falls asleep,—"Dear little Floy," and then his head drooped on his breast.

And near midnight, there was a ring at the door bell; and Tom, proud of his new, though empty, pistol, wisely asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is I, Mr. Monteith; open the door, Tom." And with great alacrity he proceeded to admit "Mr. Monteef," of whom he stood in great awe as in some way associated with his old Marsa Lloyd.

Monteith asked for Hugh, and moved toward the drawing-room on being told of Hugh's absence, and that "Mars Richard is in dar, sleepin' like a top;" while Tom, showing his pistol, triumphantly added, "Tom 's bein' a guarjin angel to dis yer house."

He entered softly; the sleeper breathed heavily, and in a way that made Mr. Monteith hastily turn up the light. Another second sufficed to lift the lids and examine the pupils of the eyes, and in another he had loosened the clothing at the throat, and placed the man in a recumbent position.

"Tom, quick; here! help me to lift Mr. Thorn to the sofa. He is terribly, frightfully ill. Run as quickly as you can for the doctor."

It was an anxious night; but Graham watched by the father as he had once watched by the son. And the strange stupor did not pass away. Monteith sent another of the messages, that Rachel "hated the sight on," to Hugh, and before light an answer came. Hugh had already gone, and Patience would follow at once. She started at daybreak, bidding Rachel to tell Ruby nothing to alarm her, saying she would write fully herself. But when the hour for the arrival of the night train passed, and Hugh did not arrive, Monteith's anxiety grew very great. Leaving the doctor in charge, he hastened away to the place of business, thinking Hugh might have gone directly there. He arrived in time to meet the old clerk coming out from the private office, looking so troubled and dejected that Graham fancied the news had reached him already. He knew Graham as Hugh's best friend, and his face brightened perceptibly as he approached. Here was the rich and powerful young friend. Perhaps he had come to help them.

He was a cautious old man in ordinary times, and knew he was not to speak of business affairs; but he was so fearful Hugh would not speak, that his prudence yielded to his hope of help.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he began, deferentially.

"I have come for Mr. Hugh. Is he here?" said Graham, hastily returning the greeting.

"Yes; he is inside, there," pointing to the office; "and I am afraid this new trouble will kill him and his father too. Could n't you help them, Mr. Monteith?"

"I can try, at least. Then he had heard the news?"

"Oh yes; and he has been studying since daybreak to find some way out; but there seems to be no chance. The old house must go."

"What do you mean?" said Graham, through whose mind there broke a glimmer of the truth. "Are you embarrassed?"

"Embarrassed;" and then the old man told him in a few hurried words. "The times have been terrible," he ended; "we have been in worse, far worse places than this, and Mr. Thorn has managed to go on. We have been in deep water for a long time, but if he could meet this one more payment we should be saved; we should come through, and all would be plain sailing. It 's too bad, too bad."

Monteith was silent, and the old man feared he had gone too far.

"You must pardon me, sir. I have been at my desk here for thirty years. I saw Richard Thorn come in when he was no older than his son now is, and I can't bear to see the old house go down. Mr. Thorn goes with it, and I do n't know how many more."

Still his listener was silent. He took it all in; he was turning it all over in his mind, and at last he said:

"William, keep every thing quiet, and get the accounts into shape, so that I can know the exact truth; if the business is worth saving we will save it. If it is not, it must go. Say nothing about it; but I will meet the difficulty to-morrow, unless I find it is better to let the crash come."

"O Mr. Monteith, do not let it come, for Hugh's sake!"

"Hugh may do something better."

"For Mr. Thorn's sake."

"Mr. Thorn will not need the business, William."

He passed on quickly. He had been on the verge of telling him how his master was stricken; but he wanted his brain clear for the work he had set him. It would be time a few hours later to shadow it with more bad news.

Hugh was alone in the private office, thinking, studying, feeling enough for a life-time in every passing hour. It looked black, blank, hopeless. He could not stem

the tide—he could not save the wreck. He could only give his life to the restoration of what was gone. But for that and the fact that his father would need him, he would have felt that life was over for him, and glad that it was so. He bowed his head upon his folded arms and rested it on his father's desk. He wanted to live, to be of use, to do his work; but he remembered there were forty desert days for his Master. He certainly should not shrink when he found himself "led into the wilderness." So he tried to fortify his sinking faith, and to gather courage to meet his father, who must be coming soon, when he heard a step, and lifting his head, met the strong, loving glance of Monteith's eyes, and the strong, warm grasp of his hand.

"St. Christopher!" he said, joyfully; "where did you come from? Who could have sent you?"

"I came from the steamer late last night, and I don't know who sent me, Hugo, unless—"

Neither of them could go on; but through Hugh's mind went swiftly, "When thou passest though the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

And then Monteith told him of his father's illness, and together the two went home. The old elm never seemed to Hugh to droop so mournfully; there was dust in the vestibule. Softly they crept up to the sick man's room. Dr. Burton was coming down the stairs, and he did not wait for any question. Putting his great hands on Hugh's shoulder, he said:

"Well, my boy, the time has come you longed for, when you can carry your father's burdens."

"He is not dying?" said Hugh, trying to pass.

"No, I do not think he will die; but he is paralyzed. I doubt if he will ever walk again. His speech may come back, and he is already conscious."

"Let me go, doctor; I will come to you again directly." And he went on.

"If he had been any one but Hugh I would not have allowed him to go without telling him what to do and say, and what leave unsaid. But he will need no telling."

"No," said Monteith, "his heart will be his teacher; but you can tell me."

"Well, there is little to tell. He may not rally, but I think he will live months, perhaps years. It's the old story of overwork. I warned him long ago."

"Can any thing be done to make his rallying sure?"

"Yes. Let his nurses be quiet and cheerful. Miss Patience will arrange all that. He is conscious now. Tell him any good news you hear. He is troubled about something, I could not tell what; but business probably. I am afraid his affairs are in rather a bad way, but tell him only the good news."

"Yes, yes; I understand."

Monteith waited, but Hugh did not come down. He left a note for him and went back to the counting-room. The old clerk was ready, and, as far as he could in so short a time, he made himself acquainted with the business condition. Then he went out, and an hour or two passed in seeing some prominent business men, several of the creditors, and the one in particular from whom the immediate danger threatened. He asked and secured an extension. As briefly as possible he explained the illness and the changes that must necessarily come to the business. He added in one or two instances his own name to paper already bearing that of Richard Thorn. In one case he said, "I am thinking of becoming a partner in this firm myself with the younger Mr. Thorn, and I will not allow a disaster now to impair its future prospects. A little time is all that is needed to save it."

On the way back to Hugh, he stopped a moment to say to the old clerk:

"William, you can sleep to-night; your employer is not going to die, and the suspension will not take place at present." Then he hurried quickly away, and did not see that the old man watched him through a mist of tears.

He waited at the sick man's door, and Hugh came out, and, without a word, led him in to the bedside. Together they looked

down upon the sleeping face, prematurely old and worn. The fire of his restless, self-governed life had burned itself out, and here was the ashen ruin it had left. The two men stood in silence, and Gray would not let go his grasp of Hugh's hand.

Suddenly the sleeper stirred, and the gray eyes opened, and fixed themselves in a painful questioning gaze on Hugh's face, and the lips contracted in a painful effort to speak. It was all in vain, and the anguish the eyes expressed was more than Hugh could bear.

"What is it? What does he want?" said Hugh, turning to Monteith. "Always every time he wakes, he tries to tell me something and can not."

"Let me try," said Graham, gently; "you ask him what I suggest, and we can soon tell if we touch the point that troubles him."

Hugh bent over him. "Father," he said, "do you hear me?" The eyes answered at once. "Do you want to tell me about Ruby?" Only a troubled look, and an effort to frame two words. They were very thick and broken, but Monteith heard "all gone."

"Tell him not all gone, that we can save it." And Hugh repeated, though he did not know what it meant. The face relaxed, and the questioning look returned.

"Tell him," said Monteith, gently, "that the business is all right; that Mr. Morton gives time."

Hugh repeated slowly, and at the last words a visible emotion shook him. But the face, the only way the poor soul had of speaking, answered with an expression of surprise. Hugh bent down over him and listened.

"How long?" came with thick utterance.

"Time enough to pay all," answered Monteith.

Again, "How long?"

"How long for what, papa?" asked Hugh, seeing he had failed to understand.

"I think he is trying to ask you how long he has to live," said Monteith softly.

"You are not going to die, father, not yet," said Hugh, smiling brightly down into his face. And then he added slowly and solemnly, but softly, lest Gray should hear, "you are going to *live*, to *live*, to *atone!* God has given you time."

And the sick man heard it, and it seemed to sink down into the dull soul, half-buried in the ruins of its tenement of clay, and the hungry, questioning look died out of his eyes, and a peaceful expression crept over his face, and the drowsy stupor that soon dropped like a veil over it was more like a natural, restful sleep than before.

And they stood in the shadow of the curtains while he slept, and talked as two women might have done, softly watching all the while lest the sufferer should wake.

"I took the right of a brother, Hugo,"—somehow Monteith had from the first taken Ruby's name for him,—"for I knew there was no time to be lost. Dr. Burton told me to bring him good news of the business, if I could; for within the suffering body he thought the mind was working still, and I had to act quickly, if at all. Now there is time, and we can decide on future steps together."

"St. Christopher, indeed!" said Hugh; "I could never have crossed this swollen stream alone."

And Graham answered:

"'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Do n't you remember that, Hugh?"

Hugh did remember, for his own heart had whispered it to him only this morning.

"I attended to my affairs speedily in England, and hastened back. Somehow my heart was here, and I heard from Lloyd news of Marah. She had been found in a hospital in Baltimore, desperately ill, and while he thought she was convalescent, she escaped, and he lost all trace of her again. I promised Ruby to find her. Will Ruby come down with Miss Thorn?"

"I do not know, I do not think so," answered Hugh absently, for he remembered what Ruby had told him that night when they searched for the stars.

And Monteith was thinking that if she did *not* come he would go to her, when through the half-closed blinds they saw a carriage stop under the old elm tree. Mon-

teith was down by the time Tom had reached the door, and a moment after Hugh saw him ascending the steps with Aunt Patience upon his arm.

She had come alone. They told her the news at once, and she went in and saw Richard asleep, and her burden was lifted when they said he would not die. That God would spare him to find the right and to do it, had been the one burden of her prayer through all her long day in the cars. She sat and gazed from the window, hardly conscious of the people about her, and the importance of health, of property, all dwindled to nothing in comparison with the value of the loss of integrity to a human soul. Character stood before her at the worth God meant it to have, and other things took their proper and subordinate place. To the forests, the trees, the fields of grain, as they flew past her, to all the moving things that seemed to be free, she cast out her thought and prayer for the soul of Richard Thorn. It seemed to her as if these understood and gave her whisper to the wind that "bloweth where it listeth," and that the winds bore it to the invisible heart of God. She never felt more as if God's silent things understood her and would carry her pain to Him when it grew more than she could bear. She would have called it a strange, old womanish fancy; yet the angel who gathers up the petitions at eventide would have found that night, all the way from the green hills down to the sea, the scattered prayers of Patience Thorn.

And Monteith made her rest that night as if he had been her daughter, and watched with Richard himself, with all a woman's tenderness and skill.

And the next day passed and the next, and on the third the fear of death was displaced by a strong hope of the sufferer's gradual recovery. He would never walk again, probably never be able to engage in active business, but a good degree of comfort would probably answer a good degree of care.

Then Graham and Hugh had hours of business talk, and it was finally settled that, as the surest method of retrieving losses, the business, in a contracted and unspeculative form, should go on, with Monteith as a partner. Hugh did not like it so, but he dared not refuse the only chance that promised to restore what had been unlawfully used. The new capital would clear away obstructions; the profits must pay Monteith, and the other debts in time; the remainder growing slowly, and infused with Hugh's best life and energies, would, in connection with the other business, in time pay Ruby all. He could not hope it would come before he was an old man; but no matter, it was worth his life he thought. And God had been so good to him, for he had saved his father's name from shame, and given him time to repent, and with the help of his son to atone.

And should he not be glad in this? Should he dare to repine at this? And yet, when all was settled, and on the morning of the fourth day Graham said, "And now, Hugo, I am going to Ruby," was he very wicked that he was suddenly filled with a bitter conflict of rage,—a rage that could have stricken his friend to the earth? What right had he to go with that radiant, masterful face of his to Ruby? What were honor and shame, loss or gain of paltry fortunes? what were life or death to his father or to any body, beside his love for Ruby? This conflict of rage frightened him, it was so mad and strong. He had not known how he loved her till now; and he would not give her up. Would Graham give her up, if *he* knew, and go back to England? For one moment he was tempted to tell him Ruby was his own, and he need not go to her,—in the end he knew he could win her. To be ready to give his life for her and lose her cost almost life itself. And Hugh Thorn did it; yet did it without admitting to himself that he did it. He only said:

"Well, God bless you! Christopher," and then, with a sudden quiver of anguish on his face he added, "only for God's sake carry her over gently. She is too precious for any one but you."

And Graham did not understand. And he went his way up the road by which Patience had come down, as light of heart as

only a strong, pure man can be, under the influence of a strong, pure love. How life widened and brightened under it! How near seemed God and all God's creatures to his heart! It was not yet dark at the little Thornton station, and there was no carriage there. Never mind, he would walk up through the meadows and over the hill, to where the chimneys of the farm-house could be seen. Every step brought him nearer—nearer to the home where his heart had been so long.

Rachel answered the fall of the great black knocker, wiping her hands upon her apron as she came to the door. She smiled a welcome, for she had seen him coming up the lane, and had said to Silas, who had just brought in the milk:

"Ef there ain't that great long-legged Englishman, that they set such store by deown at Dicks; and I hain't nothin' but warm shortened biskit, and shortened sweetened fried cakes for supper, and not a sign of a pie in the house."

But she smiled, nevertheless, and showed him in, with an air of pride, to Miss Patty's parlor, which parlor she often said, "baits all the grand doin's this side the water or t'other, I don't care where they be."

She left him to enjoy the glories of the cosy old room; but she was back almost as soon as away, bursting into the apartment with,

"I swan to man, ef that Rewbetty an't gone! I can't find her high nor low; and all her best clothes, they're gone too. Now, don't that jest beat all!"

It was too true. They searched the house, the fields, the village; but far or near there was no trace of Ruby Thorn.

CHRISTIAN LYRIC POETRY.

IT is easier to describe poetry than to define it; to recognize its forms than to penetrate the mystery of its life. Its peculiarities of structure are few and readily understood; being, in the simpler languages, parallelism, and in the more highly developed, meter and sometimes rhyme. But what that is which puts on this costume of outward expression; why it is that it originates such varieties of structure; and what there is in common between paralellism and meter so that both should be classed under the general head of poetry,—these are questions which it is more difficult to answer. And even when we come to recognize, as we think, the soul which has built up this body and pervades and animates the whole, it is not easy to put this recognition into a concise form of words such as would be accepted as a definition.

Poetry is the language of mental or spiritual exaltation. The poet is lifted above the common level of human experience. He dwells amid permanent realities. He has the power of penetrating beneath the momently changing phenomenal form to apprehend the real and unchanging substance; of rising above the realm of the transient and the mutable into the changeless and the eternal. He who states a simple fact is a historian; he who classifies it with others of the same kind, and thus comes to the general law underneath them, is a scientist; but he who makes it a loophole through which to look into the invisible world of truth, beauty, and spiritual forces is a poet. Poetry, then, is invisible and spiritual beauty shining in upon us through appropriate material forms. "It has always been our opinion," says Lord Jeffrey, "that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it but may also exist in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sen-

timent to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature." At that point where the visible and the invisible, the phenomenal and the changeless, the transient and the eternal meet and become one, there is poetry born; and so it is in its very nature, as Wilmot has defined it. "The natural religion of literature." The work of the poet is distinguished by this, that he makes us hear the harmonies of the universe.

It will hence appear why it produces such peculiarities of structure as parallelism and meter, and why the same life produces two such dissimilar results. Both come of intensity and fullness. When the inspired soul pours out its utterances, wave upon wave, that is parallelism. When it has such a vivid sense of the choice and important character of its utterances as to lead it to disdain ordinary forms of speech and to seek diction more musical and more expressive, that is meter. In both cases there is a struggle to realize what the mere words can not give. These satisfy the intellect but not the heart. The heart demands for itself a wider range of expression, and hence come the different varieties of poetical structure which differ from prose very much as crystalline structure differs from amorphous.

That which distinguishes *lyric* poetry is its subjective character and its adaptation to musical expression. It is the pouring forth of the personal life; its desires, hopes, fears, aspirations, beliefs,—every thing which belongs to the spiritual ζωή in contradistinction to the βιος. Bishop Wordsworth, in the elaborate essay prefixed to his "Holy Year," makes a sweeping criticism on what he calls the subjective character of modern hymns, in which respect he says they stand in marked contrast with those of the ancient Church. In another paragraph he uses the term "egotistical," and this is perhaps a little more clearly expressive of the bishop's real meaning. He says that "in modern hymns the individual often detaches and isolates himself from the body of the faithful; and in a spirit of sentimental selfishness obtrudes his own feelings concerning himself; and claiming, as it were, a monopoly of spiritual privileges for himself, makes it to be the theme of praise to God, the Father of all, that he has had mercy on him, and to Christ, the Savior of the world, that he has died for him; and he comes forward to speak to God concerning his own spiritual state, contrasted with that of others, in a tone of self-congratulation, which sometimes seems to be not far removed from that of the Pharisee in the Gospel; and he does this in public worship, in the house of God, and makes his own individuality to be, as it were, the axis around which all the congregation, and even the heavenly sphere itself is caused to revolve." Among the hymns which this eminent ecclesiastic used to illustrate this fault are the following: "When I can read my title clear," "When I survey the wondrous Cross," "Jesus, lover of my soul." Never was there exhibited a more total misapprehension of the essential nature and the true function of a Christian hymn. Doubtless there are hymns which are open to the charge of egotism, but to confound this with that subjective element which is characteristic of lyric poetry is a fundamental error. Would Bishop Wordsworth repudiate the twenty-third psalm? And yet its pronouns are in the first person singular throughout. So also with the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" which are the oldest of Christian hymns. And so also, in a clear and marked degree, with nearly every modern hymn which has won its way to universal acceptance. Call to mind those hymns which are most ecumenical, so that they bear the seal of approval of all the great denominations of Christians who worship God in the English language. Are they not such as "Rock of Ages cleft for *me*," "Jesus, lover of *my* soul," "Am *I* a soldier of the Cross," "Just as *I* am, without one plea," "Sun of *my* soul, thou Savior dear," "Abide with *me*, fast falls the even-tide," "*My* faith looks up to thee," "Nearer, *my* God, to thee," etc.?

The one grand glory of lyric poetry then is, that it is the simple outflowing of individual spiritual life; and as such it contains some of the most beautiful and fragrant

blossoms and richest fruits of human literature. "What care I," says Falstaff, "for the bulk and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow, give me the spirit." Now the spirit of humanity and of the Christian Church, in a sense infinitely higher than Shakespeare's hero could understand, is found in lyric poetry as nowhere else. The subtle essence, the delicate hues, the delicious fragrance, the ethereal beauty of spiritual character are here most clearly illustrated. No other department of literature contains such vast stores of unsuspected wealth. This whole field is too unfamiliar to the generality of scholars, and even Christian ministers themselves.

As we turn our thought to lyric poetry in general, the first thing which impresses us is its *antiquity*. The oldest human literature has come to us in this form. The most ancient books of the Hindoos, and, as many think, the most ancient of all human books, are the famous Vedic hymns, which, by the most moderate estimate, are nearly three thousand years old. Of these the entire number is one thousand and twenty-eight, and as early as 600 B. C., their verses, words, and syllables had been carefully enumerated. The oldest of the Chinese sacred books is that called the "Book of Odes," fragments of which are scattered over every tea-chest and nearly every article of Chinese manufacture, and which, of course, we have often read with exquisite delight! The oldest literary fragment in our Bible, and probably the oldest bit of poetry, and indeed of literature of any sort in the world, is that lyrical fragment given as the song of Lamech, in the fourth chapter of Genesis:

> "Adah and Zillah hear my voice;
> Wives of Lamech hearken to my speech;
> For a man have I slain for smiting me,
> And a youth for wounding me:
> Truly seven-fold shall Cain be avenged,
> But Lamech seventy and seven."

Herder, with whom Delitsch substantially agrees, calls this a song in honor of the sword; and it is interesting to find in this one specimen of antediluvian literature all the peculiar features of Hebrew poetry—rhythm, assonance, parallelism, strophe, and poetic diction.

Coming to *Christian* lyric poetry we are at once struck with the *vast extent* and incomparable wealth of this department of literature. It is estimated that in the German language alone there are eighty thousand Christian hymns, and in the English language forty thousand. And not only is the gross amount so considerable, but its diffusion is still more to be noted. Next to the Christian sacred books nothing in literature has been so multiplied as copies of Christian hymns. The multiplication of certain choice and popular books, such as "The Imitation of Christ," the "Pilgrim's Progress," or the "Thousand and One Nights," in many languages and in every variety of form—cheap and costly, plain and elaborate—is something wonderful, and shows most impressively their vitality, for the highest proof of life is shown in its continuous creative energy; and yet, all this falls immeasurably short of the truth touching the choicest hymns. Copies of some of these may be counted literally by the million. They rival the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in their hold on human memories. There are not a few into whose memories verses of hymns came earlier than verses of Scripture, and they will be more likely to speak them with their dying breath.

As *influences for good* they are at once subtle and powerful, swaying our natures as nothing else can. The pure waters of holy song will sometimes make their way into places dark and deathful which no other influence from heaven can reach. A few years since a little party happening to be in Montreal, took occasion to visit the celebrated Gray Nunnery there, one of the oldest and wealthiest religious houses on this Continent. As we were being conducted through the establishment we came to the school-room containing the orphan children, kept there as one branch of their charities. For our entertainment the children were set to singing. What was our surprise and delight to hear them sing some of our common Protestant Sunday-school hymns, such as "I have a Father in the Promised Land," "There is a happy land," "I want to be an angel." What other form of evangelical

influence could have made its way through the bolts and bars of that convent.

A familiar incident connected with one of Phœbe Cary's hymns may well serve as an illustration of the influence of Christian hymns. A few years since, two men, Americans, one middle-aged and the other a young man, met in a gambling-house in Canton, China. They had been engaged in play together during the evening, and the young man had lost heavily. While the older one was shuffling the cards for a new deal, his companion leaned back in his chair and began mechanically humming a fragment of Miss Cary's exquisite hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." As these words fell on the ear of the man hardened in sin, dead memories in his heart came to life again. He sprung up excitedly, exclaiming "Where did you learn that hymn? I can 't stay here!" and in spite of the taunts of his companion, hurried him away and confessed to him the story of his long wanderings from a pure Christian home, expressing his resolution to lead a better life, and urging his companion in sin to join him. The resolulution was kept. The man was reclaimed, and the story of his recovery came back to bless Miss Cary before she died. This hymn, God's invisible angel, had gone with the man through all these weary years of sin, and finally led back his soul to life and God.

The distinguished German missionary, Christian Schwartz, who died at the very end of the last century, had caused to be translated into Tamil one of the two famous hymns of the great Bernard of Clairvaux,

"Hail, thou Head, once bruised and wounded,"

which he was accustomed much to sing with his Tamil converts. When he came down to death many of these converts were about him in the final hour, and after he had, as they supposed, breathed his last, they began to sing this hymn. The familiar strains seemed to bring back the departing soul of the missionary, and, with what was really his last breath, he joined again in the singing of the hymn, and through this gateway of song passed into the Eternal City.

Under other and more terrible conditions have men been cheered and made strong in the supreme hour of their mortal life by the holy and inspiring ministries of sacred song. The martyrs in the ancient Church used sometimes to go to their death singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." John Rogers passed from his prison to the stake singing the fifty-third Psalm. In the midst of his dying agonies, Jerome of Prague sang the joyous resurrection-hymn, of Venantius Fortunatus—"Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say." Luther's most famous hymn—"A safe stronghold our God is still"—was sung at his own burial amid the tears and lamentations of a great multitude of his devoted followers. The same hymn was sung by the army of Gustavus Adolphus on the morning of that fatal day in which they met their disastrous defeat, and their noble leader, his death.

But the highest function of song is as *an instrument of expression*. By the aid of no other ministry does the soul mount up so successfully to God and spiritual things. When the soul comes to its divinest heights, song is sure to be there. If it is not in waiting, the inspired soul at once creates it, as did Mary the "Magnificat," and Simeon, the "Nunc Dimittis." Rarely has there been witnessed a scene of more thrilling interest than that of the reunion of the Old and New School divisions of the Presbyterian Church a few years since at Pittsburg. The two bodies having met in their respective places, formed in the street in parallel columns, and then joined ranks, one of each assembly arm in arm with one of the other, and so marched as one united host to the place appointed for the reunion services. As the head of the column entered the church, which was already packed, save as to the seats reserved for the members of the assemblies, the audience struck up the hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and, when all were in their places, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." After the reading of the Scriptures came the hymn of Watts, "Blest are the sons of peace." The interest of the occasion culminated when Dr. Fowler, the moderator of the New School body, at the

close of his remarks, turned to Dr. Jacobus, the moderator of the Old School body, and said: "My dear brother moderator, may we not, before I take my seat, perform a single act symbolical of the union which has taken place between the two branches of the Church? Let us clasp hands." This challenge was accepted, and then all joined in singing that grand old doxology of Bishop Ken—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." At the conclusion of Dr. Jacobus's remarks, amid flowing tears and with swelling hearts, the thousands present joined in singing the precious hymn, written just about a century before by that grand and tuneful Baptist minister, John Fawcett, himself a convert of George Whitefield,—"Blest be the tie that binds." Little did those happy Presbyterians think or care that two of the hymns for this hour of their supreme gladness were furnished by Methodists, one by a Congregationalist, one by an Episcopalian bishop, and one by a Baptist. Under the inspirations of that great day their full souls demanded utterance, and any man who could help them in this was their brother. When men come to the highest summits of human experience, and the transfiguring glory of the spiritual world comes down upon them, the hues of sectarian prejudice fade away and disappear, and every man's raiment becomes "white and glistering."

Having mentioned the best-known hymn of John Fawcett, which is one of the most precious and familiar of English hymns, we will not refrain from alluding to the circumstances of its origin. Mr. Fawcett was at first settled as pastor of a humble Church in Wainsgate, Yorkshire. His meagre salary poorly sufficed for the wants of his increasing family, and when, a few years later, he was invited to become the successor of the Rev. Dr. Gill as pastor of an influential Church in the city of London, it seemed almost a matter of course that he should accept. He had preached his farewell sermon and had actually commenced removal by sending forward his library and a part of his household goods to London. His poor people were almost broken-hearted; men, women, and children clinging to him in affectionate unreconciliation. The last wagon was being loaded when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases to weep. "O John," said the kind-hearted wife, "I can't bear this. I do n't know how to go." "Nor I either," said Mr. Fawcett, "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put every thing back in its place." The affections of his Church were stronger than the attractions of London; and so this noble man buckled on the armor for renewed service on a salary of less than three hundred dollars a year. It was then that he wrote this hymn which has come to be known almost as widely as the language in which it was written. He gave up London and became a citizen of the world.

Finally, it follows from what has been said of the essential nature and uses of lyrical poetry that we may reasonably look here for the most full and perfect embodiment of a spiritual and catholic Christianity. The creeds of Christendom are crystallizations of Christian thought under conditions most favorable for giving that thought intensity and precision, and no scholar can afford to forego their study. In a similar way do the liturgies embody the devotional life of the Church. The creeds show the contact of Christianity with the advanced and cultured thought of their respective ages; the liturgies have sprung from the contact of the same divine life with the heart of humanity. The creeds state the facts and forms of God's descent upon, and into humanity; the liturgies are the divinely illuminated stairway by which, in all the Christian centuries, men have ascended unto God. But in the hymns we see reflected both the creed and the experience of the Church.

The deepest and most sacred beliefs of the Church are better learned here than in the creeds themselves; and the spiritual life of the Church is better expressed here than in the liturgies. The heart is often more liberal and more orthodox than the head; and so men of low and narrow creed have written hymns truly catholic and spiritual. The hymns of the Calvinistic Watts, Doddridge, and Newton are sung with no sense of discord along-

side with those of the Wesleys. Hymns from such Unitarian authors as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Adams, Sir John Bowring, Sears, and Bryant are gladly welcomed into the choicest evangelical circles. Such hymns as "Nearer, my God, to thee," "In the cross of Christ I glory," "How blest the righteous when he dies," and many others, which like these, have come from writers not counted as evangelical, but hold their place unchallenged among the choice hymnic treasures of the Church, must be accepted as indicating that there may be a faith of the heart deeper and more spiritual than that of the head. Our deepest convictions are not always expressed in the creeds which we honestly profess. Under a special pressure, which God knows how to apply, and often does apply by his providences, an old faith which had been accounted dead sometimes springs suddenly into vigorous life, thus giving evidence of its real existence even in the years in which its possessor was little conscious of it; even so do these hymns bear witness to an undertone of spiritual harmony which is not silenced by the discordances of the creeds.

And as men do not always understand their own beliefs, so they often misunderstand those of other people. A very interesting as well as familiar illustration of this is found in the history of that most precious hymn, "Rock of Ages." No opponent of the Wesleys was more bitter and uncompromising than Mr. Toplady, the author of this hymn. As expressive of his thorough hostility to what he understood to be the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection, he wrote this hymn, to which he gave the title, "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The hymn was at once caught up, and by none more eagerly than by the Wesleyans themselves, against whose obnoxious beliefs it was written, and to-day it is the only hymn that, among Methodists, rivals in popularity the best hymns of Charles Wesley.

But it is as an expression of the heart and life of religion that the hymns are most valuable. Here is seen the best picture of the human heart under the influence of divine grace. The depths of creature nothingness and the heights of spiritual blessedness are here most distinctly reflected. Notably is this true in the hymns of Charles Wesley. No remorseful prodigal ever cried out more bitterly against sin than do Wesley's penitential hymns; and St. Paul, when caught up to the third heaven, could hardly have exceeded the rapturous strains in which he rejoices in communion with God.

There is not in human language a better statement of what it is to come to Christ than in the best known hymn of Charlotte Elliot. Miss Elliot had long been in a dissatisfied and deeply despondent state because she could not lay hold of Christ by faith as her own personal Savior. In May, 1822, the distinguished Dr. Cæsar Malan, author of the French original of the hymn translated by Dr. Bethune, commencing "It is not death to die," and also by Professor Dunn, commencing "No, no, it is not dying," was paying a visit to the family of Miss Elliot, and became acquainted with the spiritual distress of his friend. Seeing how she was kept from Christ by her own self-saving efforts, he said to her one day, "Cut the cable, Charlotte; it will take too long to unloose it. Cut it, it 's a small loss." Under the spur of these words she was enabled to renounce all and take Christ to the salvation of her soul. This experience of spiritual crisis is reflected with singular clearness and impressiveness in her world-renowned hymn, than which no better has been written in this century:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid 'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come."

But we can not linger for illustrations. The history of Hymnology is full of such autobiographical passages which are recorded in the hymns themselves; and so the subjective element of religion is expressed here

as nowhere else. We repeat, then, Would you know what Christianity is as a form of truth? Next to the Bible look into the hymn-book. Any doctrine which refuses to stand here, which the people can not take upon their lips in song and prayer, is shown by this very test to be either trivial or false. A doctrine which can not be incorporated into the hymns or the prayers of the Church savors too much of the schools and too little of the Bible to hold a rightful place among the symbols of Christian faith. And would you know what Christianity is as an experience and a life—what it can do for our poor, weak, struggling, and burdened humanity, look into the hymns. They answer this question so gloriously that the doctrine of a present salvation and a present heaven is fully established and illustrated. As a work on Christian experience, Wesley's hymns are worthy to take their place by the side of the great works of the Christian ages, such as the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

We hail then with delight the extraordinary revival of interest in sacred song, which has taken place in the present generation. No sign of the times is more significant of the pervading and transforming influence of Christianity in the life of the individual and of society. The most sacred memories of the past and the most cherished hopes of the future are daily pouring their music into our common life. That song of the angels which for eighteen centuries has been resounding in our air has become richer and fuller in its harmonies, and to-day it gathers up into itself the experiences of more hearts than ever before,—a truthful prophecy that it shall at last be sung as by the voice of a great multitude, and the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunders: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

"I love to sing when I am glad; song is the echo of my gladness:
I love to sing when I am sad till song makes sweet my very sadness:
'T is pleasant time when voices chime to some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me is company, good company, when I am lonely.

Man first learned song in Paradise, from the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies glad voices are forever ringing.
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear the songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
Till day shall break, and we shall wake where love shall make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing, while yet I may, like him God loved, the sweet-toned Psalmist,
Who found in harp and holy lay the charm that keeps the spirit calmest;
For sadly here I need the cheer, while sinful fear with promise blendeth:
Oh, how I long to join the throng who sing the song that never endeth!"

COUNTRY SOUNDS.

THE birds are not the only untutored musicians in the country, though after listening to a series of four-o'clock-in-the morning concerts, one is ready to say that nothing else in the world is quite so enchanting. The trills, pipes, and quavers, the little snatches of song that introduce the mad chorus, are the most suggestive part of the performance. Lying half awake and listening to these preliminaries fills the mind with the daintiest fancies concerning that sylvan life that goes on so uninterrupted about us.

There are certain mornings when the early sounds of the birds are more suggestive of housekeeping than of music. The air is filled with sharp, scolding, garrulous cries, intimating pretty distinctly that life is not all poetry even among the birds. It reminds one of market day. Such chattering and disputing, such short, strident exclamations sound oddly coming from these ecstatic little creatures, and give one the sort of impression one would get to hear Nilsson scold, or Madame Ristori rave at her waiting-maid.

At this early hour of the day one isn't likely to hear other sounds, unless it be the

cries of those less poetic birds that live in farm-yards. If these are distant enough, they can be tolerated, though the general effect in the midst of a bluebird concert is like the blast of a big trumpet bursting upon the sweetness of flutes.

Unless one stands near them, one is not likely to catch the *swish* of the scythes as they are swung by men in the more difficult places of meadows, but when the workman pauses to use the whetstone, a pleasant ringing sound comes up from the field where the ranks of grass are falling heavily in the swath. Since the mowing-machine has come into use this sound is not heard so often as it used to be when the meadow, with a half-dozen workmen, would be musical with it from morning until night. The chattering bobolinks have a noisier rival nowadays when the mowing-machine moves through the field with such a sharp clatter. At a distance it is less harsh and strident. It is even hardly monotonous if the sound is borne from an irregular surface and by a fitful breeze. To the ear it advances and retreats, swells out and dies away, is alarmingly near or faintly remote, according to the lay of the land or the wind, all the time that the resistless engine is crashing through the tall timothy or redtop, and the big uncut square is growing smaller and smaller.

It is always an amusing study of human nature to observe the cries of men in the fields to their farm animals. After listening to a man talk to his horses and oxen, one feels quite well acquainted with him. The ears of most animals are so sensitive one wonders that some of them are not deafened entirely by the unmeaning din poured into them. I have heard men bawl lustily even to a cow that was moving rapidly in the right direction.

When a shower is coming up, and hay or grain is threatened, it is as good as a play to watch and listen to the field workers. The observer shares in the excitement even if his own clover is not endangered. The game is at its height when the last cock is thrown on the load amid a tumult of shouts, laughter, and execrations, just as a thick mist of rain is seen scudding over the edge of the hill. If the panting horses drive into the barn ahead of the shower, one imagines what it is to win a wager. In the city it is difficult to tell when it is raining unless you are out of doors. The noise of the multitudinous drops is lost in the Babel of the streets; but in the country it affords a variety of pleasant sounds. The most poetic is the quick, strong patter of gusty drops falling on large leaves over one's head. It is like the sudden trampling of tree-fairies, and one looks above expecting to get a sight of them. Gentle, misty rain is almost noiseless; but the pouring Summer showers sometimes come with the noise of a marching army and shake the earth. The tin roofs, the water-spouts and the piazzas, all furnish an individual sound in the uproar, which the ear recognizes as it does single instruments in an orchestra. Rain even at a great distance may sometimes be heard very distinctly. The air is full of a fine, deep roar or reverberation, unlike any thing else in nature. In time of drought, this is the next best music to the dash of rain on one's own potato hills.

Not far from a bridge the sound of loaded wagons crossing is a heavy rattling noise, but a light vehicle rapidly driven rumbles like faint thunder. In the distance, when the air is still, a swift carriage crossing a short bridge sounds like the report of a gun.

If one is given to walking in old pastures or along by-ways, the tinkle of a cow-bell is a familiar and a pleasant sound. It is as full of suggestion as the paths its wearer traverses is of delights. It jingles all day among ranks of wild shrubbery and tangles of vines, alders, young poplars, huckleberry bushes, and fragrant, sweet-fern, with clambering bitter-sweet, woodbine and clematis, all growing in easy neighborhood. It is the haunt of aromatic, spicy growths that one never smells except in such neglected pasture lands.

In Autumn, when the apples are ripening, it is good to hear their dull thud as they fall upon the turf. The whole mellow Autumnal season is in the sound, with its soft, bright days, golden coloring, and rich harvests. If the tree overhangs the roof, and the fruit

falls at night, it suggests ideas far less pastoral and idyllic. In the deep silence, when every sound is magnified tenfold, nothing can be more alarming. The sleeper wakes petrified with terror, just as the apple rebounds and rolls to the earth with harmless clatter.

Sometimes one is conscious of a sound impossible to locate or define. It is a delicate murmur, which seems to come from nowhere in particular, but which is as unmistakable as the more blatant noises that smite the ear. It comes from a multitude of sources, and is recognizable only in a peculiar stillness of the atmosphere. This tissue or gossamer sound is the nearest to fine hearing that we mortals ever get, and it sets one thinking of what George Eliot, calls "the roar that lies on the other side of silence."

Almost any time in the country the noise of a hammer driving nails can be heard; it is a thrifty sound, suggesting well kept fences and gates, carefully mended farm implements and things generally kept in repair. The farmer whose hammer is bright with frequent use, is likely to have fertile fields, and to make a good show of vegetables and stock at the agricultural fair. In the Fall when the barns are full of hay and grain, the music of the flails resounds through the air, and inspirits like a military march. The wood-chopper's ax is not nearly so musical an instrument; but in bright, frosty weather, it makes a clear, ringing sound on the bare hill-sides. There is an endless fascination in waiting for the report to reach the ear after the eye has seen the blow fall. In the distance it seems to play a kind of game tag in which the sound never succeeds in quite catching up with the ax.

When a big tree falls in the forest the whole neighborhood is roused by the uproar. One fancies how it must alarm the thousands of quick-eared creatures in the woods. I remember the fall of a tree at night fall of an early Winter day. The place was one where nature was in her wildest mood, which the road running past only emphasized. It was as if a dozen mighty temples had fallen together in a huge shapeless mass; vast unhewn rocks hung beetling over the sides, their ledges hardly affording nutriment enough for a stunted pine to take root in. The rude majesty of the place almost stopped the breath. A tiny fall of water tumbled down between the rocks, paused at their foot in a natural basin, and crossed the road into a ditch. Across the fields was a long curving line of rugged hills closing up the view north and south. The western horizon was an intense clear gold; and the saplings of young trees growing along the road were outlined in delicate tracery against it. A woodman's ax somewhere on the other side of the rocky hill, filled the lonely, savage place with wild echoes; but when the tree at last fell, the crash seemed to shake the whole world. The ponderous rocks groaned with the concussion, and the amphitheater opposite roared like an angry lion. This sound was thrown back and forth from the walls of stone in a succession of discharges, and a long series of reverberations rolled from cliff to cliff, as if reluctant to die away at last in faint vibrations among remote hills. When they seemed to have expired altogether, deep, delicate tremors of sound still returned, and shook themselves out airily in invisible distances. It was something to listen to with bated breath and to remember for a life-time.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE LIFE AND WORDS OF CHRIST.*

THE life-history of Jesus Christ must ever remain the noblest and most fruitful study for all men of every age. It is admitted, even by those of other faiths [and by those of no faith], that he was at once a great teacher and a living illustration of the truths he taught. The Mohammedan would give him the high title of *Masih* (Messiah), and set him above all the prophets. [All the better class of] the Jews confess admiration of his character and words as exhibited in the Gospels. Nor is there any hesitation among the great intellects of different ages, whatever their special positions towards Christianity—whether its humble disciples, or openly opposed to it, or carelessly indifferent, or vaguely latitudinarian. [The great master minds of modern literature, however they may differ in all else, are agreed in their testimonies to the exalted character of Christ.] We all know how lowly a reverence is paid to him in passage after passage by Shakespeare, the greatest intellect known in its wide and many-sided splendor. Men like Galileo, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, and Milton, set the name of Jesus Christ above every other. To show that no other subject of study can claim an equal interest, Jean Paul Richter tells us that "the life of Christ concerns him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with pierced hands empires off their hinges and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel and still governs the ages." Spinoza calls Christ the symbol of divine wisdom; Kant and Jacobi hold him up as the symbol of ideal perfection, and Schelling and Hegel as that of the union of the divine and human. "I esteem the Gospels," says Gœthe, "to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendor of a sublimity proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a kind as only the divine could have manifested upon earth." "How petty are the books of the philosophers, with all their pomp," says Rousseau, "compared with the Gospels! Can it be that writings at once so sublime and so simple are the work of men? Can he whose life they tell be himself no more than a mere man? Is there any thing in his character of the enthusiast or the ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his ways; what touching grace in his teachings; what a loftiness in his maxims; what profound wisdom in his words; what presence of mind; what delicacy and aptness in his replies; what an empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die without weakness and without display? My friend, men do not invent like this; and the facts respecting Socrates, which no one doubts, are not so well attested as those about Jesus Christ. Those Jews could never have struck this tone, or thought of this morality; and the Gospels have characteristics of truthfulness so grand, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that their inventors would be even more wonderful than he whom they portray." "Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God."

"Jesus of Nazareth, our divinest symbol," says Thomas Carlyle. "Higher has the human thought not yet reached!" A symbol of quite perennial, infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest." Dr. Channing, the foremost man among American Unitarians, is equally marked in his words. "The character of Jesus," says he, "is wholly inexplicable on human principles." Matthias

*The following pages comprise the introductory chapter of Rev. Cunningham Geikie's great work with the above title (D. Appleton & Company, 2 volumes, octavo), slightly abridged and changed in a few unimportant particulars.—ED. N. R.

Claudius, one of the people's poets of Germany, last century, writes to a friend, "No one ever thus loved [as Christ did], nor did any thing so truly great and good as the Bible tells us of him ever enter into the heart of man. It is a holy form which rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night and satisfies his innermost cravings, his most secret yearnings and hopes." "Jesus Christ," says that exquisite genius, Herder, "is, in the noblest and most perfect sense, the realized ideal of humanity." The first Napoleon, conversing among his attendants at St. Helena respecting the great historical characters of the world and comparing Christ with them, remarked: "I think I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man, but not one is like him. Jesus Christ was more than a man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him." At another time he said: "The Gospel is no mere book, but a living creature, with a vigor, a power, that conquers all that opposes it. . . . The soul charmed with the beauty of the Gospel is no longer its own; God possesses it entirely. He directs its thoughts and faculties; it is his. What a proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ! Yet in this absolute sovereignty he has but one aim—the spiritual perfection of the individual, the purification of his conscience, his union with what is true, the salvation of his soul. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws men to himself for their highest good; who unites to himself, incorporates into himself, not a nation, but the whole human race."

Among all the Biblical critics of Germany, no one has risen with an intellect more piercing, a learning more vast, and a freedom and fearlessness more unquestioned, than De Wette. [Indeed, his freedom has seemed to many to approach to temerity, and his fearlessness to irreverence.] Yet, listen to one of his sentences: "This only I know, that there is salvation in no other name than in the name of Jesus Christ, the crucified, and that nothing loftier offers itself to humanity, than the God-man-hood realized in him and the kingdom of God which he founded,—an idea and problem not yet rightly understood and incorporated into the life even of those who, in other respects, justly rank as the most zealous and the warmest Christians. Were Christ in deed and in truth our Life, how could such a falling away from him be possible? Those in whom he lived would witness so mightily for him through their whole life, whether spoken or acted, that unbelief would be forced to silence."

Nor is the incidental testimony to Christ of those who have openly acknowledged their supreme devotion to him less striking. There have been martyrs to many creeds; but what religion ever saw an army of martyrs willingly dying for the personal love they bore to the founder of their faith? Yet this has always been the characteristic of the martyrs of Christianity, from the days when, as tradition tells us, Peter was led to crucifixion with the words ever upon his lips, "None but Christ; none but Christ!" or when the aged Polycarp, about to be burned alive in the amphitheater of Smyrna, answered the governor who sought to make him revile Christ, "Eighty and six years have I served him and he never did me wrong, and how can I now blaspheme my King who has saved me?" Nearly seventeen hundred years later, a man of high culture and intellect lies dying, the native of an island peopled only by outside barbarians in the days of Polycarp. The attendants see his lips move, and bending over him, catch the faint sounds, "Jesus; love! Jesus; love!—the same thing!" and with these words he ceased to live. It was the death-bed of Sir James Mackintosh. The character of Christ has continued all through the ages to command the deepest affections of the heart among persons of all classes and conditions of culture and enlightenment; and such a character must, therefore, above all others, claim our reverent and thoughtful study. Nor will it be a difficult matter to detect the characteristics by which it attracts such intense and permanent admiration. Let us see what they were: In an age when the ideal of the religious life was realized in the Baptist's withdrawing from men and burying himself in the ascetic solitudes of the desert, Christ came bringing religion into the haunts and homes and the every-day life of men. For the mortifications of the hermit he substituted the labors of active benevolence; for the fears and gloom which shrank from men he brought

the light of a cheerful piety which made every act of daily life religious. He found the domain of religion fenced off as something distinct from common duties, and he threw down the wall of separation and consecrated the whole sweep of existence. He lived a man amongst men, sharing alike their joys and their sorrows, dignifying the humblest details of life by making them subordinate to the single aim of his Father's glory. Henceforth the good revolution was inaugurated which taught that religion does not lie in selfish or morbid devotion to personal interests, whether in the desert or the temple, but in loving work and self-sacrifice for others.

The absolute unselfishness of Christ's character is, indeed, its unique charm. His own life is self-denial throughout, and he makes the same spirit the test of all healthy religious life. It is he who said "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" who reminds us that life, like the wheat, yields fruit by its own dying; who gave us the ideal of life in his own absolute self-oblivion. We feel instinctively that this Gospel of love alone is divine, and that we can not withhold our homage from the only perfectly unselfish life ever seen on earth.

Though the most condescending of beings, he still maintained his own regal character, and spoke and acted with authority; and while demanding the most intense holiness of character and life, and detecting and condemning sin with unsparing severity, he never, either directly or by implication, recognized sin in himself. He demands repentance from all, but never for a moment hints at any need of it for himself. With all his matchless lowliness, he advances personal claims which, in a mere man, would be the very delirium of religious pride. He was divinely patient under every form of suffering—a homeless life, hunger and thirst, craft and violence, meanness and pride, the taunts of enemies and the betrayal of friends, ending in an ignominious death—nothing of all this for a moment turned him from his chosen path of love and pity. His last words, like his whole life, was a prayer for those who returned him evil for good. His absolute superiority to every thing narrow or local, so that he, a Jew, founds a religion in which all mankind are a common brotherhood equal before God; the dignity, calmness, and self-possession before rulers, priests, and governors, which sets him immeasurably above them; his freedom from superstition in an age which was superstitious almost beyond example; his superiority to the merely external and ritual in an age when rites and externals were the sum of religion,—all these considerations, to mention no others, explain the mysterious attraction of his character, even when looked at only as that of an ideal MAN.

When from his character we turn to his teachings, the claims of his life on our reverent study are still further strengthened. To him we owe the expansion of whatever was vital in ancient Judaism from the creed of a tribe to a religion for the world. The Old Testament reveals a sublime and touching description of God as the Creator and the all-wise and almighty Ruler of all things; as the God in whose hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind; the God of providence, on whom the eyes of all creatures wait, and who gives them their meat in due season; as a Being of infinite majesty, who will by no means clear the guilty, but yet is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; as keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and as pitying them that fear him like as a father pitieth his children. But it was reserved for Christ to bring the character of God, as a *God of Love*, into full noonday light in his so loving the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. In the New Testament he is first called Our Father in Heaven—the Father of all mankind. The Old Testament proclaimed him the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the PORTION of Israel; Christ points the eyes of all nations to him as the God of the whole human race.

The fundamental principles of Christianity are as new and as sublime as this grand conception of God, and spring directly from it. The highest ideal of man must ever be that his soul reflects the image of his Creator, and that image can only be that of pure, all-embracing love to God and man—for God is love. Outward service alone is of no value; the pure heart only loves aright; it only reflects the divine likeness; for purity and love are the same in the eternal. A religion resting on

such a basis bears the seal of heaven. But this divine law constitutes Christianity.

The morality taught by Christ is in keeping with such fundamental demands. Since love is the fulfilling of the law there can be no limitation to duty but that of power. It can only be bounded by our possibilities of performance, and that not in the letter, but in spirit and in truth, both towards God and our neighbor. The perfect holiness of God can alone be the standard of our aspiration; for love means obedience, and can not look upon sin. To be a perfect Christian is to be a sinless man—sinless through the obedience of perfect love. Such a morality has the seal of the living God on its forehead.

In order to realize our obligation to Christ in these things it must be remembered that nothing of the kind had before him been known among men. Antiquity outside of the Jewish world had no conception of what we call sin. There was no word in the Greek language for what we mean by it; the expression for it [in that language] is synonymous with physical evil. There was either no guilt in an action, or the deity was to blame, or the action was irresistible. Priests and people had no aim or desire in sacrifices, prayers, or festivals, beyond the removal of a defilement, not considered as a moral, but a physical stain; and they attributed a magical effect to propitiatory rites through which they thought to obtain that removal; this effect being sure to follow if there was no omission in the rite, even though the will remained consciously inclined to evil.

The Roman was as destitute of any proper conception of sin as was the Greek. Even such moralists as Seneca had only a blind spiritual pride, which confounded God and nature, and regarded man—the crown of nature and its most perfect work—as God's equal, or even his superior, for the divine nature in his creed reaches perfection in man only. Every man, he tells us, carries God about with him in his bosom; in one aspect of his being he is God—virtue is only the following of his nature, and men's vices are only madness. Compare with this the vision of God—high and lifted up—of awful holiness, but of infinite love—and the doctrine of human responsibility, which the heart itself re-echoes—as taught by Christ, and then the study of his life becomes the loftiest of human duties.

The belief in a future life, with its light or shadow depending on a future judgment is now part of the creed of the world; and for this belief, as an assured reality, we are indebted to the teachings of Christ. Judaism, at least in its later times, had heard and accepted that revelation, but it was held as pertaining only to Israel; and from its character, as an ethnic religion, Judaism could never have given the doctrine of immortality to this world. But the pagan nations at the time of Christ had ceased to have any definite ideas of any thing beyond the present life. At the best, the question of immortality was an open one, the dream of poets, and the aspirations of philosophers, but certainly not the common faith. Christ brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, so that wherever the Gospel has penetrated man is recognized as a living soul, and destined to an endless existence.

Doctrines, such as these, illustrated by such a life, and crowned by a death, which he himself proclaimed to be a voluntary offering "for the life of the world," could not fail to have a mighty influence, and such has been its record from the beginning. The leaven thus cast into the mass of humanity has already largely transformed society, and is destined to affect it for good, in ever-increasing measure, and in all directions.

The one grand doctrine of the brotherhood of man, as man—which is rather the outgrowth of the essential spirit of Christianity, than one of its specific doctrines—is in itself the pledge of infinite results. The seminal principle of all true progress must ever be found in a proper sense of the inherent dignity of manhood; in the realization of the truth that the whole human race are essentially equal in their faculties, nature, and inalienable rights. But such an idea was unknown to antiquity. The Jews esteemed themselves the exclusive favorites of heaven, and a learned rabbi only expressed the common opinion of the nation when he said, "a single Israelite is of more worth in the sight of God than all the nations of the world;" every Israelite is of more value before him than all the nations that have been or will be. To the Greek, the word "humanity," as the

common designation of the race of mankind, was unknown; and all nations except his own were regarded and despised as "barbarians." Socrates only gave expression to the general feeling of his countrymen when he thanked the gods that he was a man and not a beast, male and not female, *Greek and not barbarian.* The Romans, as a military people, considered all beyond their own state as *hostes*—enemies, between whom and themselves there could be only unfriendly relations. Antiquity had no conception of a religion that could, by adapting itself to men of all nationalities, and antagonizing all forms of vice, be suited to the wants of all humanity. It was even objected to Christianity that its folly was patent, from its seeking to introduce one religion for all races.

It was thus left to Christ to proclaim the brotherhood of all nations by revealing God as their common Father in heaven, filled with a father's love towards them all alike; by his commission to preach the Gospel to all; by his inviting all who "labor and are heavy laden," to come to him for rest; by receiving the woman of Samaria, and her of Canaan; by making himself the friend of publicans and sinners; by his equal sympathy with the slave, the beggar, and the ruler; and above all, by his picture of all nations gathered to judgment at the great day, with no distinction of race or rank. In this great principle of the essential equality of man and his responsibility to God lie hid the grand truths, which, though even yet but imperfectly realized, are destined to transform society and revolutionize the world.

To this universal relation of God to each and all alike do we owe the conception of the rights of the individual conscience as opposed to any outward authority. The play of individuality, which alone secures and exemplifies those rights, was not even dreamed of before Christ came. Till then the state was every thing, the man nothing. There were no laws recognized above those of the state, and even personal freedom existed as a boon bestowed rather than a natural right recognized and confessed. Christ's words, "One is your Teacher, and all ye are brethren;" "One is your Father even the Heavenly;" "One is your guide, even Christ," were the inauguration of a social and moral revolution.

The slave, before Christ came, was simply a piece of property wholly without rights, and usually of less worth than lands or cattle. An old Roman law decreed the penalty of death for killing a plowing ox, but made no account of the killing of a slave. Ten thousand slaves were crucified at one time for having taken part in an insurrection. Augustus doomed thirty thousand to execution who had fought in the army of Pompey; and Trajan, the best of the Romans of his day, made ten thousand slaves fight each other in the amphitheater for the amusement of the populace till all were slain. The great truth of man's universal brotherhood, taught by Christ, was the ax laid at the root of this detestable crime—the sum of all villanies. By asserting the rights of humanity for the slave, because he is a man, Christianity first of all infused kindness into his lot, and by degrees undermined the whole system of slavery, till at last the man-owner has ceased from among the civilized nations of the earth. At scarcely any other point was man's cupidity and injustice so long able to resist the plain precepts and spirit of the Gospel; but even that mighty Dagon has at length fallen before the Lord.

In teaching the brotherhood of man Christianity sets its brand of condemnation upon the spirit and practice of war, except in defense of the public peace and personal safety. Wherever that teaching has not been received, and its better influences felt in society, a chronic state of war has seemed to be the normal condition of society, and the right of conqueror over his victims has been held to be absolutely unlimited—to kill, or to spare—to enslave or to torture at his pleasure. But the voice of Christ, commanding peace on earth, has echoed through all the centuries since his day, and though wars are still waged—for the Gospel is as yet only partially effective—yet are they less frequent than before, and many of their worst horrors have been greatly mitigated. Pagan Europe was for untold ages a vast battle-field where men remorselessly preyed upon their kind, and the sparsely populated countries were held back from improvement, and the population from increase, because of their mutual conflicts and internecine slaughters. Europe, nominally and partially Christianized, has risen in wealth, in culture, in civilization, in morals and good government, and

commensurate with the increase of these, its population has been increased and reduplicated. Much yet remains, indeed, to be accomplished before there can be a full realization of the grand design of the Gospel to establish "peace on earth and good will towards [or among] men;" but enough has been done to demonstrate its power and tendency to cause wars to cease from the earth.

To the poor and destitute of the earth the doctrine of the universal brotherhood is especially valuable and precious. Poverty was, in all heathen lands, scarcely less to be dreaded than slavery itself, and even among the Jews the poor were thought to be justly bearing the penalty of their own or their forefathers' sins. Of the many rich men in imperial Rome, though they could squander untold amounts in almost every conceivable way, no one ever conceived the notion of founding an asylum for the poor, or a hospital for the sick. The streets of their cities swarmed with beggars who were esteemed and treated much in the same way that the dogs are treated in all Eastern cities. Seneca mentions them only to observe that men throw alms to them with repugnance, and carefully avoid all contact with them. The idea of a common brotherhood with such creatures, if suggested, was sure to be repelled with scorn and loathing. But Christ not only taught that to them belonged the common rights of humanity, but he made the poor of this world his own peculiar representatives, for all after-times, when he declared "Inasmuch as ye have done it [shown mercy] unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The abject and forlorn received a charter of human rights, when he proclaimed that all men are brethren, and sons of the same Almighty Father.

Last of all, it is to be noticed that to the feebler and more dependent half of the human race—the female portion—the Gospel comes as a friend and deliverer. The condition of WOMAN in all other than Christian lands is little if any better than that of a slave. If married she is simply the property of her husband; if unmarried the plaything of his caprices and lusts—but in no case his equal. The mutual obligations of married life, which is the glory and strength of any people, are not thought of as binding upon men; and the utter impurity of the men reacts in a similar self-degradation of the other sex. St. Paul used no exaggerated or strange language—but such as only set forth what every body knew to be true—when he wrote the well-known verses in the opening of the Epistle to the Romans. The barbarians of the forests of Germany, alone of the heathen world, retained a worthy sense of the true dignity of woman. The traditions of a purer time—the after-glow of a light that had every-where else gone out—seemed still to have lingered among these simple children of the forests of the North. But Jesus Christ came to revive and re-enforce these lost traditions of earlier and purer times. Marriage was, by him, declared to be incapable of dissolution except as the punishment of the highest of crimes. Woman was by him raised to equal (if not identical) honors with man. Polygamy, the fruitful source of social corruption, was forbidden, and in the Christian law of marriage was also embodied the charter of the Christian family, where the husband and wife meet as equals, each honoring the other, and both training their children amidst the sanctities of their "home."

The enforcement of these and kindred teachings, destined to regenerate humanity, required lofty sanctions, and all these are given in the largest abundance in the teachings and the personal acts of him who came into our world both to redeem humanity by his sacrifice of himself, and to regenerate it by the power and the spirit of the truth which he proclaimed. While, therefore, the mysterious dignity of his divine character—God manifest in the flesh—and the stupendous manifestation of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," may fitly challenge our worship, Christ's life and sayings, alike unique among men, deserve our reverent study.

"His birth, and the story of his life," said the great Napoleon; "the profoundness of his doctrines, which overturns all difficulties, and is their most complete solution; his Gospel, the singularity of his mysterious being, his appearance, his empire, his progress through all centuries and kingdoms; all this is to me a prodigy, an unfathomable mystery." To the "wise and prudent" of this world, the life and the words of Christ must ever remain a hidden mystery; but to the humble and believing they are, though still a great mystery, yet a mystery revealed in its saving power.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AMERICAN ART IN ITALY.—Florence has recently endeared itself to us anew. Americans have long looked to that beautiful and once republican city as the most attractive spot in all the sunny lands of Europe. More than five centuries ago the power and wealth of the Medicis gave it treasures and resources, and put at its doors all the attractions and accomplishments of Western antiquity and of Eastern splendor. Florence then quickened the whole world with its commercial spirit. The Florentines wove in silk and wool; they made jewelry for the Western world, and transacted the banking for European commerce. Their gold florin, first coined in A. D. 1252, became the standard currency of Europe. The Florentines, too, supported the largest school of art then known. Their library contained the largest number of manuscripts of celebrated authors, and their museum all that was regarded as most excellent in sculpture and painting. The Tuscan or Florentine school of art had its birth about the time the florin was first coined, and from its beginnings with Cimabue (1240–1302), steadily rose in brilliancy for nearly four hundred years. The greatest masters of modern art were Tuscan. Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), Michael Angelo (1474–1564), Giorgio Vasari (1512–1574), and others of perhaps lesser luster only when contrasted with the greatest of luminaries, belong to it. In short, Florence in course of time became the scene of some of the most brilliant triumphs ever won by brush or chisel. In more modern times the art fame of Italy has waned. Florence has lost like Rome and Venice. Yet the Tuscan capital has always remained attractive to Americans. In its bosom rest the remains of several of our most distinguished countrymen. Within its walls dwell many illustrious Americans at this day. As an art center it still vies with the city by the Tiber for supremacy. The late Joel Hart, the American sculptor, *par excellence*, preferred Florence to Rome. So did Powers. Both of these great lights have recently gone out. We are reminded of them by the exhibition at Florence of Hart's posthumous work, "Woman Triumphant." This superior production by one of our most beloved sons shows how much Florence has done for American talent, and we are drawn closer than we ever were to her. But as to this last effort by Joel Hart. What a sincere artist he was! How true to his ideal of art, and how much his life was given to its embodiment! Twenty years ago he conceived the idea of this, his favorite statue, and at his death, in 1877, it was still in clay. Other works came to maturity, and were sent to their destinations, but this never left his hands. Friends and critics came and praised, but he was never satisfied; like one greater than himself, yet with like aspirations, his "ideal" was always beyond his "real." The figure is that of a maiden who has stolen the arrow from a weeping love, and dances along, holding it triumphantly above her head. Eros, standing on tiptoe at her feet, stretches his hands imploringly to reach it, but in vain. The molding of the figures is, by the *Art Magazine* (published by Petter, Cassell, & Galpin), pronounced as excellent, the child's being especially lovely. The face of the girl is very expressive, although the artist himself was wont to say he "would not let it leave his hands till he had given it the subtle mixture of maiden purity and arch triumph which existed in his mental ideal." "The arch triumph," says the *Magazine*, "is certainly there, and great sweetness, too." Hart's executors, who put this work in marble, deserve the thanks of every patriotic and art-loving American. It is a work evidently that will enhance the already brilliant reputation of this greatly lamented artist, and bring our nation honor from the art-loving world.

ART APPLIED TO INDUSTRY.—The need of our age is the more consistent educational training of our girls. The *soi-disant* accomplishments are any thing but desirable acquisitions. A mastery of French and German, obtained at a boarding-school where these languages are "spoken at table," or "the constant media of communications," means nothing more nor less than the memorizing of a few phrases—a mere smattering of the tongue. Instead of devotion to the literature and

structure of the language, time is wasted to get enough with which to make a parade—much ado out of nothing. How much better it would be for the country if the time thus wasted were employed in a more practical manner, and to more serviceable purpose! One of the needs of our hard times is the establishment of such an institution as the "Royal School for Needle-work" of South Kensington, England. Visitors at the Centennial will readily recall the magnificent display made in the women's pavilion by these busy-bodies of England. Instead of wagging their tongues at idle talk, they ply their busy fingers to the application of a most beautiful industrial art, and acquire a knowledge of art taste that is very wonderful.

A MODERN CHURCH FATHER REMEMBERED.—Scotland holds no man's memory dearer than that of the Rev. Dr. Thos. Chalmers. Among its philosophers, and they are not few, nor of the merely common order; among its preachers, and they count among the most powerful in evangelical Christianity; among its philanthropists, and their number is legion, and their fame in all the world's modern history; the pastor of the Free Church, and the professor of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and of Edinburgh College, and the founder of the Free Kirk stands first always. It is now thirty-one years since Edinburgh was startled by the intelligence of its loss of this accomplished man and sturdy character. Yet she has not forgotten his life and works. The flight of time has only helped to endear his memory. Last year it was resolved to erect in the modern Athens a bronze statue of "good old Doctor Chalmers." It has recently been placed in one of the most thronged thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and stands there to remind the passer-by of the immortality of great deeds. The statue is twelve feet in height and represents the Doctor in the dress of a moderator of the general assembly, with an open Bible in his hand, as if giving an exposition. The representation of Dr. Chalmers in his official relation to the great religious body which he founded in 1843, when he left the Scottish establishment with four hundred of his co-laborers—the pride and power of the ancient Church—is only appropriate. For it was by the infusion of his own untiring energy into every class, rank, and age, that the stupendous structure of the Free Church of Scotland went up like Aladdin's palace, as it were, in a single night, and the world stood amazed at the unparalleled spectacle. But why the good Doctor should have been presented also in the rôle of an expositor is more than we can understand. Of all his labors, his exegetical are of least account. His "Lectures on Romans," and still more fully his "Posthumous Works," prove that his excursions into this vast field were but short and narrow in their range.

THE treaty of Berlin has not proved so productive of peace as was hoped by those who made it; and simultaneously with the movements of United Europe Great Britain seems to be actively pushing her own advantages. It is rumored that the bases of a new treaty between England and the Porte have been settled, giving England a protectorate over Egypt, and that France consents to the treaty and will take a part in the management of the finances. It is also stated at Constantinople that the Porte will not only accept the English programme of reforms for Asia Minor, but will shortly issue a proclamation extending it to the whole empire.

The European Embassadors have felt compelled to make representations to the Porte in consequence of the demands made by the Armenian Archbishop of Erzeroum for the protection of the Christians, who are threatened by the Mussulmans. Thirty thousand Russians have entered Batoum.

Trouble seems to be apprehended in Scutari. The Governor has taken measures to protect the Greek and Austrian Consuls against any attacks of the Albanians. The difficulty of bringing about the necessary reforms in Asia Minor is increased by the jealousy of the Sultan, who recently made significant remarks in reference to semi-independent Indian Princes. The Sultan still considers Midhat Pasha dangerous and ambitious. In Greece active preparations are on foot for sharp work in the near future. Measures have been taken to enable the formation of an expeditionary corps of 100,000 men.

News comes from Bosnia that the Austrian re-enforcements have begun offensive operations against the Bosnian intrenchments on the banks of the Save. The fighting so far has

been indecisive. Trustworthy reports show that the Austrian losses, between the 4th and 9th of September, were about one hundred officers and three thousand men. It seems to be the design of Austria to crush the resistance in Bosnia by overwhelming masses. It is rumored that half the Austrian army will be employed. Bercka, on the Save, was being bombarded and it was hoped would soon surrender. Russia has urged Austria to declare the annexation of Bosnia; but Austria adheres to occupation, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin.

Serious disorders are also reported from other parts of European Turkey. The Albanian insurgents have assassinated the Governor of Ipeka and ten other officials. Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was sent to pacify Albania, was mobbed at Yacova, a town sixty-seven miles north-east of Scutari. He fled from the place and took refuge in a shed; but was pursued by the Albanians, who called upon him to organize an attack against the Austrians. Upon refusing to comply with this demand, Mehemet Ali and twenty members of his suite were massacred. The insurgents afterward fired the house containing the dead body of the pasha.

The Russians, it is said, are reconnoitering the Transylvanian frontier, and the Roumanians have been warned to be prepared to make sacrifices in the event of a rupture between Austria and Russia.. It is also rumored that a treaty has been concluded whereby Servia, in consideration of a subsidy of 250,000 rubles monthly, undertakes to maintain 40,000 men on the Albanian or any other frontier Russia may appoint.

SPAIN is not a closed door to evangelical Christianity, however much the Romanists may labor to make it so. Though France has opened the door wide and Italy has left the gate ajar, Spain is reported to have asked during the last ten years for more Bibles, proportionally to its population, than the other two Romish nations.

ART.

HOUSE DECORATION.

A MOST noteworthy revival of interest in the internal decoration of residences—especially country residences—has occurred within the last fifteen years. To any one who may have had occasion to visit some of the great house decorating establishments of Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, the sumptuousness and princely elegance of these furnishings seem marvelous in the extreme. When a modest man inquires as to the possibility of indulging his own taste a little in his unpretentious home, his hopes vanish instantly as the thousands of dollars are counted up in the purchase of a few small articles of adornment, and his ardor for art culture in the family circle experiences a most unpleasant chill.

It is very evident to any careful student of present tendencies that there is great danger that decoration will be overdone. When we are told that some of the superb homes along the Hudson, and many in the interior and even on the Pacific Slope, have absorbed from $150,000 to $300,000 in decoration and furnishings alone, and that a well-known clergyman has spent the Summer months on an extensive lecture tour—away from his Church—in order to be able to finish the decorations of his elegant villa among the Highlands, we may well stop to inquire whether there has not come a degeneracy rather than an elevation and purification of taste. Many seem to forget that excess is unartistic. True art leaves the mind in a condition of *healthful* invigoration. It is that kind of invigoration which results from the harmonious blending of a large number of elements, any one of which, if in excess, would interfere with the accomplishment of an artistic purpose. It is this nice balancing of forces, this poise, this quiet confidence which comes from the consciousness of having the whole subject under thorough control, which are the necessary conditions of success. A truly artistic work must reveal to the beholder this condition and mental state of the artist. The end of art is not to produce surprise, or create gaping wonder. This is an ignoble aim, which may be attained by the ignorant and vulgar.

Right here lies the danger of the present rage for interior decoration. It is liable to be pushed to an unwarrantable excess, and the result may be mere glitter or an offensive tawdriness. Color has a most important mission; but this mission is too often ignored, or utterly misunderstood. Like the administration of drugs, well calculated to restore the suffering to health and vigor if used in proper quantities and under appropriate conditions of the system, color may be made to contribute to our highest pleasure and æsthetic delight: but improperly commingled and thoughtlessly worked, the effects may be repulsive to all genuinely cultivated people.

Another too prevalent evil of modern interior decoration is that of excessive detail, or of overcrowding the wall surfaces or the space to be used with such a multitude of objects as will confuse and obscure. The designs which are exhibited by decorators lie open too often to this charge. That simplicity and unity, which are essential to best artistic results, are too frequently sacrificed. Dignity and chasteness are forgotten. The ceilings too frequently blaze with color, or dazzle with gold. No central, controlling, thought can be discovered in all this luxuriance of display. The eye tires, the mind wearies in the attempt, to solve the complicated enigma, or to trace the labyrinthian maze of lines and figures. The walls are covered with objects—many of immense costliness—without regard to theme or lesson. Furniture, porcelain, bric-a-brac, representing a mint of money, are thrown together as in some old curiosity shop, or like cast-off materials, in a garret.

Another tendency greatly to be deprecated is the frequent introduction of Japanese, Chinese, or Indian styles into our American interiors. Nothing can be more absurd, nothing more slavish. These styles are thoroughly exotic. Like all exotics they may be placed where they can be studied as products of a foreign clime; but to make Japanese interiors at all tolerable and harmonious, you should introduce into the house Japanese residents, and Japanese dress, with all its extravagance of color, and have all the exterior accord in form and teaching with the interior. This vice is strangely prevalent in carpets, rugs, vases, plates, etc., and is thoroughly destructive of all true taste. A Japanese house or a Chinese temple in the midst of our sober landscapes, built by a sober American carpenter, would strike us as unpleasantly as the planting of tropical exotics in the lawn; we should feel that both would need to be brought into a hot-house to shield them from the rigors of our Winters. Just so an Indian interior in the presence of a rousing fire in the grate, presents a contrast most painful to the taste of the thorough artist. Such extravagances, such contradictions, such inharmonious elements must be exposed and ridiculed and weeded out, else these fabulous sums of money are to be the means of creating gross monstrosities and not those things of beauty which are a joy forever.

THEODORE THOMAS AND THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL COLLEGE.

New York has woke up to find her most finished and enthusiastic orchestral leader gone—because an interior town has outbid the national metropolis for the first musical organizing talent of this country. True, while New York has been *talking* of a musical college, and much was expected of one of her citizens, Cincinnati has gone and *done* it, and now puts at the head of its faculty the man who has done more than any other one in this country to tune up the public musical taste by his masterly rendering of the best classical music before large miscellaneous audiences. This masterly stroke of policy on the part of the Cincinnati College is in keeping with the generous provisions which have long characterized the directors of music in that city. Some of the grandest and most successful musical entertainments ever attempted in this land have been connected with Cincinnati; and now the munificent endowment of this school of music, and the policy to be pursued in its management, as briefly shadowed forth in the letter of acceptance of Mr. Thomas, give good ground to believe that the time is near at hand when there will no longer exist any necessity to visit Europe in order to secure the highest and most finished musical training. "The faculty must consist of professors eminent in their departments of instruction," says the able director in his letter of acceptance. "The formation of a college, such as you propose, realizes one of my most cherished hopes, and I shall work hard to make it superior in

all branches of musical education." This pledge, in the light of Mr. Thomas's history, means much more than the simple words would indicate. The skill, the energy, the sacrifice of time and money, the persistence of purpose along one line of endeavor, unmindful of the opposition and sneers of smaller men, the achieved success, the handsome recognition by all honest men of his superiority and worth—all these promise much, very much, for the future of the College of Music of Cincinnati. It is to be sincerely hoped that no unreasonable trammels or petty restrictions will be imposed upon Mr. Thomas, which will in any wise irritate his feelings, or to any degree prevent the realization of his most cherished plans. Let him have a clear field, and a fair trial of the possibilities of developing in this country an institution equal in all regards to the most honored conservatories of the Old World.

OPERA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PRUSSIA in 1778—at that time a pure despotism, ruled as to its entire population, like Frederick's own orchestra, with a stick—paid more attention to operatic matters, though infinitely less to music as an art, than it does now. The king's knowledge of music seems to have been about equal to his genius for poetry; and as Voltaire, after he had quarreled with Frederick, sneered at his majesty's French verses, so musicians who had been employed in the royal band, and who had given the royal bandmaster private lessons, informed the world, after leaving the king's service, how indifferently his majesty played the flute. Sovereigns are perhaps more modest now; certainly, they possess better taste than distinguished some members of their order toward the end of the last century. Joseph II had the audacity to tell Mozart that in his "Marriage de Figaro" there were "too many notes," which drew from the justly offended composer the reply, that it contained "precisely the right number." Frederick the Great, although barely able to read a score, used to conduct the orchestral execution of important works; and combining the functions of operatic manager with those of musical director, engaged his own artists; and when, whether from indisposition or pure caprice, they declared themselves unable to sing, sent soldiers to arrest them and bring them by force to the theater. The Empress Catherine, with all her faults, had too much womanly feeling and too much tact to impose commands or even counsels upon Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other musical celebrities whom she invited to her court. Indeed, on one occasion, when the Russian Empress made some observation to the famous Gabrielli on the subject of the terms demanded by that *prima donna*, pointing out to her that she was asking a higher salary than any Russian field-marshal received, the Italian vocalist is said to have replied to the Russian czarina that she "had better get a field-marshal to sing." No singer, however eminent, would have ventured to make such an answer to Frederick, who rather piqued himself on his ability to keep vocalists in their proper place. This, as no less an authority than Dr. Burney has informed us, he was able to do in more than one sense of the word. The king officiated when Dr. Burney was in Berlin, just one hundred years ago, as general conductor, "standing in the pit behind the *chef d' orchestre*, so as to have a view of the score, and drilling his troops in true military fashion." If any mistake was committed on the stage or in the orchestra, the king stopped the offender and admonished him; while, if he ventured to alter a single passage in his part, the king "severely reprimanded him, and ordered him to keep to the notes written by the composer."

Italy, however, a hundred years ago, was the great nursery of music. Her composers, as represented by Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmo, Pergolese, and Piccini, visited the chief European capitals, as those capitals are visited in the present day by the great Italian singers. Not that in the last century the Italian singers abstained from making tours. But Italy now sends out only singers, whereas a hundred years ago every country in Europe looked to Italy not only for singers, but also for composers, who traveled to the principal courts and the most celebrated opera-houses to superintend the performance of their own works. The Italian opera of those days was scarcely a more intellectual entertainment than it is now. So at least it would seem, from an account of the operatic performances of his time left by an ingenious Italian author who was contemporary of Cimarosa and Paisiello. The operatic dramatist or librettist had already learned

not to allow himself to be hampered by conditions of time, place, unity, or probability. The ordinary incidents and scenes of the eighteenth century librettist were "dungeons, daggers, poison, boar-hunts, earthquakes, sacrifices, madness, and so on." If a husband and wife were discovered in prison, and one of them had to be led away to die, it was indispensable that the other remain to sing an air, which, says the satirical historian of opera in the eighteenth century, "should be to lively words, so as to relieve the feelings of the audience, and make them understand that the whole affair is a joke." It was, further, a rule in the *ars operatica* of that day, that "if two of the characters made love or plotted a conspiracy, they should always do so in the presence of servants and attendants." The *prima donna* of a hundred years since was, like our own cherished heroines of the soprano voice, in the habit of exacting payments which, though trifling as compared with those of the present day, were already thought exorbitant. The *prima donna* of the year 1778 was accustomed, moreover, to add to her airs variations, passages, and embellishments, and it was observed that if she got hold of a "new passage in rapid triplets," she would introduce it in all her solo pieces. Her great object, however, was to sing as high as possible; and in 1778, as in 1878, the higher she could "rise in the scale," the surer she was of having the principal parts allotted to her.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

NATURE.

Beyond the Range of Vision.—Hitherto man's knowledge of the extent of the universe has been bounded by the limits of vision. During the day, when the range of sight is narrowed by the sun's excessive brightness, we see but a minute fraction even of the little world we inhabit. At night a wider range of vision is possible, and some thousands of stellar and planetary bodies are added to the domain of positive knowledge, thus enlarging man's idea of the magnitude of the universe. But the increase of knowledge, which darkness gives, is almost infinitesimal, compared with the wider view opened up by the telescope. That the most powerful telescopes enable us to penetrate to the limit of the universe no one imagines. Our positive knowledge ends with the limit of vision. We have supposed that this would always be so. Hitherto science has given no hint of the possibility of exploring the vast beyond, from which no visible ray of light has ever been detected, or is ever likely to be detected, by the most far-reaching and sensitive optic aids. But now there comes a promise of an extension of knowledge to fields of space so remote that light is tired out and lost before it can traverse the intervening distance. This new agent is the tasimeter, by which it is possible not only to measure the heat of the remotest visible stars, but, Mr. Edison believes, to detect by their invisible radiations stars that are unseen and unseeable. Mr. Edison's plan is to adjust the tasimeter to its utmost degree of sensitiveness, then attach it to a large telescope, and so explore those parts of the heavens which appear blank when examined with the highest powers of the instrument. If at any point in such blank space the tasimeter indicates an accession of temperature, and does this invariably, the legitimate inference will be that the instrument is in range with a stellar body, either non-luminous, or so distant as to be beyond the reach of telescopic vision; and the position of such a body can be fixed and mapped the same as if it were visible. As the tasimeter is affected by undulations that the eye can not take cognizance of, and is withal far more accurately sensitive, the probabilities are that it will open up hitherto inaccessible regions of space. Possibly, too, it may bring within our ken a vast number of nearer bodies—burnt out suns, or feebly reflecting planets—now unknown because not luminous.

The Sparrow Question.—Dr. Coues writes to the *American Naturalist* that it is a fact patent to every one who will take the trouble to see for himself, that the sparrow is a nuisance in a variety of ways, that it does not do

any appreciable good, that it does a very obvious amount of damage, that it harasses, drives off, and sometimes destroys useful native birds, and that it has no place in the natural economy of this country. All of these facts are disagreeably proved to many persons, especially agriculturists, whose fields and gardens are assailed, and they are all admitted by competent ornithologists generally. The argument drawn from the fact that there is an undisputed advantage resulting from a certain just and proper number of sparrows in Europe does not apply to the case of things in America.

In Europe these birds are part of the natural fauna of the country. They are not petted, pampered and protected from their natural enemies as they are here. They shift for themselves, find sources of food supply, and are kept within due bounds of multiplication by natural causes. In America the complement of our avifauna was made up without them. There is no room for them; and if there is any work which they might do, time has shown that they either slight, or neglect it altogether. The only way to make the Sparrows eat the worms they were imported to destroy, and which they seem especially to dislike, would be to starve them to it. Instead of this we sedulously feed them from our tables till they are grown too fat and lazy to think of worms. And, again, it would be useless to expect them to take to a diet they do not relish, when the streets are full of manure, of which they are especially fond, and when our trees are full of flowers or fruit, and the fields of grain, all these being the natural food of birds of the Sparrow tribe.

Further, there is no check upon their limitless multiplication, and they are insidiously multiplying at a rate that perhaps few suspect. Ten years ago a Sparrow was something of a rarity, now, the millions we have are countless; this is bad enough, but what may be expected when we have the millions of millions which will be ours in a few years if this Sparrow mania goes on! Without unnecessary cruelty the numbers might be kept down by letting the birds find their own food and shelter, and by abolishing the legal penalties for killing them.

ORGANIZED PARTICLES IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—An attempt has been made by Minquel to determine the conditions on which the proportion of organic germs in atmospheric dust depends. His observations refer only to corpuscles whose diameter exceeds two-thousandths of a millimeter, and throw no light on the distribution of the sporules of septic organisms. The average number of dust germs, small during the Winter, increases rapidly in Spring, remains nearly stationary throughout the Summer, and undergoes a speedy diminution in Autumn. A fall of rain is always followed by a temporary augmentation of their numbers, which is often very striking. For instance, when a violent storm occurs after a long period of drought in Summer, the instrument which indicated a proportion of from five to ten thousand germs on one day, will indicate more than a hundred thousand the next. Accordingly, the chief conditions (apart from those that are purely local) by which the proportion of organized particles in the atmosphere appears to be regulated are temperature and moisture. Concerning the nature of these particles it was found that while the ova of the larger infusoria were comparatively rare, the spores of different varieties were exceedingly abundant. Many kinds of pollen and a relatively small number of starch-granules were detected. The proportion of green algæ varied within wide limits, the air occasionally containing them in great quantity.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE SUN.—Our knowledge of the chemical nature of the sun is now being rapidly advanced by the aid of photography. The increased power in this direction recently realized by Dr. Janssen is one which was absolutely undreamed of a few years ago. It is now possible to record every change which goes on on the sun down to a region so small that one hardly likes to challenge belief by mentioning it. Changes under one second of angular magnitude in the center of the sun's disc can now be faithfully recorded and watched from hour to hour; in other words, changes in cloud regions ten miles square in a body 92,000,000 miles away can be chronicled!

DENSITY OF POPULATION AND HEALTH.—At a general conference of British architects, a few weeks ago, the general regulations were discussed at length. Among the points brought out were these: 1. That the experience of what are called model lodging houses, such as the

Peabody buildings in London and other large towns, compared with that of barracks, workhouses, and schools, furnishes abundant evidence that what is termed density of population is not so detrimental physically as has been hastily assumed; because in such buildings as are referred to the rate of mortality is much less, with a density of over 15,000 persons to the acre, than it is in ordinary small houses, with a density of 250 to the acre. 2. That the health of a community is much more dependent upon food, clothing, and personal habits than upon the arrangements or construction of dwellings or work-shops; for however perfect they may be in the latter respect, they may be entirely neutralized if the food is bad, the clothing insufficient, and personal habits filthy.

ARTIFICIAL INDIGO.—The most notable achievement in synthetic chemistry since 1868 has just been made at Munich, by Professor Baeyer. For the past twenty years he has been studying the constitution of indigo, and at a late session of the German chemical society he announced the completion of his task in the discovery of the last link in the chain of synthetic reactions leading to the artificial formation of that important dye stuff. This discovery ranks with that of 1868, when artificial madder was substituted in the arts for the natural product, hitherto the only instance of the kind in the history of chemistry. As yet the operations involved in this synthesis are too numerous and too costly to allow their practical application in the arts; yet there is reason to expect that cheaper methods will be devised.

HOW GRAPES RIPEN.—According to *Comptes Rendus*, St. Pierre and Magnien have arrived at the following conclusions in regard to the changes which grapes undergo while ripening. During the process they evolve carbonic acid, in darkness as well as in light, when exposed to the air, or put in an indifferent gas. The amount of oxygen evolved in air is always in excess of the oxygen taken up; this has been remarked in the case of observations extending over a long space of time. Grapes can absorb or give off water according as they are placed in a moist or dry medium. As the change goes on the acids decrease in amount, while the quantity of sugar increases. The acids and the glucose are carried to the grapes by the sap. Here the acids are slowly consumed, while the sugar increases in point of concentration, and at a still later stage the sugar itself is consumed.

THE SEED CROP OF WEEDS.—Professor Prentiss, of Cornell University, has estimated the annual crop of seed produced by single plants of some of our common weeds. He finds that the dandelion produces 2,000; the ox-eyed daisy, 13,000; dock, 13,000; burdock, 24,000; may-weed, 40,000; red poppy 50,000. Upon reading such figures the only wonder is that weeds can be kept down at all; the fact is, however, that great numbers of the seeds fail to plant themselves, and many remain in the ground many years, only springing up when the ground is stirred. In evidence of this, Professor Prentiss refers to a tobacco field where the seed had been allowed one year to ripen and fall. For ten years afterward tobacco plants appeared in the field from that seedling.

THE LENGTH OF ROOTS.—The tap-root of a common red clover plant has been traced to the perpendicular depth of nearly five feet, and the roots of Indian corn to the depth of seven feet. It is also stated that onions sometimes extend their roots downward to the depth of three feet; lucern fifteen feet. Hon. Geo. Geddes sent to the New York State Society a clover plant that had a root four feet two inches in length. Louis Walkhoff traced the roots of a beet downward four feet, where they ended in a drain pipe. Professor Shubart found the roots of rye, beans, and garden peas to extend about four feet; of Winter wheat, seven feet in a light subsoil—and that forty-seven days after planting.

A STRANGE SUICIDE.—The following account appears in a Bedford, England, paper: A cat belonging to the Vicar of this parish had given birth to four kittens. As she did not seem strong enough to feed them it was thought best to drown them. After this she moped and went about in quite a despondent manner. In a day or two she seemed worse, in fact half frantic. Suddenly, she rushed from the house, ran across the lawn, and plunged into an ornamental pond. She was quickly rescued; but immediately repeated her rash act, and was drowned.

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST STATISTICS.—The Minutes of the Spring conferences of 1878, embracing those whose annual sessions occurred during the first five months of the year, thirty-seven in all, situated mostly in the Middle and Eastern States, and the South-west, with one each in Africa and China, show a steady though not rapid growth of nearly every department of the Church's work. There are in all these an aggregate of 4,893 traveling ministers of all grades, which is only fifty-two more than were reported a year ago. In many of the larger conferences the number of ministers on trial is significantly small, which is not at all owing to any lack of candidates, but to the tendency to unite two or more churches, each of which formerly had its own minister, under one pastoral charge. In the Sunday-school department, 8,000 schools, 94,000 officers and teachers, and 680,000 scholars, the increase for the year is scarcely two per cent. The membership, 788,871, shows an increase of about three per cent. While the number of church edifices is a very little larger than last year, the aggregate value is diminished by a million and a quarter of dollars, by reason of reduced valuations. The missionary contributions, $260,000, show a falling off from last year of nearly $32,000; and every other of the Church benevolences shows a similar decrease. The cause of this state of things is not difficult to find, but their long continuance and steadily increasing volume, are causing not a little anxiety among those more immediately concerned. But the substantial growth of the Church, in its results and fruits, during all this season of financial pressure, is especially assuring.

IRISH METHODISM.—The reunion of the Wesleyans and Primitives of Ireland does not proceed with entire ease and smoothness. The Primitive Methodists, as the lesser element, in some cases, and especially on the part of the laity, seem not to be willing to be absorbed and lost in the larger body of the Wesleyans. Some of the Primitive societies hesitate about entering into the proposed union, and a considerable number of them may decide to continue their present connection with the Church of Ireland. The latter is very willing to notice the Methodists now and it is doing all it can to promote division. It has formed a Primitive Church Methodist Society, for the purpose of supplying those societies which can be persuaded to remain within its pale with Methodist preachers and usages. The Bishop of Kilmore is president of the Society, which has eight agents, stationed at Kilmore, Lurgan, Portadown, Sligo, Ballinamallard, and three other towns where the Primitives are especially strong. It is not doubted that the efforts of this Society will meet with some success, and that the union with the Wesleyan Conference will be incomplete. In some places the Primtives have been accustomed to receive the sacraments from Presbyterian ministers. They are like the ivy which climbs up the church wall. Tear it loose or remove the wall, and it will seek some other support, but will never attempt to stand alone.

PROFESSOR SMITH is to be tried the second time for heresy before the Aberdeen Presbytery, Scotland. He is to be tried on an amended libel. There seems to be little doubt that he will be very leniently dealt with. The important question involved is his criticism of Deuteronomy as being not historical, as it purports to be, and as having been written seven centuries after Moses's death. The prosecutors urge that this is tantamount to the denial of the inspiration and divine authority of the book, and on this ground they demand his condemnation as violating the Confession of Faith. But the Professor claims that he has not violated the letter of the Confession, and further that he definitively holds to the inspiration and divine authority of Deuteronomy.

CONGREGATIONALISM flourishes in Kansas, where special efforts have been made to build up Churches of that order. The annual statistics of the General Association show a total of 152 churches and 114 ministers, including licentiates. One hundred and thirty-six churches report a membership of 5,207; additions during the year, 741; removals, 282; in Sunday-schools, 9,052, being a gain of 2,025 in twelve

months; benevolent contributions, $2,286.75, gain, $567.35; church expenses, $42,633.73, gain, $5,894.10. The gain in contributions for home missions is nearly 58 per cent; for pastors' salaries, over 13 per cent; for church expenses, over 16 per cent. Fifteen Churches have been organized during the year.

Without any special efforts the Methodists have achieved even greater success in that State. They have, according to their latest statistics, two conferences with an aggregate of nearly 300 traveling ministers (and more than that number of local preachers), and over 29,000 church members. They have also 133 church edifices of an average value of $1,500, and in their 389 Sunday-schools they have an aggregate of over 20,000 scholars. Their contributions to benevolent purposes (outside of their local Churches) amounted to over $4,000.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—When Bishop Cummings gathered his handful of followers in the New York City Association Hall to found a body of Episcopalians who eschewed all Ritualistic practices, no one dreamed that only a few years would bring nearly a hundred ministers together and six bishops rule over their ecclesiastical interests at home and abroad. It is only a very short time ago that Bishop Gregg was set apart for the work in England, and already it is reported that the Church finds so much advocacy there that its increase is at a far greater rate than in the country of its birth. In Canada also the Reformed Episcopal Church is making rapid headway. There are now fourteen preaching in its behalf in Canada and nineteen in England.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.—America is distinctively engaged in Sunday-school work. England has its Sabbath-schools, so has Scotland and the Protestant part of Ireland. Germany has made a beginning, and France is attempting it. Methodists are the only people who have recognized, at its real value, the Sabbath-school as an auxiliary of the Church. One of the most effective agencies is the "*Sunday-school Union.*" This is ostensibly a Methodist organization, but its influence and even its work goes far beyond its boundaries. Not only do its periodicals, which have a circulation almost marvelous, go into the churches of other denominations, but its assemblies are largely attended by Christians of the most varied denominational bias. Chautauqua this year counted its visitors by the thousands, and at times there was not room to accommodate all who came. Of the Berean leaf, which contains the Sabbath lesson, thirteen million copies have circulated this year.

ISRAELITISH ALLIANCE.—For more than eighteen centuries the Jew has roamed through this world. There is no place he can call his home. Every nation on the face of the earth has kept his company and given him shelter, yet he still roams, and is hoping for the day when the Messiah shall appear to call Israel home. Scattered through every land the Jew has maintained his individuality, and for self-protection Jew has allied himself with Jew. The *Alliance Israelite*, which now has twenty-four thousand members, aims to protect and further Jewish interests the world over. Very recently a Pan-Jewish Conference was held under the auspices of this Alliance at Paris, and was presided over by the illustrious French statesmen, Adolphe Cremieux, himself a Jew. Its proceedings were all for the purpose of effecting a closer relation between these co-religionists of many lands.

—Dr. G. W. Anderson writes from Stockholm, Sweden, that the Baptists have had large additions to their membership during the past year. There are now 253 churches with 13,773 members, an increase of 2,479. In the Sunday-schools there are 17,769 children. Dr. Anderson says he was allowed to preach to large congregations in Norway and Sweden, and that "doors are open to us every-where." The American Methodist and Baptist bodies have planted flourishing Churches in all parts of Scandinavia.

—About 600,000 copies of the Scriptures have been given away from the Bible-stand in the Paris Exposition. These copies were in twenty-two languages. It is the purpose to distribute about 500,000 more.

—According to a High-church authority, the 22,000 ministers of the Church of England are divided as follows: 12,000 are in the High-church Party, 5,400 in the Low, 2,500 in the Broad, and 2,700 are for "the most part colorless nonentities."

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

"WAGER OF BATTEL."—Among the long disused, but still unrepealed, laws of England was the barbarous custom, legalized by William the Conqueror, of deciding disputed cases by personal conflicts of the contestants,—a duel between the parties founded on the presumption of an appeal to heaven to give the victory to the injured or innocent party—which remained in force till 1819. The old Reports show that there were two such cases brought before the courts during the sixteenth century, one in 1554 and the other in 1571. But neither of these cases actually came to the ordeal of battle—the former by judgment by demurrer for the plaintiff, and the latter by the failure of the plaintiff to appear in the lists. But as the challenge of the defendant had been accepted by the plaintiff, all the arrangements for the contest, according to the ancient forms, were made, but, at the last moment, failed of the actual contest. The arrangements for the trial are thus described in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal*.

"In due course the day was named for fighting the duel, which was appointed to take place in Tothill Fields, Westminster, not without consulting the authorities, however (for the custom had fallen into desuetude, no such a trial having been held then for over one hundred and fifty years), and with all due forms strictly adhered to. A piece of ground was then set out sixty feet square, inclosed with lists, and on one side a court was erected for the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeants-at-law. On the day appointed, at sunrise, three of the judges (Chief-Justice Dyer and Justices Weston and Harper), in their scarlet robes attended by the officers and officials of the Court of Common Pleas and the sergeants-at-law, opened the court and the proceedings in Tothill Fields. It is said there were above four thousand persons present. Two knights-at-arms officiated as masters of the ceremonies; and by one of them the defendant's champion was introduced into the lists. According to the form required, he was dressed in a coat of armor, with red sandals; he was bare-legged from the knee downwards; bare-headed and with bare arms to the elbows; having as his weapon a baton or stave of an ell long, and a four-cornered leather target. Proclamation was made and the plaintiff's champion was called upon, but he did not appear; altering his mind perhaps at the last moment. Whereupon the plaintiff was called three times, and, not answering, the defendant's counsel moved the court there and then for judgment of nonsuit, which was granted. The Chief-justice then exhorted the people to disperse peaceably and quietly; he adjourned the court, and the display was at an end. The defendant had a bloodless victory."

But the unperformed part of the ceremony, which must have been carried out had the plaintiff's champion appeared, would have been as follows, according to the authorities:

"The two champions being introduced into the lists, take hold of each other's hand, and pronounce the oath alternately on the Bible; for the defendant, that the tenements in dispute are not in the right of the plaintiffs; and for the plaintiffs the champion swearing that they are. The champions then would each take the oath separately against sorcery, thus: 'Hear this, ye justices! That I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the evil one exalted.' The battle being begun, the combatants were bound to fight till the stars appeared in the evening. If the champion of the tenant (the defendant) could defend himself till then, the tenant should prevail in his cause, for it was sufficient for him to maintain his ground and make it a drawn battle, he being already in possession; but if victory declared itself for either party, judgment was given for him. This victory might arise either from the death of one of the champions, or if either of them proved recreant (that is, yielded) and pronounced the horrible word of craven—a word of 'disgrace and obloquy,' as the old writers have it.

"This was certainly a serious thing for the vanquished champion; for he was condemned as a 'recreant' to be infamous, and lost his rights as a freeman; being supposed by the event to be proved perjured, and, therefore, never put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause. In Minshaw's Dictionary, a very old work, there appears a circumstantial detail of what must be observed in this mode of trial."

After this case of last appeal to the ancient custom of wager of battle, though the law still remained in force, nothing further was heard of it in the courts till 1815, when it was revived in an Irish court in favor of one evidently

guilty of a most atrocious murder. The plea was entertained by the court, but afterwards withdrawn by the defendant upon a compromise with the prosecution. But only two years later another case of the same kind occurred, which attracted much attention, and led to the repeal of the obsolete statute. A most foul and brutal murder of a young woman had been committed in Warwickshire, and the deed was traced by strong circumstantial evidence to a young man of the vicinity, who, however, by proving an *alibi*, secured an acquittal. But under English law a second trial is possible in such cases, and accordingly it was ordered. When the prisoner was called on to plead he answered in the usual form, "Not guilty," and then to the astonishment of every body added, "and I am ready to defend the same by my body," accompanying the words with the ancient form of taking off his glove (a large horse glove) and throwing it on the floor as a gage. A young man present offered to take it up, but he was restrained by those about him. The whole affair was a complete surprise to all parties, and time was asked for consideration.

"In due time the prosecutor counterpleaded, setting forth the whole facts, and further circumstances which had come to light, tending to fix the prisoner with his guilt, so as to take away the right to wage battel. But after a further adjournment, the prisoner delivered the replication setting forth his *alibi*, and insisting on his ancient right. The prosecution demurred that the replication was bad in law; and the demurrer came on to be heard in due course. The case was learnedly and ably argued for the prosecution. All the ancient writers were cited in support of the argument of the prosecution, that under such a set of circumstances, as set out, the prisoner could not claim a wager of battel. On the other hand, for the prisoner, it was just as learnedly argued that he could. The arguments of the case were not concluded until after four separate sittings of the court; and on April 16, 1818, after much deep research into the authorities and consideration thereof, the court unanimously gave judgment for the prisoner in favor of the ancient right of wager of battel which he claimed, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-justice, saying: 'The general law of the land is in favor of the wager of battel; and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it.' The appellee, William Ashford, through his counsel, informed the court he did not now feel himself justified in accepting the challenge; and the prisoner was thereupon discharged from custody. He afterwards married and left this country for America, where he died in obscurity."

This was the last case of wager of battle; for such was the wonder and regret at the judgment of the court, such was the popular excitement aroused by the case, and the law as propounded by the judges, that in the next session of Parliament an act was passed by which wager of battle, appeal of murder, and other incongruous privileges, were abolished.

A PULPIT STIMULUS.—Here is a possible remedy for an evil sometimes experienced in and about the services of the pulpit. Did not the early Methodist itinerants find their account in the practice here recommended? Sir Arthur Helps said that sometimes in a rapid ride on horseback, it seemed as though the impetus you had got from the swiftly moving creature you bestrode helped you through a difficulty in which you had been entangled and detained. Physical movement may sometimes tell upon a sluggish mind. I have heard of a very dull and dreary preacher, the kind of orator to whom no one would willingly listen a second time, who, on several occasions had to drive in great haste from one church to another to take duty, and who, at the second church entering the pulpit while still retaining something of the momentum of the open trap, astonished every body by preaching with no small degree of liveliness, or what is sometimes expressively called "go." The apostle's declaration about the unprofitableness of "bodily exercise" should sometimes be read with the indefinite article before the word "little;" for a little quickening of the muscles may be needful to arouse the brain to proper activity.

PODOSCAPHE.—A canoe has been invented by an ingenious Yankee who designs this strange little craft for sea-voyages. It is made of india-rubber, and folds up to the size of a carpet-bag. When inflated it forms a twin canoe, and the propeller stands with one foot on each portion. The first trial of the podoscaphe was given by the inventor on a trip from Boulogne Harbor to Dover. The current proving too strong, he was carried to Sandgate, where he landed after a twelve hours' journey.

LITERATURE.

INTER-AFRICAN geography has grown to the dignity of a science. Like most other sciences, it was at first a myth, and beyond most other departments of nature the interior of the African Continent maintained its isolation and concealment till very recently. It was the last retreat of Prester John, and the latest home of the Pigmies. It was the "Ethiopia Unexplored," of the school-maps of fifty years ago, whose only marked feature was the "Mountains of the Moon," which too have melted away at the approach of the explorers. It has also been for a hundred years an open range for adventurous travelers, and the most valuable preserve for writers and publishers of books of travel. The mere list of names made famous as African travelers, extending downward from Bruce and Mungo Park, saying nothing of Strabo, Herodotus, and Sir John Mandeville, and others less renowned, all the way down to our own times, and till this present year when Stanley has given the *coup de grace* to the business—leaving nothing further to be done beyond filling up the details of the work whose great outlines are about complete—would make a formidable catalogue. The books on African exploration, published within the last quarter of a century, chiefly by the Harpers, make a respectable library of themselves, so large indeed is the mass of matter, that only those whose official positions compel them to keep abreast of the advances of popular intelligence and a few omnivorous specialists can be presumed to have read even the most of them. Our place in the one or other, or both of these classes, has caused us to keep posted in this work. When, therefore, a few months since, we laid down Lieutenant Cameron's volumes, we breathed more freely, feeling that the subject was at length exhausted; but now we find that we were a little ahead of time, for just then Stanley's expedition, after nearly three years of more than Herculean labors was nearing the coast; the record of whose wonderful doings, now forms the last installment* of our African itinerant literature. We think this will long remain the last.

Mr. Stanley's name and fame had become inseparably associated with the opening of the interior of "the Dark Continent" before he entered upon his last, and in many respects most important, expedition. But as there yet remained certain unsolved problems, and the business had paid well in results, theretofore he was, in 1874, induced to undertake still another campaign of exploration, to determine if possible certain great questions respecting the physical geography of Central Africa. His former journeys had been made under the auspices and at the expense of Mr. Bennett of the New York *Herald*, but in this last adventure the proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph* became also joint patrons. With characteristic energy and dispatch Mr. Stanley, when asked to do so, engaged in his work, and in an incredibly short space of time, compared with the work to be done, during which he twice crossed the Atlantic, he was ready for his departure for Zanzibar, August 15, 1874, where he arrived on the 21st of the following month. Thence, after the necessary delays in making preparations for the expedition, he, with his caravan, itself a small army, plunged into the mazes of the African Continent, from which, nearly three years later, he emerged at the mouth of the Congo River, Atlantic Ocean.

What he did and how he did it; what great questions of geography, climatology, ethnology, and natural history, were solved or elucidated; what wars and fighting, diseases and dangers, were encountered, what feats of diplomacy, and what skillful uses of resources were effected, and what prodigies of heroic sufferings and of triumphs through patient endurance,—are they not all written in these volumes? none of which we can attempt to detail or enumerate.

As the expedition here described is the crowning enterprise of its performer, so these volumes are their author's greatest literary achievement. His is an almost unequaled

* THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT: or, the Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. Two volumes. 8vo. Pp. 522, 566. New York: Harper & Brothers.

example of the development of character in all noble qualities and under the stimulus of opportunities and the demands of exigencies. With the increase of responsibilities his personal resources have steadily risen to the level of their requirements; with the demand for large and broad generalizations he has displayed a commensurate breadth of philosophical comprehension, and this his last production not only tells of his wonderful successes as an explorer, but also shows him to be capable of recording what he saw in good readable English, and of happily selecting and grouping his observations, with pertinent suggestions and generalizations. Certainly Mr. Stanley is no ordinary man; for that man is the true hero, to whom opportunities are given, and he proves equal to them. Hereafter African travels will be accounted one of the subjects that has been completed, except as to the details of things already described in outline.

The publishers have dealt liberally with their author in respect to the outward embodiment and dress of the work. The material is good; the types large and clear, and the cuts well executed. The views sketched in the wood-cuts are valuable, not chiefly as ornaments, but as illustration of persons, objects, and places. The maps are valuable, two of them large, detached ones, for one of which each volume has its pocket in the binding. The work is to be sold exclusively by subscription.

We know of no other set of books that comprise an equal amount of really valuable information in the same space, and it may be added, may be bought for so small a price,—as the series of "Student's Histories," now in course of publication by the Harpers. Already the number of volumes, each covering its whole subject, has reached about a dozen, and nearly every department of human affairs seems to have been covered. And yet new volumes continue to be added. The last to come to hand is an "Ecclesiastical History,"* covering the first ten centuries of our era. The qualities that distinguish the preceding volumes of the series, and especially those by the same author, are conspicuous in this. The difficult, but very desirable feat of uniting fullness with brevity and clearness is to a very good degree accomplished. Little more is anywhere aimed at than a simple statement of facts, properly arranged, both in the order of time, and with due regard to related events. As the book is designed for STUDENTS and not for *scholars*, it deals but sparingly in disquisitions or discussions of any of the various questions involved in the things detailed. Too often historical writers assume that their readers are already acquainted with the facts about which they write, presuming that all their readers are scholars. But such is not the case with the volumes of this series. And yet, in this volume, the multitudinous details are so arranged that the narrative proceeds with a good share of vivacity, and at times with dramatic force. We most heartily commend this sterling work to any one who may desire a brief, yet comprehensive record of the first half of the annals of the Church.

Of the many books called forth by the current discussion on future retribution none of those we have examined has given us more satisfaction than the little one recently published by Hitchcock & Walden, the work of Bishop Merrill.* It is simply an examination of the sense of the various terms used in the New Testament, to indicate the notion or idea usually expressed and understood by the English word, HELL. This word is used as the English equivalent for th words *hades*, *gehenna*, and *tartarus* (only once used), in the Greek Testament, while several other forms of expression are also employed to indicate the same idea. In his discussions the writer goes back only to the written Word, assuming all the time that his antagonists accept that Word as the end of all controversy. He has to deal, therefore, not with unbelievers as such, but simply with errorists, who recognize the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures,—Universalists, Restorationists, and Destructionists.

*THE STUDENT'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. The History of the Christian Church during the first Ten Centuries, from its Foundation to the full Establishment of the Holy Roman Empire and the Papal Power. By Philip Smith, B. A., author of the "Student's Old Testament History," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 618.

*THE NEW TESTAMENT IDEA OF HELL. By S. M Merrill, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo. Pp. 275.

In the course of his argument he considers the immortality and the separate existence of the soul; the intermediate state, which he strongly asserts and shows to be the real *hades* of the New Testament; the "gehenna of fire," which is not yet, but is to be the hell after the judgment, the "Lake of Fire," and "The Second Death."

By keeping his antagonists to the teachings of Holy Scripture, the work is very greatly simplified, and the laboring oar put into the hands of those who wish to avoid the obvious sense of the written Word. The weakness of Universalism appears most plainly, when passing over from its negations it begins to set up a theory of its own, in doing which scarcely any two of its authorities are agreed. With all these, and with their exegeses and theories, Bishop Merrill deals fairly and respectfully, and succeeds at every point in carrying their works. To our thinking, the least satisfactory chapter is (vii) that on the "Fixedness of Character in Hades," a subject respecting which there is less fixedness of conviction than on most others, and here the author is scarcely equal to his own average, in using the arguments for his own side. The book is a decidedly good one, having especially the good quality of adaptation to its purpose.

Among the last labors of the lamented Dr. C. K. True, of New York, was the preparation of a series of biographies of eminent men of modern times (published by Hitchcock & Walden) in a form and style adapted to the use of young people. They are not, however, merely juvenile books, but suitable for the reading of adults, and worthy to be read by all who would contemplate noble lives, faithfully and pleasantly portrayed. We have heretofore noticed the first of the series, the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." Two more of the series are now at hand, "John Knox" and "John Howard."† They are just such books as should be put in the hands of young person, whether in the Sunday-school or the family. We learn the lamented author left also, in a completed state, similar sketches of "William the Silent" and "Sir Matthew Hale."

The subject of the third of the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, and issued in this country by the Harpers, is "Sir Walter Scott."* It professes to be simply an honest but severe abridgement of Lockhart's ten volumes into less than a tenth of their space. It is more of a biography and less of a review than either of its predecessors in the series, giving briefly but somewhat comprehensively the life-story of its most interesting subject. But the picture given is quite as much of the inner life, as of the outward, every-day history. There are chapters devoted to appreciative criticisms on Scott's Poems, and sketches of his companions and friends, literary history of the "Waverley Novels," and discussions of the great novelist's politics, morality, and religion, while the clouded afternoon and the too early sunset of his life's day are fully and feelingly portrayed. As with Boswell's "Johnson," in respect to its subject, so Lockhart's "Life of Scott," can never be superseded or replaced; and yet because of their fullness, the matter of both of these works needs to be condensed within such bounds that they may be read by the multitudes, who can not afford the time and labor necessary for their study. In that consideration such abridgements as make up this series are more than justified.

Harper & Brothers' paper-covered series must be meeting with success, if the briskness with which they are pushed forward is to be taken as any indication in the case. The "Library of American Fiction" has for its seventh number *Blush Roses*, by Clara Frances Morse; 8vo, pp. 135; 50 cents. The eighth is *Old Slip Warehouse*, by Mary A. Dennison. Some of the later issues of the little "Half-Hour Series," 32mos, are *Pottery Painting*, by John C. L. Sparkes; pp. 79; 25 cents. *Squire Paul*, by Hans Waring; pp. 184; 25 cents. *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from the "Spectator," with notes by W. Henry Wills; 25 cents. *Goldsmith*, *Bunyan*, and *D'Arblay*, by Lord Macaulay; and *Professor Pressensee*, by John

*The Life and Times of John Knox; the Soul of the Scottish Reformation. By Charles K. True, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo Pp. 357.

†Memoirs of John Howard, the Prisoner's Friend. By Charles K. True, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo. Pp. 225.

*English Men of Letters. Sir Walter Scott. By Richard Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 177.

Esten Cooke. But of all these popular series, the greatest and best is, beyond all question, the "Franklin Square Library," made up of reprints of popular foreign publications (often large volumes as they were at first issued) in quarto sheets, triple columns, well printed on good paper. These are chiefly fictions, some of them by first-class writers, while others are on subjects of popular interest, and abounding in valuable information. On the list, now extended to sixteen numbers, we find *The Russians of To-day*, *The People of Turkey*, and the *Life of Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli*. The second of this last list contains matter enough for a good-sized volume, and it presents the best account of the Turkey—both European and Asiatic—of to-day that we have met with. Sent free by mail to any address for fifteen cents. Can the cheapening of reading matter go any further?

THAT is a decidedly good book which the Harpers give us, and of which Mr. Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston is the writer, about Village Life and Village Improvements.* The traditional love of the country that has distinguished the Anglo-Saxon race, and, no doubt, has contributed not a little to the best characteristics of that race, has of late years been largely encroached upon by a strong tendency of population to the great centers. This we esteem a great evil, economically, socially, and morally; and, therefore, we welcome any thing that promises in any degree to revive a genuine love for rural life. This, we think, Mr. Egleston's book will do. It treats upon almost every point of interest in village life—praising and censuring as seems needful, and abounding with suggestions for making things as they should be. It is not necessary to agree with him at every point, to be profited by his suggestions; it is enough that he calls attention to the subject, after which each may act on his own judgment.

LOTHROP & Co. have for some years made a specialty of religious fictions, adapted to the tastes of young people, which have largely found their way into Sunday-school libraries. Whether they have done good or evil in that position, will appear differently according to the "Stand-point" from which the subject is viewed. If Sunday-school libraries are to be filled with fictions, perhaps these are as little objectionable as any others. If, on the other hand, they are to exclude a better class of books, then they do harm rather than good. The books written by "Pansy" have been confessed to be among the best of their kind; and they who have admired them will be glad at the announcement of another from her hand, but this time with the help of a co-laborer.*

EX CATHEDRA.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

AMONG the most outrageous of political heresies in this our day of political backslidings, scarcely any other combines in itself quite so much of both theoretical and practical wrong as the crusade against the Chinamen. Originating among the basest class of San Francisco "hoodlums," and inspired by the most selfish motives, it has been permitted to grow up without much inquiry as to its merits by the better classes, until it has entered into the political issues of parties, and gained the public ear, and won a kind of indifferent and unreasoning assent to its pretenses, and elicited a half-indolent, and half-reluctant consent that the presence of Chinamen in the country is an evil that ought not to be tolerated. A little examination of the subject will, however, very readily detect the evil *animus* that prompts the whole movement, and the sophistical character of the arguments by which it is fortified. The measures proposed are indeed great practical wrongs, but the principles upon which it is proposed to act in this case are not only false, but to the last degree

* VILLAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE, with hints for their improvement. By Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 326.

* FROM DIFFERENT STAND-POINTS. By "Pansy" and Fay Huntington. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. Pp. 375. $1.50.

dangerous, flagrantly anti-American, and subversive of the plainest principles of freedom.

This continent was appropriated by Europeans for their own use, on the assumption that the natural and unused resources of the whole world were of right to all who might choose to use them. Our country has, with singular consistency, pursued that principle till now, freely welcoming among us the "oppressed of all nations," with the promise of the largest liberty of creeds and customs, of labor and the enjoyment of property, with the prospect of speedy admission to all the privileges of citizenship. Under this policy Europe, and especially Ireland and some of the German States have sent their millions to our shores, who have largely deteriorated the character of American society, and seriously perverted and debauched our politics, entailing upon us a great and dangerous increase of intemperance and Sabbath desecration, of political profligacy and corruption, of crimes against the laws and of pauperism. And yet their incoming has not been opposed, because it was believed to be their natural right, and also economically advantageous to the country.

But now all this is to be reversed in favor of those who at first profited by it, and against another race, whose natural rights are the same as those of their oppressors. Some of the worst sophisms of the old slave code are revived and applied to men of another nationality; and it is claimed, as before, that the "all men," referred to in the Declaration of Independence, does not include Mongolians, and that the right to acquire a domicile and citizenship among us is confined to men of the Caucasian race. And this impudent demand comes chiefly from men who have themselves been received to their present estate by the operation of the same principle that is now sought to be set aside.

An outcry is raised that a terrible danger is impending over the land from this influx of Chinamen, by which the social, moral, industrial, and political well-being of the country will be imperiled. Without regarding the unusual source of these professedly discreet warnings, it may be well to examine the reasons given for these forebodings of evil, to see how far they are real and well-founded. We are told, first of all and all the time, and with great violence of expression, that these Chinamen are "heathen," and, therefore, should not be tolerated in this *Christian* country. But possibly some one may answer that many of these new defenders of the faith are themselves but little better than heathen, either in manners or culture, and so far as religious at all, they are as really idolaters as the worshipers of the Grand Lama or of Juggernaut. And are we about to set up a religious test, by which to exclude any and all who fail to come up to this "regulation" standard in theology? The absurdity of this whole objection is so manifest that if left to the judgment of common sense it would fall of its own weight; but as the watch-cry of a pernicious faction, it becomes dangerous both to personal liberty and to the civil ethics of the country.

It is also objected against the Chinamen that they congregate in certain localities in the cities, and by their very presence expel all others, and so make undesirable quarters. This is no doubt true, and the evil complained of a real one. But what then? Must all classes of foreigners who do this be shut out of the country? The enforcement of this rule would certainly make a great exodus from not a few of our chief cities, of which large portions would be made desolate. But as a compensation it would rid the land of many of the blatant agitators who are now crying out against these "heathen Mongolians," and clamoring for "white men's rights."

But the real objection to the presence of the Chinamen in the country is that they bring such an amount of cheap labor, as seriously to interfere with the monopoly formerly enjoyed by others—by which employers were compelled to pay whatever prices might be demanded. And then they are such expert craftsmen, and so readily adapt their skill to the demands of the labor market, that they are found to be formidable competitors in almost every department of industry. And then they do not come into the trades-unions,—would not be admitted,—nor join in the strikes, and thus make it impossible to maintain the trades-regulations against the employers and capitalists. This is their capital offense, and the *gravamen* of the complaints urged against them is simply this, no more. And could a greater amount of effrontery be condensed into a single proposition than that for such a cause, they should

be excluded from the country? It is simply a demand for the most odious kind of class-legislation, by which the rights of all outside of the favored class are to be ignored and overridden.

It is not pretended that these Chinese laborers are not financially profitable to the country generally; but while they are profitable to all others they interfere with the monopoly of the labor market hitherto enjoyed by a certain class. Free trade in all commodities required for general use is alike the dictate of public economy and of fair play among all classes; but here it is demanded by a class, that the general public shall not be permitted to avail themselves of a cheaper market, and that they who desire to supply the labor market at lower rates than others shall be excluded from the country. Every man should be permitted to dispose of his labor for such prices as he can get; and every purchaser of labor should in like manner be free to get it as cheaply as he may. Any thing less than this, on either side, should be resisted as a hardship and an intolerable wrong. If Chinamen are willing to sell their labor at lower rates than other people, should they not be permitted to do so? and should not the employers of labor be permitted to purchase of whomsoever will supply it at the best rates?

In this complaint of our operatives against the Chinamen for underworking them, there is a humiliating confession of the infirmity of the complainants in that they are unable to hold their way against this competition unless specially favored. These Chinamen, we are told, are so industrious, so ingenious and imitative, that they readily compete with white men, in almost every department of the useful arts, and they are so frugal in their living that they can work for less wages than white men, and yet save money while the others would starve. And what then is the remedy asked for, that white mechanics, artisans, and laborers, may be able to hold their way among us? It is asked that one of the most sacred maxims of civil ethics, which has been our boast and glory from the earliest times, shall be reversed, all for the benefit of a comparatively few, and all others shall be denied the use of their natural rights; that a monopoly of a most odious form and oppressive character shall be granted to the few at the expense of the many; that the country shall be closed against those who come to offer to develop our latent resources, and to enrich the nation. And all this must be done to protect the superior "Christian" Caucasians against the formidable and the overcoming rivalry of Chinamen! If there are among the friends of these mistaking "working-men" any who are not yet themselves demented by their strange theories, they might possibly render them good service by suggesting certain reforms upon their own part, by which they would be enabled more successfully to compete with their Mongolian rivals. Let them eschew their drams, and spend a good deal less for tobacco; let them avoid all street rows, and bar-room fights, so as not to have occasion to spend either time or money at the Police Courts, nor be compelled to work a month or two each year, without wages, under legal restraints; let them have some little consideration for the tax-payers, and avoid whatever may tend to increase their burdens, by increasing the expenses of the boards of corrections and charities. The best possible trades-union for them would be the agreement of strong hands and willing hearts to do what can be done, and to "be content with their wages." The best possible *strike* is that made by strong hands where work is to be done. If our "working-men" will adopt this rule of action they will have no need of special protection against the competition of the Chinamen. Show fair play every-where, and ask no *special favors*.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

We were present, not long since, at an assembly for public worship, at which Rev. William Taylor, the Missionary Evangelist, officiated. He was evidently in his best mood, and certainly while his "speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom," they were in "demonstration and power." And while fully sympathizing with him, in respect to his immediate purpose, we found opportunity also to inquire in respect to the secret of the power by which he achieves success where others, no less sincere or able, entirely fail.

Mr. Taylor has some special points of advantage of a purely natural kind. His presence is imposing—six feet in height and two hundred pounds in weight, erect, bearded, and

swarthy. His voice, though not musical, is clear and distinct, and not disagreeable; and his address is directly *to* the people before him, uniting the force of an oratorical appeal with the attractiveness of a personal conversation. From beginning to end he held himself *en rapport* with his hearers, who were made to feel that they, each in his or her severalty, was spoken to, and a mental response was demanded of every one, which could not be denied.

This attitude before his congregation became to him a condition of very great value, as it insured universal attention and made every one a party to the business in hand.

In his expositions of doctrines he dealt with only those that every body understands, and which enter into the informal creeds of the whole community. These doctrines are stated by him, not by way of proof, or with any attempt to secure assent to them as true, for the speaker neither betrays the least possible doubt as to the truth of what he says, nor intimates, directly or by implication, that any doubt in respect to them is felt by his hearers. Every thing proceeds upon the tacit assumption that the great evangelical doctrines of the Bible are tremendous, present realities; that God and Christ and the Holy Spirit are real persons and very intimately related to man; that sin and death and eternal ruin are the facts that pertain to all the unregenerated; while pardon, regeneration, and eternal life are God's gifts, freely offered to all men through Christ. These things are kept all the time at the front, and no opportunity is allowed for caviling doubts or questionings upon any side issues.

This simplicity and definiteness of beliefs—which, however, are not formulated, and the attempt is never made to prove any of them—is a most effective element of power. He confronts his hearers as sinners, and speaks of their sin as great and inexcusable, and sure to result in damnation if not taken away through God's mercy and by Christ's atonement, and in response to repentance and faith on the part of the sinner. He tells them of their absolute helplessness to save themselves, but assures them of the help of the Holy Spirit now present and moving them to repent and be saved. He sets distinctly before them life and death as the only possible alternatives, and these removed to an infinite distance from each other. To the believer, heaven is presented as infinitely glorious and very near at hand; and to the unbeliever hell is just as near, with all its certain and unutterable horrors. His whole address presents a picture of the way of salvation, with its dark background of certain and endless perdition to the unsaved; but with light and life, of peace and joy, of holiness and heaven, as the gift of God, to the willing and obedient.

It would seem from his manner of speaking of these things that never does the shadow of a doubt in respect to any of them pass over his mind. And this, his fullness of belief, not only strengthens his own heart and hands in his work, but it unconsciously passes over to the minds of his hearers, and they, too, assent to the truth and feel its force. Indeed, he perpetually assumes that they assent to the things that he declares, and on this he bases his earnest appeals and cogent exhortations.

He also comes to the people with the Gospel message in the fullest expectation that his preaching will not be without immediate fruits. He expects that somebody will be awakened and brought to seek Christ, and all his exercises and appeals are ordered on that expectation. He addresses his words to the awakened sinner in the congregation, tells him of the greatness of the present crisis in his affairs, and urges him, as he values his soul, to lay hold upon the proffered salvation, then and there, lest delaying should prove eternally ruinous. And such points are sometimes most effectively enforced by facts and incidents given in illustration.

His evident sincerity and earnestness adds greatly to the effectiveness of his exhortations. His doctrines have no novelties about them, but are the simple and unadorned lessons of Christ's Gospel. His manner is without artifices or grimaces, or attempts at fun or smartness; grave, earnest, and deeply serious, with a pervading undertone of sadness and solicitude for souls perishing in sin.

As we observed these things we ceased to wonder at his marvelous success as an evangelist; and yet all that he did seemed so plain and natural that it appeared as if any one inspired with his spirit might do the same things. And then we thought with pity and sorrow of those preachers who are continually dealing with doubts and doubters, and so fa-

miliarizing themselves and their hearers with every subterfuge of caviling unbelief, and at best doing little more than laboring to "Hold the Fort," when it is their duty to assail the strongholds of the enemy, and to plant the banner of the cross on the ramparts of the strongholds of sin,—the soul unsaved.

A FRIENDLY CRITIQUE.

We take the liberty to print the following, which comes to us as a private letter from a valued personal friend. To the editor, it is exceedingly grateful, and it certainly is creditable to both the head and the heart of the writer:

OAK HILL, DELAWARE, OHIO, Sept. 12, 1878.

To my well-beloved friend and brother, Daniel Curry.

I have read with interest and I trust with profit, your able article in the September number of the REPOSITORY on "Prayer." But in seeking to correct some common and pernicious errors, do you not lean a little in the opposite direction? For example what you say on *attitude* as "expressing the conditions and relations in which the praying soul subsists in respect to God" is admirable; but do you not go too far in excluding all action from prayer? When the soul thus stands before God reverent, penitent, submissive, trustful, is it not rather the true attitude of the soul *in* prayer than prayer itself? Thus, standing, may not the soul, moved by strong desire, be led to ask, even plead for the things desired? Is there not a going out of the soul in petition—an outcry? And is not this action?

Viewed in a mere intellectual light it seems indeed the height of presumption for a fallible creature even to suggest to the high and Holy One what it would have him do; but the instincts of the heart are often safer guides than the deductions of the intellect. The soul burdened with a sense of guilt—what can it do but cry out for pardon? The Publican thus burdened smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Or, "standing consciously and receptively before God," and under a consciousness of its lack of conformity to the character and will of God, of its pollution, how instinctively does it cry out with the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" This prayer answered, there springs up an intense yearning for communion, fellowship with God. This may not formulate itself into a petition, yet it is a going out of the soul after God. The Psalmist gives utterance to this experience when he exclaims, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." These desires are begotten of the Spirit, and as he helps our infirmities there is awakened in the soul a holy boldness which cries out, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." This importunity, this wrestling spirit, made up of desire and faith, is in no way incompatible with the most profound humility and reverence and perfect submission to the Divine will—the proper attitude of the soul before God in prayer. "If it be possible," prayed Christ in the garden, "let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

There may be the same wrestling in prayer for others as for ourselves: as Abraham praying for the inhabitants of Sodom, and Moses praying for sinning Israel, etc. In all these cases is there not, strictly speaking, action?

Excuse my troubling you with this. I am not hunting heresy. Can't you give your old friend a call? Your presence and communion would refresh his spirit.

Most sincerely yours, F. MERRICK.

We are quite certain that there is no real difference of sentiment between the author of the "Study" and our friendly critic. If in presenting one side of the subject, we had failed properly to guard the other side, the fault, though real and perhaps serious, would not have been surprising. But we suspect the failure in this case is in the reading of the article, rather than in the article itself. While it was especially intended to state and emphasize the passive, unconscious, and receptive characteristics of prayer, it certainly was not our design to exclude altogether the active and even the volitional elements. Hence, we wrote, near the close of the article, "it is both our privilege and our duty to formulate our desires and *to ask that we may receive.*" And further, prayer "should be used, not to dispose him [God] to be gracious, but to meet him in the way he has appointed, and to render, on our part, the condition on which he sees fit to suspend his grace." It will be seen also that we expressly include prayer for temporal favors, though always in absolute submission to the divine will. As to that most active form of prayer, of which "Wrestling Jacob" is the type, probably in no other is the soul so thoroughly subjective and moved by a power beyond and above itself. Jacob indeed wrestled with the angel, but the angel also, and primarily, wrestled with Jacob, and first conquered him, and then submitted to be conquered by him.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1878.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

NO other department of human effort to secure covering for the body has perhaps contributed more to the progress of civilization than that connected with the capture and the commerce in animals whose skins have furnished fur. It has led to most daring adventure and to the endurance of untold personal privations; it has made known to the civilized man nations and tribes before unknown, and has carried arts and civilized life to peoples who would otherwise have remained in barbarism. The fur trade has been the means of making us acquainted with three-fourths of the North American Continent. There are few threads which followed through the tangled skein of history, will lead to more interesting knowledge than the capture and use of fur-bearing animals. From the primitive covering of men and the badger's skins of the Hebrew tabernacle, to

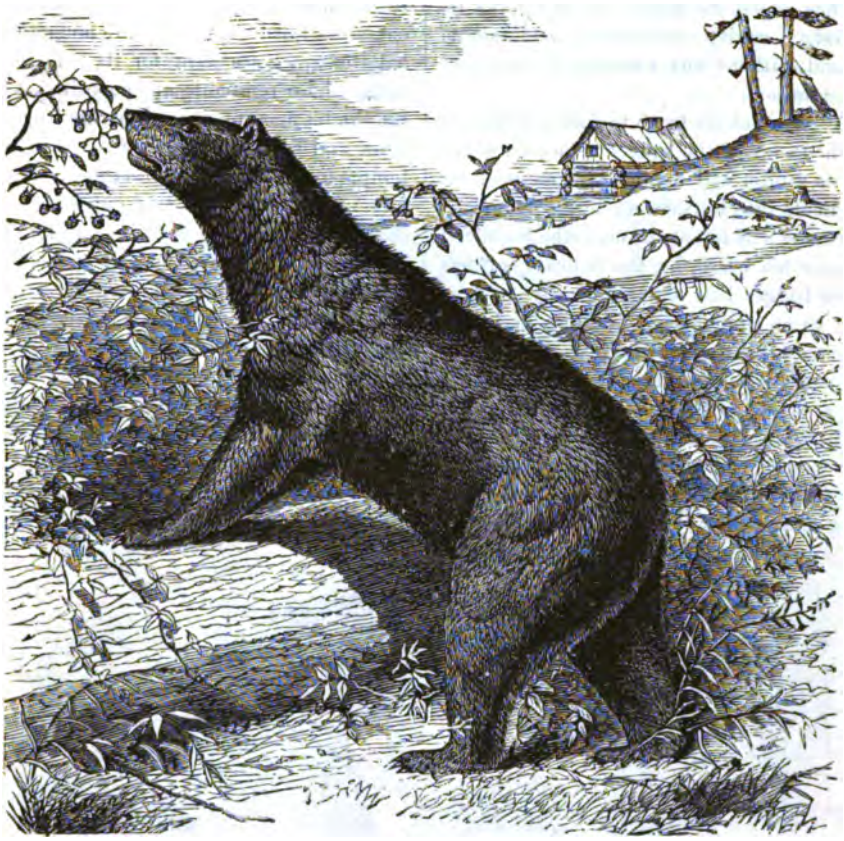
the introduction of furs into Europe by the Roman invaders in the sixth century, who brought sables from the Arctic Ocean, on to the common use of furs centuries after, the story is full of fascinating interest.

Marco Polo (1252) reports having found the Khans of Tartar tribes lined with sable and ermine skins, brought from "the land of darkness" (the North). Within a century thereafter it became fashionable in Europe to wear furs, but extravagance in this direction was limited to the wealthy by Edward III, who prohibited their use by those of his subjects who were not able to expend at least one hundred pounds a year—no inconsiderable sum in those days.

THE POLAR OR WHITE BEAR.

Of all our numerous American fur-bearing animals the bear tribe comprises the largest specimens, though their coarse hair might seem to exclude them from the category, to a place in which, however, they seem to be especially entitled by the extensive use of their skins for robes. Of these there are four species, the black bear, common to the whole country east of the rocky mountains; the cinnamon bear of the Rocky Mountains; the grizzly bear and the white bear of the far North. The bear is an unsocial animal, dwelling chiefly in the recesses of forests and mountains, and in Winter hiding away in caves or hollow trees, where they pass two or three months without food, in a half-dormant condition. The grizzly bears are especially dangerous, on account of their ferocity and fearlessness; for unlike almost all other animals they will sometimes attack men when neither wounded nor pursued; and their immense size, which sometimes reaches eight or nine feet in length, with nearly an equal extent of girth and a weight of a thousand pounds, renders them quite irresistible in battle. They are also difficult to kill, since bullets lodged in their flesh give them very little inconvenience.

The white or polar bear is found only on the borders of the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's



BLACK BEAR.

Bay, and is quite as much an aquatic as a land animal. It is uniformly white, with long and close-set hair, attains to a great size, and is very fierce, especially when pursued. It feeds almost entirely upon fish, and especially upon seals and young whales, and it has been known to swim twenty miles in order to get carcasses of whales, out of which the blubber has been taken by whalers. In pursuing the seal it contrives to surprise it when asleep on blocks of ice by approaching stealthily, making long dives, and so managing that at his last dive he comes up directly under the unfortunate seal, which either tumbles into the water from fright, or is snapped up at once.

Ranging from the Isthmus of Panama to the north of Canada is found the species known as the Black Bear, whose fur is smooth and glossy, and is now much used in the manufacture of military caps and sleigh robes, and in Russia is relied upon for many useful and comfortable articles of clothing.

The earliest use of the skins of animals for economical purposes, after the account of the clothing of our first parents, is that named in the books of Moses, where "badger's skins dyed red" are indicated as used for covering the Tabernacle. There are three species of this animal, belonging respectively to Europe, America, and India. It is a solitary, stupid creature, seeking quiet places and shunning the light, may be easily tamed, and will display a considerable amount of affection for its master, though on account of its disagreeable odor it is not a desirable pet. One of its marked peculiarities is the strength of the jaw, which

is so jointed to the skull that when the animal has closed its mouth the jaw locks itself into a cavity of the skull, and retains its hold without any exertion on the part of the animal.

We have not far to go to find the uses to which the fur of the badger is put, for every artist's studio will furnish specimens of its hair made into brushes, while the druggist's show-cases will tempt the man who is obliged to shave his beard, by the delicate softness of the badger hair shaving-brushes, and he must be an unobservant person who, in the use of these brushes for whatever purpose, has not paused to note that each hair has three colors, being yellowish-white at the roots, black in the middle, and grey at the top. As a covering for trunks the badger's skin dressed with the hair on is most serviceable, being rain-proof.

The animal ingeniously builds in burrows, its habitation consisting of a suite of chambers lined with hay, store-houses where balls of grass are kept for its service, and sinks where remnants are deposited. It is caught by flooding these burrows in Spring time, and securing the animal when he attempts to escape. He is also caught in traps, but not readily, as he is only less crafty than the fox, having been known, like Reynard, to overturn traps or spring them from the underside, before removing the bait.

Few things have interested naturalists more than observing the various means afforded to animals for their own protection. Prominent amongst the economies of nature, in this direction, is the strong resemblance between the color of the animal and the natural objects of his habitat. Many birds so nearly resemble in color the dust of the

THE PUMA OR PANTHER.

ground or the leaves of the forest as to escape entirely the notice of those seeking to destroy them.

In like manner the Puma or Panther, called also the American Lion, so harmonizes in color with the bark of trees, that

THE CANADA LYNX—WILD CAT.

when lying upon their branches, it is scarcely perceptible. While thus concealed it watches for and leaps upon its prey. It differs from all its congeners of the cat tribe in the color of its fur, which instead of being variegated with spots, is of a uniform silvery gray, fading into white. Though shunning the gaze of man it is ever on the alert to spring upon him in an unguarded moment. Its main force lies in its teeth and claws, though its limbs are extremely powerful. Its tongue is covered with recurved prickles, by which it cleans from the bones of its prey every particle of flesh. When meeting with its prey in herds it is often a most destructive animal, slaying in all directions, and sucking only a small portion. Though it will readily pounce upon a solitary animal, yet if a herd passes, it is cautious, and will dog their footsteps in hopes of securing some straggler. It is captured in pits or by being "treed." The skin though not esteemed among the choicest furs, makes a warm covering for the Indian, and is also used in the manufacture of carriage or lap robes and mats.

The Lynx is also of the cat tribe, but readily distinguished by his long ears, tipped with stiff, projecting hairs, and his short tail. One of the most marked peculiarities about this animal is its method of locomotion, moving in straight forward bounds,

with the back arched, and lighting on all four feet at once.

The Lynx has found his way into the domain of mythology, as having been harnessed to the car of Bacchus when he made the conquest of India. The European Lynx is, however, becoming rare, being only found in the Apennines and Pyrenees. It is of a reddish-gray color, as distinguished from the caracal (black-eared) species which inhabits Persia, India, and Barbary.

The Canada Lynx, found east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the great lakes, is timid, and makes a poor fight when surprised by hunters, and is readily killed. The skin of this species forms a considerable article in the fur trade, the annual exportation by the Hudson's Bay Company being from seven to nine thousand. The fur is soft and light, being generally dyed black and much used in America for facings and linings.

The Wild Cat of Europe resembles the Lynx in manners, and is the most destructive beast of prey in France, Germany, and England. Poultry yards are devastated by it, as it seizes the heads of fowls only, leaving the bodies, dozens being killed in a single night in this manner. When hunted the Wild Cat is a desperate fighter and extremely difficult to kill; experienced hunters say that "if a tame cat has nine lives, a wild cat must have more than a dozen."

The Egyptians paid an absurd reverence to this animal, embalming it when dead and burying it in a city sacred to the moon. In Holland it is bred for its fur, which is long and thick and used in the manufacture of robes and mats.

If there is any thing in the dignity and rank of the uses of which the skins of fur-bearing animals is put, a high position must be accorded to the Ermine, for it has long been intimately associated with the high places of power. In the time of Louis IX of France, when the use of furs was carried to an unusual extent, it is said that seven hundred and forty-six Ermine skins were required for the lining of one of that King's surcoats. In the fourteenth century the use of Ermine furs was restricted to the royal family, and at the present day they are used on state occasions throughout the British dominions, the judges of the higher court having their gowns lined with them, while we ourselves have grown so used to this association that our rhetoric familiarizes us with such phrases as the Ermine of Justice, though the skins have sunk so much in value that the Hudson's Bay Company say they scarcely pay the cost of collecting them. They are not found alone in America, however, being in Russia, Lapland, and Siberia, where, besides being caught in traps, they are shot with blunt arrows.

Richardson says it is a bold animal, frequently domesticating itself in the habitations of the fur traders. The Ermine belongs to the genus *Mustela*, and its dress, which in Summer is of light brown, in Winter changes into a pure white, excepting the tails, which never change but always remain a jet black, as they may be seen in muffs and boas, contrasting the rich black with the white. The rapidity of the change in the color of fur is in proportion to the severity of the cold, an instance being given of a Lemming exposed to the temperature of thirty degrees below zero but one night, when each of its shoulders together with its cheeks became white, and by the end of the week its whole body was blanched.

Living on the river banks of North America and Europe, somewhat after the manner of the Otter, is found the Mink, an aquatic animal, whose chief occupation consists in perpetual search for something to eat, failing in which it makes a meal of his own offspring. Its voracity will often exceed its shrewdness, leading it into naked traps. Its fur is of a rich brown color, and is in its best condition in the late Autumn and Winter, is of excellent quality and has been for many years one of the "fancy furs" of fashion, a good skin bringing from ten to twelve dollars. It resembles so much the Russian Sable as to be often mistaken for it. Its tail is extensively used in the manufacture of artists' pencils, but recently its fur has been thrown into comparative disfavor by the introduction of the fur seal.

The Russian Sable, the richest and most celebrated of the Martens, is of a brown

MINK.

color mixed with gray. The annual collection of them in the Russian territories is about twenty-five thousand. To the painful chasing of the Pine Marten through snow and ice in Winter has been ascribed the discovery of the eastern countries of Siberia. This species derives its name from inhabiting the northern climates where pine forests abound, and on our continent is found in Maine and by the Great Lakes. The fur is of a brown color, very soft and thick, and is of considerable value, one hundred and twenty thousand skins being annually exported under the name of Hudson's Bay Sable. The Tartar Sable is of a bright yellow color and in its natural state is used occasionally for ladies' dresses.

The under fur of the Stone Marten is a bluish white, while the top hairs are a dark brown. The French excel in the dyeing of this species, which is commonly known under the name of French Sable. In the time of Henry VIII the use of sable was confined to the nobility above the rank of viscount. The Marten, which furnishes all these different varieties of sable, is about twenty to thirty inches in length, and is a shy, wary animal, though graceful in all its movements. Its habitations are built in the tops of trees, and it frequently appropriates the nests of squirrels to its own use.

The Fisher is larger than any of the sables, and its fur is shorter and fuller, the general color of it being a grayish brown. It is found in Canada and the northern United States, where it is known as the Black Cat. Its nests are built in trees and burrows, and it prowls by night in search of

THE PINE MARTEN.

food. The skin of the Fisher is valuable, resembling the Sable, and is used in fashionable Winter apparel; about eleven thousand skins being annually exported from North America to England. A few years since, its tail formed an ornament of the national cap worn by the Jewish merchants of Poland.

The Fitch, or Polecat, is common to all parts of Europe, and is extremely destructive to poultry. The ground of its fur is yellow, while the top hair is black and is much worn in America.

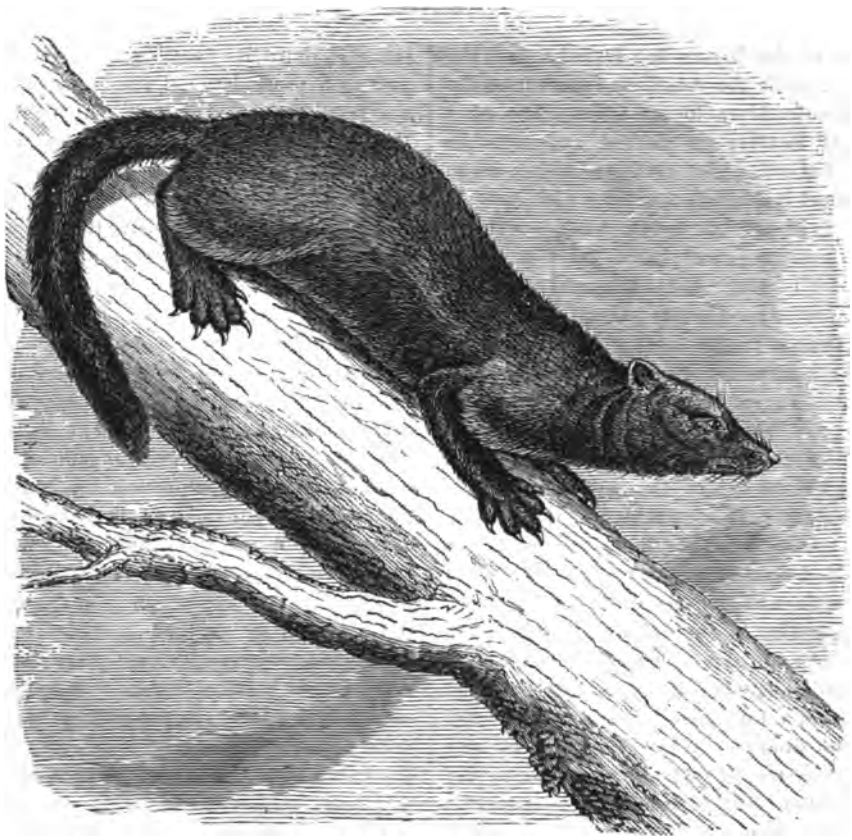
Of the Skunk family there are eighteen species, ten of which are found in South America and eight upon our own continent. It is noted for its offensive effluvia produced by a fluid which it has power to eject or retain at will, and which seems to be its almost only defense. The excretion is extremely acrid in quality and its scent has been known to last for many years. If a small quantity fall upon the eyes it is very apt to produce permanent blindness. Dogs in their first experiences with the Skunk are frequently thus blinded. The colors of the Skunk are white and black, though sometimes found totally black or altogether white. Its fur is long, rather coarse, but valuable, and as Skunk fur would not sound well in connection with a set of fashionable furs it takes the name in commerce of *Alaska Sable*, and forms one of our staple pelts, many thousand being annually exported to Poland and adjacent provinces.

South America furnishes the Chinchilla, which resembles the Rabbit in size, with the exception of the tail, which is like that

of the Squirrel. The color of its fur is gray mixed with white, and is of a close and fine texture, much used for muffs, tippets, and linings for cloaks, and on account of its fineness is almost wholly confined to ladies' wear.

The Nutria, or Coypu, another animal found in Chili and other parts of South America, is similar in size and many other respects to the Beaver. The Coypu makes its home on the banks of rivers, and is a lively and amusing animal in its habits, is of a gentle disposition, and may be readily tamed. Large numbers of Nutrias are trapped and shot, but the greater quantity are simply killed with a club. Their skins have become an important article of commerce. Thirty years ago a large quantity of them were sold at sixteen and a half cents a pound, one hundred skins weighing from forty to fifty pounds. The price advanced, and during our war became as high as two dollars per pound, but has now fallen to one dollar. Nutria fur is used by furriers in the same manner, and for the same purpose, as Beaver, and the price of the Nutria is governed by that of the Beaver. The fur is the best in the market for the manufacture of hats, on account of its superior felting qualities, and when mixed with other furs increases the quality of the stock. A firm in Brooklyn uses about twenty-five thousand Coypu skins per year. When they are dyed they are the best imitation of Seal, and when carefully prepared it is not easy for even experts to distinguish the one from the other.

There are two species of the Beaver, the European and American, so much alike that the same description will suffice for both. The European species is found along the



THE BLACK MARTEN.

BEAVER.

banks of the Rhone, the Danube, and the Weser, while the American ranges from the Mackenzie River to the Ohio. The hind feet of Beavers are webbed, and, together with the tail, which acts as a rubber, serve to propel it through the water with remarkable facility. Its incisor teeth are large and hard, and were used by the North American Indians to cut bone and to fashion their horn-tipped spears. Of all quadrupeds the Beaver is the most sagacious builder of its habitation, which is dome-like and made of a mixed mass of wood, stones, and mud, the latter materials being carried under the chin, while the wood is dragged along by the teeth. Few subjects in natural history have attracted the attention of travelers so much, or have been more minutely described by naturalists, than the instinctive building operations of the Beaver. Congregating in large numbers upon banks of brooks and rivers, where the water rises and falls, they build a bank which crosses the stream from one side to the other and is often from eighty to a hundred feet long and from ten to twenty feet broad at the foundation. If the Beavers find a large tree on the margin of the streams which can be made to fall directly into the water, they bring it down by gnawing it at the base, and then proceed to cut the branches from the trunk in order that it may be level. They next cut down smaller trees, which they make into stakes, drag to the water and float down to the place where the dam is being built, where they drive them into the mud so that other branches may be firmly interwoven among them. When the bank is finished the Beavers build small cabins upon piles near the margin of the water which are provided with two openings, one leading to the land and the other to the water. These cabins are from four to ten feet in diameter and made with three or four stories, each one having its own store-room for food, and the provisions put there are intended to last during the Winter. As many as twenty-five to thirty cabins are grouped together, containing from two to eight inmates, and the entrance to each being under water. The outsides of these huts are covered every Autumn with fresh mud, making them smooth and hard, thus preventing the Beaver's common enemy, the Wolverine, from disturbing them. The roofs of these houses frequently become covered with vegetation, and are often seen with willows and poplars growing upon them, in which birds build

their nests. The young of the Beaver stay under the maternal roof for four years, when they are of age and able to shift for themselves.

Beavers are captured either by traps or by storming their dwellings in Winter, the latter mode being more frequently resorted to. The Indian manner of catching this creature is to search for the foundation of its dam and then his squaw engages in the more laborious work of breaking through the roof, when the Beavers, alarmed at such an invasion, make for the bank and are at once seized by the ready huntsman; scores of these animals are thus made victims within a few hours. Hunters find these habitations when unprepared for the capture of the Beavers, and drive sticks over them as a sign of personal property to be taken when more convenient. When the Beaver is caught he will endeavor to turn a somersault into deep water, at the same time likely to dislodge a stone in the dam, which break is no sooner discovered than all the Beavers unite in fixing it; this peculiarity of habit is turned to account in trapping them. The color of the Beaver's fur is a deep chestnut, the animal having also a soft under fur of gray color, which is the valuable growth of the fur, and is shaved from the skin by a sharp knife, and separated from the hair by the action of wind, which blows it along a tube, depositing the light fur at one end while the hair is left stationary at the other, a sort of winnowing exercised on hair instead of corn. The color of the fur on the under parts of the Beaver is lightest, and as is the case with all water animals it is the finest. The cheeks too are of a superior quality, and are highly valued by manufacturers.

Beaver fur was formerly prized in the making of hats and ladies' bonnets and brought the largest profits to the fur companies; but cheaper materials have since been substituted in the manufacture of hats, and the demand has decreased, although the annual catch is now from a hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand skins.

The musk-rat and raccoon are found all over the Eastern and Middle States. The former is a kind of beaver on a small scale. The body has the same thick-set appearance, and its gnawing teeth are very powerful. It has also similar instincts, living in colonies, in curiously constructed huts, built near the water's edge, which are plastered inside and covered outside with a kind of basket-work of rushes carefully twined together, so as to form a secure guard against water, and the entrance to them being beneath it. William H. Gibson describes the travels of the musk-rat while under water in the following manner: "Before plunging beneath the ice, the animal fills its lungs with air, and when under the water swims until it can no longer hold its breath. It then rises up beneath the ice and empties its lungs. In a short time the air absorbs enough oxygen to be life-sustaining, when the animal again inhales it, and proceeds on his journey. Musk-rats are often killed in this way; being tracked, they will presently be seen at the surface of the water in order to get fresh oxygen, which is the signal for the hunter to strike; the animal is then driven away under the ice, and will be literally driven away from its breath." Musk-rats have a peculiar musky smell, but the animal from which the musk of commerce is produced, is a native of Thibet. In Summer these creatures wander about in pairs. Their fur resembles in texture that of the mink, and is extensively used in America and abroad. Over six millions of skins are annually taken.

The raccoon, or "coon," as it is more commonly called, is an interesting pet, very docile and easily trained, and is exclusively an American animal It is shy and cunning, has a stealthy tread, and is mischievous like the fox, and in cold climates lies dormant in the Winter, but in the Southern States prowls about by day and by night in search of food, which, it is said, he dips into water before eating. The raccoon is generally hunted by dogs on moonlight nights between the months of October and April, and affords the negroes of the Southern plantations many a whole night's entertainment while occupied in the popular "coon-hunt."

THE RACCOON.

The Gulo, or Wolverine, more commonly known as the Glutton, is a powerful and ferocious animal, about three feet in length, and in looks is not unlike the bear. Its feet are large, and the paws so powerful that a single stroke from one of them sometimes proves fatal. To the trapper the Wolverine is a most detested enemy, following the rounds of the traps in order to detach the baits or to tear away the dead animals which have fallen a victim to them. In a single night the hunter's entire circuit will be followed in this manner by this creature, which, if it does not care to devour its prey, will tear it into pieces, leaving the torn remains to tell of its visit. The fur of the Gulo, which is of a brown color, forms an extensive object of commerce to the Hudson's Bay trappers, and finds a market in Germany, where it is used for linings and other purposes.

Wolves are found in almost every quarter of the globe, and are fierce and dangerous animals. They are cowardly, seldom attacking man except in large numbers. They are horribly destructive to sheep-folds, forty sheep having been known to have been killed in one night by a single wolf. The largest and most formidable of the species on our continent is the Gray Wolf found east of the Rocky Mountains, traveling in packs of hundreds in search of its prey. Its color is yellowish gray, and almost a white in the northern countries, where it is found to be very large, measuring sometimes seven feet.

The common Prairie Wolf is smaller than the foregoing species, and is of a reddish

THE WOLF.

color. The Wolf is an excellent example of a truly cowardly nature, and is at all times suspicious of any thing like a trap, and is nearly as difficult to capture as the fox. The following extract from Audubon's work will show the cowardice of the wolf: "While visiting at one time with a friend of mine I was asked if I should not like to visit the wolf-pits, which were about a mile distant. Glad of an opportunity, I accompanied him. He had three pits within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep, and broader at bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animals to escape from them. In the first pit we found the bait all gone, and the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and so escaped. On peeping into the next, we were assured that 'three famous fellows were safe enough' in it. 'But,' said I, 'how are we to get them out?' 'How, sir?' said the farmer, 'why by going down to be sure, and hamstringing them.' Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on. 'With all my heart,' quoth the farmer; 'stand here and look at me.' Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his axe and knife. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and with a side stroke of the knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been working lambs."

The breath of the Wolf is very offensive, and its flesh is rejected by all other carnivorous animals with the exception of those of its own species. All wolves pursue their

prey in packs, and in hilly countries where precipices are found are known to destroy swifter animals than themselves by surrounding them in a semicircle, and driving them over some great height where they are dashed to pieces, when the wolves, descending by some path, feast on their victims. Lately the

THE RED FOX.

number of wolves has been lessened by the practice of filling their burrows with smoke and killing them as they leave them. This animal may, in a measure, be tamed, and many remarkable stories are told of it. Cuvier relates an instance of one which had been reared from an early age by a gentleman who, being compelled to leave France, left the animal with a menagerie. The wolf was at first much depressed, and lost his appetite; but in time regained his spirits, became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten his former affection. After an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. Without being able to see him, the wolf heard his voice, and yelped and gamboled with joy. On being liberated from his cage, he jumped upon his master in an ecstasy of delight. On the renewed absence of his master he again relapsed into sadness, but again recovered. The next visit of the gentleman was deferred for three years, but he was still unforgotten, and the same manifestations were repeated.

Foremost amongst Mr. Darwin's resemblances between the human visage and that of animals might well stand that of the Fox, for in all countries and amongst all peoples the characteristics of the Fox are made significant of sharp practice and low cunning amongst men. Mythical stories of the Fox bear such a striking resemblance as to furnish a strong evidence in favor of the theory of the Grimm brothers and Dasent that our hearth stories have not been translated, but have simply migrated with the races over the world. The Fox is the hero of a thousand fables and of well established stories, showing how he outwits the human being. In few things do men find this more than in their efforts to catch it, and even experts are deceived and outdone by this sly creature. It will overturn traps again and again, and take the contents of them to enjoy at his leisure. If a Fox were to develop into a Wall-street broker, there is every reason to believe he would enjoy a "corner," and would prove competent to any emergency.

When being chased by hounds, he will resort to various devices, such as leaping a wall or a bush, and crouching suddenly wait till the dogs pass the spot, then return by the exact track in which he came; and, making a few enormous bounds, so as to break the scent, reaches his burrow. He will detect a *human* scent as keenly as dogs do that of

the Fox, and hence after setting bait it is necessary to smoke the trap over burning hen's feathers, and even when this is done the trap and bait should be handled with buckskin gloves.

There are six varieties of the Fox family on our continent, the commonest being the Red Fox, found in all parts of the United States, and whose skins are sold for foreign consumption, it being a great favorite in Turkey.

The Silver or Black Fox is the most valuable for commercial purposes, and is the rarest and most beautiful species, and principally bought by the Russians and the Chinese.

There seems some doubt as to the origin of the term Cross Fox, given to that branch of the family. Some trappers supposing it to indicate a cross in the breed of the Red and Silver Fox, because different members of the species exhibit the color of both; but the more probable origin of the name is owing to a mark on the shoulder of the animal suggestive of a cross.

In the West is found the Prairie Fox, which is the largest of the genus. The Arctic Fox, found on the borders of the Arctic Ocean, is in Winter entirely white. It migrates in troops over the frozen seas, and, like the Puma, if it obtains possession of more food than it can consume at one meal, it hides the remainder until another time. This species is easily caught, fifteen having been taken from one trap in four hours.

The swiftest of all quadrupeds found in America are the Rabbit and Hare, so singularly alike in appearance that the description of the one will do for the other. Yet the black tips to the ears of the Hare are so conspicuous as to distinguish it at once from the Rabbit. The American Rabbit is not the only species, for large numbers of Rabbits called Coneys are found in England, France, and other countries. The Hare fur in Great Britain is superior for hat purposes to any in the world, and when dyed in imitation of other skins is manufactured into a great variety of cheap and useful articles for the middle classes.

The Rabbit's usual method of attack is by leaping over the object of dislike and giving it a violent kick as it passes over. Its jumps are remarkable, having been known to clear over twenty feet in a single leap. The fur is soft and fine, but it has been comparatively a short time since its real value became known. For a few Winters past silk cloaks for ladies lined throughout with rabbit-skins have been in favor.

The "Britannic Encyclopædia" states that the skin of the Squirrel exceeds in number that of any of the fur-producing animals. There are many varieties of it, fifty species being found in America. The Gray Squirrels are remarkable for their extensive migrations. Assembling in immense numbers, they make their way across the country,

BLACK SQUIRREL.

swimming streams and turning aside for no obstacle. They are easily tamed, and are much sought after as pets, but their fur is of trifling importance.

To that strange tribe which carry their

OPOSSUM.

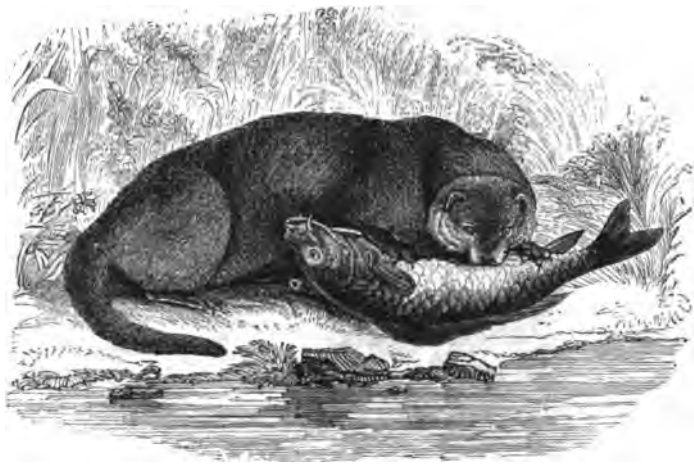
little ones in their pockets belongs the Opossum. Its nest is made in hollow trees, and when the young are brought forth they are transferred by the mother to her pouch. When five weeks old they emerge and travel by themselves. On being alarmed they rush to their guardian and twine their tails around her body. "It is an amusing sight to see a family of young 'possums' thus linked together and so attached to each other."

The Virginia Opossum is about the size of a cat, and is found west of the Hudson River. It is active in getting from one branch of a tree to another by means of its tail, which is long and flexible. The general color of the fur is a bluish white, tinged with yellow. The Opossum is not a cunning animal and is easily trapped, being ensnared by a device at which a Rat would look with contempt. In the South it is hunted by negroes, who think it delightful sport to spend their time in 'possum-hunting. It prowls around farm-yards at night.

"When a farmer has surprised an Opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls, his angry feelings urge him to kick the poor beast, which conscious of its inability to resist, rolls around like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resentment; at last there it lies, not dead, but exhausted, its jaws open, its tongue extended, its eyes dimmed. 'Surely, says the tormentor, the beast must be dead.' But no, it is only 'possuming,' and no sooner has his enemy withdrawn than it makes for its home in the woods."

The Otter haunts most of the rivers, lakes, and coasts of England and America; but the two most valuable species are found along the north-eastern shores of Asia, and north-western shores of America.

The Otter is a little larger than the cat, and is fierce and savage when attacked; but when taken young may be easily tamed and readily taught to catch fish for its keeper. The Hindoos have a regular system for training it for this purpose; that first it must be made to give up eating fish. This is managed by mixing bread and milk with the fish and gradually diminishing the quantity of fish until the animal feeds on bread and milk alone. Having reached this step it is taught to bring and carry like a dog, and is thus employed in the catching of fish. A pet Otter has been known to be so tame that whenever alarmed it would spring into its master's arms for protection. This animal caught from eight to ten salmon in a day.

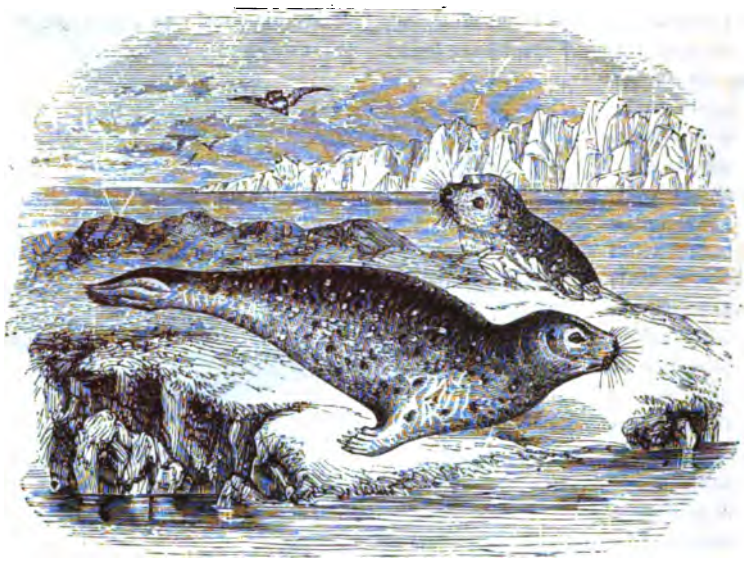


THE OTTER.

Otters when passing along beneath the surface of the water, do not usually accomplish their object by swimming but by walking along the bottom, which they can do as securely and rapidly as they can run on dry ground. In Winter they navigate by sliding, and when on the ice may be often seen to run a few steps and then throw themselves on the slippery surface and slide; this is frequently continued for hours through mere appreciation of the enjoyment in it.

Their fur has the property of the feathers of diving birds in not becoming wet, and is of exquisite softness and beauty, being of a rich, brown color. It is nearly as fine as wool, and in China or Japan a single skin brings as much as a hundred dollars. The skin is dyed a deep black and is made into sacques, muffs, etc., and is among the most fashionable furs, England alone using from seven to eight thousand annually, while Russia, Greece, and China make equally as great demands.

Amongst all the animals whose skins are used for fur, none have of late years been so great a favorite, nor esteemed of more utility than that of the Seal. The national attention has of course been additionally turned to this article of commerce by our acquisition of the territory of Alaska, which is said to afford a hundred thousand skins of the annual catch of one hundred and sixty thousand in all the world. Formerly the Russian American Fur Company of St. Petersburg gathered these fur products from Alaska. Fur seals were collected mainly from two small islands in Behring's Straits, and the sea-otter skins along the Aleutian Islands. They were collected by natives, brought to a great depot at Sitka, and thence shipped to London and St. Petersburg. The Summer home of the Seal of these seas is on the St. Paul and St. George's Island, situated three hundred miles from any other land, where from May to November millions of seals line the shores. To prevent the extermination of the Seal, the United States Government, since its acquisition of the territory of Alaska, has extended protection over the seal-fisheries, providing that only male seals shall be captured and laying a tax on the seals. Whether, however, the compact is fairly



THE SEAL.

kept we have no means of knowing, as other islands in the neighborhood yield seal, and the surplus catch can be attributed to those indefinitely, and there is little power to see that the contract is kept. The exclusive right to the fur seal fisheries of these islands of St. George and St. Paul, is now granted to a commercial company of San Francisco, California, who have sixteen to twenty trading posts, a dozen vessels, and a large corps of traders and employés, who collect the skins and forward them to San Francisco, whence they are shipped to all the world.

Mr. W. H. Elliott's report on Alaska to the Treasury Department of the United States Government contains minute desciptions of the habits and haunts of the fur-seal fisheries; from which the Government has already derived an income as follows:

From the Tax on Seal Skins, ...	$1,150,219 75
From Rent on Fur Seal Islands, ...	170,480 75
For Sale of Seal Skins taken by Government Agents, ...	29,529 17
Total, ...	$1,350,229 67

From its commercial and political relations, however, we must return to the animal himself, and the method of preparing his skin for the market.

The seal displays the most complete adaptation to living in the water, and resembles a quadruped in some respects, and a fish in others. The body is from three to five feet in length, and has no external ears, but a valve exists in the openings, which can be closed at will so as to keep out the water, and the nostrils have a similar valve. Seals live in herds, and exhibit most tender solicitude for the welfare of their young, which increase in size with great rapidity, having been known to have doubled their bulk in eight days. They are fond of crawling out of water upon floating blocks of ice, and their motion is not unlike that of a caterpillar. In case of alarm or attack they take the most direct line for the water, leaping into it even over precipices which insure their destruction. They have a sort of snapping bark, and as they have some facial resemblance to the dog, are often known as the sea-dog. They are easily tamed, and become strongly attached to their keepers, recognizing them at a distance. They have been trained to sit up, to bow, to kiss the hand, to affect sleep, to turn a hand-organ, shoulder a gun, and many other simple tricks.

Hunters frequently capture seals by spearing them through the ice when they come to breathe. In Alaska, from five to ten men

will go down among a number of them and drive as many as they want into their village, the seals moving at the rate of half a mile an hour. On arriving at the killing ground they are allowed to rest and cool themselves, the fur being apt to come off if killed at once. Several of the creatures are now separated from the drove and surrounded by a score or so of men armed with long, heavy clubs, and with a blow from these, are killed. Three or four having been knocked down, the men set about the work of skinning. The skin, when taken from the animal, is by no means an attractive object. It is grayish and dirty looking, and goes through a remarkable transformation before it appears as the beautiful rich brown material on the market, surpassing in appearance and velvety texture any thing which resembles it. The first process to which it is subjected is that of removing all the long, coarse hairs, that the under fur, like the down on geese, may alone remain. Formerly this was done by pulling out these hairs one by one, at a vast expenditure of time and money, until, by accident, the discovery was made that the roots of the long hairs were more deeply imbedded in the skin than the softer and short ones, since which time the skins are laid hair downward on a wooden block with a curved surface, and pared down with a knife until the roots of the long hair have been cut through and the skins are very little thicker than a kid glove. The next process to which it is submitted is that of dyeing. This has hitherto only been well done in Europe, hence valuable furs are sent to London to be dyed. Now, however, it is in evidence that the best seal-skin dyeing is done by a firm in Albany, N. Y.; but as they confine their dyeing operations to skins for their own use and trade, it is of comparatively little avail to the public, though we may feel a just national pride in the pre-eminence of the skill of our countrymen.

Millions of seal-skins have been used in Europe and in this country, and thousands of tons of shipping are employed in their capture. Off the coast of Labrador alone, hundreds of thousands of seal-skins have been taken, and the demand has been greater for a few years past than ever before.

The commerce in furs, as has been previously stated, has been the means of geographical discovery, political conquest, and civilized life in large portions of North America. As early as 1670, Charles II granted a patent to a company for trade in and about the Hudson's Bay, Prince Rupert being the head of it. A competing company was commenced in 1784, called the Northwest Fur Company, with headquarters at Montreal. The rivalry between these two companies led to a war between the two, which, when wearied with the strife, culminated in the union of the two companies under the name of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, which now engrosses most of the fur trade of British America, having its factories and settlements established in various parts of the country and on the Coast of Labrador around James Bay and the Albany River. Its numerous depots extend a thousand miles into the interior in all directions, where the natives bring fur-skins to trade for clothes, blankets, and trinkets. The territory of the Hudson's Bay Company was ceded to the Dominion of Canada in 1870. In the United States the progress of the trade has been equally significant. In 1762 a company was formed at New Orleans, and in 1763 a fur establishment was founded on the site now occupied by St. Louis, which gave that city its name. Furs from the remotest regions were brought down in canoes and exchanged at St. Louis and New Orleans for groceries and other articles, but rarely for money. The Missouri Fur Company was established at St. Louis in 1808.

In 1784 John Jacob Astor entered this line of commerce at Montreal. He obtained a charter in 1808 from the New York Legislature, which was sanctioned by Congress, and the American Fur Company was inaugurated, with a million of dollars of capital. In 1810 he became associated with the Pacific Fur Company, and an expedition was sent to the Columbia River by sea and one across the continent at the same time to the same place. Similar expeditions were to go out annually, Astor receiving half the profits.

Great misfortunes attended the enterprise, and in 1813 his principal Canadian partner treacherously sold the settlement to the North-west Company, which led Mr. Astor thereafter to confine his transactions to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and Mackinaw became the principal station of his fur trade up to 1848.

The fur commerce of the world at present centers about a few great marts and large fairs. The greatest markets are now at Leipsic and London. Leipsic has long been pre-eminently the fur center. Semi-annually the fur men of all countries concentrate at its great fairs, one of which is held at Easter. London has long striven to divert this trade to itself. The prices which are obtained in these great sales rule the markets of the world in the interval of their being held.

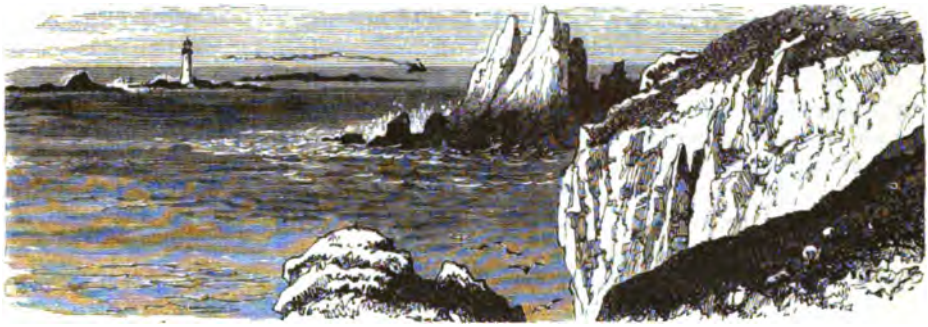
Another great fair is held on the Ural Mountains, where representatives of the rudest tribes and of the most civilized people are thrown together. Such gatherings must, of necessity, be greatly educational to the outlying hordes who come thus in contact with more civilized life.

There is also an annual fair held at Penetanguishene, in Canada, when the entire catch of the year is sold in gross to the highest bidder, and it generally is bought by one man as the representative of the society controlling the London market, and is shipped in bulk—good, bad, and indifferent, and all varieties of skins.

In the *Hat, Cap, and Fur Trade Review*, an intelligently conducted magazine printed for the trade in New York City, is found a very exhaustive table, prepared by Wm. MacNaughlin, fur merchant of New York, showing the annual sales of skins of all kinds from 1851 to 1877, of the Hudson's Bay Company and Lampson & Co., in London. According to this statement, the sale of muskrat by these two companies has not fallen below two million skins at any time during the last ten years. Beaver, during the same period, has fluctuated from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred and sixteen thousand. For many years the supply of martens was very high, but it fell below 100,000 skins in 1868, and did not recover until 1875, when it reached 166,512, but has slightly fallen off. For three or four years past the supply of skunk has been kept at a little above or a little below 300,000 skins, while sea otter reached its highest number in 1877, which was 5,538. The supply of over 500,000 raccoon skins in 1877 was only equaled one year before since 1861. It adds but little to one's comfort to note that the number of wolf skins does not show the scarcity of this animal. As long ago as 1859, 12,000 skins were a year's yield—a figure not reached again until 1866, and never surpassed but in 1874, when over 15,000 were thrown on the market, while the annual yield is yet over 8,000. The silver fox has fallen off of late years, but 75,000 red fox skins in 1876 do not look as if Master Reynard were to be a myth for many a day to come.

CORNWALL.*

"By *Pol* and *Tre* and *Pen*
You may know the Cornish men."



LAND'S END AND LONGSHIPS LIGHT.

WE can not go roundabout in England and miss Cornwall, the birthplace of famous King Arthur of the Round Table, with its wild and beautiful sea-coast, where the Atlantic dashes in such fury that nothing but the hardest kind of rocks remain to greet it—granite, slate, and the pretty greenish serpentine. They say that of all the coast of England the southern is the most exposed to the fury of the waves, and that Beachy Head, which has been proverbial for its dangers to sailors' crafts ever since the Spanish Armada was wrecked against this chalky ridge of the South Downs, does not brood such ill as the granite cliffs of the Lizard, where the awful voice of the sea always keeps its highest key, and where the merciless waves seem ever ready to dash some hapless ship to pieces.

Cornwall is the most western county in England, and is almost wholly surrounded by the sea, excepting the eastern side, which is partly separated from Devonshire by the Tamer River. From Moorwinstow to Land's End the greatest length of the country is ninety miles, but measuring from Moorwinstow south to Rume Head, its greatest breadth does not exceed forty-three miles, and it diminishes from this until it dwindles down to a narrow strip of only seven miles; its form, therefore, nearly resembles a horn, or, as some say, a cornucopia.

Singular as is the formation of Cornwall is its history. Its inhabitants, who reach a good old age, are a quaint people, and unlike any other Britishers. Ethnologists tell us that the Cornish are the oldest residents of the west of England, and, until the period of the Reformation, the county of Cornwall had a language of its own—a tongue so unlike the English that zealous preachers of the Word of God used the Cornish as the medium of interpretation in the pulpit and at the administration of the sacrament. It is generally supposed that the last person who spoke Cornish was Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1778, and to whose memory Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte erected a monument in the church-yard at St. Paul, bearing the inscription:

"Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garret, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860."

For two thousand years, Max Müller, the German philologist of Oxford, tells us the

*Rewritten from the London *Art Magazine*, to the publishers of which we are indebted for the illustrations used in this article.

Cornish was a living language, and though the history of Cornwall can hardly be traced to any thing like that distance into antiquity, yet it is impossible to spend even a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades the Cornish country, and seems like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. "It is impossible," says Müller, "to look at any pile of stones, at any wall, or pillar or gate-post, without asking one's self the question, Is this old, or is this new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman, or of Celt? Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, Is this the work of nature or of man?"

"Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely nature's casual work! they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away."

There is a continuity between the present and the past of that curious peninsula, such as we seldom find in any other place. A spring bubbling up in a natural granite basin, now a "meeting-place" for Baptists or Methodists, was, but a few centuries ago, a holy well attended by busy friars, and visited by pilgrims, who came there "nearly lame," and left the shrine "almost able to walk." Still further back the same spring was a center of attraction for the Celtic inhabitants, and the rocks piled up around it stand there as witnesses of a civilization and architecture certainly more primitive than the civilization and architecture of Roman, Saxon, or Norman settlers. We need not look beyond. How long that granite buttress of England has stood there, defying the fury of the Atlantic, the geologist alone, who is not awed by ages, would dare to tell us.

We did not set out to write of Cornish antiquities, to uncover the hidden treasures of its burial-places, called Cromlechs, to settle the question whether or no Jews worked as slaves in Cornish mines, and traces of their presence still survive, or whether the Phœnicians were in trade with the tin and copper mines of Cornwall, at a time when gold and silver were less precious than the metals here wrenched from the bowels of the earth; nor do we wish to say any thing even of the way in which the riches of Cornwall, that are almost wholly hidden deep under ground like those of the gnomes and elves of fairy tales, are being brought forth gradually by thirty thousand men who daily descend to their subterranean workshops. We propose to deal simply with the attractions of Cornish landscapes, the cliffs and the moors, the charming sub-tropical climate where tall heliotropes, scarlet geraniums, fuchsias, and camellias grow in the open air all the year round; some filling the air with their rare perfumes, and others almost dazzling the eye with the profusion of their brilliant blooms.

Starting from London by the luxurious Great Western rail, a twelve hours' ride brings the tourist to Penzance, the starting-point for the Land's End district. But Penzance itself, though in view of Milton's "guarded mount," needs not long detain. As we hurry through it, we call to mind how the Spaniards, in 1595, having sufficiently recovered from the first fright of the Armada disaster, came hither and burned the town, which was then of quite a considerable size, and with it the pretty and peaceful villages of Newlyn and Mousehole, and even St. Paul's church, then standing alone in the fields, the superstitious inhabitants scarcely resisting because the prediction had been made of old that

"Strangers would land
On the rocks on Merlin,
To burn Paul's church,
Penzance and Newlyn."

The tourist's proper lodging place is at one of the little inns at Sennen, St. Just, or Treryn, or, better still, at Whitesand Bay. A glance at the map will show the relative positions and advantages of these places as headquarters. Sennen and St. Just command the district between the Land's End and Cape Cornwall (said to be the only "cape" in England); whilst Treryn is a good base of operations for the coast scenery which lies between the stern granite headland of Tol Pedn Penwith and once beautiful Lamorna Cove. Whichever point be se-

PRADANACK POINT.

lected will afford subjects innumerable for that

"Soul-soothing art which morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry."

Miles of gray and purple cliffs, cushioned with sea-pinks, and bordered with golden furze and crimson heath, stretches of yellow sands lining the "emerald crescent bays," the silver sheen of the Atlantic, and a changeful sky, every-where await the tourist. Should the day prove very calm, as indicated in the sketch of the Land's End and Longships Light, he can hardly fail to recall Wordsworth's exquisite lines:

"How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood which reason takes away, or brings;
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

At such a time the tempest-scarred cliffs of columnar granite smile in the sunshine, decked in that subtle harmony of tints which gray moss and golden lichens afford, relieved by shadows of a purer purple than was ever spread on palette; whilst, as Charles Kingsley says, at their base rolls in "the smooth Atlantic swell, as if curling itself up to sleep at last within that sheltered nook—tired with its weary wanderings."

How a breeze changes the scene! Red-sailed fishing-boats put out from the little cove on a whiffing expedition for mackerel, and dance light-heartedly over apple-green waves, whose tints and forms compel an exclamation in praise of the fresh and cheerful truthfulness with which Hook has depicted many such a scene; the breeze has hardly arrived before a groundswell rises telling of an Atlantic storm, which may have taken place days ago and hundreds of miles away; and the waves—though there is still but slight motion in the air—break upon the vanguard of England in "measured cadences of thunder."

Fortunate is he who has an opportunity of enjoying a storm at the Land's End, when

"The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves"

are at work, seeming maliciously bent on destroying the great breakwater which the God of nature has placed here to guard the southern Cornish coast. At such a time, when the storm continues, the tenants of the Longships Light can not be relieved for weeks; and *even in calms* it is sometimes dangerous for them to go outside the light-

house door, lest the "cruel, crawling foam" lick them off the slippery rocks on which the men seek to exercise their cramped limbs. Once near the Cornish coast in angry weather, and it becomes plain why no trees grow on the wind-whipped moor-lands in the rear of the cliffs; or, if some stunted thorn has dared to assert its existence amid such furious blasts as here sometimes prevail, see how it piteously flings its arms toward the east, as if appealing for deliverance from its tyrant! Indeed, the Land's End is an excellent place for a study of what the greatest of English word-painters finely calls "the disorder of the surges." Here, says Ruskin, "every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding and crashing and curling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulation of impetuous line, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury, and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire."

One feature of special interest on this part of the English coast are the numerous islets, often bearing fantastic forms (and names as grotesque and suggestive as their forms), which fringe the coast and tell of days that are no more, when they themselves were parts of the main-land portions of that legendary, submerged "sweet land of Lyonesse," where, in Arthur's last fight—

> "All day long the noise of battle roll'd
> Among the mountains by the western sea."

This is now a great tract of water, still bearing the name of "Lyonesse," or "Lethowstow," and lying between the Land's End and the Scilly Isles, which, though twenty-five miles off, are to be seen from the main-land in clear weather.

Descending into Whitesand Bay the eye is filled with fresh subjects of interest. Some of the best points are near Vellan Dreath, "The Mill on Sands," where a gallant old miller and his boys once beat off the crew of a Spanish privateer. But it would be well to begin this expedition at Sennen Cove, about a mile from the "Church Town," passing the little "town place" of Mayon; then there are nearly two miles of beach before you, and the only difficulty will be to know where to look. A different variety of rock comes in at this part of the coast, namely, slate; a ridge of which runs out from the cove to the Long-ships, and the junction of this rock with the granite affords an interesting study. Nor are the unusually fine examples of raised beaches along Whitesand Bay less attractive.

On no account should any one who is in search of the beautiful omit to delight his eyes with the glimpses of fairy-land to be found in some of the rock-pools at low water. There are some capital lines of Southey's, in his "Curse of Kehama" which give a faint notion of these dainty sea-gardens:

> "And here were coral bowers,
> And grots of madrepores,
> And banks of sponge as soft and fair to eye
> As e'er was mossy bed
> Where'er the wood-nymphs lie
> With languid limbs in Summer's sultry hours;
> Here too, were living flowers
> Which like a bud compacted,
> Their purple cups contracted,
> And now in open blossom spread."

The finest *cliff* scenery proper, however, remains to be seen. It lies southward and eastward of the Land's End, and the finest part may be said to commence at Pradanack Point, whose basalt-like granite rocks so enraptured Turner. This is barely a mile from Sennen village. Clambering along slippery sheep-walks, whilst the startled sea-birds scream as if trying to frighten you into a false step and a plunge into the abyss, Nanjizal Bay is soon near at hand, with beauties all its own—a falling stream, and a

rent in the cliffs of Pendour Point which is sometimes called "The Song of the Sea." Next in order, surmounted by its "peculiar diadem," is "Tol Pedn," the holed headland of Penwith (as this division of Cornwall is called); best seen from its base, which can easily be reached by a moderately good climber at any time of the tide. Having reached the bottom of the cliff the eye is surprised by the stupendous masses of rock, crowned with granite pinnacles that pierce the sky, or, to use another comparison, like gigantic organ-pipes whose music is the whistling of the wild west wind and the diapason of the waves. Picture after picture is seen, each more beautiful than the last.

Round the headland lies the picturesque little "Cove of Shelter," Porthgwarrah, and then comes Porthcurnow, with its magnificent rocks and fine view of the famous Logan Rock on Treryn (pr. *Treen*) Dinas, "the fortified site," four miles from Sennen. Here the unusually bright color of the rhomboidal blocks of granite which build up the great headland—"tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned"—covered in parts with byssus, afford fine studies; whilst the waves, viewed under favorable circumstances from above, seem composed of huge moving sapphires and emeralds. Between this point and Penzance the coast-line diminishes in interest, although the views across Mount's Bay eastward are varied and extensive. But, attractive as the Land's End is, we must hurry on to the serpentine cliffs and the splendid scenery about Mullyon, in the Lizard district (which we have somewhat anticipated in this paper), the tremendous precipices of Bedruthan, and the iron-bound coast which stretches northward from Trebarwith Strand and Tintagel. Here we see some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of Cornwall.

If it be true that the stern granite cliffs of the Land's End are seen to the greatest advantage in a storm, it is at least quite as true that the many beauties of the Lizard coast-line are for the most part more fully disclosed on a day of sunny calm. Then only is it practicable thoroughly to examine certain of their finest features which can be seen from the water alone. Of course, many a rare treat in nature might be enjoyed along the coast when lashed by waves, excited to fury under a south-westerly gale—when haply some wreck, so many of which occur along the shore of this embayed district, may lend woeful interest to the scene. Yet, after all, the fairy-like charms of the serpentine or hornblende cliffs and coves require a softer setting; they are best to be

MULLYON'S COVE.

enjoyed on some "perfect day," such as that of which the poet sings:

> "O gift of God! O perfect day!
> Wherein may no man work but play;—
> Wherein sufficient 'tis for me
> Not to be doing, but—*to be!*"

Seen from Penzance the Lizard district—some fifteen miles off, as the crow flies, looks like "some vast wilderness;" and no wonder that it does, for it is absolutely treeless. The great promontory stretches southward into the haze with a sky-line as flat as the top of Table Mountain; and it is evident that, to vindicate her reputation, the genius of "the Cornish Chersonese" must be wooed more nearly and closely before her loveliness is revealed. Inland, the Lizard promontory

is a wild plateau, generally almost level, though occasionally furrowed, especially near the sea, by chines, or narrow and rather deep valleys, whose slopes are often either clothed with wood, or richly cultivated. Part of the upland has been brought under the plow. For the same reason that the Lizard is without trees she is without hedges; the wind sweeps too fiercely over the plateau to allow them to grow. In their stead, the lands are divided by high banks of stones and turf, along the top of which the foot-paths are very commonly carried. The Cornish stile is a singular but very ingenious contrivance. It owes its origin probably to the difficulty of procuring wood. An opening is made in the bank, level with the road, and a great slab of stone placed upright on each side. Two other slabs, a foot or so wide, are then laid edgewise between them on the ground which is sometimes slightly excavated. Thus a kind of trough is formed, and this is occasionally divided by a thin parallel slat. A human being steps easily from stone to stone; but sheep and cattle are unable to imitate them, and seem to fear being entangled in the pit-fall. Apparently, though it would seem easy enough, they do not even attempt to leap over the obstacle. But to return to the district.

Looking at the map of Cornwall, and comparing it with the map of Italy, it will be seen that the Lizard district is the heel of of the boot;—this heel is mostly hard serpentine, which protects the softer stratifications of the shores of Falmouth Bay from the south-west storms, just as the granite headlands of Penwith shelter the northern and western shores of the bay of famed St. Michael's Mount. Hornblende cliffs, pierced with dykes of granite, are to be found on the coast between Mullyon's Cove and the Rill Head; but near the latter the serpentine commences, and gives to the Lizard scenery much of its own peculiar attractions. Save one little patch at Clicker Tor, near Menheniot, it is the only specimen of true serpentine in England.

The most convenient way of approaching the Lizard from the west is by way of Marazion and Helston, and we assume Mullyon Church Town as headquarters for at least a day or two.

A mile and a quarter south-west of the village is the spot called Mullyon's Cove. Here wild almost savage grandeur is the prevailing characteristic. On either side of the narrow glen which leads down to the trackless margin of the sea, the cliffs rise steeply, curving round to embrace a little bay, to which a grassy island forms a natural breakwater. Its right-hand portal is a bold pyramidal isolated rock; its left consists of jagged, pointed crags, which here project so far as almost to mask the entrance. The cove is quite close to the junction of the hornblende, talc, and serpentine, and here one rock is almost as dark in color as the other. The grand cliff to the south consists mainly of the latter, and from it, perhaps, better than from the cove itself the singular wildness of the scenery can be appreciated. Beneath your feet rise huge crags and pinacles, relieved here and there from funereal gloom by a bright patch of green herb. Lower yet are cliffs and islets, and wave-worn skerries, and then the great expanse of sea—an expanse of translucent blue-green crystal, clouded near the shore with dark spots that mark the hidden deep. Inland, however, the scene is less stern. In the glen nestles a tiny group of houses, with the life-boat shed. On either side are grassy downs, dotted with sheep; and far away above the plateau level, the granite hills rise against the northern sky in undulating islands. To the west the eye ranges far along the rock-bound coast, till beyond the shadowy gray pyramid of St. Michael's Mount it rests on the more distant peninsula of the Land's End. Certainly the best general view of Mullyon's Cove is to be had from the high ground about Pedncrifton; and from this point an effective self-composed picture presents itself. The Lion Rock, which forms a natural breakwater for the little harbor, lies nearly in the center of the composition; whilst, beyond, Belurrian and Poljew Coves trend inwards on the right, and Gunwalloe with its "castle mound" appears in the middle distance. Further

away the sandy beach of Loe Bar, and the low cliff-line between it and Porthleven melt in the silvery gray mists of the distance. On such a spot, and on such a day as we have pre-supposed as necessary to seeing this part of the coast to the greatest advantage, lying dreamily on the cliff summit, one recalls the lines which Raven adopted as a descriptive motto for one of his interesting landscapes:

"The south wind bears me in its flight
Where the great clouds are floating white,
And, while the fair earth rests below,
My grave sweet fancies upward go
Over—far over the *rock-crowned* height."

But we can not afford to linger longer here. Under very favorable circumstances of sea and wind, arrangements may be made to take the water at the little beach of Gue Graze, some three miles to the south. Thence the beauty of the cruise of about two miles to Kynance Cove is, probably, not to be surpassed in any part of England. The wild grandeur of such rock-forms as the "Cathedral" precipice and cavern, and the serrated headland called "The Horse;" the infinite variety of tints which adorn such cliffs as the stupendous Pigeon Ogou;* and that galaxy of beauties which together make up the renowned *ensemble* of Kynance Cove,—the glory of the Lizard—must be seen more than once to be appreciated in all their grandeur. Indeed, they should be approached not only by water but also by land. If the tourist should be so fortunate as to be favored by one of those days of intermittent cloud and sunshine which are rarely unaccompanied by a breeze, and in a country of diversified surface and changeful skies like this, produce glorious effects, he will see gliding shadows upon the hills (albeit of no great elevation)—

"On whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest."

And anon, after the darkened sky and falling showers, the blue empty firmament, like a pause in great music:—

"And lo! above the hill-tops, white and slow,
Immaculate, unhasting, undelayed,
In form an Alp, * * * *
* * * * a great cloud majestical
Into the unpossessed and favoring heaven
Rises to occupation, like the grand new life."

On such a day the ramble along the cliffs from Gue Graze to Kynance, will be found replete with interest. A peep into the appalling but unpaintable chasm of Pigeon Ogou is, perhaps, the grandest feature; but the view of "The Horse," looking northwards, far excels all else, and is the crowning glory of the Kynance. Imagine, dear reader, the ridge itself to be a fine violet black, its base fringed with the lace-like foam "which mermaids weave and hang around our shores." On the right the shattered masses of rock are tinged with orange and warm browns, relieved by scanty patches of pale green pasture, and dotted with sheep, scarcely to be distinguished amongst the chaotic blocks around them; in the castellated rock on the left in the shade, olive-green and neutral tints are intermingled; whilst in the deep cove beneath, the restless waves flash with the colors and luster of emeralds. As

LION ROCK.

*Ogou or Ogof, locally called Hugo, signifies in old Cornish, a cave.

PRINCE OF WALES' PAVILLION.

the sea recedes from the eye it gradually becomes more and more like the sky, which it reflects, till at last they blend so as to be indistinguishable from each other. On such a day we may indeed exclaim,

" . . . ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα . . ."

and think of Keble's paraphrase—"the many-twinkling smile of ocean"—but the caverns and ridges are terrible to gaze at from the sea, even on a calm day, and have a strange remorseless look.

Many a good ship's ribs "The Horse" has crushed; and, jammed up into the very roofs of its caves, are still to be seen masts and spars and keelsons—even masses of iron-work—that the sea has flung up in its rage thirty or forty feet above the level of the boat from which we gaze into these grim dens. Yes, "The Horse" is an unpitying foe to any shipwrecked crew.

"Where the seas, worn out with chasing
At thy dark feet sink embracing,
Thou still sittest, coldly facing,
Facing, *gazing*, seaward ever
On each weak or strong endeavor,
But in *grief* or *pity*—never!
Eagles, sea-gulls round thee flying,
Land-birds spent with speed and dying,
Even man to *thee* outcrying!"

And vain must ever be the outcry of any man whose ship is dashed on a stormy night against this black headland of the "The Horse."

From the Rill Head many a fine bird's-eye view is obtained, but none finer than that which looks down into Kynance Cove. With its details we shall presently make acquaintance. A calm day suffering the cruise we round the Kynance Gull Rock, and landing on some rocks on its western side find our attention first arrested by the extreme beauty of the rock-pools to be found here.

"Deep in the wine-dark depths of the crystal the gardens of Nereus,
Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blossoms and palms of the ocean,"

are to be seen in as great perfection at Kynance as in any other part of the English shores—except, perhaps, in the caverns of Lydstep Haven, near Tenby. But not for all their microcosmic beauties will the eye dwell long on them when the velvety purple and crimson and olive-green masses of serpentine—dashed with white streaks of steatite—starting more like huge flowers than rocks from their golden bed of purest sand, come into view.

Kynance looks its best at low water on a bright, Summer day—from late Autumn to early Spring the beach is robbed of its yellow sand, and the shore is strewn with bowlders; but the Summer never forgets to replace the soft carpet, as if desirous that every thing should always be harmonious at beautiful Kynance. But the place must be seen also at high-water, when the waves beat up against the cliff, and break in foaming spray among the rifts of the dark, rugged skerries; when the great steeple rock, the finest crag—taking its name from its shape and isolation—which never tires the eye, stands out above the water, in all its grandeur and airy grace, and Asparagus Island—so called, because there the wild plant of that name grows—or used to grow, merits its name, and the coves are all flooded. If the tide be not too high one should go to Asparagus Island, and pause on the way to visit the post-office and the bellows. This is what Bayard Taylor says you will see: "A scramble over some slippery ledges, and few rocks are more slippery than serpertine, leads to a slight recess in the face of a cliff, in which may be seen a couple of holes; or, rather, keep at a safe distance, and watch. Presently a dull, rushing sound seems to issue from the heart of the rock; a heavy splashing thud is heard; and instantly, with a loud hiss, a jet of mingled water and spray is violently spurted forth from the lower hole just like the blowing of a whale. Lean forward quickly now, and hold loosely a fragment of paper to the upper slit; in a moment it is snatched from you, as by an invisible hand, and disappears down the orifice. This is the post-office; the lower one is called the bellows. When the water has risen above that the letter-box continues to work; but the visitor must keep his eye open while posting his letter, or he may find that the hole now serves a double purpose, and may pay him for peeping by squirting a jet of water in his face. When we have scrambled up the narrow tract to the top of Asparagus Island, and reached the seaward side, we shall see the cause of this apparent frolic of the nymphs. A deep fissure almost cleaves the island in twain, and its walls narrow into a sort of cavern, which terminates at the apertures just described. At about half-tide time when a wave comes swelling in from the sea, it breaks on the rocks on either side, and rushes tumultuously into the ravine. Forced up higher by the narrowing walls, it bursts against the end, and drives a jet of spray through the bellows; then it falls back exhausted. The sudden removal of this large mass of water produces a partial vacuum at the end of the fissure, and thus causes a violent indraught through the letter-box. As the tide rises, and the bellows begin to be covered, the water spouts through the other orifice, and at last both are hidden." There are several other caverns, some more accessible than this, which must be visited before the full beauty of the serpentine can be appreciated. As their walls are swept by every tide, the stone is kept ever smooth, and which, still wet from the recent surge, seems as if polished by the workman's hand. What infinite variety of intricate mingling of purple and green and red! Here masses dark and somber, here glittering with

WALL TILE.

metallic crystals of diallage, or marbled with vermillion or white. Truly one can imagine these to be haunts of the mermaids, and the "drawing-room" appropriated for the use of Amphitrite.

A short distance up the valley by the side of a little stream ("Kynans" means the brook of the dog), then a sharp scramble up a cliff path on the right, and we again look down from the opposite side upon the exquisite little cove,—Yellow Cane being our standpoint, with the lofty islet of Innis Vean, or the lion rock, on our left. Picture after picture opens up. Perhaps one of the pleasantest is the view looking toward Kynance from Caerthilian.

Three-quarters of a mile from "Lizard Town" is the little capital of the Meneage or "Stony" district, which is a pretty good "head-quarters" for the tourist who desires to take time for this attractive region. It is in the neighborhood of the Polpeer, the little harbor, if such it may be called, of the Lizard. But the smell of the sea-weed here is often so offensive as to drive away even the most enthusiastic votary of nature. The town is approached by a steep road, part way up which the fishermen haul their boats. Its neighborhood, like the rest of the Cornish coast, carried on a brisk trade not of the most legitimate character in the "good old times," for its smugglers were skillful and audacious beyond all of Southern England, and the numerous secret coves and chines lent themselves to the work. Tradition says that not a few of the older houses of Polpeer are provided with cunningly constructed vaults, and affirm that the revenue officers often found it more to their interest to take the gold rather than the hard knocks of the smugglers. And it is said that in "our degenerate days," too, goods are still occasionally landed here, without having passed revenue muster.

On the eastern side of the Lizard Head the cliff scenery is not on the whole so fine as that which we have described; but the headland of Penolver, which is nearly the most southerly spot in England, is a grand point. It is one of the striking scenes in the Lizard. A charming general view of it may be obtained from Honsel Cove, where the Spanish telegraph climbs up the English rocks.

The distinctive artistic beauties of this part of the coast may be said to lie in the caverns, notably those of Dollah and Raven's Ogous, with their dark yawning portals reflected in the inky sea: they can, however, only be approached in the calmest weather, and the boatmen lie to their oars ready to give way at a moment's notice should there arise one of those unaccountable heavings of the sea which are sometimes met with here even on the brightest days, undisturbed by a breath of air.

A strange bowl-like hollow in the cliff, called the "Devil's Frying Pan," a little nearer the small fishing village of Cadgwith, form other points of interest, with the Lion's den, one of the coves here, and not yet many years old.

"On the morning of the 20th of February, 1847," says White, in his "Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," "the light-keeper noticed a wide-spread discoloration of the sea off the point, and looking for the cause, discovered a chasm in the steep slope to the eastward, where the ground had sunk down without noise or apparent warning during the previous night." At that place the cliff is about eighty feet high; the chasm was twenty feet within the edge, and formed an irregular oval of fifty feet in length and as many in depth, the bottom being a chaos of turf, stones, and earth. So it remained for a time, since when the sides have lost their perpendicular and vegetation has concealed the deformities. Between Cadgwith and Poltesco there are some magnificent dark precipices, especially at Ynys Point and Killdown Point; but these are seen to best advantage in a raging storm from the South. Oftentimes in the dark nights the coast-guardsmen have heard screams louder than the artillery of the tempest, and have shuddered as they thought how utterly helpless on such a coast was the fate of those from whom the cries proceeded.

The cliff scenery now declines in grandeur and beauty; and, indeed, we have already, so to speak, said good-bye to the Lizard.

WICHERN AND THE RAUHE HAUS.

THERE is a beautiful name which is given in Europe to a beautiful work, "Child Saving." It is there perhaps held more at its true value than upon this side of the Atlantic, because in the great and crowded cities of the old world that value has been tested, and the results have been found to be such as to justify a very high appreciation. It is a subject which has engaged not only the tenderest sympathies of those who love to befriend the unfortunate, but the profoundest thoughts of statesmen and political economists. To be ranked as belonging to both these classes, among names illustrious for wisdom and virtue, stands the name of the subject of this paper, John Henry Wichern. Springing from the middle walks of life, he touched at once, by his great powers and wide sympathies, the highest and lowest circles of experience. Endowed by nature with great intellectual gifts, and by grace, with mighty spiritual power, he seems to have been called and trained by Divine Providence for the work to which he devoted his life, and in which, like his master, he spent his best efforts, seeking and saving those that were lost.

He was born in Hamburg, April 21, 1808, his father being a notary and sworn public translator in that place. The family were in comfortable circumstances, and the boy was sent early to school, where he gave promise of his future success in learning. But at the age of thirteen his father died, and his mother with a family of young children, was left to combat the double ills of poverty and widowhood. Young Wichern seems to have immediately proved the strength of his character and of his principles. He sustained that severest of all tests, a willingness to do the duty that lies nearest.

At an age, when most boys are thinking of nothing more serious than their own sports, Wichern commenced, by way of aiding his mother in the support of the family, to give paid lessons to pupils. But in spite of this slender dependence, the family passed through a period of severe struggles; but during the storm this boy stood firmly by his mother, and by their united prayer and labor they succeeded in averting the ruin which continually threatened them. As time passed, his eager mind longed for more substantial intellectual and spiritual food than had been afforded him in his preparation for confirmation, or in the lectures of the gymnasium. He was hungering for the bread of life, by which his soul might grow. About this time he made the acquaintance of a shoemaker living in poor circumstances, who, with like spiritual hungerings, was constantly engaged in the study of the Scripture and of other religious writings. They read together and discussed with eagerness things which both found deeply interesting; but Wichern still unsatisfied, began an independent course of philosophic study, and developed such a tendency to mysticism as afterward raised serious difficulties in the way of his obtaining a scholarship in the University. At the age of eighteen he engaged in teaching in the school of a Mr. Pluns, about two miles distant from Hamburg, and here he seems to have first given evidence of that power over youth, which he afterward manifested in such a wonderful degree. The pupils became warmly attached to their teacher, and as the labor of the school fell almost entirely upon him, he had only the late evening and midnight hours for his own studies. But the desire for achievement, and the love of learning were too strong to be quenched by adverse circumstance.

Having no means for a university course, he was compelled to apply for a scholarship, and it was then that the charge of mysticism was brought against him by the pastors, and he was near being excluded by their opposition. What the loss would have been to Germany had they succeeded must be imagined rather than estimated. His friends in Hamburg rallied round him and insisted that he should enter at once upon a higher course of study; and, in order to pursue it

without interruption, that he should leave Mr. Pluns's institution. They procured for him a scholarship and free board, and thus opened the way to all future success.

At this time an association was formed among the young men with whom Wichern held intimate relations, which had great influence upon his mind. They met to study the subjects which most interested them, science, art, and literature, but in and above all these, the religion of Jesus. From this point in his history Wichern seems to have resolved upon an entire and unconditional consecration of himself to God, abandoning all human ambitions, to give himself entirely to a religious life.

So completely did he inspire the confidence of his friends that they were as anxious as himself to forward his preparation for a life work, which they felt assured must achieve great results for the cause of Christ. Amid the warm atmosphere of Christian love, and in the fullness of his new-born zeal for Christ, though he was not yet twenty years old, the idea of that work was born in his heart, which, under the name of the "inner mission," a name of his own coining, has accomplished such wonders for Germany.

After pursuing his studies for eighteen months at the University of Göttingen, he went to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of Neander and Hegel, and attended the lectures of Schleiermacher, discourses so profound, so suggestive, that they formed the theme of thought and discussion to those who heard them long after, and sowed the germs of great thoughts in all minds that afforded a fitting soil. It was through this great master that Wichern came to recognize the great fact, that Christianity is only a truth to those who experience it.

He also made the acquaintance of Dr. Julius, then well-known as a philanthropist, who had visited England and America in the interest of prison reform—a cause to which he devoted his life. Dr. Julius was acquainted with a great number of eminent men, engaged like himself in work for the benefit of his race. From him Wichern learned invaluable lessons which served him excellent purposes in his subsequent course.

In 1831 he returned from the university to Hamburg. He had marked out no definite course for himself; but the good of his native city lay close to his heart, and it was there that he hoped and desired to work. His experience was a remarkable realization of the promise, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart." On his return to Hamburg he preached his first sermon in a church in the suburbs of St. George. It was filled with a large congregation, and it seems to have been suggested to interested persons present at that service that Wichern would be the man to take charge of the Sunday-school of the suburb, which was then in need of a spiritual director. At his second sermon, which was preached in the work-house, the whole body of Sunday-school teachers attended, and being convinced of his fitness for the post, which they felt to be of such importance, they offered it to him immediately upon the close of the service. This offer was accepted without hesitation, feeling that here was the direction he sought and that he might throw his soul into the work.

His charge brought him at once into contact with many poor people, and at the same time with those who were like himself working among them. In this way he made many valuable acquaintances, who sympathized in his desires and purposes, and were willing to give him efficient aid. With characteristic ardor, and the humility which was always a marked feature of his character, he sought out the children of want and crime in their miserable homes and labored to bring them into the school. As the numbers increased, he saw that reorganization would be necessary, and determined to avail himself of the approaching anniversary to effect it. He wished to interest the public in the work, and for that purpose to hold the meeting in some locality where it would be likely to be well attended.

Here occurred an incident that showed Wichern's freedom from the prejudices that controlled many around him. No place large enough for the meeting could be found but a public dance-house, in which he suggested

the anniversary meeting should be held. His associates were shocked at the proposition, and declared that it would be the ruin of the school. But with the clear common sense which distinguished him through life, he insisted upon hiring it, and holding in it the proposed celebration. The objects he had in view were to increase the number of teachers, to make known the extent of the poverty and misery which prevailed, and to raise funds for the work. In all these his success was complete. The number that soon after offered themselves as teachers was greater than was needed; and among these was a young woman who was Wichern's future wife. So earnest and eloquent was his appeal in behalf of the cause, that when the collection was taken as the people passed out of the hall, many declared that they had given every thing they possessed.

The knowledge he gained of the miseries of the poor during the time of his care of the Sunday-school led him earnestly to inquire what permanent plan could be found for their relief. Surrounded as they were in their own wretched homes, with want and ignorance and crime, what, he asked himself, could be done to benefit them? After mature consideration and earnest prayer, it was felt that if permanent good was to be effected, effort must commence with the children. They must be lifted out of their vile surroundings and be taught cleanliness and decency and thrift.

They must be instructed in the truth and led to believe it. They must be taught to read and write, and learn by practical experience the benefit and blessing of labor. How could this be effected where they now were? The difficulties were apparent, and it was resolved that an institution must be found where saving influences might be substituted for their present evil surroundings, and Wichern was unanimously chosen to undertake the work.

It was now that Wichern truly entered upon his life work. Difficulties many and various arose in his way, but difficulties were to him but fresh incentives to exertion. Much difference of opinion prevailed as to the plan of the institution and it was long before an agreement could be arrived at, and the whole project would have been wrecked had it not been that its projectors were God-fearing men who waited upon his will, and were honest in their opposite opinions.

About this time, to their great encouragement one of the brethren received a gift of *conscience money*, put into his hands with the suggestion that it might be well to apply it to the children's institution. The publication of this fact interested hundreds who might not otherwise have been interested, and by degrees other contributions came in, and at the end of a month, more than five hundred dollars had been placed in their hands. It was thought that this was sufficient with which to make a beginning. But where should they find a house? Again and again they were disappointed, and when they imagined all obstacles overcome they had to begin again. So many discouragements occurred that many drew back, but others continued faithful more than ever, and determined that nothing should turn them back.

During this time Wichern, with his strong native talent for organization, was maturing in his mind the plan wonderful in its simple outlines, and still more wonderful in its far-reaching comprehensive efficiency which he afterward so grandly carried out. Wichern at length applied to the Syndic Seiveking, whose warm heart took a deep and earnest interest in the enterprise; but their first conference ended without coming to any decision. But after some days the Syndic sent word to Wichern, that there was upon his estate a house occupied by a gardener, which might, perhaps, though poorly, answer his purpose; at any rate, he might as well come and look at it. Wichern came, and at once decided that a beginning should be made in this spot. The house was small and poor, the roof was thatched, but it would afford shelter to a few children, and he meant to make it also his own home, not only to give but to share with those he meant to benefit. Arrangements were yet to be made to secure it permanently and make it comfortable.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held,

at which the Syndic took part. The nature and objects of the institution were stated. To-day we are familiar with the idea which was then new to the world, that of the family system. The institution was to take the place, as far as it was possible to do so, of the Christian household, to avoid the barrack-life of the work-house, or the house of correction, and to individualize the life of the children and the interest of the teachers. This was the leading thought which Wichern determined to carry out with all the tenderness of his compassionate heart and the force of his strong will. In November, 1833, he removed with his mother to the cottage, which bore the name of the "Rauhe Haus" (in low Dutch, Ruges Haus), and on the same day, with the promptitude which characterized all his actions, he received three boys into his charge.

It was a small and very humble beginning, with almost nothing to attract the interest of men; but evidently God approved it and gave it his blessing, and there beneath that roof of straw was begun a movement the results of which can only be estimated in the great day of account. From that central fountain issued streams of living water which watered and refreshed all Germany.

The plan of the Rauhe Haus struck the right chord in the hearts of the people it was designed to benefit. It did not propose to class them first among paupers or criminals, and then to take them up and civilize them in platoons, to be marched out with music and banners to show what miracles had been wrought upon them. It came in quiet friendliness, and took into its warm shelter those who above all else need to feel that they were loved and cared for. It was a practical preaching of the Gospel of grace and salvation, and it allied itself to all that was tender or noble in man. The twelve boys who were brought into Wichern's family found there the affection and also the authority of parental government. They found at once the warmth of a home and the training of a school. But when applications pressed and the house could receive no more inmates he determined, not to erect a large building, but to add another small one in which the original idea of family life could still be preserved. This, of course, involved the necessity of employing assistants who could be trusted with the care of this family, and who would give to them the same kind of training which was being given by himself. Out of this necessity arose the idea of forming a brotherhood of evangelical Christian men who should devote their lives to this work, and be trained for it as for a profession. The Rauhe Haus offered an excellent opportunity for such training, since there might be given both theoretical and practical instruction beneath his own eye. It is impossible in our narrow limits to give all the details of the growth and progress of this wonderful institution. We can only indicate briefly the outlines of the work accomplished during a few succeding years.

As the number of families increased, a separate house was built for each, the number of children to each never being allowed to exceed twelve. Thus the farm grew to be a village. A building was erected which afforded a more commodious residence for the superintendent, a chapel, kitchen, and other apartments for the general use of the little community. The cottage from which the settlement took its name was now occupied by a family of girls, whose labor was needed in the management of the homes. The marriage of Wichern gave them a suitable friend and directress in the person of his wife. The augmentation of the number of families required that suitable persons be put in charge of each,—Christian men or women who could understand, and carry out in spirit and letter, the idea of the founder. In the boys' houses a certain number of brothers had the charge, called from the Latin word *convivere, to live with*. These families of brethren, who were called "helpers," were presided over by a chief-helper, who was always a student of theology, and who thus received valuable training for his future life as a pastor. One of the number of helpers was called family-brother. He took the place of a father, slept in the same room, and shared their meals, their work, and

their sports. The other "helpers" were to assist him in various ways. It was the duty of the "chief-helper" to assist by counsel and instruction to the brethren the *convict*, as long as he remained with them, which was generally until he was installed over a charge. With the ordinary helpers their service was a life-work.

In the households the children were of different ages and different degrees of advancement in learning, thus avoiding all the artificial classification of institutional life, and substituting the healthful sympathy and mutual help of the natural relation. That the attempt was not made in vain the record of results after forty-three years of trial abundantly attests. A careful examination shows that a very moderate estimate gives eighty per cent of the children as saved from what would have inevitably been a life of vice or crime.

In its daily life this singular village was separated into three important divisions, domestic, educational, and industrial. Each household has its individual character, its peculiar interests and history, and each bears some name of its own, such as the Bee-hive, the Dove's-nest and the like.

In the school the pupils are arranged strictly upon the basis of capacity and advancement in study.

In the various industries regard is had to the fitness of the children for the work, and their preference and ability. They work in bands, associated only upon the ground of occupation; the family life, both here and in the school, is necessarily entirely disregarded. The effort is made to teach the children the honor and the necessity of self-support. To this end the "helpers," both of the brethren and the sisters, work with the children, and so inspire their confidence and encourage their industry. Out-door occupations are thought to be most beneficial for the development of sound minds and bodies; but various trades are also taught in the work-shops, such as straw-plaiting, baking, mattress-making, glazier's work, and various others, so that each child is prepared in after life to pursue some remunerative avocation. As fast as pupils are prepared to leave the institution, places are found for them, and the same parental interest which received them into the bosom of the family, follows them out into the world, and the ties which are formed within the fold are sustained and kept bright long afterwards. Nor are these ties suffered, where it can be avoided, to supersede those of nature, since during the whole time of their stay the pupils are encouraged to correspond with their friends, and thus it is believed good influences are extended outside of the institution. Indeed, it was always Wichern's desire and purpose to make the Rauhe House a center of warmth and light, whose influence should be felt far and near. Those who have gone out often return for counsel, sympathy, or aid, sure of finding in their former guides sincere and efficient friends.

The great success which attended Wichern's work induced many wealthy parents to apply to him to take charge of their sons who had become vicious or unmanageable,—a fact which shows that the successful results of his work were patent.

To these requests he at length acceded, on condition that a very high price should be paid for such pupils, thus increasing the means for other charitable work. A boarding-school was opened, differently conducted, but upon the same principles as the first. The pupils were not associated with those of the other school, and met them only at the chapel service. It had been an earnest desire with Wichern, whose fertile brain was ever devising new methods of service, to establish a normal school for the training of helpers, not only for the Rauhe House, but to create a brotherhood for the work of the "Inner Mission,"—men whose whole lives should be devoted to good works, more especially for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. Wichern was continually applied to for trained men to be employed in positions of trust, as prison directors, stewards of estates, and superintendents of charitable houses. These places he hoped to fill with earnest men through the training-school, and thus forward the work of the mission; for notwithstanding his other abundant labors to this cause, he gave his most earnest prayers and

efforts. In 1842 another important feature was added to the colony of the Rauhe House; a printing house was established, intended to give employment to such boys as had been taught the business. This was supported by independent funds, and no charitable contributions were used. Many manuscripts were offered for publication soon after its erection, and by degrees a large business sprang up, occupying not only the building on the premises, but one in Hamburg for the sale of books, the profits of which were devoted to the training-school for brethren.

A monthly periodical was also published under the title of the *Flying Leaves*, which was devoted to the interest of the "Inner Mission." The object of this mission was to revive the power of a living faith in the midst of a Christianity which had a name to live but was dead. In the *Flying Leaves* the practical "obedience of faith" was continually urged, and the interests of all philanthropic labors were constantly kept fresh in the mind of the public.

Ever keeping the idea of love to Christ as the one central spring of all labor, Wichern, by his transcendent example of devotion, by his ceaseless activity, and by his glowing eloquence, achieved success in every thing he undertook, and seemed to infuse into every enterprise the principle of life, so that it grew as a tree planted by the waters. So perfectly organized was the work of the "Inner Mission," that it reached to the bounds of Germany, and extended its arms across the sea to the German emigrants in America. It is impossible to give more than the most imperfect sketch of a life so crowned with noble labors that their mere recapitulation would fill a volume.

Fortunately for Germany, the King Frederic William IV, became informed respecting and fully appreciated the worth of Wichern's character and work. It was long, however, before the king could persuade him to accept the position of trust and honor in which he desired to place him; but he at last was so far prevailed upon as to accept the position of Privy Councilor in the Ministry of the Interior, which made him a member of the Supreme Consistorial Court, and assigned to him the supervision of prisons and care of the poor. He was, however, unwilling to accept this dignity unless allowed to spend one-half the year at his beloved Rauhe House, and to still control its affairs. This liberty was accorded him, and the appointment of an assistant after his own heart enabled him to give the requisite attention to his new duties. The king had been long anxious to establish an institution at Berlin on the model of the Rauhe House. Wichern, always ready, made an appeal for it in burning words. He had the support of his success to enforce what he said.

The necessary funds were rapidly subscribed, and the new institution sprang into being, and received the name of *Johannes Stift* (the Institution of St. John). It is now a flourishing colony, situated about an hour by rail from the city of Berlin.

Of the services of the brethren of the Rauhe House, during the war with Denmark in 1864, with Austria in 1866, and with France in 1870 and 1871, under the direction, inspiration, and leadership of Wichern, we can only speak very briefly. These services were quite similar to those of our Sanitary Commission and Christian Association during the War of the Rebellion, doing faithful and efficient work for the bodies and souls of the suffering soldiers, and making no distinction between friend and foe.

In the Franco-German War, Dr. Wichern lost a dearly beloved son, which grief, with other afflictions, very sensibly preyed upon his health. He also suffered from a slight stroke of apoplexy, so that notwithstanding his persistent efforts to continue his work, he was obliged to succumb to failing health. A second stroke of apoplexy forced him to resign all thought of active labor, withdraw from public office, and retire to the circle of his own immediate family, there, in the holy expectancy of assured faith to wait the Master's call to come up higher. Every man's life is a plan of God which has its possibility of fulfillment only in the entire consecration of the soul to him. As nearly as is possible

to mortal man the life of John Henry Wichern seems to have fulfilled these conditions, and the simplest record of his great labors wrought out with such indefatigable industry, and animated by such steady faith and devotion, startles the mind with the suggestion of contrast between the achievements of one single devoted life, compared with the aggregate result of thousands professedly devoted to a like faith.

WESLEY AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JOHN WESLEY was an evangelist, one whose great business it was to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to men. Viewed in this aspect, it is scarcely possible to overestimate either his character or his labors. But while this was the great work of his life, he interested himself to some extent in secular affairs, both social and political. He had a respectable knowledge of history, philosophy, science, politics, and other general subjects. The correctness of his religious teachings and his zeal for God and the purity of his motives are freely acknowledged, and though one may dissent from many of his opinions on other subjects, and especially in respect to politics, few will be found to agree with him at this time in this country. The halo thrown around him by some of his earlier biographers, though sometimes concealing and sometimes justifying his mistakes, has injured rather than elevated his reputation. Men of the present generation desire to know the man as he was, not as he may be represented by partial biographers. And to be known as he was, is to assure his good name to the end of time.

The American Revolution with its precedent disputes occurred when Wesley was in the maturity of his years. As the differences between the Colonies and the home government caused an intense agitation in England, it was natural that Wesley became interested in them. Early in the struggle it is well known he arrayed himself on the side of the English Government, and attempted to use his influence over his American followers in favor of the government. This was greatly regretted by them at the time, and they have since tried to apologize for it as well as they have been able, but they have always felt that the action was quite indefensible. A recent writer, however, in a work published by our Book Concern, contends that Wesley was in favor of the Americans at the commencement of the conflict, was misled by Johnson so as to write his "Calm Address;" but ere the year closed saw his error, repented of having written the pamphlet, and would have recalled it could he have done so, and during the continuance of the contest remained firm on the American side. Is this a correct view of the case? Let us look into the matter.

As a preliminary point it may be proper to remark that on the accession of George III to the throne of England there was a revival of the old contest between royal prerogative and popular rights. The king resolved to increase the royal power. There were men in England who saw the initial steps taken to promote this end, and were prepared rigidly to oppose them. The contest produced a turmoil in English politics, such as had not been seen for a century. As the cabinet, under the instigation of the king, proceeded to grasp more and more authority, the attempt was met at every step by a powerful opposition. It was during this agitation that Wesley wrote the earlier of his political tracts, decidedly in favor of the king. His "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs," published probably in 1770 (Works vi, 247), and his "Thoughts upon Liberty" (vi, 261), published in 1772, give no uncertain sound. The principles laid down are all in favor of the king, and with one exception, in vindication of the acts of the government. Had Wesley's principles been carried out, England would have commenced a retrogression towards the arbitrary measures of the Stuarts. His "Thoughts Concerning the

Origin of Power" (vi, 269), are of the same character.

The exception Wesley made in vindicating the acts of the government had reference to America. He said, "I do not defend the measures which have been taken with regard to America. I doubt whether any man can defend them, either on the foot of law, equity, or prudence." This is very strong. We find nothing more in Wesley on the subject till the commencement of hostilities in 1775. In February of that year Parliament voted soldiers and supplies to compel the Colonists to submit to British rule. This act Wesley deprecated. He hated war, especially between England and America. He was afraid the cause of religion would suffer, that the Colonies would be lost to England, and further, that this might lead to the overthrow of the English Government. Hence he urged upon his friends every-where to pray that the conflict might be averted.

The elements of strife, however, were not to be checked. The battle of Concord and Lexington was fought on April 19th, and the intelligence reached England near the close of the following month. Wesley was in Ireland at this time, and did not receive the intelligence till a week or two later. According to Bancroft, he waited but one day after receiving the news before he wrote his celebrated letter to Lord North, sending a copy to Lord Dartmouth, the Colonial Secretary. In this letter Wesley took the part of the Colonists upon every point. He said, "An oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner the nature of the thing will allow," and proceeded to show the impolicy of going to war with them. The letter is remarkable for the foresight evinced in reference to the contest should it continue, and scarcely a word in the prediction need be altered to harmonize it with history. Well would it have been had the ministers of the crown heeded the warning.

This, however, the king had determined not to do, and his obsequious ministers echoed his wishes. George wrote, "All men feel that the fatal compliance of 1766 (the repeal of the Stamp Act) has increased the pretensions of the Americans to absolute independence." Again he wrote, "The die is cast. The Colonists must either triumph or submit. If we take the resolute part, undoubtedly they will be very meek." Against such views and resolves on the part of the king, Wesley's letter proved powerless. Still it shows his opinions at that time. And as late as August in this year (1775), we find him recommending a pamphlet written in defense of the exclusive right of the Americans to tax themselves.

Thus far Wesley was on the side of the Colonists. Still his position was anomalous. The political party opposed to the king favored the Americans, the party which sided with the king opposed them. Wesley was on the king's side generally, yet favored the American cause. Upon this point he was opposed to his own party and acting with the opposite one. He must have felt this, his inconsistency, keenly, and probably was not indisposed to change his views. We know that about this time he withdrew his patronage from Pine, the Bristol printer, because Pine, in a weekly paper, opposed the king and his measures.

He very shortly went further than this. Samuel Johnson published a pamphlet against America, entitled "Taxation no Tyranny." This converted Wesley to the author's views. Let it be distinctly marked that this was a change in Wesley's opinions. He speaks of it as such repeatedly. When reminded of his former statements he frankly acknowledged them, but said he now thought differently. Johnson's tract had taught him better. Yet it was surprising that a tract so feeble should have convinced such a logician as Wesley. The whole affair seems to show a willingness to be convinced, that he might again fall into line with his party.

Johnson's pamphlet, written in his high-flown style, was not adapted to the popular mind. Wesley immediately wrote a tract presenting Johnson's arguments, or fallacies, in his own every-day, nervous style, and without any intimation that for its substance he was indebted to Johnson. This tract he

designed for circulation in America, hence entitled it "A Calm Address to the American Colonies," and evidently with the hope that it might induce the Americans to return to their allegiance. Before, however, he could send it, he learned that the ports were closed by the Colonists, hence the tract could not reach them. Its sale in England, however, was immense. Wesley speaks of a hundred thousand copies being published. Tyerman tells us that the government caused copies to be distributed at the church-doors in London. Wesley refused compensation when offered by the ministers, but was induced to accept fifty pounds for charitable distribution.

In reading the "Calm Address," we see how thorough was the change that had taken place in his sentiments. He had before said that the measures of government towards America violated law, equity, and prudence. Now he contended those measures were lawful, and had numerous legal precedents for the past hundred years. They were just; for the Americans ought to reimburse England part of the expenses of the French war, and, further, the right of taxation was involved in that of supreme authority, such as England held over the Colonies. They were prudent; for the Colonists were the dupes of certain men in England, not courageous enough to carry out their own principles, and beyond this the success of the Americans would lead only to immense complications, resulting in grievous tyranny. Instead of being an oppressed people asking for their legal rights, as he had told Lord North in June, he now asserted that they had as great a degree of liberty as any people, and had no such rights as they fancied they had.

But we are told that Wesley soon saw he had been led into error by Johnson, and returned to his former views. Two sentences in a letter to Rankin, his superintendent in America, written October 20, 1775, are supposed to indicate this return. Speaking of his "Calm Address," he said, "I had written a little tract before I knew that the American ports were shut up." Again he said, "Indeed, it is provoking; I suppose forty thousand of them have been printed in three weeks, and still the demand is as great as ever." On the ground of these two sentences it is said Wesley repented writing and publishing the pamphlet under consideration, and, further, that "had he not sold the copyright he would have stopped the circulation at once." It may be said in reply, (1) That Wesley did not sell the copyright of his pamphlet. In a letter inserted in his works (iv, 443), he says he did not publish his "Calm Address" to get money. "Had that been my motive, . . . I should have entered it at Stationers' Hall," that is, have copyrighted it. (2) That Wesley, at the time he wrote the letter to Rankin, was preparing a new edition for publication. Eight days later, that is, October 28, 1775, he wrote to his brother Charles these words, "I am just getting into the press a new edition of the 'Address' corrected, in which my change is accounted for," and in another letter, six days later, he says, "In the Preface to the new edition of the 'Address,' there is, I think, a sufficient answer to Mr. Evans's letter." Now we submit that Wesley could not be sorry for having written the pamphlet, and desirous of stopping its publication when he was preparing a new edition. The meaning of the quoted sentences is easily seen. In 1777 Wesley said, "About a year and a half ago I wrote a little tract, entitled 'A Calm Address,' etc., but the ports being then shut up by the Americans, I could not send it abroad as I designed." (v, 328.) This explains the first without any implication of regret for having written the pamphlet. The provocation arising from the rapid sale is explained by the context: "Many are excessively angry, and would willingly burn me and the tract together. Indeed, it is provoking. I suppose about forty thousand of them," etc. (viii, 12.) It thus appears that the rapid sale was provoking, not to Wesley, as the garbled extract implies, but to his enemies, who would willingly "burn him and the tract together."

It is said, however, that the effect of the "Address" was "to postpone the war." But how so? The English Parliament voted soldiers and supplies in February, fighting

commenced in April (Concord and Lexington), was renewed in June (Bunker Hill), and the British army, though increased as rapidly as possible, was rigidly blockaded in Boston. In September, when things were in this position, Wesley wrote the "Address." How then was the war postponed by it?

But the great proof that Wesley did not from this time favor the Americans is found in all he subsequently wrote in regard to the conflict. He continued his writing until the close of the war, yet with one questionable exception, to be hereafter noticed, he said not another word for the Colonists. His declarations are so numerous we can quote but a very few of them. On November 7, 1775, he wrote a sermon, in which, speaking of the Americans, he said: "Reason is lost in rage. Wisdom is fallen in the streets. They have in their wild cry for liberty, lost liberty, both of the press and speech, and none must dare to utter one word, either in favor of King George, or in disfavor of the idol they have set up, the new illegal unconstitutional government utterly unknown to us and to our forefathers." (ii, 517–8.) On November 11th he wrote, "Have we a right to tax, or no? If we have, they are rebels and accountable to God and man for all the blood that is shed. Will they allow that right, or can we give it up?" (vi, 792). The same month he wrote, "I see many pouring oil into the flame by crying out, 'How unjustly and cruelly the king is using the poor Americans, who are only contending for their liberty and their legal privileges.' Now there is no possible way to put out this flame, or hinder its rising higher and higher, but to show that the Americans are not used either cruelly or unjustly; that they are not injured at all, seeing they are not contending for liberty (this they had even in its full extent, both civil and religious); neither for any legal privileges, for they enjoy all that their charters grant. But what they contend for is the illegal privilege of being exempt from Parliamentary taxation. This being the real state of the question, what impartial man can either blame the king or commend the Americans? With this view, to quench the fire by laying the blame where it is due, the 'Calm Address' was written." (iv, 443–4.)

In another letter, dated December 9th, he says that five months ago he doubted "whether the measures taken with respect to America could be defended either on the foot of law, equity, or prudence." He acknowledges that probably he had said that "the Americans were an oppressed, injured people," and had "recommended an argument for the exclusive right of the Colonies to tax themselves." To all this he adds, "But I am now of another mind." (iv, 445).

In 1776, Wesley published two pamphlets, one entitled, "Observations on Liberty," a reply to a tract written by Dr. Price in favor of the Americans—the other, "A Seasonable Address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain." It has been asserted that Wesley's parents taught him the principles of civil and political liberty. Without showing the fallacy of the arguments by which it is attempted to prove this, we quote his own words upon the point: "I was bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of passive obedience and nonresistance." (Tyerman iii, 198). The "Observations on Liberty" show that he had not outgrown those notions. He contends that power is delegated from God to rulers, and in no proper sense derived from the people. Because America was peopled from England King George was the lawful sovreign of the Colonists, and, therefore, the quarrel was unrighteous on their part. The Americans had all the liberty he himself had, and all any reasonable man could desire. The imposed tax was not an infringement of their liberty; neither was the transfer of the trials of accused persons to England, for American juries would not convict. England had undertaken the war very unwillingly, after trying all methods she could devise to secure the proper ends without violence. Not one-fourth of the adult Americans desired a change in government, but a few pretended patriots for selfish purposes had urged and persuaded the people. He denied that England was employing Indians to fight, or attempting to hire Prussian

troops, but he says not a word about the Hessians. So much for the animus of the first pamphlet. The second, written with a decidedly religious purpose, endeavors to avoid all partisanship. Yet it says "What God hath joined together (especially such powerful people as we and the Americans now are) for the mutual support, comfort, and defense of each other, should not be put asunder by any means whatsoever; as it would undoubtedly frustrate his gracious design in this well compacted body." (vi, 326.) This may be considered as Wesley's reply to the Declaration of Independence. It would thus seem that in 1776 he was not in favor of the Americans.

At the commencement of 1777 we find him rejoicing over the intelligence that all the Methodists in America were firm for the government, though on that account persecuted by the rebels. (vii, 78.) In February he published a "Calm Address to the Inhabitants of England." In this he speaks of the good accomplished by the "Calm Address to the American Colonies," in opening the eyes of the English adherents of America to the delusions they were laboring under. He asserts that the British Government had treated the Colonies with unparalleled lenity, had allowed perfect civil and religious liberty, had taxed them very little, and had paid them large bounties. Hence the Colonies had become wealthy. And now, guided by a few selfish leaders, they were striving to overthrow this kind power. The New England men in particular had begun to propagate those republican notions their fathers carried over the ocean. By the rebellion America had lost her liberty, while England had all the liberty men could conceive. Therefore she ought not to be embarrassed in her dealings with America. He complains of certain Englishmen who were so wonderfully tender of the Americans that they would not in any wise term them rebels, though they were in open arms against their lawful sovereign. In this pamphlet he charges the Americans with cowardice. "Whatever they will do, they will not fight. I believe they can not, for the hand of God is upon them." (vi, 332.) But the valiant warriors from England had driven "the rebels out of their almost inaccessible forts, though defended by strong intrenchments. They took Fort Washington and Fort Lee, which a handful of men might have defended against a numerous army." (vi, 332.) He has not left upon record his thoughts when, towards the end of the year, he heard of the brave soldiers under Burgoyne surrendering to these God-stricken, cowardly rebels.

When Wesley wrote this pamphlet more than two years had passed since war was declared, and, the promises of an easy and speedy victory not being fulfilled, the English people were becoming dissatisfied. To meet this feeling Wesley did two things in this "Address:" 1. He decried the state of society in America to the lowest degree. 2. He taught that no religious man ought to speak against the king and government. On the first point he asserted there was no liberty in America. A man's goods were not his own, his tongue was not his own, his body might be imprisoned, he might be deprived of every thing, either by Congress or by their friends, the mob, who were always ready to do the bidding of Congress, even to cutting throats. (vi, 333.) He complains that his preachers were not allowed to teach men "to be subject to principalities and powers," meaning of course the English Government, or "to honor the king," that is George III. On the other point he taught that a religious man should carefully abstain from speaking evil of the ruler of his people, ought not to espouse the cause of those who were in open rebellion against their "lawful sovereign;" should not extenuate their crime or scruple to call them "rebels," should not speak of them with tenderness rather than resentment. In his journal for August 1st, he says, "I desired as many as could to join together in fasting and prayer, that God would restore the spirit of love and a sound mind to the *poor deluded rebels* in America."

The commencement of 1778, found England in great agitation. The war which was to have been so easily ended in a few months had continued three years without any

advantage to England. A few thousand soldiers, it was said, could march through the Colonies; but Burgoyne, trying this feat, was captured with his army. The British were unable to hold the ground they had taken. Boston had been surrendered, and now Philadelphia must be vacated too. All tended to show that the Colonies could not be conquered. The government seemed to have embraced this opinion, for Parliament, at the suggestion of the Cabinet, repealed all laws imposing taxes upon the Colonies, and promised never to tax them again if they would resume their allegiance. The country became highly irritated against the ministry, who for the sake of a few thousand pounds per year had plunged the country into an unsuccessful war. But the chief anxiety arose from another source. It would probably be difficult now to tell how the opinion originated, but of its existence there can be no doubt, that the independence of the American Colonies would be the ruin of England, and since that seemed likely to be achieved, England was supposed to be near her ruin. A strange, and almost an insane, depression seized upon the people. Government found it necessary to meet this; and again Wesley stepped to the front. The Dean of Gloucester had written upon the subject; and Wesley did as he had done for Johnson, condensed, and published widely, the tract as "A serious Address to the People of England." Nothing is said about the war, but the whole purport of the tract was to encourage the people by showing them that they were not in the road to ruin. This was issued in February. In May he sent out a shorter tract, "A Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland," designed, of course, for circulation through Britain as well. In this he endeavors to encourage the people by stating that the American armies were small and rapidly declining; that the French could not help either by ships or soldiers, both of which if sent would be defeated by the English. Neither was any thing to be feared at home, either from France or Spain; and insurrection, if attempted, would surely be put down. In short God would not desert England, for she had not filled the measure of her iniquities, and had within her borders thousands of praying men and women. Besides, God would never destroy a nation during the progress of a great religious revival.

It was during this year that he wrote his sermon, as it is called, on "The Work of God in North America." (i, 498). This was simply an account of the origin and growth of the rebellion as he termed it. The original emigrants were republicans, and had a great dislike to the English Government, still they submitted while feeble, though with an ill grace. All the kindness England showed to them failed to remove this dislike. An increase in wealth led to pride, luxuriousness, indolence, and wantonness. And here he quotes from an American letter, and by quoting indorses the statement: "You think the women of England (many of them, I mean), do not abound in chastity, but yet the generality of your women, compared with ours, might almost pass for vestal virgins." Their wealth led them likewise to desire independence. In acting thus they were helped by the devil, who hoped in this way to eradicate at one stroke true religion and British rule. But the attempt had reduced the Americans to poverty, they were forsaking their sins, and eventually all would be brought right, the plans of the devil defeated, and true liberty established. This is as much as the sermon will justify us in saying. Tyerman, however, says that the sermon declared that the independence of America would be a heavy curse. This is not now in the sermon. Perhaps Wesley expunged the statement in the revision of his later sermons in 1787, perhaps some later editor did it. There is nothing, therefore, in this, the fourth year of the war, to indicate Wesley's return to his first views.

The longer the war continued, the greater became the distress and anxiety of the English people. Their soldiers could only hold in America the ground they stood on. The Colonial leaders refused to treat with England except on the basis of independence. France and Spain, uniting their navies, threatened a descent on Great Britain. The

national debt was rapidly increasing; soldiers, sailors, and taxes were imperiously called for. Little was now written on the war, as it was seen by all that the sword alone could decide the matter. Wesley relates in his journal two conversations with gentlemen from America in a manner which clearly shows his dislike of "the rebels." He preached several sermons to encourage the people; instituted weekly meetings for the special purpose of praying for the king and country; held with his conference a fast day, in which special prayer was made for the nation; resolved that no one should become a Methodist preacher who spoke evil (that is, opposed the measures) of the king or prophesied evil to the nation, that is, doubted the success of the royal cause in America. The decrease in the number of members in his societies he attributed partly to speaking evil of the king and government, thus making an agreement with official political measures a religious duty, the neglect of which led to backsliding.

The war lingered through 1780 with little hope of success for England, and Wesley's efforts were still directed to raise the people from their despondency. We learn from Tyerman that during this year Wesley published a 12mo pamphlet of ninety-six pages, on the "Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion." This tract is not inserted in his works (which, by the by, are poorly edited and very defective), and we know not how to procure it. This we regret, as the pamphlet would give us information we very much want. Still we notice that the title calls the opposition to British rule "Rebellion."

In 1781, when the surrender of Cornwallis depressed England exceedingly, Wesley continued his efforts to keep up the drooping fortitude of the people. In 1782, Boardman, one of his first preachers to America, suddenly died. Wesley supplied an epitaph for his tombstone containing these lines:

> "Soon the bloody waste of war he mourns,
> And loyal from rebellion's seat returns."

In his "Circular Letter" to the American Societies, September, 1784 (nine years after he wrote his "Calm Address"), he acknowledges that, by "a very uncommon train of providences, many of the provinces in North America are totally disjoined from the mother country, . . . and we judge it best, that they should stand fast in the [ecclesiastical?] liberty wherewith God has so *strangely* set them free." Success seems to have convinced him that the change was of God, not of the devil.

These given are only a few of the expressions in Wesley's writings of the same tenor, and it should be remembered that there are none on the other side. During several years preceding the contest, and for several months after its commencement, Wesley pleaded for the Americans. In August or September, 1775, he suddenly became their opponent. As the years rolled on he added bitterness to his opposition, circulating views and statements calculated to inflame the English mind. After September, 1775, the only sentence we find in his writings looking favorably to the Americans is the following, written December 26, 1775, "I say, as Dean Tucker, 'Let them drop.' Cut off all other connection with them than we have with Holland or Germany. Four and thirty millions they have cost us *to support them* since Queen Anne died [1714]. Let them cost us no more. Let them have their desire, and support themselves." (vi, 792.) The Americans would have been pleased with just this treatment. Yet Wesley's way of putting the matter utterly precludes all idea that he was friendly to the American cause. And this is all we find till 1784. To say, therefore, that Wesley favored the Colonists in their protracted struggle for independence and freedom, shows either determined prejudice or great ignorance.

It has not been a pleasant task to exhume these facts. We would rather that they lay still, quietly ignored. But when men attempt to falsify history, even in reference to John Wesley (and several such attempts have been made lately), we think the truth should be set forth. John Wesley's character of all others needs no help of this kind. He was a man of strong convictions, always sincere and intensely conscientious, and not absolutely above the influences of prejudices.

Over these the real friends of his good name would through the veil of charity, and willingly allow to be forgotten. They, who by their false or careless statements, are compelling an examination of these points are inflicting injury on his memory, by directing attention anew to these defects in his character. Thank God for John Wesley! Notwithstanding his human imperfections, he was one of the noblest of men, and his character will shine more resplendently the more it is studied through coming ages, and why attempt to conceal the patent fact, that his political opinions were not on the side of the largest liberty? He believed in a strong government, and of authority *jure divino*, in State and Church; and it is unjust to his memory to attempt to show him as he was not. His influence for good, as a religious teacher, will extend through all time, and his character certainly needs no false coloring from his friends.

OLIVER P. MORTON.

THE acknowledged "power behind the throne" in this nation, during the fifteen years extending from the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency to the year of the National Centennial—a period of peril of the measure of which but few have an adequate appreciation, and of triumphs whose fruits are as yet but partially realized—was Oliver P. Morton, at first Governor of the State of Indiana, and afterwards one of its senators in the Congress of the United States. A remarkable mortality has swept away a large share of the great men of that eventful period. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Chase, and Sumner passed away in rapid succession, each having done his work and left his impress upon the country's affairs, and at length the "great senator" also followed them into the dark valley, leaving his name and the story of his patriotism a heritage to the nation he loved so well and served so faithfully.

A family named Throckmorton came from England to New Jersey about the time of the outbreaking of the war of the Revolution. A grandson of William T. Throckmorton removed West, and left off the first syllable of his paternal name, retaining only the Morton. He married Sarah Miller near Cincinnati, and took her to his home, Saulsbury, Wayne County, Indiana, where, on the 4th of August, 1823, she bore him a son, who after the name of the hero of Lake Erie, was called Oliver Perry. It is said that he was a mother's boy, bearing her likeness in his face, and inheriting her mental endowments. That mother died when he was but three years of age, unconscious that she had given a life to the world that should make and become a part of history. The helpless child was given over to the care of the grandparents and two widowed aunts, Polly and Hannah Whitaker, who lived near Springdale, Ohio. He went to school in Centerville, Indiana, and was not regarded by his teacher as especially bright. He was placed under his half-brother at the hatter's trade, at which he worked for four years, when, at the age of nineteen, he entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio. Even then he was not remarkable for his scholarship, but he was noted for his knowledge of human nature, and was regarded as without a rival in debate. Having a taste and something of a talent for music, he joined the brass band at Oxford; but his practice was so annoying to his room-mate that the latter broke the horn in pieces, which loss the musician never cared to repair.

In 1845, after two years of college life, he returned to Centerville, and began the study of law in the office of Hon. John S. Newman. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, having married some time previous, and in five years after that time he was elected by the Legislature as circuit judge to fill a vacancy. Although only twenty-nine years of age, he was regarded as a safe lawyer, and it is said fewer cases of his were reversed than those of any judge that had preceded

him. He remained on the bench but one year. Having thoroughly mastered the elements of law, and being especially expert as an advocate, he soon built up a large practice, and in less than ten years after his entry into the profession, it is said that he received ten thousand dollars as a fee in a single case. A rather remarkable story is connected with this case, somewhat on this wise: A criminal was on trial for murder, with the odds against him. Mr. Morton had searched in vain for an authority. He dreamed of a book that contained it. Waking, he got up, went to his office, struck a light, and found the opinion he wanted in the book indicated, and by it saved the life of the prisoner.

The division in the Democratic party, caused by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, threw Mr. Morton into the new party, to the front of which he was suddenly pushed. In 1856, the State Convention by acclamation put this young man, only thirty-two years of age, at the head of the first Republican ticket ever offered to the people of Indiana. Although defeated at the polls, his abilities had become so generally known in the canvass that he was able to dictate the terms of his future promotion.

In 1860 he took the second place on the ticket, with the understanding that if it was successful Governor Lane should go to the Senate and he would succeed him in the Gubernatorial chair. Their ticket was carried, and on the 16th of January, 1861, he became Governor of Indiana, being the youngest governor in the United States, except Sprague of Rhode Island. He found the treasury depleted by corruption, embarrassed by liabilities, and he at once set himself vigorously to work to save the State from financial disgrace. He came to the helm in a storm. The clouds were black with treason, and the winds were fierce with hate. He was more than a master for the vessel. On the 22d of November, about a week after South Carolina had determined to secede, he sounded the key-note of the campaign in a speech at Indianapolis which was heard from one end of the nation to the other, proclaiming the policy of coercion as the only one proper to be pursued. In response to the President's first call for seventy-five thousand men, instead of furnishing six thousand, which was Indiana's share, Governor Morton had forty thousand ready. He was ahead in every call, and his soldiers were the first to the field, and generally best equipped and drilled. During the progress of the war Indiana sent to the field over two hundred thousand soldiers, less than twenty thousand of whom were drafted. Indiana is considered a pivot State in politics. It was such in time of the war. With Indiana and Kentucky for the South, as they might have been under different leadership, their soil would have been the battle-fields, and the issue might not have been what it was. A portrait of Governor Morton hangs in the Council Chamber of Cincinnati, painted by order of the Council in remembrance of the timely aid he sent when Kirby Smith was moving on the city. A formidable secret, disloyal organization called the Knights of the Golden Circle, that aimed at revolution at the point of the knife, was detected and exposed by Governor Morton at the same time that he was exerting such an influence at the front. When the Legislature refused to vote money to carry on the business of the State, he borrowed the necessary amount on his own account, disbursed it, and accounted for every cent.

In 1864 he was nominated unanimously for re-election, and defeated Senator M'Donald in the race. But the War Governor had wrought beyond his strength, and in the Summer of 1865 he was compelled to succumb to overwork. He went to bed weary one October night, and as he attempted to arise from his bed the next morning he found his lower limbs helpless, but, strange to say, his mental vigor fully restored. He went to France to be treated by the physician that had cured Mr. Sumner, but with almost no success.

In January, 1867, he was elected to the United States Senate, where, by common consent, he very soon took his place among the leaders. At the expiration of his term, he was re-elected to the Senate for the term of six years. In the measures of reconstruc-

tion that so largely engaged the Senate during his connection with it, he was the most conspicuous member. More than any other man he contributed to the passage of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution. He was offered the mission to Austria, also the mission to England by President Grant, but declined, feeling that his proper place was in the Senate of the United States. He was a member of the commission that settled the last presidential election, which he evidently accepted only as an alternative for a protracted and bloody partisan war.

On the 6th of June, 1877, he started for Portland, Oregon, as a member of a Senatorial Committee. On his return, while in San Francisco, he received a second stroke of paralysis, under which he gradually sank till the 1st of November, when he passed away.

Senator Morton's animal nature was largely developed. It is said that he usually ate twice as much as an ordinary man at each meal. But his mind was greater, holding it under subjection and employing it as an engine of immense power. His perception was clear, his memory retentive, his judgment remarkably accurate. He was a clear-headed student of political problems, and was apt at solving them. His mind was too ponderous to be borne aloft on the wings of imagination, too serious for wit, too profound for trifles. It held in its grasp vast treasures of thought. At the appearance of each new question, for years his party gave him the slate and pencil that he might repair to his mental solitudes, and returning announce the result.

Great as he was in intellect, he was greatest in his will. It arose superior to his poverty in his youth, swept down his opponents in early manhood at the bar, and gave him the victory in political contests in his maturer years. It was his will that struck such heavy and effective blows against the Rebellion, and made him the leader of the loyal party, and that caused him to be the most dreaded opponent in the American Senate. With it he resisted disease, and held death itself in check for a dozen years. Men of less will would, under his maladies, have crept as cripples into obscurity, and been buried years before.

Mr. Morton was a man of very strong affections. Some of his adversaries may have thought they were tinctured with malevolence, but the suspicion is without foundation. Under a cold reason and an iron will there burned the warmest love. His home was a haven, where he found a shelter from the storms of public life. He was earnestly and tenderly devoted to his wife and children. The expressions of intense affection for his family to the last were such as to bring tears to the eyes of all who came into his room.

His heart was large enough to take in his country. For her safety he struggled with almost super-human energy, and sank down under the stroke of disease, an oblation on her altar.

His soul went out in sympathy for his race, and especially for those who were oppressed and helpless. For years he was the undisputed champion of the rights of the colored people of this country, and as such his name is entitled to a foremost place among the philanthropists of his age.

A story is told that illustrates his sympathy at the sufferings of the soldiers: Waking up one night he heard the rain pouring down violently, and thinking of a regiment that was quartered in a house whose roof leaked, he got up and had them sent to a comfortable place. He heard that some Indiana regiments were fatigued with travel in cattle cars, and he sent this message to Cincinnati: "On the arrival of Indiana troops, see that they have all possible attention, even to a cup of water in the name of the Great Master." No soldier ever endured a pain that he had the power to prevent, and he followed the army whether into the camp, or the field, or the hospital, faithfully and with his ministry of love.

Grant and Sherman had the esteem and reverence of the army, General Thomas had its love, Stanton and Chase had the confidence of the soldiers, Lincoln and Morton had their hearts. They were the two idols of a million men who wore the blue. Mr. Morton, though politically severe and un-

compromising, was never personally abusive, but was tender and affectionate with his party enemies, drawing them to his heart. Mr. Hendricks, taking leave of him on a certain occasion not long before his death, wept like a child; and Mr. Voorhees on hearing of his death said, "God knows I wish Senator Morton had lived." Mr. Emerson thinks that the balances are kept even in life's equation, that whatever value we throw upon others' side of the equation others will throw upon ours. This has certainly been the case in the history of Senator Morton.

There have been men of greater scholarship, of more dazzling brilliancy, but few men since the foundation of this government have been so majestic and so overpowering in their oratorical efforts. Competent judges say that some of his speeches in the Senate have called forcibly to mind the days of Clay and Webster and Calhoun. His orations contained but few figures of rhetoric, or sallies of wit, but they were full of stubborn facts expressed in pure English with great power. His ideas were clothed in such comprehensive and simple words that the common people heard him gladly, and the most cultivated were fascinated with his sentences. When he spoke in the Senate, distinguished statemen gathered about him, as disciples about a sage, and when he took the rostrum the people flocked by the thousands to hear him. Morton, sitting in his chair, holding spell-bound the multitudes that gathered about him, is a picture with scarcely a parallel in the history of human eloquence.

Senator Morton's industry was remarkable. The amount of work that he crowded into his comparatively short life and executed with his crippled body is simply miraculous. In the greatest rush of business in Washington he never refused admittance to any who knocked at his door, and never failed to listen to his story when he came in. He never left a letter unanswered, saying that a man that thought enough of him to write him should have a reply.

Whatever else may have been laid to his charge, his honesty has never been called in question. Amidst the temptations of greed that have thrown down so many public men he has stood unstained and unsuspected. His clerk was once making out an account of some public funds, and he said, "Be careful to the cent. I would rather die than take what does not belong to me." His estate was found, after his decease, to be worth less than fifty thousand dollars; every dime of which is honest money.

As with so many others of our public men, Mr. Morton's religious history is painfully barren. He was not a Church member, nor a professor of Christianity. His early religious training was strict. His mother was a Presbyterian and his father's family were Methodists. He was not a theoretical unbeliever, but professed to have faith in the existence of God and the truth of the Bible. He had time during his last days for serious reflection, and the moments were not altogether unimproved. He was heard to express a regret that he had paid so little attention to religion in health.

We live in a world of mutation and of decay. And yet in this world of change and death there are principles of eternal truth and right, to which men may fasten themselves and share their immortality. This Morton did in the highest of merely worldly relations. The brutes have no power to help their successors up in the scale of being; but men can enrich their children and successors with the results of their lives. It is the privilege of each generation to know more, be better, and live on a higher plane than the preceding. Mr. Morton has helped his race up, has enriched it with the value of his priceless life, and generations yet unborn will owe him a debt of gratitude, and will arise as the years go by to call him blessed.

THE FIG-TREE.

"WHY cumbereth it the ground?"
Alas! how many years have come and gone!
The gardener looked, but found no fruit thereon;
Leaves, only leaves he found.

Earth was not iron to thee,
Nor brass the heavens o'erhead; nor drouth at noon
Dried up thy roots; for thee the helping sun
Drew water from the sea.

And dressers came to dress,
And trained thy branches to the friendly wall;
And green thou grewest up, and straight, and tall;
Whence, then, this barrenness?

Cast not thy fruit, nor be
As clouds without their water. Spare, oh! spare,
Thou husbandman; perchance it yet may bear
Other than leaves for me.

Then he, the husbandman,
Spake graciously, and that grace bestowed
Was not in vain; through all the fibrous wood
The juices flowed amain.

Then came the tender leaves;
Like promises the blossoms shone, and fair;
And fruits made fragrant all the Summer's air
Around the web she weaves.

For Summer mornings rose,
And nightly dews their precious drops sent down;
And every season angels came to crown
Its branches with new blows.

My soul! thou art that tree;
Divinely planted, and yet fruitless all;
Thine, too, the water-brooks, the showers that fall
In grace-drops large and free.

No worm is at *thy* root
That shall not die when Christ shall bid me live;
Nor branch so barren that shall not revive
And blossom, and bear fruit.

My soul, thy leaves put on;
Seeking for fruit the Master comes, and see
He find thee not, as erst he found the tree,
Withered at early noon.

Lord of the vineyard! come,
And eat thy pleasant Summer fruit; for thou,
Thou only canst with fruitage load the bough,
And make the barren bloom.

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was no sleep that night in the house of Patience Thorn. Rachel wailed, but she worked while she wailed, and searched with equal vigor the places where Rubetta could not, as well as those where she possibly might, be. Into chests and boxes and all sorts of odd out of the way nooks, too small for the hiding-place of a child, she thrust that freckled, bony hand, sniffing the while in a way that betokened a coming freshet. At the same time, outside, lantern in hand, went Silas Stubbs and his oldest boys through the lanes and over the fields, exploring every spot where the young girl had ever been known to wander. And behind them, his large features, gray and hard as if cut in stone, hat in hand, and hair thrown back as if he could not bear to have any thing touch his face, strode Gray Monteith, searching every stone and bush and tree, or moving object with his eyes, and peering right and left into the darkness. A life-time of longing and dread seemed crowded into this one night. Where was she? What had become of the child? He called her a child in his heart, and felt he had deserved to lose her because he had left her alone, when he might have known she was not safe. Had Marah stolen her away? Could she have done this without Ruby's consent? But Marah had been only slowly creeping back from death's door when last he heard of her. Could she have come and no one know it? Rachel said Rubetta had been busy about her usual occupations just the same since Patience went away. She had gone on horseback to the village and to the mill valleys to see some of Patty's sick ones. She had gone out to sketch once or twice in the afternoon, coming in before tea. She had watched anxiously for letters from Aunt Patience and had received one saying Uncle Dick was less ill than she feared to find him, and another saying that there was every hope of his recovery. Possibly she had gone to the city, but why should she have done this in secret? Ruby was not a girl of moods and freaks, yet her departure had been voluntary; for her room revealed a recent preparation for departure, and many of the things most dearly prized were gone.

Only this latter fact saved Gray from suspicion that personal harm had befallen her. There was nothing to be done but, exhausting all inquiry here, to take the dreadful news to Patience and to Hugh. And torn as his own heart was with anxiety and sorrow, he yet felt that he could not be the bearer of this news. He who had carried comfort to so many souls, who knew almost every form and phase of human woe, would have no comfort now to give. When the search was abandoned, as the night drew toward the dawn, and Silas knew nowhere else to look, Monteith could not stay in the house, but paced up and down the terrace before Aunt Patty's door, throwing himself now and then, upon the steps to rest, just where Hugh used to sit in his feeble, crippled childhood and read "Bunyan," while Aunt Patience knitted socks for the boys of Silas Stubbs. The night hid its stars from Graham as it had done from Hugh not long ago. The old knotted boughs of the apple-trees creaked as in distress or discontent. The very silence between the gusts of wind was too terrible to be borne. He started up and broke it with his own footsteps. A faint gleam of light shown athwart the gray of the horizon. He knew it meant that the day was coming, but he could not wait for the day. Before it came, before Silas had opened his eyes, he had saddled Ruby's horse, and was away over the hills. First to the mill villages and the valley, but nothing was to be learned there that Rachel had not told. Away then to the railway stations, but nowhere had one answering his description been seen. At one station, two miles from the point where the Thorns usually took train for the city, the agent said two ladies had taken tickets the night before for

—— Junction. Thence they might go either to Montreal, New York, or Boston.

Thinking he had a clew, he rode back to Rachel, and took the next train to the junction named. But there he lost the trace altogether. Ten, twenty, thirty ladies had of course, in this season of Summer travel, bought tickets to any one or all of the places mentioned. It was useless to try to remember. On, then, to the city with the terrible news, not to share his own heart-break with the others, but to break theirs at one cruel blow. Yet how should he keep it from them?

One who saw him go away erect and full of life and hope would hardly have known him as he came into the library where Hugh sat alone busy with piles of papers. Years seemed to have been added to his life in that one night. The time since Graham left him had been hard for Hugh too. It took all the force of principle and will to keep the rebellion, that had almost overcome him when they parted, down. He was using the help that comes from close occupation, but the stern lines around his mouth had deepened into the look of strong repression which made his face so like his father's, that on the rare occasions when his mother saw it, it invariably subdued her complaints. He raised his head and their eyes met. She has sent him away, she does not love him, was the thought that came with a great rush of triumphant, selfish gladness into his soul. Not mine, perhaps, but not his; and he only knew by the after shame and penitence how great his rejoicing was. But when he looked again and saw that under the brown beard the lips that tried to speak were white, and trembled with some anguish too terrible for words, love swept back in a great tide over the heart that for days had seemed settling into such stony hardness, and he came to meet his friend with open arms.

The saddest tales never need many words. Soon Hugh knew all. Soon Patience knew all, and from their overwhelming trouble they turned to consider every plan, to ponder and act upon every suggestion by which she might be traced. Of one thing only they were sure—she had chosen to go. But why had she fled? To what friend would she turn for protection?

At once Monteith naturally associated her departure with Marah, and he thought if Marah was ill, and had written to her, that she would go to her aid; but why, if she went, conceal it? Could Marah have beguiled her away through sympathy for her wrongs? Then they would not go South, for discovery would be certain there. They would far more likely move toward Canada as the only place of absolute safety. If he could have gone in several directions at the same time it would have been done. As it was, he was obliged to put the matter, as far as search in the South was concerned, in Lloyd Allan's hands, and went Northward himself, but with no success in tracing the people he sought. All pains was taken to avoid giving the flight publicity, yet no pains was spared to find the missing girl. Before his departure for Canada, Graham remembered Ruby's old master in painting, and knowing his exceeding interest in Ruby, and his enthusiasm concerning her talent, he climbed to the high studio, less with any hope of aid in his search than in hope to hear them talk of the dear one he had lost.

Strangers often came to look, but, alas for Herr Baume, they rarely came to buy. So if he had an "eensperation," as he called it, he painted right on after the first greeting, and allowed his visitors to wander about as they liked, glancing now and then from under his brows to see if they found any pleasure in his works. Meanwhile the dear old Frau played hostess and catalogue for the pictures of which she was so proud, wondering how the gazers *could* go away and leave them behind.

They had never seen Monteith, and the Herr Professor was out of money and a little out of humor in consequence, and took not much notice of the tall stranger, to whom the little wife was all the more attentive on that account. Graham did not explain his errand, sure if they knew any thing of the pupil he could learn it without informing them of his loss. He went from picture to picture with real interest, for indeed he found they commanded it, revealing the soul

and the hand of the true artist. The old man soon discovered here was one who knew the merit of his work, and his eyes softened, and he left the figure he was painting, and, down in the foreground of his picture a pansy dropped from his brush into the grass. It was his way of showing he was gratified. Suddenly his wife, casting a quick glance at her husband, put a finger on her lip, and turned a canvas from the wall. Monteith uttered a little exclamation of delight, and the old man turned sharply round while the dear old lady as suddenly whisked the picture back to the wall. She was not quick enough however. Graham had seen the face of Rubetta Thorn.

"Mein alt vife is so voolish," said Professor Baume; "it vas forpitten she should show die face, put she tink you know goot picture und she is so vainful of mein leetle pupil." He whisked the face around again. "It is mein pupil, Mees Rupetta Torn, und she is, as you see, ferry peautiful; but she is ferry full of talent. She is artist, *all* artist. Eef I leef, I tink von proudest day of my life veell pe I vas the first master of Mees Torn. But dees peacture is not finish, und I veel not mein frau veell show it; put in America de vife obey not any more der hausband."

Still he looked very much pleased that he had been this time disobeyed, and Graham was glad to let him go on, as it gave him time to recover himself and prolong his moments with the pictured face.

It was only begun; just a face looking out from a mass of white clouds, paler and more serious than the expression he had usually seen; but the eyes looked steadily and gravely into his, questioning, pleading, asking, he knew not what, and yet it seemed to him as if he had met Ruby herself. So much of her soul was in the gaze. Herr Baume had caught the expression in those latter days when she sat at her work thinking over the terrible news she had heard that night at the library door. He told Thorn he meant to make a great picture of it, and so had copied the face when he could have the model; the face was perfect, all the rest of the picture must wait until he could take it to Italy, and finish it under Neapolitan sun and sky. He said:

"When it is done, it will be another Sibyl, equal to the Libyan or the Cumæan. I did not *make* the Sibyl, I *found* her. She sat here, questioning just so; hour after hour, questioning life, questioning fate, and I caught the look, see! it is great; but I can not chill her by painting the northern sky around her, or by making her breathe a northern air; and to paint the southern sky and air I must live in it, breathe it, be permeated by it. The true artist carries the color in his soul. When the light and shadow sink there, it is easy to transfer them to his canvas. I could not chill my Sibyl's sight by any northern cloud. She belongs to the South. Do you not see it?" The artist had forgotten his imperfect English altogether, and spoke eagerly in his native tongue.

"And are you going to Italy?" asked Graham, anxious to prolong the conversation, that the face might not be taken from his sight. The artist gave an expressive shrug to his shoulders, and the good frau, who had returned to her knitting so happy in seeing the great professor's work enjoyed, said, in an undertone:

"Alas, alas, that he has not the power to go."

And Monteith led them on until the old fellow had expressed, with emphasis, his opinion of the stupidity of American critics, and the low state of American art. His own pictures would not sell; he could not go abroad until they did.

And Graham, who would almost have been willing to pension this artist in return for this glimpse of Rubetta's face, offered him an order for the picture finished, and took the two others which were hanging on the artist's wall, and then ready for sale, paid their price, and sent them both to Aunt Patience's home in Vermont.

It was too good to be believed. He should again see the father-land. He should see Italy, years of waiting, and discouragement, of honest work, of severe study, over at last; he had found his reward. The old man felt young again. The old lady's blue

eyes were full of tears, but she did not forget to say:

"How happy this will make the fraulein. She often promised that when she was older and had her fortune she would send us over the sea."

So there was joy almost every-where in the touch of Gray Monteith, and yet he carried a heavy heart away, for Rubetta was not found. As he went on his fruitless northern journey, that troubled face went with him, wondering, perplexed, questioning, what life could mean. He ought to have been the one to show her, he ought to have guided her through any mysteries and problems that could torment her, and his love was great enough to do it; and yet, somewhere in God's great, mysterious world, she was wandering or waiting without that, the comfort of his love.

As soon as Aunt Patience could get away from Richard, she went to Thornton. She could not believe that there she would not find a clew. Some days before she left, she had been talking to Ruby of her father, and reading to her fragments of treasured letters he had written in his school and college days. Rubetta's interest was intense, and she had said:

"Auntie, I want to know every thing about my father, from the first all through his life."

And auntie had begun the tale, had read the parcel of school-boy notes, and given them to Ruby for her own. In her first letter back to Ruby, after she was summoned away, she wrote:

"I do not wish you to come to me here until I have time to see how your uncle's malady will result. As Hugh has not an unoccupied moment, I must be much in the sick-room. Mr. Monteith expresses a purpose to go to see you, and I shall get to you or send for you as quickly as seems best. Now be happy as you can. Look after my sick ones in the valley, and if you are lonely you can go on with the story of your father's life. The next parcel of letters lies in my desk, and I have yet other and later packages which I shall wish to read with you myself."

The letters written after his marriage were those she wished to read with Ruby. But there was one that she thought perhaps she would not have Ruby see at all, because she never quite understood what it meant. It was the letter Robert wrote in his sickness in answer to her remonstrance against his purchase of slaves. In it he said:

"My hands are not so white in innocency of this unholy traffic, that I can be a boast upon your blessed lips. Do you not know that once in my life,—nay, now I remember it, twice,—I have given my gold for a fellow creature?" And further on he says, "When once I have you here, on my veranda under my own vine and fig-tree, I promise to tell you such a tale of the price paid for a maiden's freedom as shall make you glad the old Thorn-tree yielded me golden fruit. As I look down in the garden from the porch where I am writing and see my daughter tying up the rose trees, I can not be thankful enough that once I bought a slave; for, to that fact, more than to any other, I owe it that the child is here to bless my dying days. The price I paid for her mother would make a dowry for the girl, yet it was only gold, and life itself would have been too poor to give for one beloved as I loved her."

The puzzle of this letter had often recurred to Aunt Patience, and yet she liked to believe it was more a playful challenge to her to come down and discuss their differing views on her nephew's own ground, than a serious confession of facts. Yet there was enough dread that the discreditable statements might be true to keep her from showing the letter to any one—lest the precious memory of Robert should receive a stain. She had never mentioned it to Richard, but he had shown his knowledge of its contents by alluding to it on the dreadful night of his disclosure of Marah's claim. Her thoughts seemed to turn to this letter since the loss of Rubetta, without any volition of her own, and she hardly waited for a lull in Rachel's lamentations before she shut herself in her room beside the open desk. They were all there, the letters she had given Rubetta permission to read, not in neat parcels as she had left them, but scattered loosely over the desk. She tossed them rapidly over in nervous fear

that the one letter of all that she did not wish Rubetta to see, had been accidentally left among them. Yet if it had been, was there any thing in it to alarm? She tried to believe that it would in any case only have brought a sensible girl like Ruby nearer to her rather than have taken her away. Yet the white hands trembled in their search, and the loving, old-time words in Robert's handwriting that caught her eye as she hastily turned over the papers were hardly seen for tears. She had looked at nearly all and found nothing that could have made Ruby any thing but glad and proud, when she came upon an envelope addressed to herself. Rachel had just brought in her tea, and she wanted to wait and watch the face of her mistress while she took it. Patience with difficulty found voice to send her away, and when she was gone she left the meal untasted and opened the letter, which read as follows:

"Dear Precious Auntie,—I can not go away without a word of good-bye, without thanking you for all your love and kindness have taught me. You will not think me ungrateful, for, indeed, if I loved you and Hugo less I would not go away. But I have no right in your home as your niece or as his cousin; and, as—what I am—I could not bear to stay.

"Do you remember the night when in the library, Uncle Richard told you I was 'not papa's own child;' that I 'lived by *his* bounty.' Well, I heard that. I heard, too, that Marah, my poor old nurse, was not my nurse, but my mother. I could not talk about it; I can not now. That first night, when you did not come to say good night, I was so wretched I was unjust, and thought the discovery would change your love for me; but as day after day went by, and your kindness was unfailing, I tried to believe it was all some horrible mistake, some dreadful dream. Whenever I thought of living on Mr. Thorn's bounty, I wanted to go away, and no longer to burden *any one* with my care; but when I remembered you and Hugo I could not go. I felt I must know the truth, yet I could not ask any one. Now could I speak unless you spoke to me?

"The second day after you left me, auntie dear, Marah came. I had been riding to the village, and, as I came home, the hills beyond the mill seemed very soft and lovely. I had my sketch-book, as I used to take it on my rides with papa. I turned from the road into the foot-path, that leads from the railway station, up to the house, thinking that from the old maple-tree, where the path turns, I could sketch the hill view, and get the old bridge and the broken mill-wheel in the picture too. As I came near the maple-tree, a woman was resting on the seat that Silas made for me. It was Marah, auntie dear, my poor, suffering Marah, worn out and ill in her efforts to protect me and to reach me. She told me the story of her persecutions, of her illness, of her endeavors to get North, and her lying long in a hospital, and then of her discovery that she was still traced and watched. She had come to see me, not to stay, she said, for that would only make Mr. Thorn disown me; but to see me, to give me back my jewels, which Uncle Dick had given back to her, and then she was going away somewhere to die.

"O auntie, when I saw her and knew all she had endured for me, the pity and self-reproach was very great. Only when I remembered that she was my mother, I did not love her; I did not like to have it so. She had undertaken to walk up from the station, for she did not wish her visit known. She would have come to the house if it had been necessary for her to do so, but she counted it a lucky chance that had found me without any other persons seeing her. I could not persuade her to go home with me. It was in vain that I told her Mr. Thorn could not do me any harm, that he was ill. She said that she had seen him and he was well and strong. She did not ask me to go with her. She had only come to see me. She seemed possessed with the idea that she was a slave, that Uncle Dick had sold her, that Lloyd Allan had bought her and had bought our home. She told me Mr. Allan had traced her to the hospital where she lay ill, that he told them to treat her kindly, and he would come again. She dared not wait, lest he had come to claim her, and take her south. So she succeeded in escaping the nurse and fled.

"What could these things mean, auntie? If my father's home is sold, then surely the words I heard in the library were true, for no one would sell my home without my knowledge. Though my heart was torn, auntie, there was one thing which it was utterly impossible for me to do. I could not ask Marah if I was her child. I felt I could not bear to have her tell me 'yes.' I heard all she volunteered to tell me,—enough to show me Mr. Thorn did not believe

me to be papa's daughter, and then, when she would not be persuaded to stay with me, auntie, I let her go. I could hide my face in shame now to think it, auntie, but I told her that I should never fail again to know where she was and that I should see her often. But, auntie, I let her go—a poor, broken-hearted woman, who had suffered more than a thousand deaths for me, who had been a mother to me in love ever since my babyhood. I let her go; I could not give up you and Hugo and home, and my hope that the dear papa was my very own.

"So I went with her back all along the path as near to the station as she would let me. I saw her anguish at parting. It was like another death to her. I watched her as she went on; I saw the train that was to bear her northward creep through the valley and stop. And much as I loved her and pitied her, and hated to spare her from my sight, I did not repent, I let her go. But when the train moved on, auntie, and I knew she was gone, such a reaction of penitence and pity, and desire to have her back came over me as I can not describe. If my precious father had stood beside me and said I had 'disappointed all his hopes,' if you had said to me that you 'had not supposed me capable of such selfishness,' I could not have been more overwhelmed with shame and self-reproach. I thought of how Hugo would have behaved in like circumstances, and it seemed to me as if my longing towards this act would almost give me wings with which to overtake the train. Who needed me in the world as Marah did? What better task was there for me than to soothe and care for her, and atone to her for what she had endured? I felt her love for me; I realized that my presence was life to her; and I had sent her away probably to die alone, while I clung to the home and the friends and the fortune on which I had no claim.

"And, auntie, your teaching came back to me, and your all-wonderful giving up of yourself; and Hugo's beautiful life of unselfish endeavor to bless others came before me, and I felt that this, which you call the Christly life, was the only one worth living, and for once my heart was far more sad because I was so weak and unwilling to make any self-surrender than because of the outward trouble drawing near. I need not tell you that I prayed, auntie. You remember the night in which I wanted to thank God, for my heart was so full of joy. Well, the blow fell that night, and never, until this treatment of Marah taught me the secrets of my own heart, have I been able to thank him for any thing since. But I stayed out of doors nearly all day that day, getting my help, as I did when a child, from the sunlight and the wind and the running water and the sky, and before I went back to Rachel I was ready to thank God that I had seen in time what was right for me to do. I was sure my place was with my poor old nurse. Rachel was waiting for me, and she had your letter which told me Uncle Dick would never be able to walk or to take any more care for any thing. Then I remembered what a burden must fall on Hugh, and I thought if I were gone, if the truth that I could not tell came to him as it then must do, he would know the fortune was not mine, but his, and I knew he would need it so. How else could I keep him from guarding it for me? So I was strengthened by your letter in the purpose I had formed. And, auntie, I felt only surer my decision was right when I read the letters you left for me. This one which I inclose with this, though I do not understand it, yet makes me feel certain—no, nothing can make me feel certain—but more fearful that the terrible thing I can not bear to write may be true. In any case my duty is with Marah. She has suffered every thing in my behalf, I can certainly care for her declining years.

"And so I am going to her, auntie. I know where she has gone, and I am going soon, now, to-night; for if I wait till you come, till *any one* comes whom I love, I shall have no strength to go. I have to run away from myself, dear auntie, away from my own heart, that begs so eagerly for that it would be a sin to take, if I am what we fear. Do not send Hugo or any one after me. Live as if I had never lived. Remember I owe to my life with you the power to leave you. If ever the shadow is lifted, the mystery cleared, God will surely lead me back. Till that time comes I must live as Marah lives, be what Marah is, yet to the end I shall be still

"YOUR CHILD."

Patience wiped her glasses, dim with tears, and read it all again. She paused at this sentence, "If I wait till *any one* comes whom I love." No one was coming but Graham Monteith. "Running away from herself," that was running away from him. Oh, how the old heart longed to fold this stray lamb

close in her arms that night! How desolate the old house was without her! Yet when all the doubt and all the mystery was considered, she could not wonder so much at the girl. They must find her, of course. It would not be possible to evade such search as they would make, and there would be time enough to show her the mistake she had made in going out from sure shelter and love into the world with only Marah for protection. Patience thought of her youth, her beauty, and her inexperience, and while she chided her mentally none the less, she loved her and prayed for her with real mother yearning and care.

The fourth-floor studio was in great disorder. The plaster casts, the old tapestries, the fragments of antique armor, and odd bits of old leather work, the vases of quaint pattern, gathered in the artist's youth, and the unfinished sketches were all in confusion. The Herr Professor was very dusty about the wristbands, and had little patches of red, green, and blue on the sleeve of his velveteen jacket. It was his old jacket, the new one was already packed. The dear little woman, enveloped in white linen short gown, huge apron, and a close cap to keep the dust from her curls, presented altogether quite the appearance of a dumpling in a bag, [illegible]m and soft and white, with a string tied round the middle, or the more modern "roly-poly," in which the sweetness is put to bed and tucked in between generous sheets of dough. She was busy and rosy, and bustling and happy, though her artist husband's hands seemed quite incapable of handling daintily any thing but a brush, and he went about hindering far more than he helped, upsetting nearly every thing he touched, and serenely fancying he was smoking when his beloved meerschaum had turned completely over, so that the mermaid's head that embellished it held her back hair under his nose and sprinkled the ashes over his beard.

And upon this chaos of preparation broke a tap on the studio door. Frau Baume had hardly time to snatch the huge white cap from her own head and throw it over the bird-cage where it belonged, hushing the astonished canaries into sudden silence, when the door opened, and there walked in upon them the dear old pupil, Rubetta Thorn. She was to their kindly eyes the same Rubetta who had left them for the Summer in the Thornton Hills. But one who knew what the Summer had been could read the young face better. She was paler, and the face grew earnest and the lips grave when the first smiles of greeting were past. Only the eyes kept the look of questioning the artist has caught for his Sibyl. It was more than the white dumpling of a woman could do by aid of the most vigorous pantomime to reveal to her beloved professor her distress at having the fraulein see him in such disorder. Sublimely unconscious that she wanted any thing, he poured out the story of the good luck that was to send him to Italy and the dear old Faderland. He mourned for but one thing—he must leave the fraulein behind him. If she were but going too he would regret nothing in America. And with her on the spot where he could study the deeps of the changeful eyes at will, he thought and said he could paint such a picture as should make the whole world wild. And while he talked she was thinking. She had come for quite another purpose; to ask him to look at her recent work; to talk to him of the possibility of finding a market for her pictures. She had not come to any necessity for this, for Marah—a new creature, living with Ruby, renewing her own life and health in renewing her old familiar care, every wish of her loving heart granted—had abundant funds for the wants of their retired and simple life. The sum Robert had left her was enough, and might continue to be so; but when they were once settled in Montreal, where Ruby decided it was best to remain for a time, at least, the girl turned to painting, as if she would, if possible, swallow up all memory in the absorbing occupation for the present. But such instruction as she desired was expensive, and she feared to draw on Marah's store for that. If, through her old master, she could sell her pictures, then she could see the way more clearly to the work she hoped to do. To this end, relying on the probability that no news of their presence would reach the

Thorn mansion, they came to the city, and Ruby sought her old master's home.

Before she left them that night, while they sat over the chocolate, it was arranged that Rubetta, with her old servant, should go to Italy with Herr Baume, as his pupil who had decided on the life of an artist. She was to become a member of his household, and he was, in turn, to see that every advantage for study that the old world afforded should be hers.

Nothing could have pleased Marah better. This side the sea she never felt secure or really at rest. No word had ever passed between the two concerning their relationship. Rubetta called her "Marah," as before, and if Marah regretted that she did not say, "mamma," she kept the regret to herself. No daughter could have been gentler in her tender nursing than Ruby was to her, and no mother ever cared for child with devotion more absorbing than Marah's. Happiness seemed to cure her, and the girl was surer than ever she did right to cast in her lot with hers.

The secret hunger and longing and sorrow that made the going terrible to Ruby were all unknown to her friend. They made their preparations speedily and returned to Montreal, where they remained until the time of sailing. Then returning to the city they arrived in the morning. The luggage was sent directly to the boat, and from the station they took a cab, and Ruby told the driver to take her to the steamer, driving through N——r Avenue, on which the old Thorn mansion stood. She could not go, without one look at the windows, where the elm-boughs swayed.

Was fortune kind to her, or cruel; meaning to break her heart! She hardly knew; but as they came in sight of the familiar door it opened, and Graham Monteith and Hugh Thorn came out together, and passed down the steps arm in arm. Reaching the walk, Hugh, as if he had forgotten something, turned back to the door again. It was opened instantly, and Aunt Patty's face looked out. Hugh spoke to her an instant, and then he stooped and kissed her, and the door was closed; not, however, till Patience had given an answering nod to Graham, who lifted his hat at sight of her face, and stood with uncovered head until the door was shut. She had seen them all, she had passed them all, and it had taken *all* her strength of will not to cry out, not to break from the carriage and rush to the arms of those she loved so well. In thinking it over afterward she always thought that the impulse would have been too strong for her to resist, but that she saw Marah grow pale and shrink back in the corner of the carriage, covering her face with her hands. Marah remembered the place, and though she knew her enemy lay helpless there, yet the sight brought back the terror lest there might even now issue therefrom some spirit malignant enough to rob her of her child. She did not see either of the two faces that had blessed her with compassion in her pain; if if she had I doubt if all her terror could have kept her from the feet of Patience Thorn. And so they passed on. So near they could have clasped each other's hands.

Did nothing tell Hugh Thorn that Ruby passed that way? Did no voice whisper to Graham that in that carriage, rattling on before, his hope was being borne from his sight? Alas! their hearts were heavy enough with [redacted] thought of her even then; yet they went down to the business that was engrossing so much of their lives, and while their morning wore away over accounts and schemes for making or saving money, the one they both held dearest was moving out to sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

PATIENCE THORN was no stranger to hard duties; but perhaps nothing ever came before her in the guise of duty that was harder than to show the contents of Ruby's letter to her nephew Hugh. She could not bear to have him know how Rubetta had been tormented by this doubt about her parentage. She trembled lest the doubt should find a lodgment in his own mind. She had no fear that it would influence him to any unworthy action; but if she could have avoided it, she would never have had him know that such a doubt had arisen. On the

other hand, she must depend greatly upon him for efforts toward Ruby's restoration and reinstatement in her own place, as well as for the protection of her property. The extent of the inroads that had been made upon this Hugh had mercifully kept from her knowledge, but her fears were not far from the truth.

She brought the letter back with her, pondering these things in her heart all the long journey through. Hugh was not at home when she arrived, so she went to the invalid's room and comforted him by her coming. There was little change from day to day in his condition, and he was not past the necessity for perfect quiet and extreme care, lest the attack repeat itself. His comprehension and memory seemed to have returned, though still somewhat benumbed and uncertain; but he had so far failed to regain power of speech or the use of his right hand. His eyes had grown very eloquent, and told much of what was passing in his heart. They welcomed Aunt Patience with a smile, which she returned with the solicitous tenderness which he remembered had marked her in the illnesses of his childhood. Ruby's disappearance had been kept from him, but the fact that Mr. Monteith had undertaken the business with Hugh seemed to have been fully comprehended. He tried in vain to write with his left hand to Hugh, to explain or to direct something, and would become so dangerously agitated with the effort, that at last Graham laid his hands on his, and drew the sick man's troubled gaze up to meet his own steady eyes, and told him in calm, slow utterance, so that the benumbed brain might fully take it in, that he must drop it all into his hands, and cease to try to think it out.

"I will find out the truth;" Richard's eyes fell. "I will know all you would tell me if you were well, and I will protect every body you love. Now, be sure of it, and be still."

And Richard obeyed, and never failed, however restless with others, to succumb to this strong, sweet will, that had taken up his broken life, his warped and tangled work, and was trying to set it right. Aunt Patience met Graham as she was leaving the room that day. Turning from the sick-bed, the mask of cheerfulness dropped off her face, and it looked so old that his heart rallied from its own sadness to see if he could not help her.

"Miss Thorn," he said, coming toward her and taking her hand, "you are staying too much in the sick-room. You really must not make yourself ill. Think what a helpless household of men we would be if you failed."

"You are very kind," she answered, withdrawing her hands; for respect and admire him as she might, she would have found it easier to love him freely if he had never loved Ruby, and so kept her from loving Hugh. It hurt her pride, too, that the family must be upheld in its adversity by this strange hand. She knew these feelings proved the work of grace undone, and she tried to atone for her unwillingness to give the *great* gift to any one but Hugh, by the giving of *little* gifts of kindness and trust. She tried to atone for her unwillingness to accept the *great* thing he had done for them, by generous acceptance of all *little* things. As he placed her an arm-chair, she was reproaching herself for the remnant of "Adam" left in her heart, when he said:

"You are overwearied with the journey, I am sure. I am afraid to ask if you bring us any news. Have you learned any thing?"

"I am worn, but it is not the journey, dear friend," she answered; "and I have learned something, but so sad a thing that I can not bear to tell it to Hugh."

"Good heavens! What is it? is she *dead?*"

The change in his countenance was so fearful that she saw what she had done, and was frightened at her blunder. She took hold of his arm, and with great earnestness told what she did not mean to tell.

"No, no; she is not dead. She is gone to Marah."

He did not seem to hear her, but looked downward with a fixed and horrified gaze, as if before him yawned a coffin or a grave.

"Hear me," she repeated, "she is not dead! See; here are letters. These will tell you all I have learned," and she thrust them into his hand. It closed over them

like iron, and, after a moment in which he trembled like a child, and great drops of perspiration stood out upon his face, he rose and staggered rather than walked from the room.

She hastened to find Hugh. The young men had come in together, and after seeing his father was sleeping, Hugh had gone to the library. Here Aunt Patience found him and broke forth at once:

"I have done such a dreadful thing, Hugh. I have a letter from Ruby, telling me she went with Marah and why, and I was frightened, and gave it to Mr. Monteith."

"Well, auntie, that is not a dreadful thing. He certainly has a right to know. He loves her with all his heart, poor fellow!"

"But, Hugh, the letter admits a possible shame to Robert, to us all. I can not have him know it."

"Never mind, auntie; he knows the worst there is to be known about us, and I am not afraid. He has seen the inside of a great many sad hearts I fancy."

"But a *sin*, Hugh. You surely would not show him a *sin*, my son? I can not have it so!"

"Yes I would, auntie mine."

But Graham entered and handing her the letter, said gently:

"I was wrong, Miss Patience, I frightened you by my agitation. It is enough to know that she lives. I will try to wait for the rest."

And he turned to go, but Hugh stopped him, and Aunt Patience, ashamed of herself and of a feeling she thought unworthy, begged him to stay, but she crept away herself and left them together; and side by side their heads bowed over the paper, and their hands clasped like two girls, they read the letter of Rubetta and afterward that of Robert Thorn. Then there was a long silence. Before it was broken Patience came back. She looked at their faces.

"It is not true," she said.

"No," answered Hugh, as if the thought were not to be a moment considered, "it is not true!" but Monteith added:

"True or not, it's of no sort of consequence."

"She must have her rightful place," murmured Patience.

"She *has* her place; she *is herself*. Nothing can change that," answered Graham quickly. "These circumstances are outward trifles, which we can control. They can have no significance in the estimate of her."

"We must get to the bottom of this mystery without further delay," said Hugh; but Aunt Patience could only murmur,

"Poor child, poor little misguided girl."

"We must get to the bottom of it, of course," repeated Monteith, "but only to comfort the child. It is only important to know the truth, so as to extract from it whatever may be its sting to her."

"But you can not admit the possibility of her not belonging to us?" said Hugh, half indignantly.

"We *must* dear boy admit the possibility; but I insist that it is of no consequence. To find her, to make her realize that no matter what the truth is, she is our own, ever and forever our own, is the thing to be done. Afterward will be time to attack the mysteries of her genealogy."

"But we can not find her," murmured Patience, pitifully.

"We can, we will, and before long, too, my blessed auntie," said Hugh, lifting her bowed head and touching her gray hair reverently with his lips.

"To know she lives is a joy and a strength so great, dear friend, that in it I am sure we can do the rest."

And the sea was rolling wider and wider between them even then.

From that hour the search began in earnest. Lloyd Allan spared no pains in the South. Every spot where Marah had a friend, every haunt of her childhood, every place of which she had any knowledge, was explored, until it was certain that the fugitives had never turned in that direction. In Canada they found a clew, that led them to suppose they had been there and afterward returned to the city. But the city did not give up the secret, though no time nor money were spared. The outward-bound steamers showed their lists week after week and month after

month, but before this inspection began the steamer that took them off was already gone. The picture dealers knew no such artist—none of Rubetta's sketches ever appeared among those so carefully watched by Monteith. False faces were followed, and the harassing, wearing work went on, forming, to three human beings at least, the first duty, though their lives were crowded with many other occupations and cares.

Monteith gave vigor and strength and time and money to get the Thorn business into a shape to be left. Hugh vibrated between the city and the country, for he could not let go the tasks undertaken at the mills. Aunt Patience had become a woman of anxious labors, for what with Richard and the farms, and the valley people and the comforting of two *sad*, earnest men, there was little time for indulgence in silent grief. Rachel, too, seemed more than ever a means of grace. She blamed herself for letting Ruby ever go out of her sight and was so cross at herself that her ill humor overflowed on every body who came near. She loved Patience Thorn, so that her grief took the form of temper at sight of Patty's face, and so the poor, old heart was forced to be cheerful for *all* the rest, even for Rachel, who had no other way to show her love but by "working her fingers to the bone." This she tried to do by way of penance, and so was heartily glad when Patience told her it was thought best to remove Mr. Richard to the farms. She made ready the rooms in which his father had been so long an invalid. And when he came, wasted and speechless, she would have lifted him from the carriage in her arms and laid him in his bed, if Silas and Tom had not hastened to prevent.

This movement was not for Richard's benefit alone, but it enabled Hugh to give up the expense of the city house. He did not take this step without first waiting to see if his mother would return and take Aunt Patty's place at his father's side. But her letters, while they bemoaned her husband's illness and declared that she could resign to no one the privilege of "nursing him, as she had always nursed the whole family," yet found a reason for a little further delay. She was coming, she said, though they "must see it was hard, a mysterious Providence, indeed, that thus could deprive her of the only relief from nursing and household care she had known for many years." Hugh could not help smiling as he read the characteristic letter, but he folded the missive and put it away in his pocket, saying, "Poor dear mamma, it is such a comfort to her to feel her life has been of use." He was secretly somewhat relieved that she was not coming just yet, for he had his misgivings as to the effect of her constant presence upon the invalid.

"It 's a pity to cut short her visit," he said to Monteith; "and, inasmuch as it is an illness that may last for years, it is better not to alarm her." And Rachel confided to Nancy that she hoped "Dick's wife would n't hurry home till he was able to talk, at least. She 's a worritin' kind of a way with her, and it must be awful to her own husband to have to hear her take on and never be able to jaw back."

But the months rolled by, and she did not come. Her letters, meanwhile, began to show, first a suspicion, and then a vehement dislike, of her son-in-law. Though much allowance was to be made for her way of looking at things, yet, after a time, Hugh began to be seriously alarmed. There was, indeed, abundant confirmation of the mother-in-law's worst reports. Harry, at first, proud of the beauty of his young wife, passed the time in drifting from one fashionable point to another, enjoying whatever the gay world offers to those who have plenty of money and nothing to do. Away from the harassing presence of Mr. Thorn, and the circumstances of his first year of marriage, he was better satisfied, and, therefore, better behaved. But as the months flew by, the money flew also, and by and by, the renewal of the gorgeous attire in which he loved to see Floy arrayed, grew more difficult, and he fell into a way of leaving wife and mother-in-law in quiet places, while he took "a little run," which ended generally in Hamburg or in Baden Baden, or even in Monaco, if he fancied he needed a breath of Italian air. From these trips he returned sometimes ex-

cited by gains, sometimes depressed and irritated by losses.

It was on one of the latter occasions that he found Floy's face, which had been pale so long, radiant with joy. In his absence a little stranger had come, and the lips which had not sung a joyful song for such a long, long time, were ready with that old triumphant strain, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Look well to your throne in the mother heart, young father, lest, in the absence of your needed tenderness and care, she crown the new-comer king. Poor Harry! He was filled with a pleased kind of pride in his new possession; but he had no scepter to lay down, and his delight was modified by what he called his "luck," that left him wondering "what the mischief he should do with the boy." Floy's money was gone; he must send that of her mother to find it. What better use was there for a mother-in-law than this? So, for the first time, he was heartily glad Mrs. Thorn had come to them.

So long as Richard responded to her demands all went well, and she was a mild mother-in-law to Harry. When the husband's remittances ceased she drew on Hugh, and not till there came a pause in supplies, and a letter explaiuing the need of economy, did she wake to the knowledge of what she was doing. Harry borrowed of her to-day, paid to-morrow, to borrow again the next day, until there came a time when he ceased to borrow altogether, for she had nothing more to lend, and ceased to pay altogether, for all he borrowed had been lost at the Kursaals of the Baths. And then the letters growing sadder and sadder, told it all to Hugh. He dared not send much money, for Harry was sure to get it. He could not go to them and leave his father and the business cares that made his life one harassed sea of tossing, restless waves, through which ran, however, like a gulf-stream, the warm under-current of his faith in God and his love for men. He knew he ought to get them home—his mother and sister and the baby Allan. Floy, with some tardy sense of desire to show her appreciation of her step-father, would have called the boy Richard, but neither his father nor his grandmamma liked that. She could not bear to feel the world was to have another Harry Field. So when Mrs. Thorn proposed to call him Allan, she accepted the name. Whether the grandmother kept some pleasing recollection of Lloyd's courtesy to her, or whether she only fancied the name, she did not say. It was euphonic and pretty, and that makes reason enough for a woman. When Graham heard it, he felt his heart warming toward the little stranger child, and in his next letter to Lloyd told him a "little namesake had come into the world, whose mother was the original of the portrait he admired."

Hugh could not go for them. Graham, restless to search *another* continent, now that his search proved so fruitless in this, volunteered to cross, and, if necessary, to return with them. Hugh could only look his thanks. He had lost all shrinking from any help offered by this friend. They were closer than brothers in their common work and their common sorrow. They had reached that high, pure bound of friendship where it is as willing to receive as it is to give. He is a friend who is willing to help, but his is friendship of a higher type that is willing to *be helped*. To carry another, how glorious it is! To be gathered up to some loving heart and be carried on till strength comes to go on alone, how much sweeter and deeper a joy is this!

Graham had not far to seek. In an obscure lodging-house in London he found the three—Florence, her mother, and her boy. They were waiting for Hugh or for what he should send. Mrs. Thorn was indignant at discomfort and delay, now that finding it uncomfortable abroad she had chosen to go home. She was more ready to blame Hugh for not sending, than Harry for spending, the money. Which is accounted for by the fact that Hugh was far away and could not make her miserable, no matter how she found fault; and Harry was near and *could* do so. He *would* do it too, as she knew by experience. He was the only human being with whom she had ever lived who did not hesitate to make her, as Rachel said, *shet up*.

And Florence? Monteith could have wept at the wreck she was. Yet she did not share her mother's haste to go. Graham sought an opportunity to see her alone, and found that in her case, as in that of many a woman before and since, a child had been to her an evangel. Something really her own to love and to hold had come to her, and all the tenderness of her heart unsealed by the touch of baby fingers found its way in streams of sorrowful pity toward her mother and her husband. The change had not come in a moment, but slowly as Spring comes after ice and hardness and chill. When there had been no more hope in life and she looked down a long, dreary vista of dull disappointment to the grave at the end, then had come this little singing-bird into the desolate heart, and it warmed under the nestler's touch. It 's a story as old and older than that of the creeping of the Child into the world's cold heart from the manger-cradle at Bethlehem, this of God's benign influence coming into the life of woman with the coming of motherhood. She takes in all things and pities and loves in this new and marvelous enlargement of soul. Florence began to pity where she had scorned, to be sorry for the nature she despised, and her first lesson of personal responsibility to the baby's father came with the baby himself. So she told Monteith she wanted to go or to stay wherever Harry could be saved. Monteith wrote this to Hugh, and arrangements were at once made to send his mother home with friends who were about to cross. She would not have stayed for the world, yet she could not refrain from reminding Floy that she seemed "very willing to let her go now that she had nursed her and cared for her through the worst." But she forgot all that before she reached Thornton, where she told them she "longed to stay abroad, and only came home on Richard's account."

Monteith's scheme for Harry seemed a severe one. Without letting him know he meant to help him, or that he did help, yet, as the friend of the family, and acting for Hugh, he was able to keep positive suffering away from the mother and her child. Florence could take what was absolutely needful since Hugh sent it; but after varied experiments, Harry was allowed by the unseen hand that was caring for him to come to actual want. The downward steps had been rapid; his health was broken, his means gone; his aunts, after many remittances, refused to aid him more, and blank, hard poverty met him face to face. Still there was always food in the plain little lodging, and Florence, sparing no pains to make it as bright as possible, greeted him as if he had been all she desired. And there was the boy, growing more and more beautiful every day, and the mother was reversing the ordinary course of things which strives to make the child worthy of his parents, and, with all the powers of her quickened spirit, she was trying to make the parents worthy of the child.

Harry still kept up his habit of occasional absences, during which he wandered no one knew where. Monteith was sometimes able to follow him and draw him away from the lowest haunts of vice, and sometimes not. One night in one of the worst quarters of London, he had seen him issuing from a drinking-saloon in a state that must have ended in the gutter if no steady hand led him home. He reeled and fell just as a cab was whirling around the corner. Graham sprang forward in time to save him from the horse's hoofs and the wheels, but not in time to save his head from a dreadful blow on the pavement. His companions in drink rushed from the shop and stood sobered around the ghastly, bleeding face. They aided to place him in the cab, and as this was no condition in which to take him to Florence, Graham ordered him to be borne to his own rooms.

When Harry regained consciousness and realized where he was, he would have gone at once, but Monteith calmed him in strong, gentle ways no one knew better how to use. There followed many days of illness in which Florence was much beside him before he was able to be moved to his home. When sufficiently recovered to go out he said to Monteith, who sat near him reading, while the baby boy lay in his cradle asleep:

"Mr. Monteith, I am going out. You

may not be here when I return. I do n't know how to thank you for trying to make a man of me, and treating me all through as if I were your friend; but I 'm going to try to thank you by making a man of myself. I'm sick to death of it all, and I'm ready to turn over a new leaf. I 'm going out now to look for work."

Monteith was on his feet in an instant, and he was not ashamed of the real tears of joy that sprang to his eyes.

"You are not strong enough for work yet, are you?" he asked.

"Yes; and I can not bear the waiting. I have lived long enough on Hugh, and too long. I want to begin now to take care of Floy and the boy here," and he touched the cradle with his wasted hand.

It may seem very cruel, but Monteith let him try. He told him how Hugh was working day and night, and what reverses had come, and it was not until Harry *had* tried, and tried again and failed, that Graham himself secured him an humble position in which he could care for his family in the simplest way at first, and could be advanced just in proportion as he proved worthy of trust.

That he did not prove worthy surprised neither wife nor friend, who understood the difference between a grateful impulse toward better things, and a life of steady right-doing. He fell often and grievously, and as often they strove to lift him up again, believing it better if he kept up but one day and fell the next, that that was better than to stay down altogether.

And he made, under these auspices, the honest struggle of his life. Florence treated him whenever he renewed his efforts, as if he were sure to succeed, and Graham even went so far as to try to induce him to aid him in saving other people bound by besetting sins like his. But his spirit was feeble, and it was hard for him to overcome the spiritual lassitude, and harder still to rally the energies of an enfeebled body. Sometimes Gray feared he was good only because he remained too feeble to be bad. Be that as it may, he drifted out toward the eternities through months of bodily weakness in which his brain was free to think and the soul was free to feel whatever influence was sent to touch it. How much he thought or felt they could not tell, for after the first he rarely softened to the point of telling his thoughts. One day when he could no longer move about, Monteith brought him news that his aunt had gone and had left him the fortune upon which he used to build his hopes. He had never spoken of dying, but he said, with some show of kindness.

"Poor old auntie! well, I treated her like a wretch, and I do n't deserve any thing from her." A pause, and then he added, "And I shall never need it either; but I am glad she did not pass me by. It makes it easier for Florrie and the boy."

But before there was time for Floy to find her lot made easier by the new inheritance, Harry was gone, and Floy took to herself the comfort of believing that he would have become all she wished in time. And she wrote to Hugh:

"I can not understand it, brother. Why should he die now when it seems to me he was just beginning to live?"

Saddened, changed, subdued, yet hugging her faith that Harry had indeed "begun to live," the young widow sailed for America with her boy. Monteith saw her on board and in the care of friends, and lifting her boy in his arms gave him a kiss to take to Uncle Hugh, and then went back to renew the long interrupted search for that, without which his busy life could not cease to be empty and sad.

Three nights later, in his room at Thornton, Hugh sat by the window, and gazing out over the dim outline of the hills lying under white banks of the clouds, he fell asleep and dreamed. He felt lifted into the midst of the clouds. He was tossed hither and thither upon them, and saw them change in color and grow black like the waves of the sea. He could feel them close around him damp and cold. He became conscious in the blackness and the tossing of other forms, struggling near him, forms which he could not grasp and could not see; when suddenly he felt little child arms clinging about his neck and a baby

mouth pressed to his lips. He struggled to free himself, and in the struggle awoke.

The terrible reality of the dream had left him trembling and cold. He could not sleep, and for days after he found himself shuddering as he remembered the chill of a little white wet form that clung to his breast.

He shook the memory off again and again, and he never told any one till years after, when he spoke of it to Gray.

But on that night two steamers met in mid-ocean, and one went down in the crash of the awful collision. Most of the passengers were saved by the remaining ship, and among these was a frantic young mother whose only child, lost from her arms as they fell, drifted further and further away, and cradled and caressed on the bosom of the sea, whose softest kisses could not win it from its sleep.

The boat on which Floy and many others were saved was much injured, and moved on very slowly toward England; but Florence did not know or care which way they went. Nearing the British coast they met an outward bound steamer from Liverpool for the States. Floy was transferred with the other sufferers, and the long stretch of the Atlantic was crossed again. She was not fit for the journey, but there was no one to say what better could be done and Florence did not care. Mercifully, Hugh, having been absent from the city longer than he intended, did not receive Monteith's letter, saying by what steamer she had sailed, in time for prolonged anxiety. There had been times in these last years when he had questioned if there was any limit to the soul's power to suffer; times when it seemed to him as if one thing more—especially if it were one thing more to be borne alone—would crush him utterly. But he came back to the city office from busy, anxious days at Thornton, to find the letter that said, "Mrs. Field would sail from Liverpool by the S——d, of the T—— Line, on the fifth of the month."

It was now the 19th. He hastened to the office, for she should have been in three days ago. No news of her as yet, and though they tried to put a good face upon it, and said they were not troubled, such delays often occurred, Hugh knew his heart was only echoing the unspoken terror of their own. There were other inquirers also, and the secret fear found words and grew to a rumor that the vessel had been wrecked. For once, Hugh doubted his power to meet Aunt Patience, and keep his anxiety to himself, so he stayed alone in the city until the good news came. He had not long to wait, but long enough to test thoroughly the strength that is made perfect in weakness. That Floy was his sister never seemed so real and true to him. He wanted to make up for all she had borne, and to prove himself protector and brother and friend. It was one of the small comforts he had allowed his suffering soul to anticipate, and God had perhaps taken the comforting and loving of his sister to himself. He felt the temptation of rarely noble natures to doubt their own power and worth, and felt as if failure was written on all his efforts and aspirations for his race. Longing to spare, to save, to bless *all*, he had not saved or blessed *one*. What wonder that he went down into a wilderness of mingled discouragement and doubt! What wonder if, when the good news came, he could not believe it, and that nothing lifted him out of himself till he went down to the dock and saw Floy's white, hopeless face. She did not speak, but looked a moment at her uplifted empty arms, before she clasped them about his neck.

He lifted her to his heart, and thought, as he held her there, how small his own griefs were beside the sorrow of this broken heart. And the thought was like a ministering angel sent after him into the wilderness to warn him away from the mount of temptation where he had stopped to count his own sorrows and to brood over his own cares.

And then he took his sister back to Thornton, her roses dead, her bridal garments changed to funeral wreaths. If ever there was an hour of danger that Aunt Patience and Hugh would forget Rubetta, or that Mrs. Thorn would forget herself, it was when they opened their arms and their hearts broken with pity to take back Florence Field. It was a sorrowful household indeed, yet, even then, how much more pitiful God was than

they knew. He let the thick darkness fall about them; but only that in the cloud they might feel for and touch each other's hands, and know how near he meant human souls to be to each other in love.

Yet even while they mourned and wept, cradled in the arms of a sun-burned Scotchman, whose wife was crooning over wee bairnies at home, the baby Allan was sleeping as soundly and as sweetly as on his mother's breast.

In the early morning, while the darkness was still on the face of the deep, the good ship *Sea Gull* crossed the track of the wreck. There were a few drifting fragments floating on the water; and a human figure clinging to a settee from the deck. With pity on their rough faces, they lowered a boat and drew him in. The man was dead, but in one stiffened arm he held the unconscious child. He had evidently succeeded in lashing himself to the settee before the vessel sank, and had probably saved the child from the water. A cruel bruise, showing where his head had come in contact with the wreck, revealed the cause of his death. They lowered the body again to the deep, but tears stood in many honest eyes as they drew from his clasp the form of the living child.

The *Sea Gull* came into St. Augustine, and the story of the drowning babe flew quickly, reaching almost at once the ears of Lloyd Allan. He read it in the *County Gazette*. He heard it told in the market town near his home, and his servants were full of the gossip concerning the little motherless one.

The *Sea Gull* before now had been laden with the products of his own plantation, so he had no trouble in confirming the rumors. There was no reason for him to be specially interested. Yet his curiosity was sufficiently roused to make him stroll into the hotel where the child was kept, pending inquiries, and to take a look at the boy. The child gazed up in his face and smiled. Something in his countenance seemed familiar. He looked and looked again, but he could not make it out. The old Scotch sailor came in with his tarpaulin pushed back from his weather-beaten face, and poked the child under the ribs with a brown, cracked finger, which the baby seized and tried to convey to his mouth, crowing and laughing in recognition of the rough, kind friend. Lloyd turned sharply upon him.

"So you are the man who has saved this little traveler, are you?"

"Ay, ay, sir! and a fine little chap he is too. If no one claims him, I'll take him all the way back again to Betsey. *She'll* make a man of him, Betsey will!" and he made a grimace, intended for a smile, into the baby's face.

"But was there nothing, no mark on his clothing; nothing to indicate to whom he belonged?" asked Lloyd.

"Yes, there was this here trinket," and he drew forth a tiny pin, such as loving mothers use to fasten ribbons on the shoulders of their babes. Mrs. Thorn had given it, and on the inside it was marked, "Grandmamma to Baby Allan."

Suddenly there flashed across his mind that playful allusion to a namesake in Graham's letter. Who had a baby Allan but Florence Field? He looked again at the child, and knew now that he had seen those eyes, those dimples, and that brow in the portrait at Richard Thorn's.

THE MASSACRE OF IPSARA.*

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

ABOUT seven miles north-west of Scio there is a secluded spot but seldom visited by the traveler, which may furnish an interesting episode to the history of the Greek Revolution. It is the Isle of Ipsara, which rises bold and rocky to a great height above the level of the sea.

The circumference of Ipsara does not exceed twenty miles, having within that space two valleys—one cultivated in vineyards and gardens, the other filled up by a once beautiful but now neglected city. Among the more prominent buildings were a monastery and a convent, a college and school, and the church of St. Nicholas, which stood on a high promontory, overlooking to a great distance the broad bosom of the Archipelago. The church was accessible on three sides by flights of marble steps amounting to more than two hundred each. And as all these buildings were of stone, inclosed within high walls, they might, if required, serve for defense, and thus add very much to the natural strength of the island.

Prior to the revolution Ipsara was inhabited by one of the most gay, intelligent, and enterprising communities of the East. Most of them were a sea-faring people, off-handed and brave, as this service required them to be. Their ships visited not only every isle in the Archipelago, but every part of the Mediterranean and the Black Seas, sharing largely in the trade of the countries bordering on those waters, enriching their homes and producing such content in their prosperity as almost to make them forget that they wore the yoke of Turkish despotism.

Ipsara was among the first to raise the standard of revolt, though not at the time possessing a single cannon. The people, however, made a descent upon one of the Turkish sea-ports and carried off a supply of heavy guns, with which they fortified their own island. And as nature had given to them rugged rocks and steep precipices, which were fortresses in themselves, they were able to defy the whole Ottoman power, and to make their island the key of Southern Greece. Thus Ipsara soon proved to be a most formidable obstacle to the Turks, who made several attempts to capture it, but without success.

At length, in the year 1824, the divan came to the resolution to subdue this island at all hazards. Accordingly preparations were made on a grand scale. A fleet was formed consisting of two hundred vessels, with numerous gun-boats, fitted up at the suggestion of foreign embassadors, then in Constantinople. Isauf Pasha was appointed the admiral to conduct the expedition. Troops were embarked at Negropont, and a large body of Turkish Albanians at Salonica. All things being ready, with these vessels and thirty thousand picked soldiers, Isauf put to sea, and on the 1st of June, 1824, the Ipsara patriots beheld this powerful fleet bearing down upon their isle. At first the news caused much confusion. The people were seen running in all directions some to arm themselves, others hastening with ammunition to the different forts; here groups of men organizing themselves into military companies, and every-where heralds galloping through the city, sending the inhabitants to different batteries.

Beside the natives who were able to bear arms, seven hundred Greek Albanians had been engaged for the guard and defense of the island, in order to supply the deficiency made by the seamen while absent from their homes. These Albanians were commanded by two brothers—Cottas and Lambras—chiefs who had earned for themselves no small share of military reputation. It is doubtful whether Ipsara could have been taken had it not been for the treachery of

* For the substance of the above sketch the writer is indebted to a native of Greece, who, in his early youth, witnessed many of the scenes described.

one of these men. Cottas proved to be a traitor. Nor is it easy to determine whether the motive was disappointed love with some fair daughter of the isle, or the more base one of anticipated bribes from the Turkish admiral. Be this as it may, he betrayed the confidence reposed in him by the people of Ipsara; and though as a brave man he had won laurels for himself in several battles with the Turks; yet at the very post of honor, he stained those laurels with crime of the deepest dye. One of the most accessible batteries, and yet one on which it was not expected that any attempt would be made, was assigned to Cottas.

Meanwhile the Turkish fleet opened a tremendous fire upon the city, a compliment which was returned as briskly, but with far better effect, from the batteries on shore. Isauf attempted repeatedly to land his men near the redoubts, but in vain; the gunboats met with such a reception that they were either deserted by their crews, or literally blown out of their course, men and all. Thus, with all its details of horrible slaughter, the bombardment continued until eleven o'clock at night, when, as it would seem, the Turks were discouraged by their failure, and retired to the Isle of Scyros.

It is a custom among the Albanians to build large fires and to prepare a feast when victory has crowned their arms. While the sheep are roasting, the soldiers amuse themselves around the fire by celebrating with arms in hand a military movement, believed to be at least a relic of the ancient Pyrrhic dance. In pursuance, as was supposed, of such a custom, Cottas caused fires to be lighted near his battery; but his purpose was not to perform a patriotic rite—it was a preconcerted treacherous signal. The red blaze was a beacon to the Turks, to show them the position occupied by Cottas, and to guide them to his battery.

The day had been a splendid one for Ipsara. The omens were auspicious. The sun had gone down into a sea of glory; the waters of the Ægean reflected the deep crimson of the evening sky; the clouds looked like banners of transparent gold hung out over the heavens in sign of victory. Who that had witnessed such a day could ever dream that it would be followed by a night of wild disaster? Who could imagine that there was treachery in those bright sparks that leaped up from the bosom of that midnight fire? The people of the island did not for a moment suspect the deception.

And now, when the earth was wrapped in darkness, and many of the Greek soldiers slept on their arms, the plan of treachery arranged between Cottas and Isauf Pasha was to be carried out. With muffled oars, and in perfect silence, eight thousand men were disembarked without being observed by any of the other batteries. The Turks, thus landed without opposition, advanced with their muskets slung to their shoulders, and with swords drawn and held between their teeth, leaving their hands and feet free to push and pull one another up the rocks. But before they had scaled the ramparts, Lambras, the other Albanian chief, discovered what was going on. He hastened to his brother, and requested him to give orders that stones should be rolled down upon the Moslems, and thus cause their destruction. Cottas declined his brother's advice as being of no avail, remarking that it would be far better to let them climb up and fight them on equal terms—a singular and certainly a most dangerous exhibition of chivalric courtesy. Lambras again called on his brother and urged the necessity of firing on the Turks before they climbed up the ascent; but he was again refused, Cottas replying, *"I command here!"* Lambras, now seeing too plainly the treachery of his brother,—for the greater part of the Turks had already ascended, taken up their line of march, and were within a few yards of the battery,—drew from his belt a pistol, and shot the traitor. Cottas fell mortally wounded, was taken on board the Turkish admiral's ship, and, before he died, acknowledged his misery and his crime.

The landing of the enemy caused great consternation among the women and children. They might be seen running about in all directions, dreading the approach of the Turks, and yet unable to adopt any

means of escape. Ladies of rank offered all their wealth to any one that would take them off to a Greek vessel; but when they found that all their appeals were unheard, they cast their treasures away as being only an incumbrance to them. The shore was covered with gold, silver, precious stones, and other valuable articles.

At length, when the Turks came down from the mountain, overlooking the city, and yelled forth their war-cry, "Allah! Allah! hu!" they commenced the work of death, regardless of age, sex, or condition. The blood of the infant was poured out on the breast of the mother, and then she too fell beneath their cimeters. It seemed as if they were alone intent on massacre even to to annihilation. Nothing now could be heard save the roar of cannon, the discharge of musketry, the clash of swords, the cries of combatants, and the screams of women and children. The carnage was continued the whole day and night. Some were pillaging the houses, others were capturing and killing those who took refuge on board the Greek ships in the inner harbor. In a "Life of Ali Pasha, of Albania," it is related that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves with their children into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy. Thus, also, many of the Ipsara mothers ran to the nearest precipice, where, for a moment, as they trembled on the verge that overhung the sea, they pressed their little ones to their bosoms, and gave to each babe the last kiss, and to each other the last adieu, then threw their children into the surges below, and, in wild despair, the mothers leaped in after them, and perished in the waters.

Lambras and his Albanians, with such of the Greeks as joined them, retreated in good order, disputing every inch of ground, until they reached the Fort St. Nicholas, where they took a last refuge. Here, some two thousand women and children had found a place of safety. Here Lambras and his compatriots resolved to fight till the very last extremity, and took a solemn oath never to give up the struggle but with life itself. The Turks had succeeded in reducing all the batteries at the northern part of the island, and nothing remained for them now to accomplish but the destruction of Fort St. Nicholas. Orders were issued accordingly that all their available force must act in unison in order to take the stronghold of the Ipsara people. The sailors were all landed, that they too might share in the onset, and great rewards were offered to those who might first scale the walls.

Meanwhile, from the want of provisions, the ravages of disease, and the effect of disappointment, the condition of the Greeks within the fortress had become deplorable. At length, sickened at the horror and woe around them, on the morn of the seventh day since fighting commenced, when the Tambourji sounded forth the alarm for the intended general attack, they called their little band together in council, and then and there resolved how to give their dying blow. Their plan was simple but heroic. They took a last solemn farewell of each other. They sent the women and children to the rear of the fort, and a soldier with "slow-match" was placed at the powder magazine. The road leading to the fort was a regular inclined plain, rising about three hundred feet above the level of the sea; its width not more than two hundred yards, and washed by the sea on either side. The fort, situated at the end of this causeway, was guarded by thirty pieces of brass cannon. Ten of these frowned down upon the road leading to the citadel, and ever and anon sent death into the enemy's ranks.

Before sunrise the first gun was heard, as the signal of battle. The attack soon became general. The Greeks directed their whole attention to the force approaching, or, rather, attempting to approach, the front walls. Full often had these been driven back, and that with immense slaughter; yet the ranks were filled up, and the column pushed on. The heroes of the fort continued the useless warfare till night set in with all the beauty and calmness of that lovely clime. Soft clouds of purple and white veiled the glit-

tering constellations. The blue mirror of the Ægean was calm in the reflected azure of the skies. Nature every-where was in repose. The silence was alone broken by the tremendous fire of the Turkish cannon; the Greeks had ceased to fire. Their gates were open, and they stood in mournful array, awaiting the entrance of their foes. The mothers pressed their darling infants closer to their bosoms, and with the more youthful of their sex, raised their eyes in prayer, asking the God of heaven to console them in these awful moments.

The Greeks passed an order along their lines to take their stand to the right and left within the gates, with swords and daggers drawn. And now the Turks advance to the final assault; they have crossed the threshold; the first to enter falls beneath the dagger, and the next, and the next are slain by the thrust of the yataghan. The fearful fight goes on amid the clash of arms, and the groans of the wounded, until the Turks passing over the mangled and bloody carcasses that strew the ground, succeed in scaling the walls on all sides, and the Crescent rises over the Cross. The moment for the last scene in the terrible tragedy has come—the moment when he who has waited in the powder-vault is to act with calm and stern decision. The soldier needs but a word, and the curtain will rise to show only a mass of ruins. At the well-known signal the match is lighted and applied, and lo!

> "Sudden as the bolt of heaven
> . . . . . .
> Friends, foes, the living and the dead,
> Blackened and scathed, are hurled on high,
> In shivered fragments to the sky."

Thus fell the glory of Ipsara's isle. Such was the catastrophe to one of the most beautiful spots in the Grecian Archipelago. For days afterwards the spectacle was ghastly and appalling. The streets were choked with dead bodies, and the dying had none to help them. Ipsara lost three-fourths of her people, and the captured remnants of soldiers and of women were taken to Smyrna and Mitylene.

The sacking of Ipsara and the fate of her heroes excited deep lamentation. Their courage and patriotism were as loudly applauded. And it was every-where seen and felt that with such a spirit among her sons, Greece was yet capable of illustrious deeds, and might in the coming day emulate her past glory, and regain some portion of her original splendor. Greece once more alive, will seek for *all* her children autonomy and independence:

> "For freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

DELIGHTS OF WINTER.

THERE are vast regions of the globe where the waters never solidify, and icy cold is an unknown experience. No silvery, feathery flakes ever descend to clothe the surface of the ground in a mantle of the purest white, roof the houses for a time with a new material, and rest in smoothly molded tufts upon the twigs of the woodlands, as if artificially produced. Nor is the exquisite ornament of the hoar-frost ever seen enameling the trees, shrubs, and grasses. These are the lowlands within the tropics, where, if there is sufficient humidity, vegetation is luxuriant and perennial, the forests being covered with constant verdure, while the fields exhibit a permanent carpet of beautiful and odoriferous flowers. Venerable Winter, truly so called with us, as a very old acquaintance, is there a perfect stranger; and though heard of by report, the uncivilized natives of various districts have often deemed the statement a fiction of the white men, that they are able occasionally to use their rivers as roads, and not only tramp upon the surface of the water, but do it without wetting their feet. Even at a considerable elevation above the sea in those latitudes, if that somewhat slippery

personage known to our ancestors as Jack Frost ventures to show his face, it is very quickly to retreat, finding the reception far too warm to be endured. But on towering highlands of the tropical zone, which rise some three miles or so above the level of the ocean, there my gentleman with locks of snow and beard of icicles has sure footing, and may be constantly met with in his house at home, hale and hearty, staring with cool assurance at the sun, as if defying the blazing orb to deprive him of his crystal halls or interfere with his processes, piling the avalanche and manufacturing the glacier.

There are other regions where the thermometer periodically falls below the freezing point with unfailing regularity, even at the level of the sea; and the indication of cold is permanent for very definite intervals, varying from five to seven months, according to the locality. The entire north of the two great continents is subject to this condition; and over field and flood Winter is lord paramount of the scene, not in name only, but as a chilling, biting, pinching, and refrigerating reality. Falls of snow usher in the season. These "white flies," as the Russians style the firstling flakes, are speedily followed by a whole army of brothers and cousins, which accumulate upon the surface of the ground, and being strongly frozen, form a clean, deep, and hard pavement for the foot or sledge of the wayfarer. The prime distinction between land and water is obliterated by the rivers and lakes being covered with a three-foot thickness of ice, or more, of a pale blue color, inclining to aquamarine green, but whitened by the snow.

At St. Petersburg the cold is often terrific, especially when the east wind blows. Pedestrians then run along the streets as if upon errands of life and death, to keep the blood flowing; and being dressed in fur coats and caps, or shaggy skins, they are not unlike two-legged bears upon the trot. Though but little of the countenance is exposed the eyelids are frequently firmly frozen together, upon which the blinded man enters the first dwelling at hand, as if it were his own, to have his sight restored by a gradual thaw at the stove, a process inevitably accompanied by a shower of tears. Specially is the nose in danger; and, as no sensation of pain warns the individual whose organ is in jeopardy, it is an act of benevolence for the passer-by to say to him, "Father, father, thy nose!" on observing the chalky, cadaverous hue which betokens suspended circulation, and requires the remedy of rubbing with snow or broken ice to be instantly applied in order to preserve intact that feature of the "human face divine." Still, the season is often an enjoyable one to those who can stand its rigors. The cleanness of the landscape, the freedom to wander at will over Summer impediments of brook and stream, and the millions of icy particles glittering in the sunbeams with the brightest prismatic colors while the air is clear, still, and salubrious, though keen and penetrating, are agreeable features. Often the sun careers through the heavens, cloudless from morn to night, and then gives place to the moon, soft and yellow, with a rim strongly and beautifully defined against the dark concave of the sky. But, as very few stir abroad unless compelled, there is an almost unbroken silence in town and country, on hill and in vale, in frosty-white forests and by pent-up streams, which is solemn and unearthly, and sometimes appalling to the stranger.

Living as we do in mean latitudes, at a very inconsiderable elevation above the sea and surrounded by it on every side, we are only familiar with Winter in general as a comparatively mild visitor and transient guest. Often the season comes and passes away without having at all answered to the character proper to it; for no snow has fallen but what has instantly melted on the ground and vanished from the house-tops with the next gleam of sunshine; no ice has been formed thicker than a pane of window-glass, or a slice of ham at a refreshment room; and no wind has blown which could be styled a biting blast. There are obvious advantages connected with such mild weather; for outdoor work can proceed as usual, while the poor, who are unable to command a competent supply of fuel and clothing, are spared much suffering. But, on the other hand, manufacturers who have prepared, and trad-

ers who have laid in, heavy stocks of attire, suitable for an expected change of temperature, are grievously disappointed; and extensive mischief may be silently wrought, hundreds being thrown out of employment, while many domestic anxieties are occasioned by the prevalence of sickliness, owing to the atmosphere being bland yet murky, instead of bracing and clear. The great plague is, that very frequently Mr. Frost pounces upon us suddenly with a hard gripe, and then, when furs have been rummaged up by the ladies, overcoats and comforters by the gentlemen, he is off at a bound, and we neither see, hear, nor feel any thing of him again for a twelvemonth. It is also the case that he comes and goes, comes back and goes again, or often seems to be coming and going without doing either, thus not allowing us to know from one day to another what we are to expect; and the countryman's description of the weather is true to the letter, "first it blew, then it snew, then it friz; then it thew, and then it blew, and snew, and friz, and thew again." It is also an incident to which we are liable, that when we ought to be saying, "Lo, the Winter is past," it sets in with uncommon vigor, to the inexpressible dismay of market-gardeners, and the loss to the community of Spring trade, early vegetables, and cheap Summer fruit.

We like a real Winter, that is, one with frost not too protracted; with cold very perceptible, but not severe; and with snow covering for a time the face of the country. This is experience natural to our northern geographical position at the period when the sun mounts high in heaven over the lands of the southern hemisphere; and it is, as we believe, most serviceable to general interests. Frost checks the undue multiplication of noxious grubs and insects in the ground, and prepares it to yield more readily to the plow and harrow. The snow, being a very bad conductor of heat, acts as a cozy blanket to the bulbs and roots of plants, protecting them from the refrigerating air, while the nitrogen it has taken up from the atmosphere is imparted as an element of fertility to the soil. Bright freezing days give elasticity to the spirits, and thereby invigorate health, which is further promoted by exercise being stimulated, both for comfort's sake, and because it may be taken without risk of muddy bespatterment. No occasion is there to pick one's steps on the hard highway, but we tread it confidently with a right onward air; and instead of moving along with a lounging gait at a crawling pace, which would not quicken the pulse if kept up for a century, we march with the dogged briskness which speedily gives quicker motion to the life-blood, and imparts a genial warmth to the frame from top to toe.

Then grown-up men, and even venerable gray-beards, are enabled to renew the sports of their youth, of all others the most worthy of renewal, careering over the ice on iron shoes, and often encountering as a digression the most unpitied of all mishaps, that of being stretched at full length on the glassy pavement. It is true that mournful mischances sometimes occur, and grim death arrests the skater or slider, and takes him to a watery grave. Yet these casualties are not referable, at least in nine cases out of ten, to the treacherous ice, as the newspapers report, but to the incaution, commonly the fool-hardiness of the sufferers. Ice is one of the last things in the world to be accused of treachery. It puts on no delusive aspect, but simply appears to be what it is—a crust upon the waters, very brittle, as its easy fracture shows, and very thin in general, compared with the liquid substratum, not, therefore, to be adventured on prudently till one is assured of its consistency and thickness.

Sliding, with its slips and tumbles, was no doubt a performance to which the lads of the old Britons addressed themselves with hearty good-will in their wolf-skins, when shallow meres abounded in the land, and the waters of many a river, now restricted to a definite channel, wandered at their will over wide tracts of country. But skating as at present practiced is of comparatively recent introduction.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE VISION OF FAITH.

INTELLIGENT readers of the New Testament can not fail to notice its frequent use of the word *faith*, and the great stress that is laid upon it. And yet there is reason to believe that scarcely any other word is so imperfectly understood, either as to its own proper import or in respect to its relations to the Christian system. The manner of its use by our Lord and his disciples indicates their high appreciation of its nature, and especially of its importance in practical religion. If we pass from the Scriptures to uninspired theological discourses, the same uncertainty and want of clearness is very greatly increased. The word is much used, but without any well-defined and fixed sense; so that it may mean less or more, according to the conceptions of those that use it. Even among able and learned Christian writers the subject is often presented rather infelicitously, and all this has occasioned no little confusion in theological discussions, and in the instructions of the pulpit. It must be observed, also, that the term is used both in the Scriptures and elsewhere, with very considerable latitude of meaning. In its broadest and most indefinite sense, it is employed to indicate any degree or form of belief; and on the other side it is used to designate certain purely moral qualities, fidelity and trustworthiness, and also to indicate certain dispositions of mind respecting religious truths, and the evidence by which those truths are commended to our acceptance.

It is, indeed, very certain that the pre-disposition of the mind has very much to do with the force of evidence addressed to it, and in certain frames of mind it may be quite impossible for any degree of proofs, of which certain kinds of subjects are susceptible, to produce convictions. Unbelief—the Scriptural opposite of faith—is usually treated as a moral, rather than an intellectual, fault. It is also assumed to be the normal condition or estate of the "natural man," so that as to all such the divinely appointed evidences of religion fail of their effects. The whole difference between doubters and believers arises in most cases, not so much from any differences of proofs addressed to, and received by, the intellect, as from the subjective attitude of the mind towards the things set forth.

As simply intellectual states, arising logically from the evidence received, faith and unbelief are alike without moral character. They are also, as such, quite outside of the power of the volitional faculty. No force of will can involve in doubt the results of a mathematical demonstration, or render uncertain the clearly ascertained discoveries of the senses; and accordingly nobody is to be praised or blamed for his beliefs or unbeliefs in these things. And because conviction is the direct and unavoidable result of such evidence acting upon the mind, to attempt to persuade one to believe or disbelieve such evidence would be the merest folly and absurdity. To doubt or to believe in all such cases is entirely without moral relations, since convictions of any degree, based upon such evidence, lie entirely outside of the domain of morals.

In the New Testament it is shown that Christ's work among men was all the time very intimately associated with the faith or unbelief of those among whom he taught and labored. His power to work miracles was, in some cases, conditioned by the faith or unbelief of those whom he would benefit, and the good received was according to the faith of the recipient. Nor should this be set down as simply an arbitrary arrangement of divine authority, but rather as the practical resultant of a high and sublime philosophy in the kingdom of grace. In demanding faith as a condition on man's part of the grace of the Gospel, God deals with men not only righteously,

but also according to the great and universal principles of his government.

In every case faith has its purely intellectual and logical elements. It is always a state of belief derived from evidence, and it accords with the logical requirements of the evidence received. And in this aspect of the case faith is involuntary, and so far without moral qualities. But since moral and religious verities extend beyond the range of the senses, and can not be subjected to mathematical reasoning, the evidences upon which they rest must be of a different character. The results of the evidences that determine moral questions are very largely affected by the state and character of the minds upon which such evidence operates; and as light is modified in its sensible results by the nature of the body upon which it falls, making one black and another white, so moral evidences produce widely different impressions upon different minds, according to their different moral conditions and relations. In certain not unusual states of mind, the clearest proofs must fail to produce convictions, and yet such unbelief is in the highest degree blame-worthy, because it is the outgrowth of a perverted state of the soul. The faith so persistently and earnestly called for as a condition of the grace of salvation is distinctively of the heart. Even the devils have an intellectual faith in all the revelations of the Gospel, and are not altogether unaffected by their fearful forebodings; but they are without saving faith because the belief that brings salvation is pre-eminently of the heart.

In the exercise of our perceptive faculties, in order that the reality of things shall be detected, proper subjective powers of appreciation are requisite. The seeing is not all of the eye, nor the hearing of the ear. The same field of vision presented to different spectators, though in all alike the organs of sight may be unimpaired, will show to each different objects of sight. The perceptive faculties lie back of the organs of sense, and these lay hold of, or pass over, the things presented to the outward senses, according to the beholders' several mental aptitudes. The artist sees one set of properties in a landscape, and the civil engineer quite another, and the farmer and the military commander each sees his own set of properties, differing each from all the others. So in the exercise of religious faith there must be a subjective adaptation of the soul to the things presented for its acceptance in order that its evidences shall produce their proper convictions. And because these subjective conditions are largely, though for the most part indirectly, subject to our volitionary actions, our inability to believe becomes our sin, and the sinfulness of unbelief becomes manifest.

In all rational inquiries a readiness to accept the truth on proper evidence is a condition requisite to success, and, therefore, a specifically skeptical habit of mind is unfriendly to rational inquiry. And because the unrenewed heart in man is both without spiritual perceptions and also opposed in character to spiritual things, its normal state is one of stubborn unbelief, which must be reversed by an exterior force before it can believe the truths of God's Word. In our Lord's time his words were spoken to the promiscuous multitude, and while some believed, and others believed not, he charged the unbelief of these to the blindness of their hearts, and yet held them guilty for their lack of faith.

It must, therefore, be accepted that simply rational conviction, however clear and comprehensive, is not the same with Christian faith; a man may possess that in all its completeness and yet remain, spiritually, an unbeliever. But the converse of this statement is not true, since no one can have the faith that comes by the Divine Spirit, who denies the essential truths of religion. Christian faith is not independent of the rational belief of the truth, but it is also something incomparably more and higher. It is a recognition, as real entities, of things that lie quite beyond the range of the senses, and that are not detected by the farthest researches of the understanding. Man is a living soul, dwelling in a spiritual world, and in his essential nature he is endowed with powers adapting him to know and appreciate spiritual things. True, sin has blinded his spiritual vision, and blunted the soul's sensibilities; but his wonderful capabilities still remain to him, not indeed enabling him to effectuate his own redemption, but to receive it from another. To produce in man the power to believe is the work of the Holy Spirit, who not only gives light to the soul, but also the power to see, when the light is given. The words of Christ spoken to the outward sense, and received in the natural

understanding are not immediately life-giving. The Divine Comforter must reveal in the soul the words of Christ, must reproduce them to the quickened powers of the spiritual nature, in order to their effective action. The *faith-faculty* of the soul is, in the carnal mind, so dulled by original sin, that there is no longer either power to know the truth, or to obey it if it were known. As with natural vision, which requires both the eye and the light, so the vision of faith demands the presence of the corrected faith-faculty, and the illumination of the Holy Spirit shed forth upon the sacred verities of the Gospel.

The practical work of the soul's redemption begins with the quickening [bringing again to life] of its spiritual faculties and susceptibilities; and because a measure of this grace is given to all men "to profit withal" the divine judgments are justified in the condemnation of those who "love darkness rather than light." A remarkable verbal definition is given of the practical workings and the primary results of faith, in the opening verse of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The objects of the soul's hopes lie beyond the range of our natural perceptions, "unknown to feeble sense, unseen by reason's glimmering ray," and they therefore require some other than merely rational bases to secure their stability. As the creations of the imagination, our hopes may, indeed, be as beautiful as castles in the clouds,—and as baseless too; and though they may, for the moment, delight the fancy, they can give no assurance of safety or continuance. It is the office of faith, not only to realize these beautiful fancies; but to find out the solid *sub-structure* upon which they rest, as firm and as changeless as the throne of the Eternal. It does not, indeed, *create* these foundations, nor provide these unseen evidences; it only *discerns* them and ascertains their certainty and sufficiency. In all this, faith appears simply as a mode of perception, a supernatural faculty, having its proper objects in the spiritual world. It does not create evidence, but by detecting the realities of the unseen, it discloses spiritual truths, which assure the soul's largest and most precious hopes.

As our seeing and hearing, and the perceptions to which they lead, are not properly subjects of our willing, so faith, whether viewed as a state of the soul or as a spiritual exercise, is not directly subject to the soul's volitions. Evidence brought into the rational soul produces conviction by its own action, but only in those whose rational faculties are in their normal condition; and in like manner the light of divine truth entering the soul demonstrates the things of God, and inspires it with the spirit of faith, not because the soul so chooses, but of spontaneous necessity. And on the other hand, unbelief is not in any case the result of direct choice, but the natural outcome of the spiritual state of the soul. Unconsciously, and without definite purpose, through their blind carnality, men repel and neutralize the testimonies of the Divine Word and Spirit, and, in the presence of proofs demonstrative of the truth, continue in darkness and unbelief. "They have eyes [natural capabilities], but they see not, and ears, but they hear not." And yet it should be noted, that indirectly and somewhat remotely, but effectively, both unbelief and faith are modified by the volitions and actions of their subjects. Divine light and quickening power come unasked, but it is for those so visited to "walk in the light," or to "love darkness rather than light," and by the positions assumed toward these gracious visitations, they will come into the light of faith, or continue in the darkness of unbelief. It is thus that persistent unbelief, though original and unavoidable at the beginning, becomes the personal sin of the unsaved. In its debased condition the fallen soul is mighty to resist the light of divine truth, and because of such resistance comes the final and irreversible "condemnation."

In its last analysis, therefore, faith appears to be less an active than a quiescent state of the soul, its subjective moral and intellectual estate. As in our sensations and perceptions we are acted upon rather than ourselves act, so in the processes of faith we are illuminated, taught, led, by something not of our own personality. At best we are only as the camera that receives the sun's rays, and in due time finds his image wrought within itself. The great things ascribed to faith are not of its own efficiency, but rather of that to which it willingly submits itself. And while continued unbelief is always the result of a vicious resistance of the truth, entailing personal guilt, the only possible merit of faith is the negative one of submission to be saved. High as

is the office assigned to faith in the soul's salvation, it nowhere rises above the character of a willing receptivity and passive acceptance of proffered mercy. When it is said that we are justified by faith it is not intended to ascribe to faith any thing really meritorious, for it neither purchases any thing nor performs any *active* service in its acceptance. In the process by which the soul comes to Christ there is a steady increase of knowledge of spiritual things, and of the soul's perceptions of the substance and purport of divine truth; but all these things the soul receives graciously rather than achieves meritoriously. In all personal religious experience the process is from faith to faith, enlarging the inner vision and transforming the soul into the divine likeness by the effectual workings of the Holy Spirit, whose gracious gifts faith only sees, accepts, and appropriates.

The things comprehended in the soul's field of vision are determined by the nature of faith, and because that is exclusively spiritual, it contemplates only spiritual things. It is not, to any possible extent, the rival of, or a substitute for, the natural powers of perceptions, whether of the senses or the reason. In its own proper and normal actions it has nothing to do with signs and prodigies, or any merely physical or mechanical phenomena. It is the natural imagination, impelled by superstition and not Christian faith that deals with all such abnormal manifestations. Faith recognizes and converses with spiritual things as revealed in faithful souls by the divine Word and Spirit, and all these things pertain to the Gospel methods of salvation and the greatness and glory of the things of Christ.

The vision of faith looks out upon, not a world of its own creation, nor yet upon the mind's infernal imagery transferred by illusion to the objective world; but, upon that sublime and glorious system of divine truths set forth in the Word of God, disclosing, especially the relations subsisting between God and man, and the gracious provisions ordained in the divine clemency for the redemption of our race. It demonstrates to the quickened spiritual intelligence the stupendous fact that man is the denizen of a spiritual realm, and himself, in common with all other rational beings, an integer in a supernatural, spiritual, and divine *cosmos*, of which God himself is at once the center, the all-pervading life, and the sustaining and directing energy. And this realm is absolutely and forever closed against the intrusions of sense or reason. It is approached only by "the way that the eagle's eye hath not seen, nor the lion's whelp trod;" its glorious realities are the "things which the Father hath hid from the wise and prudent; but has revealed them unto babes." It reveals to men, first of all, because the nearest to themselves, the human heart, in its essential unholiness, and as the first and inevitable inference, its want of harmony with the divine. This is *conviction of sin*, disclosing personal unrighteousness, and towards God the guilt that calls for punishment. The moral turpitude of sin is realized in proportion as the spotless and intense holiness of the divine character is apprehended, and the fearfulness of its guilt appears only in its contrast with the majesty and sacred authority of the divine law. And to the soul, so taught respecting its own relations to the divine judgments, and seeing nothing of the Gospel way of escape, only despair could ensue. But the same spiritual enlightenment that detects the reality and the curse of sin apprehends also God's gracious method of justifying the ungodly through Christ. That method is indeed set forth, verbally, in the Scriptures, where it may seem to the natural reason to be good and rational, and adapted to its great design; but its truth and reality will still be shadowy and uncertain. In great emergencies, and where large interests are at stake, men believe with confiding assurance, not what *may be*, nor simply plausible theories; but only such satisfactory evidence as begets a consciousness of reality, and leaves no room for misgivings. There may be an intellectual assent to the truth of the Gospel without any true faith, since these two are not only not the same, but they rest upon entirely diverse forms of evidence. "Christian faith," writes one who was an eminent example of its power, "is not only an assent to the whole Gospel of Christ, but also a full reliance on the blood of Christ; a trust in the merits of his life, death, and resurrection; a recumbency upon him as our atonement and our life, as given for us and living in us." This presents the more active side of faith; from the same hand

we have the subjective and receptive side:—"Faith is a divine, supernatural evidence or conviction of 'things not seen,' not discernible by our natural senses;" and these "things not seen" are evidently the hidden mysteries of the Gospel. The same thing is both beautifully and forcibly presented in the form of a personal experience in one of Charles Wesley's hymns:

> "Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
> Fast bound in sin and nature's night,
> Thine eyes diffused a quickening ray;
> I woke, my dungeon flamed with light;
> My chains fell off, my heart was free;
> I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

Faith teaches us what neither sense nor reason can approach to—it brings its own evidence, and asks only that its light shall not be quenched in perverse unbelief.

In the New Testament, faith is constantly presented as in some way, and always very intimately, connected with the personal religious life. The pardon of sin, and the sinner's justification before God, the renewal of the soul in righteousness, and the perpetuated Christian walk and growth in grace, are all by faith. How this should be so has not always been well understood; and attempts have, therefore, sometimes been made to give a less definite and more naturalistic sense to the term, faith. But in the view of the subject here given all these things harmonize perfectly with the nature and operation of this "inspiration of the Almighty," in the soul, giving understanding. As a mode of perception, faith is God's gift; antedating all other forms of the processes of the Spirit's grace, quickening, enlightening, and convincing of the truth and reality of spiritual things. As a divine persuasive it inclines the soul towards the things revealed to its interior vision, and holding it to things so believed, till the power of sin is broken, the spirit is emancipated, and the freed soul goes forward to realize that spiritual sanctification which comes only by "belief of the truth." In its light, which is also and pre-eminently the light of the Holy Ghost, the renewed soul walks before God; and in this continued and perpetuated "life of faith," all the processes of sanctification go forward to their consummation.

As the first stage of faith wrought in the receptive soul is a divine quickening and illumination, so its first completed act is only the willing acceptance, in fullest confidence, of the things revealed and freely offered in Christ. This is the faith that justifies; not, indeed, as a ground of merit, nor as an active agent in the work, but as realizing that condition of the soul before God, in which it is according to the divine will, and the economy of the Gospel that sin should be canceled, and that the sinner himself should stand accepted through the merits of Christ. It is the further and perpetual office of this faith to hold the soul in inseparable union with Christ by the power of the indwelling Comforter; in a perpetual crucifixion of the "old man," and a like continuous resurrection and new life of the regenerated "new man," a life maintained only "by the faith of the Son of God," recognized as specifically the Savior of the individual believer. All this is done in the clear light of the Divine Spirit, and is so recognized by the subject soul, now rejoicing in the assurance of the divine favor, and abiding continually under the shadow of the Almighty. The Christian life is also the life of faith; and walking with God is also walking in the light. Growth in grace is also the clarifying of the soul's vision, and enlargement and beatification in all spiritual fullness is accompanied, at equal pace, with ever increasing visions of the divine and holy, "till faith is lost in sight," for we shall see Him as he is.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AN ITALIAN FANATIC.—Monte Labro, in Western Tuscany, has been the scene of a most curious exhibition of religious fanaticism. A man by the name of David Lazzaretti, who had fought in Garibaldi's famous Legion, and after the war had devoted himself to a retired literary life, suddenly emerged from his solitude so changed that he was scarce recognizable. He had let his beard grow. His person was uncared for. He walked about with his eyes aloft, spoke in short sentences, as if inspired by some superior being, and pretended not to know either his family or his friends. He lived on bread, water, and garlic. He called himself David the Saint, and declared himself to be Christ come again. Of course he found followers in the superstitious classes of Italy. There were thousands who believed in his mission. He chose twelve apostles, and established community of goods, a creed, which is an extended paraphrase of the Nicene Creed, with some alterations in a Protestant sense, and had a tower built three thousand feet above the level of the sea, where they worshiped. Every Sabbath thousands were seen toiling in procession up the Monte Labro, carrying large masses of stone, chanting the rosary as they went, and believing that the heavier the load they carried the more meritorious was their labor. There were twelve rooms attached to the tower, one for each of his apostles, and a chapel, containing images of the Virgin, St. Peter, and himself. As long as this fanaticism confined itself to religious exercises only, the civil authorities paid little attention to it. But in August, when the prophet, at the head of between two thousand and three thousand followers, started for the village of Arcidosso, on a secret mission, the Government became suspicious, and interference resulted fatally to the would-be prophet. The *London Times* thus describes the event:

"A hundred believers dressed in white tunics, like ancient Jewish priests, led the column. At their head walked David the Saint, attired in a half regal and half pontifical costume, with a diadem on his head and an iron-studded club in his hand. The procession sang a hymn with the refrain 'Long live God and the Christian Republic! Praise be to Christ come a second time on earth!' The mob was met half-way by a delegate of police, accompanied by nine carbineers, who invited them to disperse. Upon this David cried, 'I am the King,' and ordered his followers to disarm the soldiers. As he spoke a discharge of fire-arms was made upon the police, and a shower of stones followed. Again the delegate gave the requisite warning to disperse, which was followed by the Prophet aiming a blow at him with the club. Then the police, finding themselves surrounded, opened fire. Among the first to fall was the Prophet, who was shot full in the forehead. His followers, seeing their leader down, gave way."

The Sunday before this fiasco Lazzaretti had addressed more than three thousand people. "It was necessary," he then said, "to exterminate the priests and two-thirds of mankind." To the King of Italy he said: "Your Ministers are enemies of you and your house. I am sorry I am not at your elbow to save you from the disastrous fate in store for you." To the King of Prussia: "Lay aside the domineering spirit, and await a young prince, who will give you empire over a third of the peoples." To France: "Renounce Voltaire, and you will be united in one great nationality with Italy, Spain, and Greece." To Russia, to England, to Austria, and to Spain, he preached first ruin and then resurrection. To Greece he said: "From you will come the new grand monarque, like Alexander the Great. This is the will of the Almighty." He prophesied that within twelve years he would annihilate all the empires, kingdoms, and republics of the universe, forming them into one sole empire, and that the Supreme Pontiff would give laws to all the human races, reduced to a rigorous unity of religious rites and politics.

PROFITS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—It has long been a question whether railroads can be made a profitable investment to their projectors. As a rule the original stockholders are

financially, if we may be permitted to use a vulgar, but expressive term, "wiped out," and not unfrequently their successors too, if not the bondholders as well. International expositions have proved about as unprofitable enterprises to their projectors. The first London Exposition, which was also the first of its kind, was a decided success financially. The total cost for building, maintenance, superintendence, recompenses to exhibitors, legal expenses, etc., was about £293,000; the total receipts from all sources were £506,000, making a net gain of over $1,000,000. Nothing like so favorable a record has been made by any expositions undertaken since. Our project two years after that in Hyde Park, London, threw $500,000 in shares of $100 each, on the New York money market, and though for a while they sold even at a premium of 75 per cent, the exposition of 1853 resulted in loss. The Dublin exhibition of the same year closed at a loss of over $150,000 to its stockholders, and the first Parisian (1855) was prevented only from proving a great financial burden to its projectors by the liberal aid the Government finally granted them. The London exposition of 1862 was wholly a government project, and so was the great Parisian enterprise of 1867, and the Viennese of 1873. None of these netted one half what they expended, but they have all been recognized as successes because of the large and permanent indirect benefits accruing from them. Our Centennial Exhibition was perhaps less of a financial failure than any of its predecessors, after the London of 1851, but even the Philadelphia, of 1876, cost the American people a large fortune. By act of Congress in June, 1872, the Centennial Board of finance was empowered to raise a capital stock of $10,000,000 in shares of $50 each, and we never heard of any dividends on this capital after it passed into the "Board." However, the man who is to express regret that the exhibition was projected and carried through is yet to be heard from. Whatever outlay the enterprise called for has been a thousandfold repaid to the nation at large in general benefits to education and to trade and industry. On account of the vast and favorable results of such international stimulation afforded by an exposition the French wisely determined, after their great national humiliation by the Prussians, to repair their strength by another exhibition, and it would seem from recent reports from Paris that once again such an enterprise has been exceptionally a financial success. The great Parisian newspaper, the *Rappel*, in undertaking to estimate the value of the capital of France of the World's Fair, said recently the receipts for admissions will figure up to about 13,000,000 francs, which with other different receipts, will swell the total to about 34,000,000 against a total cost of about 45,300,000. The balance sheet of the Exhibition, therefore, will show a deficit of 11,300,000 francs. But against this is to be set the fact that the revenue from indirect taxes has increased already 51,000,000 francs, and will in the course of the year increase 70,000,000, principally in consequence of the World's Fair, whereas the increase was estimated in the budget at only 10,000,000 francs. This would leave about 60,000,000 francs to the credit of the exhibition, to say nothing of the advantages which trade and commerce have derived from the fair.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN SPAIN.—The Iberian Pennisula has not in modern history much of an educational progress recorded. The influence of Romanism has not been very favorable to the development of institutions of learning anywhere. In countries where Protestantism has a footing Papists are obliged to make at least a show of scholastic labor, and hence France and Italy have high-schools of note. But Spain, with its ten universities, has until in very recent times done little for higher intellectual development. The expulsion of Isabella marks the era of departure. There are now fifteen thousand students at the universities, and four hundred and fourteen professors furnish the needed instruction. Barcelona and Grenada are superior schools, but Madrid, though of like rank, is excelling them in work and numbers. Six thousand five hundred students are there immatriculated, and seventy-six professors lecture within its walls. Salamanca, Seville, and Valencia are struggling to get into the first rank, and Santiago, Valladolid, Oviedo are seeking to make their professional character equal that of the other high-schools, and the technical schools are revising their courses of study and aiming at better results, for the thirty thousand preparatory students

likely to come out of the sixty-three schools where they are now receiving a general educational training. The elementary schools, numbering twenty-eight thousand, are also improving their opportunities for the one million four hundred thousand children who seek elementary knowledge.

ENGLISH TOLERANCE.—The English pride themselves not a little in the liberality of their institutions. And yet, now and then, gross neglects of the very first principles of toleran.ce are made to appear. The same intolerant spirit which drove the Puritans to our shores is still alive, and only needs the opportunity to make itself felt. The Shakers have been especial objects of persecution from such narrow-mindedness, at different times. Only the other day a body of these people, housed at Hampshire, were ejected and obliged to live on the public highway without shelter or protection. It must have been a sight to behold eighty people—men, women, and children—in the open air, with the rain pouring in torrents, and no refuge permitted to them. And yet we are living in the nineteenth century, and England claims to be a Christian nation!

DISTRICT CONFERENCES IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—While many of our own Churches are turning the cold shoulder to the conferences provided for each district of the Church, that laity and clergy may freely mingle and counsel together on ecclesiastical affairs, and awaken a literary interest throughout the whole Methodist body, the English Church establishment has taken seriously into consideration the proposal of the Bishop of Norwich. His scheme, as expressed in this proposal, is to form in each diocese a representative diocesan synod, to consist of clergy and laity, elected by the various deaneries, to meet periodically in the seat of the Episcopal See, there to consult upon matters affecting the diocese, and the Church at large.

ART.

THE MORALITY OF ART.

THE question of the morality of art has been mooted by a large number of writers, many of whom have uttered much pure nonsense. Some eminent authors seem little to understand this matter, and are talking and writing as though there were in art *per se* a demoralizing or elevating influence. They make this quality of producing good or bad results to reside in the art itself, and ignore, seemingly, the well-known fact that the same thing may result in good or evil according to the nature of the recipient mind and heart. Another source of error is the failure to discriminate between a work of art and its own legitimate influence, and the influence which comes from its association with other and really foreign elements. To attribute an elevating or a debasing effect to one art, which may have been caused by some holy or unhallowed companionship with others, is a misconception into which even some foremost critics have unhappily fallen, and thus have they tended to confuse and mislead in questions which are in themselves easy of solution. We conceive that much of the controversy which has raged for the past twenty-five years respecting the nature and end of the opera as between Wagner and his critics might have been spared had more sharp logical discriminations been made. Any thoroughly conscientious attempt, therefore, to eliminate from this problem all merely accidental elements, and to discuss an esthetic question on its own merits, must be welcomed by all. We opine that Mr. Edmund Gurney's articles in *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Music and Musical Criticism," will provoke as able counter replies. The philosophy upon which he rears his criticism may by many be deemed unsatisfactory and even erroneous. The conclusions reached will, doubtless, be stubbornly denied. But that he has made some pointed statements, well worthy of the attention of writers on esthetics as well as ethics, is cheerfully conceded. His theory of the nature of music (which he would insist on as partially true of all the fine arts) is, that it must be judged by us directly in rela-

tion to pleasure, and that pleasure is the criterion by which we must measure the relative worth of different specimens of it. In this theory he is anti-Platonic. On the question of the relation of music to the ethical element he says: "On this question of morality it is important to avoid confusion between the effects of music when produced and the causes that bear on its production. Morality tells in the *production* of all work; and, of course, a naturally gifted musician is doing what is immoral if, through a failure of earnestness, he shirks his responsibilities and writes down to his public as though a schoolmaster should bring up his pupils on fairy tales; but the fact that his public are satisfied is the result of their being children, not the cause of their being naughty children. So again a deep moral fervor, as in the case of Beethoven, may accompany and inspire the composer in his work; and it is doubtless the greater earnestness of character as well as the greater mental grasp of the Teutonic race which has led to the marvelous structural development of modern instrumental music in their hands. But Mr. Haweis (in his 'Music and Morals') contends that the symphony of Beethoven stands in direct relation to the *morality* of the *listener*, while I maintain that it is in the greater *beauty* of the work, and the consequently deeper and more enduring *pleasure* of the listener, that Beethoven's patient self-criticism and general moral superiority to Rossini (as one element out of many) takes effect. . . . Another source of misconception is the very natural habit of judging music in connection with words and scenes to which it has been made an adjunct; thereby dispersing through a million channels the same faculty of association which, when concentrated as in Greece by a whole people on comparatively few and universally known forms of melody, produced the ancient ethical view. Without doubt the power of music to lend itself to the aid and adornment of the good and the bad, gives it still in such connections a strong ethical bearing; but association must be eliminated if we wish to judge whether independently it has moral significance. . . . I believe as firmly as any one that if in life we may promote happiness through morality, in art we may promote morality through happiness; but this belief will gain and not lose from a recognition that moral and æsthetic truths are not Siamese twins, but twin sisters differently beautiful."

There can be little doubt that this discussion is greatly simplified by observing the philosophical distinction between the *beautiful* and the *right*. That there is a plain distinction few doubt; and we are thankful to Mr. Gurney for insisting upon its observance in this examination of the relation of music to the mental and moral sphere. It is very probable, however, that great doubt may be felt as to the thoroughness of the proof of the main position on which all his subsequent corollaries must rest, namely: "the independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music." Just herein lies the essence of the controversy. While the intelligence may be regarded as cognizing these three classes of ideas, the true, the right, and the beautiful, and these serve for a proper basis of science, ethics, and æsthetics, still may not these in fact reciprocally affect and illustrate each other, and may there not be much difficulty in so isolating music from its associations and its connections with words, etc., as practically to eliminate from it the ethical element? This is the question. Certainly the observation and experience of men who have been widely engaged in evangelistic work will agree in the power of sacred song to awaken religious emotions, and often to melt the stoniest heart into tears of penitential sorrow. That the words of these songs alone would not do this is evident to any one who has made the experiment; that the music alone would not do it is equally true. It is this wedding of sacred music and sacred song that has been the grandest power of good in the Protestant Churches from the days of Luther to our own time, and never more than in our own day. We opine that Mr. Gurney would find his most incredulous opponents, not among the philosophers, but rather among the common people, who have so often felt the power of music to soothe their sorrows, calm their fears, and lift to heaven their thought.

OPEN FIRE-PLACE DECORATIONS.

WITHIN a few years the old style of open fire-place with grate has come into favor again with house builders, for which fact the public generally can not be too grateful to these soul-

less autocrats of society, not less for hygienic than for social reasons. If there be one thing more dismal than another in this life it is to be secluded in a fireless room on a cold or dreary Winter night. Even the caloric influence radiated by that enemy of health and of domestic comfort—the register—can not dispel the thought that there is something wanting to complete the picture of brightness and contentment within. Oh, but 't is a luxury for which the gods might sigh, to sit back slippered and gowned in one's great arm-chair before the genial coal or blazing wood fire, listening in thankfulness of comfort to the howling, pitiless winds without, or lost in reverie watching the ever-changing shadows within, which are dancing upon the walls or in the corners of the dimly fire-lighted room, conjuring up a fanciful imagery of goblins, fairies, and all things weird and fantastic! There is an indescribable charm, a peculiarly wild, not to say holy, influence about the fireside that those who have never enjoyed it can never appreciate. One can not overestimate the far-reaching effects of this influence upon family life, as it brings parents and children into close companionship and mutual sympathy, instead of scattering them over the house or outside of it. It is no flight of fancy to say that if there were more open fire-places, with family groups gathered before them, there would be fewer wanderers and fewer unhappy homes in the world.

Let the reader, therefore, insist upon having an open fire-place in his house, in every living-room, if possible, in the general sitting-room, at least. And when he gets it let the mantle not be a great cut, glaring white, or frowning, black marble quarry, as ponderous and inartistic in its design as it is vulgar and ridiculous in its pretensions. Rather have it of a soft, creamy white, or of a delicately-tinted marble, or, if he prefer it, of hard, carved woods, of chaste design and rich effect, making it a superb setting for the tiles which are to enrich it by their presence. For fire-place facings majolica and art-painted tiles are almost exclusively used, the former having the great preference. These can be used as single tiles, each having its own distinct subject, or with a design extending over several of them, or one large slab, six by thirty, or eight by thirty-two inches, can be used for the top and each of the sides. Every room can have its own appropriate subjects—the parlor, fine art the library, historical and literary; the dining-room, fruit and animal; the chambers, flower and Scriptural; and the nursery, fable and fairy subjects. Over the mantel may be a grand design, filling the entire space up to the ceiling and in keeping with the general surroundings. . . . For the hearths and insides of fire-places glazed, plain, and encaustic tiles are used. Their great advantages for this are that they are not affected by the fire, are easily kept clean and bright, and reflect the light and heat very strongly into the room; thus keeping it much brighter and warmer than could the old-style fire-bricks, which were always dull and begrimed, and let most of the heat up the chimney. A fire-place, as here described, is a double source of pleasure and profit in a household; first, in the benefit and enjoyment of a grate fire, and second, in the additional benefit and enjoyment to be derived from the study of the tiles around it. Being things of beauty, they will, indeed, be "a joy forever," not only in themselves, but in the effect they will have upon their surroundings, their brilliant, never-fading colors and lovely designs casting a bright, cheerful influence over the whole room—an influence which insensibly affects all who come within reach of it.—*J. J. Talbot, in Penn Monthly.*

NEW ART WORKS.

THE number of art works which have issued from the press within the past few weeks is almost legion. They pertain to almost every department, from the realm of strictly fine art to the more common handicrafts. They have been of very great variety in respect to scope and quality. It is not easy to predict the exact resultant influence of these upon the art taste and education of the people. Could the works on these various subjects have been prepared with some common purpose, and had there been any thing like a logical connection among them, it would not be difficult to see that great benefit must have come to the readers. Among the more thorough and scholarly of these recent works we would mention *The Round Towers of Ireland*, by Henry O'Neill. It is well known that the curious circular towers which are found in various parts of Ireland have been the subject of most laborious re-

search and endless controversy. Till comparatively recently the opinion has prevailed that these were built by the pagan Irish, and that they were connected with a system of fire, or priapic worship. The author of this work, by the examination of the four round towers found in the county of Dublin, shows that they belong to a much later period, and were built for purposes of defense of the early ecclesiastics and their treasures. We believe that works like this will go far to explode the views of Inman and his school in regard to priapic worship, many of whose utterances are shown to be the merest fancies, and their teachings to be utterly misleading, if not positively pernicious.

Another of the more thorough treatises is *The Ceramic Art of Great Britain, from Prehistoric Times to the Present Day*, by Llewellyn Jewitt, F. S. A. The value of this work consists in the fact that it embodies in small compass the discussions and results which are contained in a large number of costly works, not easily accessible to the ordinary student of ceramics. It is a work showing vast industry, and a very considerable skill in the grouping of an immense mass of facts pertaining to the great pottery manufactories of Great Britain from the earliest times. About four hundred factories are more or less thoroughly described and their peculiarities pointed out. The reader of this work is amazed at the immensity of this industry. It ranks among the most important of the British empire, while the skill requisite for the origination of artistic designs, both in form and decoration, causes it to occupy a foremost place among the fine arts. The number of artists of high order employed in this industry, is something truly astonishing to the stranger; and the reader of this and other similar works will certainly come to entertain a higher respect for that branch of industry which he has too often regarded as a mere handicraft.

NATURE.

DEATH IN THE POT.—Dr. R. C. Kedzie, President of the Michigan State Board of Health, has recently published the following important warning. The recklessness with which so fatal a poison as Paris green is used in many parts of the country should certainly be checked. Dr. Kedzie says:

"In destroying the Colorado potato bug and other insect foes, farmers have found Paris green such an effectual destroyer, and one so easily applied, that they have become accustomed to use it for destroying most of the injurious insects. It has been used to destroy canker worms on fruit trees and currant worms on the leaves of this plant. Thousands of persons have applied the poison to potato-tops, and hundreds of thousands have eaten the tubers produced by such plants without being in the least injured by such food. Indeed, we have used the poison so freely and with so little injury to life and health that we have become reckless in its use, and seem to forget that Paris green is still a deadly poison. The pure Paris green contains 58.6 per cent of "white arsenic." A tea-spoonful of pure Paris green contains enough arsenic to kill thirty men. We can not be too cautious in the use of such a powerful poison. One reason why we have been so free from injury in the use of this poison on potato vines is that the poison has been applied to one part of the plant while a very different part is used for food. If the same part of the plant to which the poison had been applied were used for food, we should have found very different results from the use of Paris green in potato culture. The cattle that have accidentally eaten such poisoned potato-tops have been killed in numberless instances. The cabbage worm is beginning to make sad havoc with this plant, and many persons seem disposed to try the remedy which they found so effectual in the potato bug. If such persons will consider for a moment that they are applying a most deadly poison directly to that part of the plant which will be used for food, that the green color of the poison will be difficult to distinguish from the natural green of the leaf, that the poison is insoluble, and a little applied during the period of growth will probably remain in the plant at its maturity, and that an almost imperceptible dusting of Paris green on the cabbage plant will be enough to kill any person who eats it, they will begin to realize the criminal carelessness of which they are guilty when they directly apply this terrible poison to any part of the plant which is to be used for food. The persons who use

such poisoned food materials—the poison applied in such form that it is almost impossible to recognize its presence by its physical properties—may well cry out, "There is death in the pot!" One family in Lansing ate some cabbage to which "the least dust of Paris green had been applied to kill the cabbage worm," but this "least dust" was sufficient to poison all three, and they would probably have died if they had not taken so much of the poison as to produce violent vomiting, by which the poison was discharged before fatal effects were produced. It is often the case that persons take too large a dose of arsenic, which produces violent vomiting which may save the life; but this is too narrow a basis of safety to be relied on in eating poisoned cabbage. The public should be warned to avoid every article of food to which Paris green or any other deadly poison has been directly applied. Persons who buy cabbages should carefully inquire whether Paris green has been applied to the plants at any period of their growth, and, if it has, they should utterly reject such materials as food. Persons who sell such poisoned cabbages should be prosecuted for criminally endangering human life. People can not be too careful in regard to the use of this deadly poison, Paris green."

PERIODICITY OF CRISES IN BUSINESS.—The real causes of flush times and hard times seem to be but dimly comprehended by the public. Indeed, it seems to have quite escaped the public observation that they succeed each other with something like the ebb and flow of the tide. Various reasons, such as wars, trades-unions, luxurious living, and the like, have been frequently assigned as the explanation of the constantly recurring depression of trade. Professor Jevons, in a paper recently read before a learned society, considers these explanations as unsatisfactory. He points out that depression of trade has occurred during the present century with remarkable regularity, at least in England, at intervals of ten years. Sir John Herschel had attempted to find a connection between certain meteorological phenomena and the price of food in Europe. If we trace backward from 1866, when a very great depression of trade took place, it will be observed that in 1857 an equally severe commercial crisis took place both in England and the United States. The year 1847 was memorable for the excessive number of bankruptcies, and in 1839 and 1836 crises took place in England, while in 1837 a very memorable crisis occurred in the United States. Some exceptional cause seems to have broken up the crisis into minor crises. From 1837 they progressed eleven or twelve years to the great bubble of the year 1825. Professor Jevons shows that during the last one hundred and sixty-five years there had been sixteen great commercial crisis at intervals of about ten years, and concludes by stating that the fact of periodicity of commercial crises is so strong that it can not be doubted, and the question of a physical cause is only a matter of speculation.

GELATINE AS A FOOD-PRESERVER.—Removal of water and exclusion of air are among the most effective conditions for the preservation of animal and vegetable foods. If you coat an egg with collodion you may keep it a year and yet find it perfectly sound at the last. By dipping a mutton chop in melted paraffine, putrefaction will be prevented. But in both examples of preservative processes, dependent upon the exclusion of the air, you make use of materials which are costly and uneatable. There are analogous drawbacks to all similar plans for preventing injurious changes in articles of food. The tinning or "canning" method and the method of simple desiccation in warm air, are satisfactory in their results; but the range of alimentary substances amenable to such treatment is not yet very extensive. In Dr. Campbell Morfit's new "Gelatine Process" we seem to see several points of superiority over most of the older plans for attaining the same end. It is true that chemists have not been in the habit of looking upon gelatine, or, indeed, any other similar complex nitrogenous body, as likely to prevent or arrest decay. On the contrary, few solutions afford a more suitable *nidus* for the development of fungoid germs than a liquid containing gelatine. But the experience of a good many months tends to show that food preparations containing gelatine, if once dried so as not to contain more than ten to twelve per cent of moisture, do not become moldy even when exposed to warm and moist air. A large number of Dr. Morfit's experimental mixtures have been so exposed for some weeks; yet they have not suffered any decided deterioration. They comprise many perishable foods, such as cabbage, tomato, milk, and meat. Though not of equal merit as specimens of the gelatine process, all are ed-

ible and some positively palatable. Further experiment will doubtless enable the inventor to improve his process by modifying it still further, so as to suit a greater variety of vegetable and animal foods. Perhaps the best way of explaining the nature of this invention will be to take an illustrative example in the case of milk. The mere drying up of milk has been tried with but moderate success—the resulting powder becoming quickly rancid on exposure to the air. The preserved or condensed milk now in such extensive use, is, in many respects, a satisfactory and convenient preparation, but is mawkishly sweet, containing more than one-fourth of its weight of added cane sugar. Moreover, in consequence of this addition, the proportion of nitrogenous or flesh-forming substances in it has been seriously lowered. Now the substitution of gelatine for cane sugar in preserving milk meets both these objections to ordinary condensed milk. The milk preserves its natural and moderate degree of sweetness, while the gelatine, even if its own value as a nitrogenous nutrient be not considered, certainly does not lower the proportion of flesh-formers to heat-givers in the product. In order to apply his process to the preservation of milk, Dr. Morfit directs us to dissolve one pound of gelatine in one gallon of milk at a temperature of 130° to 140° Fahrenheit, and then allow the solution to set into a jelly, this is then cut in slices and dried. By employing the product of this first operation in place of fresh gelatine, for gelatinizing a second gallon of milk, a jelly is obtained in which the milk solids are just doubled in amount. As a gallon of milk contains about six thousand four hundred grains of these solid nutrients, casein, milk-sugar, milk-fat, or butter, and phosphates, their ratio to the gelatine will become as twelve thousand eight hundred to seven thousand, after the second operation just described. If, then, the dried *milk-jujube*, as we may call it, be again and again employed with successive quantities of milk, a limit is reached, when the one pound of gelatine has been incorporated with ten gallons. At this stage the mixture will contain no more than one part of gelatine to ten parts of the nutritive matters of milk, a proportion of added preservative material which contrasts very favorably with the twenty-five or twenty-eight per cent of sugar found in ordinary preserved milk. If the one pound of gelatine could be at once dissolved in the whole eight to ten gallons of milk, the process would be simplified and cheapened, but gelatinization, an essential part of the method, could not then be secured.

For it is the gradual drying up of the slabs of jelly, with which the animal and the vegetable food-materials have been uniformly incorporated, that leaves every particle of changeable substance with an adequate protective coating of gelatine. One at least of these preparations has become an article of commerce. Gelatine is dissolved in lime-juice at a gentle heat, and after removing much of the water and adding sugar, the mixture is incorporated with the powder of navy biscuit. Pressed in molds and carefully dried, a granular acidulous and agreeable biscuit is produced, which combines a considerable alimentary value with the anti-scorbutic properties of lime-juice. On analyzing the lime-juice jujube, the basis of these biscuits, there are found about eight per cent of water, eight of gelatine, five of free citric acid, much sugar and less than one per cent of mineral matter or ash. This proportion of gelatine is rather high when compared with the free citric acid, the characteristic ingredient of lime-juice; the sample analyzed was made in April, 1877, and may not represent the exact composition of the recent product. And it becomes a question whether, for travelers' use, it would not be advisable in this preparation to neutralize a little of the acidity of the lime-juice with potash rather than to mask its presence by an excessive quantity of sugar. Pure lime-juice itself contains very little potash and phosphoric acid or other mineral matter; but that fact affords no argument against the introduction of small quantities of these compounds into such a preparation as that now under consideration. It would be impossible to discuss in detail the applicability of the gelatine process to the preservation and concentration in an uninjured, compact, and available form, of fruits, of meat, of cheese, etc., But it may be safely affirmed that Dr. Morfit's invention has already been successfully applied in several directions, and that it is full of promise for the future.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.—A Baptist minister of seventy-three, now a resident of Illinois, was on board the *Clermont* after her first arrival at Albany, New York. He was then only two years old, and does not, of course, write from personal recollection. But he has made the history of that first voyage of a steamboat a matter of study and of record in after years, because of his relations to it, and has recently communicated to the Philadelphia *Press* the following account:

"The first steam packet (of 140 feet keel and 16½ feet beam) was trim and handsome enough, except the boilers, machinery, and smoke-stack, which were rude, cumbrous, and of extremely formidable appearance. The side-wheel, too, was a clumsy affair, uncovered, and with twelve huge paddles, held in their place by a ring half-way between their extremities and the hub, that sent water splashing upon the deck with every revolution. The top of the smoke-stack was about thirty feet above the deck—nearly as high as the two masts, from the rear one of which floated the stars and stripes.

"Hours before she started a great multitude had assembled along the wharfs to witness the expected inglorious ending of what was generally known as 'Fulton's Folly.' Cries of 'God help you, Bobby!' 'Bring us back a chip of the North Pole!' 'A fool and his money are soon parted!' etc., were frequent, loud, and annoying. Fulton, however, knew that the crowd were sincere in their ridicule, and, with a confident smile, went on superintending preparations for the start, as if he knew that triumph would presently more than overbalance the sneers and jibes of the vulgar, and the pitying manners of the more refined. Smoke issues from the stack; the hawser is drawn in; the side-wheel quivers, it slowly revolves; Fulton's own hand at the helm turns out the bow; he is pale, but still confident and self-possessed; the *Clermont* moves out into the stream, the ponderous machinery thumping and groaning, the wheel frantically splashing and the stack belching like a volcano; but the *Clermont* steadily moves; all aboard swing their hats in the air, and give a cheer that is immediately taken up by the entire multitude on land; the Pennsylvanian has triumphed, and the hitherto incredulous and mocking populace of New York are the first to do him honor; the crowd remained cheering on the piers until the *Clermont* is out of sight up the Hudson."

Mr. Freeman says that the boat arrived at Albany on September 19th, thirty-six hours after starting from New York. It had not been continually in motion, the party having stopped at the residence of Chancellor Livingston on the way up. The speed was at the rate of five miles an hour. The appearance of the strange vessel as she steamed up the river had a remarkable effect, even in day-time, upon the crews of crafts passing by, for comparatively few of the skippers coming down could, in those days of slow mail and no telegraph, have been prepared to encounter such an oddity; but at night the *Clermont* spread consternation and terror on all sides. It was very dark and the fires were fed with dry, white pine wood, which, when stirred, would send up columns of flame and sparks from the mouth of the tall stack. This apparent volcano, moving steadily through the darkness up the middle of the river, and accompanied by the rumbling and groaning of the hard-laboring machinery, was well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of sailors on the sloops and other craft coming down with grain and general farm produce, who had never heard of any motive power for vessels except wind, and who, withal, were extremely superstitious.

"My father and others told me," says Mr. Freeman, "that whole crews prostrated themselves upon their knees, and besought Divine Providence to protect them from the horrible monster that was marching on the tides and lighting up its pathway by its fires."

GOOD AT A BARGAIN.—Business men usually pride themselves in their superior skill over literary men at driving a bargain. Now and then a successful publisher will consent to a chat about his bargains with authors of fame. But it is not often writers of books can relate as good a story as is told of Dr. Paley regarding

the sale of the copyright of his great work on "Moral Philosophy." He had just completed it, and offered it to the great London bookseller of a hundred years ago for the low sum of one hundred guineas. Mr. Faulder—this was the name of the publisher—feared for the success of the work, and declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. But it was published, Paley providing for the expense, and when the success of the work had been in some degree ascertained, Paley again offered it to the same bookseller for three hundred pounds. Faulder then refused to give more than two hundred and fifty.

While this negotiation was pending a bookseller from Carlisle happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster Row, was authorized to offer Dr. Paley one thousand pounds for the copyright of his work. The bookseller on his return to Carlisle duly executed his commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfort, who being at that time in London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Dr. Paley in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not; but, on receiving the letter, went immediately to Bond Street and made his new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised and astonished at the advance, agreed for the sum required before the bishop left the house.

SHAKESPEARE'S SLANG.—With very few exceptions the slang in the writings of the bard of Avon has defied elucidation, and the never-ceasing controversies to which almost every word or expression still gives rise show how far we still are from any sure interpretation. Perhaps the most reasonable is the recent endeavor of Dr. Mackay to reconcile many of them with a Gaelic origin. Many of Elizabeth's courtiers were in an Irish campaign, and when we remember how prone society of her day was to the use of new and affected words, nothing seems more likely than that the slang and "catch" words of the taverns and other public resorts of the sixteenth century should contain a considerable element of *Erse* in more or less distorted forms. At the same time we must distinguish between the current slang of the time and what Shakespeare designed should be received as mere meaningless patter, especially the ranting of ancient Pistol, by which, in all probability, he meant to satirize the mouth-swelling declamations of the contemporary tragic stage. We are, therefore, doubtful whether we should accept the Gaelic origin of Pistol's,

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die,"

which has hitherto set all the commentators at defiance, or whether we should continue to receive it as a grandiloquent word invented by the Ancient in his excitement upon the spur of the moment. The derivation suggested is *baiosthoneach*, a gross word which could hardly with any propriety have been applied to a starveling like Justice Shallow, however aptly it would have fitted Falstaff. Still as a conjecture, the Celtic explanation is quite as admissible as the Italian *bisogno*. And what is true of this instance is true of numerous passages of Shakespeare hitherto but unsatisfactorily explained.

INGENIOUS RUSES.—Gretry, the celebrated French composer, who lived in the second half of last century, and was a wonderful musical genius, was as eccentric as he was talented. If any of his companions ventured to become irregular in their gait while walking with him, he was wont to resort to a most singular method he had of slackening or quickening the pace of his walking companion to conform it to his own. "To say," he would argue, "You walk too fast or too slow, is impolite; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by degrees either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is convenient." The principle of Gretry's ruse was very nicely as well as successfully exemplified in the case of the stingy farmer who gave his hired haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and going to the field heard the man singing in a drawling way:

B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day,

his scythe keeping time to the tune. The next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man, and when he went to see how he was getting on with his work found his arms going to

"Bacon and eggs, take care of your legs."

RELIGIOUS.

HOME MISSIONS.—In these hard times when want is at the door of so many of our neighbors and our feeling of kinship makes us plead most earnestly for their alleviation at the sacrifice of all else, it is well enough to learn by stubborn facts that home missions are strengthened and not weakened by the successes achieved in the foreign field; that it is a false theory to condemn zeal in foreign missions as detrimental to the culture of the home field. Thus a survey of the work of the *American Home Mission Society* from 1826 to 1878, reveals the following interesting facts:

In that period the total receipts of the Society have been $8,199,270; the total years of labor given, 32,952; the number of additions to the Churches by the missionaries is 280,940. The present number of missionaries in the Society's service is 996; the largest number in any one State (Kansas) is 81; Virginia, the Indian Territory, Wyoming, and Nevada have each one only.

The truth is, the great mission work is essentially one. Our weak Churches at home deserve fostering for two very good reasons: first, for the good they accomplish around them, and secondly, for the general work they may do when they shall become strong and prosperous. Many a mission Church has in time become a valuable agency for the promotion of the very work that brought it forth. As a general rule objections to foreign missionary work are raised only by those who are never favorable to home missions except in theory.

THE LATE DR. BARTLETT.—Among the many good stories which are now being told of the late Rev. Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Concord, Mass., who recently died at the good old age of eighty-one, the following will, we think, be relished by the readers of the REPOSITORY. The good doctor used to tell with great effect the story of what happened to him one day when, many years ago, he was attacked with small-pox while attending his patients in that disease, and retired for isolation to the town hospital on an unfrequented road leading to the Walden woods. One day, as he was convalescing, he saw a man drive up as if in quest of something. Dr. Bartlett went to the door or window to hear his errand, which was to inquire the road to the next town, Stow. "I did n't like to go down through the middle of the town," said the man, "for I heered say they 'd got the small-pox in the village." "That is the road to Stow," said the doctor, pointing back to "Seven Star Lane," "and THIS is the small-pox hospital, *and I've got it!*" The seeker after knowledge jumped into his wagon, wheeled about, and was last seen whipping his horse, and imitating Coleridge's wayfarer,

> "Who having once looked round, goes on,
> And turns no more his head,
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread."

LAY REPRESENTATION IN METHODISM.—The last to discuss the favorability of admitting the laity into the councils of the Church is the Methodist Church of Canada. At the recent session of its General Conference at Montreal, the subject was favorably regarded, and there is a probability of the early admission of lay delegation into the Conferences of Canadian Methodism, now become so powerful by union of the different Methodist bodies. Since the recognition of our own laity's right to share in ecclesiastical legislation and administration, the Methodist Episcopal Church South has taken the same step and so has the English Wesleyan Church. But the latter two have gone further even than we did; for they have also opened the doors of their annual conferences to the laity.

A CURIOUS CASE OF RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.—The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* tells this most curious story: Some ten years ago Jonathan Brinton, of Washington, Iowa, became possessed of the idea that he was commissioned by the Savior to open an inn near Jerusalem, and so become a pioneer in the work of rebuilding and Christianizing the Holy City, for it was made known to him in a vision that the ancient glory of Jerusalem was about to return unto her. He was worth about twenty thousand dollars. Dividing his property with his wife and son they remained at home, hoping that he would be relieved of his insane notions by rough experience. So Jonathan went away alone, arrived at Jerusalem in safety, bought several acres of land in the

most desirable location he could find two miles east of the city, built his inn, and opened it for the accommodation of tourists to the Holy Land. Two years have elapsed, and whether he has been cured of insanity or not is not known, but it is very certain he struck a good thing when he built that hotel. His letters home have been of the most cheering character, his health has been good, he sees good times all the while. His pictures of prosperity, his longing for his wife's companionship, have caused Mrs. Brinton to decide to go to her husband. She has sold her property, and has gone with her son to join her husband at his inn on the slopes of Judea.

DULL PREACHING MADE LIVELY—Sir Arthur Helps, in an essay on *Motion and Thought*, tells us that he found physical movement very helpful to a sluggishly working mind. He indulged in rapid rides on horseback, and it seemed to him as though the impetus gotten from the swiftly moving creature he bestrode helped him through a difficulty in which he had been entangled and detained. And in addition to his own experience he relates the following in evidence: "I have heard of a very dull and dreary preacher, the kind of orator to whom no one would willingly listen a second time, who, on several occasions, had to drive in great haste from one church to another to take duty, and who at the second church, entering the pulpit while still retaining something of the momentum of the open trip, astonished every body by preaching with no small degree of liveliness, or what is sometimes expressively called "go." The force of circumstances constrained my friend Smith at one period of his life to be present a good many times when that dismal orator held forth. But Smith assured me that on every such occasion the preacher had plainly not arrived in any rapid vehicle; and Smith likewise declared that not an express train merely but a cannon-ball, or even a comet, would be needful to neutralize the awful inertia of the good man's lethargic nature. No less a speed could, in my friend's opinion, have added to the preacher the needful impulse which nature had denied him."

MISCELLANEA.—About one million copies of the Holy Scriptures are to be given away from the Bible stand in the Paris Exposition. Twenty-two languages tell the sacred story in these Bibles, so freely offered.

—Ceylon is anxious for the establishment of a Reformed Episcopal Church. Military and civil officers are said to have asked for it. If Ceylon's military is like the military of other places and countries we hope Bishop Gregg will not be asked twice for the saving power of the Gospel.

—The Old Catholics in Switzerland now have sixty-two parishes in eight cantons. In fourteen cantons they have none as yet. The Roman Catholics are very strong in nine cantons; but are being greatly weakened by the Old Catholics in the Cantons of Berne, Geneva, Aragan, and Solothurn. Parishes are constantly coming over to the Old Catholics.

—A statement from one of its ministers shows that the Colored Cumberland Presbyterian Church, not generally known to exist until recently, has two Synods and twelve Presbyteries, with one hundred and one ministers, eighty-two licentiates, one hundred and seventy candidates, and thirty thousand communicants. The denomination is about to establish a school at Bowling Green, Ky.

—Westminster Abbey has opened its doors to the black man. We do not mean that only white men were heretofore admitted to the national mausoleum of Britain. The English have never been respecters of rank or color in that place. But they have now for the first time admitted a colored divine to its pulpit. The native bishop of Hayti, who is a black man, was invited and recently preached in the Abbey on "Modern Missionary Enterprise." The bishop might have said something about the enterprise of the Dean of Westminster.

—The orphanages at Ashley-down, near Bristol, England, have at last their faithful superintendent with them again. His last annual report, issued since his return from this country, shows pretty clearly that the Rev. George Mueller is a man highly esteemed in America for his great devotion to the charge committed to him of Heaven. Two thousand one hundred and ninety-three orphans were sheltered by this man of God during the last year, and £42,000, a little more than $200,000, was expended for the maintenance of the different institutions at Ashley-down, and this magnificent sum had to come in during the year unasked.

LITERATURE.

THERE are many things that we know not, which are, nevertheless, knowable; and there are still others that are now beyond the range of our thoughts—which may be known hereafter—while there are still others that must, from the very nature of the case, forever elude finite intelligence. Of this last category are the problems that relate to the exercises of the mind of God, and the rules and reasons of his actions. With such views before us we are quite unprepared either to analyze the arguments or to accept the conclusions of Dr. L. D. M'Cabe's recently published book on the *Foreknowledge of God.** We find the following estimate of that work and its author in the California *Christian Advocate*, which very well expresses our own views:

"DR. M'CABE is scholarly, devout, and thoughtful in all that he writes. Whatever comes from his pen is entitled to careful consideration. He is Arminian in his theology, and in his book he seems anxious to reconcile man's moral agency with God's foreknowledge. He has discovered an apparent conflict where, in the judgment of our greatest, wisest, and best, Arminian theologians no conflict exists. We marvel that so clear a thinker should infer that what God *knows* he must have *forecrdained!* We err and become confused when we apply the term *foreknowledge* to the Omniscient One. With him there can be no *past* nor *future*—all is *present*. As one has forcefully said, 'The past, present, and future with God is eternal NOW!' Were we driven to the alternatives (which, thank God, we are not), of denying the foreknowledge of God or accepting the Calvinistic dogma of foreordination in its broadest sense, we should certainly accept the latter. The written Word of the Lord, and the clearly stated expositions of truth given by Fletcher, Wesley, and Watson, set our mind at rest many years ago. We see no reason for any restatement of the doctrine."

NEARLY all written history is more or less partisan, and certainly no exception to this remark needs to be made in favor of Church history. At the very best, men write their own views and estimates of affairs, and not infrequently they are influenced by a dominant purpose that their own side of the subjects discussed shall not suffer by erroneous or inadequate treatment. Usually, people read only their own side of every question, so that the same things, seen from opposite sides, appear not only unlike themselves as seen by others, but also because the parts seen by each are taken for the whole, the views entertained are necessarily untruthful. With the great mass of readers this state of the case is necessary, and perhaps not to be deprecated; but all who would aspire to independent thinking must hear both sides before deciding.

In Church matters, for three hundred years, there have been two lines of history—a Protestant and a Catholic—the latter is intended principally for its own members, but the former was for the wider tribunal of the whole world. As in doctrine the Reformation began with a protest, so in all its earlier history Protestantism was an appeal to all men in defense of its right to be; and in this there was necessarily included a severe indictment of the Church of Rome for both its corruption of doctrine and its viciousness of practice. And to this charge that Church, for a long time, contemptuously refused to plead or to defend itself by counter statements. Of late, however, and especially in the more enlightened countries of Europe, there has been a gradual departing from this policy of silence. Church histories have been prepared from the standpoint of that Church, often as special pleas against Protestant accusations, but sometimes as real histories, designed to record the affairs of the Church in such order as to illustrate its character and to demonstrate its efficacy in the world.

Of the latter class, a prominent place is, no doubt, due to *Alzog's Church History*,* a German production of high character both for its fullness of details and its literary ability, and also for the candor and judicial fairness that, for

* THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD, AND COGNATE THEMES IN THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY. By L. D. M'Cabe, D. D., LL. D. Published for the Author by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.

* MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition, by F. J. Pabisch and Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. In three volumes, 8vo, pp. 779, 1096, 1090. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co.

the most part, distinguish it. In Europe it has long been a recognized standard of authority. It is said to be in use as a text-book in twenty universities, besides a great number of Catholic seminaries, and also in this country wherever the German language is used in teaching. But while the work has been translated and reproduced in nearly all the languages of Europe, it has never, till now, appeared in English; and now, to meet this want, two learned instructors at Cincinnati—a German and an Irishman—have brought out a decidedly scholarly English version of the work, which has been issued by Robert Clarke & Co., of this city. The appearance of the work reflects credit upon all who have been concerned in its production.

Among Catholics it has been recognized as "a work of deep research, thorough scholarship, and great impartiality, condensing in a substantial abridgment the treasures brought to light through the persevering labors of its predecessors and contemporaries. That it is sound in principle as recognized by themselves is guaranteed by the well-known character of the studies in the university to which the author belongs." And one of our Protestant *Reviews* says of it that it is written "less to defend disputed doctrines than to produce a manual which shall open the whole subject from the beginning, and which shall indicate the facts and principles of different epochs, written from a scholar's position, and presenting a work which, while not unfaithful to Roman Catholic traditions, does not ignore or explain away the facts which make against that communion." And even so staunch an anti-Catholic as the *Presbyterian Review* says of it and its author, "Dr. Alzog is a learned, conscientious, and able writer. He is a scholar of high attainments, and few manuals are so complete and well arranged."

If, as has been suspected, not altogether without reason, there is being made a purposed effort to unwrite the history of the Church of Rome and to reverse the long-time settled opinions of men in respect to its pernicious practices, the best possible method for defeating that design will be to re-examine the whole subject in the clearest light obtainable, and with the statements of the real scholars of that Church. Such men can not afford to recklessly deny the well authenticated records of the past, and in such an investigation this great work must be accepted as the best possible plea of Rome in her own defense.

The work is brought out by its publishers in a substantial and handsome style.

Among the separate treatises on specifical doctrinal themes, each in a little volume, of which the Western Methodist Book Concern has already issued several numbers, we find a work, by an Illinois minister, on *Justification*.* Its specific character and purposes are well expressed by the author in a few sentences in his preface: "The discussion is neither experimental nor practical, but doctrinal. It is written not for ripe scholars nor for theologians of extensive reading, but for young preachers and undergraduates in divinity." What the author set himself to do he seems to have accomplished to a good degree of satisfaction, though every-where he shows signs of laboring with the difficulties of the subject occasioned by an unfortunate terminology, which dates from the beginning of the Reformation and enters into the English version of the New Testament, and proceeding thence, pervades Protestant theology,—which, indeed, he only partially overcomes. But the substance of the truth is stated quite satisfactorily, and the Pauline doctrine is fairly vindicated against both sacramental and Calvinian legalism. A better understanding of this subject is among the pressing wants of evangelical Christendom, which can be fully reached only by a thorough re-examination of it in the light of authorities that antedate the controversies of the last five or six centuries; or better still for the masses, because more accessible, the hymnology of Protestantism.

Ever since the publication of Fox's "Acts and Monuments," the mind of English-speaking Christendom has been familiarized with certain aspects of the Church of Rome, the truthfulness of which can not be successfully challenged,—though perhaps it might be made to appear that these are not truthful representations of that Church, as a whole. The theological and ecclesiastical features of Romanism are, of course, and without offense, antagonized by all Protestants; but it is as a

* A Treatise on Justification. By R. N. Davies. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 18mo. Pp. 251.

political power, operating by intrigues, and a fierce and relentless persecutor of all who dissent from its decrees, or fail to respect its mandates, that it is most thoroughly appreciated by the average Anglican and American Protestant. Here, while they have little fear in the fair fight of theological polemics, they feel that there is need of sleepless watchfulness. That the Church of Rome is the implacable enemy of liberty and of political and religious emancipation is too evident to be questioned; and it must be accepted as a settled truth that all true progress is to be achieved in opposition to the whole moral and political force of the Church of Rome.

It is but natural, therefore, that during the last three hundred years there should have been a succession of theological and historical works, showing the character of that Church, and pointing out its dangerous antagonism to the liberties of the people; and it is an assuring fact that at this time,—though both rationalistic indifferentism and sacerdotal ritualism are united to oppose the active Protestantism of the age,—some of the best minds on both sides of the sea are alive to this danger, and actively engaged in declaring it. Notable among civilians engaged in this work is Mr. Gladstone, in England, and Secretary (of the Navy) Thompson, in this country, while in the periodicals of this country, chief honor is due to *Harper's Weekly*, and to the names of Eugene Lawrence and Thomas Nast.

In the same line we have now in hand an ably prepared volume* by an Illinois clergyman (Methodist), presenting briefly but comprehensively the salient points of this "irrepressible conflict" deduced from "Cæsar's times" to the closing days of Pio Nino, with a prophetic peering into the future, down to the great consummation. In its matter the book covers the whole period of the Romish apostasy, and brings clearly into view its various historical manifestations, giving special attention to contemporary affairs. But, here as every-where, there is a lamentable failure to prescribe any adequate remedy for the detected evils; and after considering the whole subject, one lays down the book with the question on his lips, What are you going to do about it?

The book is a piece of superior workmanship in binding, paper, type, and engravings.

THE study of Social Science is not a particularly pleasant pursuit, both on account of its unsatisfactory character through lack of *data*, and more especially of the painful character of the things that it reveals. We instinctively felt this, as we recently opened and read the title of a book on *Deterioration and Race Education*,* which we found on examination to be a treatise on the tendencies of civilized nations to deteriorate both physically and morally, and at length to die out. A sad array of facts is here given, going to show that the conditions of our own civilization are very unwholesome, and that there are forces already actively at work in American society, that unless speedily and effectually counterworked, must prove its ruin. This diagnosis of the social disease is truly appalling, and almost precludes the possibility of arresting it by the remedial agencies suggested, to-wit, *Race Education* or *Hereditary Culture*, whatever these phrases may mean.

It is not necessary to accept, with full faith, the views here given, of either the extent of the evils named, or the efficacy of the remedies proposed, in order to find many valuable things in this volume. Its facts, and especially its statistics, are invaluable, and these in many cases suggest the remedies or palliatives for the evils that they so clearly and startlingly disclose. That our social system is in many particulars sadly out of order can not be doubted,—and especially so in the department of industry, of which the present political agitations by nominal working men—men who demand compensation without adequate labor—is part of the early maturing fruits. Whether or not American patriotism shall prove equal to the strain laid on society from this source, is the most momentous problem of the hour. This work is designed to call attention to this subject, and to lead to practical

*THE ROMAN CONFLICT; or, Rise, Power, and Impending Conflict of Roman Catholicism, as seen in Ancient Prophecy, Ceremonial Worship, Mediæval and Modern History, with a Sketch of Protestant Claims and Destiny. Illustrated. Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden (for the Author). Sold by Subscription. 8vo. Pp. 603.

*DETERIORATION AND RACE EDUCATION, with Practical Application to the Conditions of the People and Industry. By Samuel Royce. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: C. T. Dillingham. 12mo. Pp. 585.

measures for the abatement of the complained of evils. We wish it could be very widely read, learned, and considered.

DURING the year 1871, the late Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, contributed to the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* a series of papers on some of the most important socio-religious topics of the time, viewed from a Christian and Methodistic stand-point. These papers have since been collected into a volume.* The title is not well chosen, since it wholly fails to indicate the real character of the book, and suggests something quite different. The first four chapters are devoted to the discussion of the "radicalism" of the times, which he depicts, denounces, and deplores. Then a chapter is devoted to "conservatism," especially in respect to Christian doctrine. The ten succeeding chapters treat chiefly of Christian doctrines in their more practical forms, and more particularly those that relate to man's original character as a fallen being. As essays they will compare not unfavorably with the articles, editorial or contributed, in the better class of the religious newspapers of the country.

SOME years ago S. R. Wells & Co. published a book entitled "The Emphatic Diaglott," which, despite its infelicitous name, was really a valuable edition of the Greek Testament, with a word-for-word English translation,—the latter valuable only for beginners. They now issue *Studies in St. Luke*,† by the same author, and with much the same characteristics. Its full title-page is its best description.

DR. JOHN W. DRAPER has honestly won for himself a world-wide reputation as a successful explorer in the department of physics. His experiments have been pushed forward with great boldness, and yet with such care that nearly every case has either succeeded in demonstrating some scientific truth, or else has proved the incorrectness of the theory that it was used to test. He has also been a prolific writer; not always confining himself to scientific subjects, as is seen in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," and his "History of the American Civil War." A large part of the productions of his pen have appeared in "various journals, pamphlets, and the transactions of learned societies," and these he has now undertaken to revise, and collect into permanent volumes. A first volume* is now given to the public, devoted chiefly to the subject of "Radiant Energy," of light and heat. The subject can not be properly called a "popular" one, and such a book must be chiefly appreciated only by such as concern themselves with the details of the experimental sciences; but among these this volume must be highly valued. Within his own proper specialties Dr. Draper is a decidedly able writer, having, however, the characteristic faults of his class, of excessive dogmatism, and a *penchant* for theological discussions from a scientific basis.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS (New York) publish *The Present Problem*, by Sarah K. Bolton, a Temperance tale professedly and probably largely "true in detail." Externally it is a decidedly well-prepared volume—a duodecimo of a hundred and sixty-one pages.

DR. J. D. QUACKENBOS has hitherto been chiefly known as a writer of school books, in which pursuit he seems to have succeeded beyond most of competitors. He now appears in a more advanced character, though still in the department of education, in his work on "Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical."* The work is evidently the result of life-time studies, and though the volume is an unpretentious one, yet it is brimful of matter of the highest import. A diagram of the ramifications of the Aryan tongue forms an instructive programme of the divisions and the subject-matter of the book, showing at a

*THE DOCTRINAL INTEGRITY OF METHODISM. By Bishop E. M. Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. St. Louis: Logan D. Dameron. 12mo. Pp. 132.

†STUDIES IN LUKE. The Gospel according to St. Luke, containing the original Greek Text, with an Interlined Word-for-word English Translation, and a New Version based on the renderings of Eminent Critics, with Illustrative Explanatory Foot-notes and References. Also an Alphabetical Appendix of Names, Weights, Coins, Words, and Phrases used in the New Testament. By Benjamin Wilson. 12mo. 168 pp. Fine paper, wide margins, extra cloth. Price, 60 cents. New York: S. R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway.

*SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS. Being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By John W. Draper, M. D., LL. D., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 473.

†ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ANCIENT LITERATURE, ORIENTAL AND CLASSICAL. By John D. Quackenbos, A. M., M. D. Engravings and colored maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 432.

glance how the world's literature has been embodied in the numerous dialects of that language. Dr. Quackenbos's book will prove equally acceptable to scholars and to general readers.

THE public interest in "the Ceramic Art,' as indicated by its literature, has not yet entirely subsided; for in addition to the several original works noticed in these columns, we have now in hand still another, which is not the inferior of the best of them.* Indeed, there is no good reason to presume that the subject will at any time cease to command a share of attention as well from the great public, as from specialists that make this their chosen field of action. The art itself is at once the oldest of all arts, and at the same time its advancement is evidently not at all equal to its capabilities. As a matter of mere utility it has accompanied all the families of the human race, in all their divisions and dispersions, and as an object of taste it has been cherished and cultivated wherever men have risen at all above the lowest forms of barbarism. To the curious, therefore, the history of that art can not fail to be interesting; and none who care for the advance of civilization and culture can afford to be indifferent to such a subject. Books treating of the subject must therefore be always in demand; and the preparation and publication of such a one as will meet the continuous demands of society will deserve the thanks of the public.

Miss Young's book seems to answer all the requirements for a manual of the art more nearly than most of its class. An historical introduction gives some account of the art among ancient and modern nations. Next comes a book of nearly forty pages, devoted to "nomenclature and method." The rest of the volume, over four-fifths, is occupied by successive chapters, sketching the character and history of the art in most of the nations of ancient and modern times. More than a hundred pages are devoted to American pottery, South American, Central American, the Mound Builders, Indian Pottery, and the state of the Art in the United States. The work seems to have been done conscientiously and with all needful care, and its views and statements appear to be entirely trustworthy. It is such a book as will not soon lose its value. Its numerous illustrations are decidedly good.

AUTHENTIC accounts of the private life and manners of celebrated men form an attractive and unobjectionable kind of gossip—if unmixed with bitterness or envy. A pleasant little volume of that kind is that just now issued by the Scribners,—"Recollections of Writers," by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. Among the persons introduced are Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Charles Dickens, Keats, Coleridge, Cobden, and many others of greater or less celebrity. It is an exceedingly interesting book and in the very best of taste and spirit.

Little Lights, by Paul Cobden (Robert Carter & Brothers), is made up of twenty brief stories, designed to instruct children.

Amy and Marion's Voyage Around the World, by Sarah B. Adams (D. Lothrop and Co.), is the story of a westward bound voyage round the world by two young ladies, said to be a veritable narrative, but whether real or fictitious is not important—so told as to awaken interest and impart a good deal of valuable information.

AMONG the later numbers of "*Harper's Library of American Fiction*," are (9) "Like unto Like." By Sherwood Bonner, pp. 169, 75 cents. (10) "Cousin Polly's Gold Mine." By Mrs. A. E. Porter, pp. 109, 40 cents.

THE later issues of the "*Franklin Square Library*" comprise (17) "Selected Poems" of Matthew Arnold; 10 cents. (18) "The Bubble Reputation," by Katherine King; 15 cents. (19) "Among Aliens," by Mrs. Frances E. Trollope; 15 cents, (20) "Guy Livingstone, or Thorough," by George A. Lawrence; 10 cents. (21) "Time Shall Tell," by F. E. M. Notly; 15 cents.

MR. ROLFE'S series of Shakespeare's Tragedies has been further enlarged and enriched by the addition of Hamlet, to which the editor seems to have devoted his best labors, swelling the book to the unusual size of nearly three hundred pages, crammed at every point with the most valuable Shakespearean criticism. Real students of Shakespeare will appreciate it.

*THE CERAMIC ART. A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie J. Young. With 464 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 499.

EX CATHEDRA.

THE AGE OF "STRANGE DOCTRINES."

THE not infrequent occurrence of charges and trials for heresy of ministers of some of the most considerable orthodox denominations is a rather suggestive fact, and one that demands the attention of those who concern themselves with the drift of religious affairs. Some have expressed alarm at them, and are asking whether indeed the old foundations are being removed, and whether the traditional faith of the Church is about to be cast aside. Another class hail these things as the beginnings of the end they have long expected, when the old faith will be given up and a new system of thought and action substituted. But we do not sympathize with the fears of the former, and we smile at the vain hopes of the latter. We have great faith in the truth, and dare to trust it, free, among all its enemies. This is a day of freethinking, and we would not have it otherwise, though we know that in unskillful hands the practice may be dangerous. And if we would we could not restrain free thought, as certainly we would not if we could. Some will no doubt misuse this liberty to their great harm, but, on the whole, the cause of truth will be the gainer.

But in ecclesiastical affairs the truth or falsehood of an opinion is not the only point to be considered. It is becoming a question that is not wholly free from its difficulty, by what standard shall heresy be judged. The accepted creeds of the various denominations, that have come down to them as heir-looms from their ecclesiastical ancestors, no longer serve as doctrinal standards. Some of them are so full and definite, and so largely made up of metaphysical inferences and implications that only a very few can say what they mean, while their most obvious meanings are often least of all acceptable. Others are quite too brief and general, and also defective by omissions, to answer for a comprehensive epitome of what every Christian ought to believe and cherish. Of the latter class is the creed of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as found in its twenty-five "Articles of Religion." While setting forth very happily many of the great doctrines of Christianity, that formulary of faith says nothing about the character of that "original righteousness" out of which Adam fell; nor does it say any thing about the future state of the unsaved, and no reference at all is made to the Sabbath, to marriage, to the resurrection of the body, or to the millennium, and the second coming of Christ. But some or all of these points are well-known in our Methodist theology, and many of them are held and cherished as of equal importance with any others.

While our Protestant Churches refuse to hold themselves to their clearly made out summaries of faith, so as to accept all that they teach and reject all else, there is, nevertheless, among each of them a somewhat definite and generally well understood *Consensus* of doctrinal opinions, held in common, by which the associated members recognize each other, and the body as a whole is recognized by the religious world. Words are always more or less ambiguous, and any possible written document is capable of some latitude of interpretation. There is a strange power in the human mind not to see what is not desired in any form of words, and of reading into it what is desired. This is usually done informally, and perhaps unconsciously, but sometimes also by solemn resolves, as when lately a Scotch synod voted all the Calvinism out of the Westminster Confession. And it is not the written creed, in its most obvious meaning, but this current consensus, that is appealed to in cases of alleged heresy. Administrators of Church discipline may be presumed to know what is, and what is not, the accepted doctrine of their Churches, and, as in all cases of trial, the triers are the judges of both the law and the facts, it is for them to decide any given case by a proper reference to the accepted faith of the body. Only in this way can a uniform standard of religious beliefs be maintained; and if it is objected that such a method may permit unfair applications of law, the same is true every-where in the administration of law, whether ecclesiastical or civil. But since there is usually more disposition to favor the individual member than to protect the doctrinal integrity of the body, there is very little danger of proscription for any slight departure from the accepted faith.

Churches exist and are maintained among other things to conserve and propagate certain well ascertained religious opinions. Christ himself enjoined this upon the Church when he commanded his apostles to "disciple all nations," "teaching them to observe whatsoever things I have commanded you;" and to do this every minister is bound by the most sacred vows taken at his ordination, to "be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word." And of this contrariety or agreement each Church must to a very large extent be the judge for its own members; and what are its methods of interpreting both the Word of God and its own standards, each one, in entering upon the office of a teacher in any such body, must be supposed to be sufficiently informed. His joining a body formed to propagate an accepted form of doctrines is a pledge that he will do that work and not an opposite one; and he is thereby estopped from complaining if for failing to do so he is removed from his place.

No doubt there is in all free religious associations a constant liability to changes of their doctrinal *status*, which are quite obvious to intelligent observers, comparing somewhat remote times or places, and which can seldom be effectually withstood. To favor and promote such changes within the Church itself, if it may be done without dissimulation or violence, and without causing any breach of charity, may be not only allowable, but a duty, provided always that the substance of Christian doctrine shall not be assailed. But if a minister, or any other person, finds his own convictions so widely different from that of his Church associations as to seriously interfere with his duties or religious privileges, his course of action, as an honest and conscientious man, is a very plain one. Let him separate himself from a position and relations that he can no longer hold in good faith. And if any shall be found so out of harmony with their surroundings and yet unwilling to take themselves away, then it devolves upon those who watch over the interests of the Church to remove them from their ministry or membership in the body.

It is not at all strange that among the current cases of doctrinal divergences, which seem to be a feature of the times, the Methodist ministry should contribute its share. The mental activity and independence of thought among our ministers, and perhaps, also, our newness as a denomination in the field of theological speculations, render such instances almost certain to occur. And, accordingly, now and then such cases are heard of, not many, indeed, but enough to show that our theology is not an infallible protection against the incomings of strange doctrines. Some of these may be charged to constitutional instabilities of mind, and in yet more instances to crudeness of thought and undue opinionatedness; and still more frequently to a low condition of the faith of the heart; and in all these cases the best possible remedy is a deeper and more thorough religious quickening. We would not, however, charge every case of defection from what we hold to be the teachings of the New Testament respecting the future life, and which is certainly the traditional faith of evangelic Christendom, to some one of these causes. Godly and devout men are liable to fall into strange mistakes, and while their defection from the prevalent opinions of the Church may not be assumed to prove their apostasy, neither does their dissent change the probability that they, rather than the great body of Christians from whom they differ, are in the wrong.

Within the last few months the secular papers, and also, to some extent, the religious papers, other than Methodists,—these have seemed to be rather strangely reticent about it,—have told of a number of such defections among Methodist ministers. More than a year ago a few of the candidates brought forward for admission to the Wesleyan Conference in England, failed to satisfy their examiners respecting the doctrine of future punishment; and they were accordingly not received. This year it transpired that an able and highly esteemed minister of forty years' standing in that body, one for a long time the honored and trusted representative of his Church in an important foreign mission, had found his own convictions so out of harmony with the accepted doctrine of his Church, upon the same subject, that he felt himself constrained to ask to be permitted to retire from his relations to the Wesleyan body; which was granted, though with deep regret, yet as a necessity, as it was

deemed of vital importance that the traditional faith of the Church on this point should be maintained. It was not the case, as at first reported, that the point of dissent related simply to the *physical literalness* of future punishment, but its *eternity* was denied. Two or three such cases, but not of conspicuous characters, are also reported from some of the recently held conferences in this country, in all of which the authorities of the Church appear to have acted cautiously, and with all possible tenderness, but also with decision; recognizing their high obligation to vindicate the Church and to protect the people from the great peril of unsound teachers.

But it has been asked, under what law of the Church have these proceedings for heresy been conducted? The Methodist Discipline has in it a law by which a minister may be brought to trial for "holding or disseminating doctrines which are contrary to our Articles of Religion;" but, it is pleaded, the Articles are silent respecting the points at issue. The attempt has been made to make the article on "The Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures" cover every thing that may be proved out of the Scriptures; but that is quite too great a stretch of interpretation. At the recent trials in Ohio and Iowa, it was not pretended that the condemned heresy was covered by any thing in the Articles of Religion, and yet because it was judged to be dangerous and clearly in opposition to the well-established doctrine of the Church, held continuously and without protest from the beginning, it was deemed to be properly subject to judgment. It was assumed that any doctrine clearly within the *consensus* of the Church is protected by the *common law* of the Church without specific legal enactment. Whether or not that rule is a good one will be tested by the higher tribunal to which one or both of these cases have been appealed. These deposed ministers entered the sacred office knowing what was the accepted doctrine of the Church on these subjects. If their convictions have changed it would seem to be only right that they should retire from an office whose duties they can no longer perform.

MINISTERS IN POLITICS.

THE old adage that says, "politics makes strange bedfellows," finds compensation for its lack of elegance in its truthfulness and its fruitful suggestions. The demands made upon good taste in the prosecution of public interests, when desired ends can be reached only by the aid of and co-operation—requiring also personal associations—with men of low thoughts and coarse practices, we leave others to consider. It is, perhaps, sometimes a duty imposed by citizenship that persons of intelligence and culture shall so far sacrifice their better feelings as to mingle with "the unwashed democracy" in ordering the public policy, and choosing the desired agents for conducting public affairs. It is, perhaps, not the least of the perils that threaten our free institutions, that the better class of citizens, becoming disgusted with the associations and practices of "politics," avoid all connection with such associations. On the other hand, a not less serious peril is threatened by the demoralizing influences of such associations, by which many who begin with only good and honorable motives are drawn into entanglements where practices that will not bear a rigid scrutiny seem to be a necessity. There is still a good deal of truth in Dr. Johnson's aphorism that "faction may find a man honest, but it will not long leave him so." If a man sinks his proper individuality in his political or partisan relations, as there is almost a necessity that he should do if he gives himself actively to such associations, it will not do, so he will learn, for him to be overscrupulous in respect to either taste or conscience. And, as in such cases the most unscrupulous naturally become the leaders, all others will find occasions enough when they must decline to look into the right or wrong of the proposed measures. They must "go it blind," on the line marked out by the leaders. It would not seem to be desirable that good men should altogether eschew politics, and refuse public office; and yet, in view of the dangers incurred by entering such associations, one may be excused for abstaining from any other public meddling with politics than simply depositing his vote.

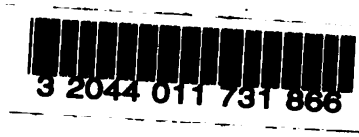
But these considerations, which apply in their degree to all good men, become very largely emphasized in the case of ministers of the Gospel. Our observations, extending over forty years of active life and of mingling with public, not political, affairs, satisfy us that ministers can not with profit to the cause they espouse, nor without great danger to their

own proper character and calling, enter freely into partisan politics. To say nothing of the manifest disharmony between such a course and the exclusive devotion of himself to his special work, which every one entering the ministry accepts, declaring that he is resolved to devote himself "wholly to God and his work," and to lay aside "the study of the world and the flesh," it is quite certain that fitness for the work of the ministry and adaptation to practical politics are incompatible with each other. The purest and most exalted public sentiment of our age and country revolts at the sight of a messenger of Christ and a minister of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven turning aside from his sacred functions to mingle personally in the strifes and intrigues of bodies of ungodly and often recklessly wicked men. And, just what would be expected in advance, they who do so, instead of raising their associates into a higher plane of morality, usually descend themselves to the low level of those with whom they have chosen to associate. We have watched with painful interest the course of ministers of the Gospel, in Congress and in other political bodies, and have scarcely known the instance in which very great spiritual loss and also of ministerial prestige have not followed. A few have escaped complete shipwreck of faith and morals and have returned dwarfed and marred to their proper callings; but the greater part never recover themselves from this most ruinous "snare of the devil."

There can be no doubt that the ministry constitutes an important factor among the social agencies of the country, and usually its influence is highly salutary. But that it may do its greatest good in this matter, the members of the ministerial calling must keep themselves within their proper sphere. Our Lord refused to be "a divider and judge," though solicited to become such; but he uttered great and vital rules of moral rectitude which should enter into the decision of all questions of right and wrong.

John the Baptist, who was nevertheless a model reformer, abstained from interfering with any of the measures of Herod's public administration, but as a teacher of morality he reproved the king's unlawful marriage, at the cost of his liberty and his life. His position is to the minister of the Gospel a tower of strength, from which he may effectively influence the public welfare; but if he descend from this he becomes weak as other men, with the added disadvantage of the public prejudice against him, as one who has been unfaithful to a sacred trust. This prejudice, which seems to us to be a just one, is usually manifested in the smaller vote received by ministers when candidates, than others on the same tickets. Some years ago, when the Congressional delegation from New Jersey were elected on a general ticket, a venerable and highly respected Methodist minister was put in nomination with six others; but while the other six were declared elected, he alone failed, falling some hundreds of votes below his associates. On two occasions have ministers been nominated for State offices in New York, and in both cases they were defeated, and, if we remember correctly, running behind their associates in both instances.

As citizens, ministers have their rights in common with all other men, but by entering into their special calling, they assume new and highly important relations to society which modify, and in some ways circumscribe their natural rights. The common sense of the people recognizes this fact, and usually about in proportion as they respect and reverence the ministry do they object to ministers mingling in the partisan strifes and intrigues of a political canvass. We are pleased to notice, too, that our Methodist conferences are putting themselves into position on this subject, and practically indicating their judgment that there is an utter incompatibility between the duties of the ministry and the pursuit of politics. The emergencies of the war-times induced a good many irregularities in that direction which were allowed on account of the exceptional condition of affairs; but even most of these have turned out badly. But that excuse is now taken away, and there remains no apology for men called of God and accepted by the Church to minister in holy things to descend to positions which others can occupy quite as well as they. It is to be hoped that society will more and more emphatically express its disfavor toward this form of *desecration*.



THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED

MAY 0 APR 63 1991

BOOK DUE